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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

ON the principle that the people are happy who have no history, the Province of Ontario is to be congratulated on the absence of exciting public questions which the very quiet opening of another session of the Legislative Assembly suggests. The chief objects of the opening speech which the Government puts into the hands of the Lieutenant-Governor are, we suppose, to recount facts accomplished during the recess, and to foreshadow important measures to be submitted during the Session. Amongst the former, the victory achieved before the Judicial Committee of the British Privy Council, the organization of the new Department of Agriculture and the Exhibit of Minerals made at the Cincinnati Exposition are the chief. The principal measures promised are a bill to extend the operations of the School of Practical Science, and a new Voters' List Act for the better carrying into effect of the system of Manhood Suffrage, on the "one man, one vote" principle adopted last session. Improvements are also to be attempted in the Factory Act and the Workmen's Compensation for Injuries Act. The Land Titles Act is to be modified, whether in the right direction or not will subsequently appear. Effect will, of course, be given to the agreement reached between the University authorities and the city of Toronto, for the endowment of two additional Chairs in the former. This somewhat meagre programme will, no doubt, be considerably enlarged, both by Government and by private measures, as the session proceeds. But the mildly aggressive attitude of the Opposition seems to promise little attraction for the political petrels who delight in the stormy atmosphere of fierce debate. With a comfortable balance on the right side of the ledger, and so good a prospect of plain sailing, the friends of the Government may, perhaps, be pardoned a little vainglorious boasting.

THERE is, perhaps, no better authority upon the resources of Canada than Dr. Bourinot. We are quite sure there is no one who could deal more ably and sympathetically with these resources in their relation to the future national development which they render pos-

sible, than did he in his lecture delivered a few days since in the Convocation Hall of Trinity College. The lecture seems to have been a happy commingling of reliable statistics, sustained argument and patriotic anticipation and forecast. With such facts as those exhibited in this lecture, and in Mr. Wiman's recent article before him, why should any loyal Canadian despair of the commonwealth? The material resources of the county are undeniably great, the climate and the quality of its population on the whole good, and the history of its growth and development within a period of fifty years encouraging. Why then the present tendency to unrest and to that distrust of the future which Dr. Bourinot and many other sanguine loyalists feel called upon to rebuke? May we venture to suggest the answer? No one, so far as we are aware, questions the richness of our resources in field, mine and forest. No one doubts the wonderful progress made during the last half-century. The distrust regards not the past but the present. For some reason or other many have an impression that the rate of progress is not being kept up, that in some way the development is for the time being checked. The question to which those who wish to revive the faith and courage of the faint-hearted should address themselves is this: Is the country now making the progress in population, distributed wealth, and general development of its resources which it ought to make? If the affirmative of this can be proved, the mouths of the advocates of change and the prophets of evil will be stopped. What has been the increase in population and wealth, the growth in trade, in agriculture, in the aggregate of all industries during, say, the last five years? We ask these questions, not by way of sceptical suggestion, but as indicating wherein, it seems to us, those who deal with the matter from Dr. Bourinot's standpoint generally fail to come to close quarters with their pessimistic opponents.

AN ominous statement, made by Premier Mowat, in the course of the short debate on the Address, warns us that we must not be hasty in accepting this dearth of promised legislation and of exciting topics of debate as an indication that the people of Ontario have reached the happy end of all political agitation, and have nothing to do but settle down in enjoyment of peace and prosperity under a faultless ministry and a perfected constitution. Many of our readers have, no doubt, often wondered at the speedy oblivion which apparently overtook the "Quebec Resolutions," after their adoption by the Assembly. Can it be that those resolutions are really dead and buried, we have often asked, and, if so, who or what killed them, and how, when, where? Mr. Mowat, however, replying to an Opposition taunt, assures us that those results of the Inter-Provincial Conference are very far from being dead. They are merely in a state of quiescence, awaiting their appointed time. That time is to be, so far as Ontario is concerned, the next general election. They will then be brought forward and marshalled on every platform. This would seem to indicate that the Provincial Leaders came to the conclusion that it would be useless to press the matter further upon the attention of the British Government until they could present unequivocal proof that the people of the Provinces demand the constitutional changes sought. Hence, it is reasonable to suppose that, in the absence of some new and stirring local question, the next election in each of the Provinces will be fought on the grave constitutional issues raised by the Quebec Resolutions.

A VIGOROUS attempt to give a practical turn to the proceedings at the Montreal Board of Trade Dinner was made by Mr. Henry W. Darling, of Toronto. Mr. Darling took advantage of the presence of so many Dominion Ministers to urge that the Government should take immediate action, under the powers which they have already taken from Parliament, to add to the Cabinet a Minister of Trade and Commerce. He certainly succeeded in showing that there is a good deal of very useful work for such a Department. Exception might, perhaps, be taken to some of his remarks, on the ground that the Minister whose duties he partially outlines might almost be regarded as the agent and mouthpiece of the Boards of Trade, to whose views he is expected to pay so much defer-

ence. These might, consequently, become objects of distrust, as having more than their due share of influence in the Government counsels. But this does not necessarily follow. Any man worthy to occupy such a position would have a mind of his own. Moreover, the fact that these Boards exist all over the Dominion, and represent in their membership both political parties, all localities, and almost every variety of economical interest, would afford ample safeguard against undue personal or sectional influences. There might certainly be some room for objection on the score that the Cabinet is already numerically large, and in danger of becoming unwieldy, as well as needlessly expensive. But why should not the active Minister required be substituted for one of the members of the Government who are now without portfolios? In view of the large and important commercial interests already existing, and of the almost imperative necessity for greatly extending the trade and commerce of the Dominion in foreign countries, Mr. Darling's suggestions are timely and entitled to the serious consideration of the Government and all concerned.

TWO events of last week have reminded us that the Dominion is still haunted by the hateful spectre of the Fisheries Dispute. These events are the enforced resignation of Collector Ross, of Halifax, and the termination, or at least suspension, of the *Modus Vivendi*, under which we have had an interval of comparative quiet. The virtual dismissal of Mr. Ross has given rise to much animated and even angry discussion, especially in his native Province. His offence was peculiar. He seems to have misinterpreted sundry acts of leniency towards American fishermen, which were permitted and sanctioned by the Government, as indicating a change of policy, and warranting him in following them as precedents, or even going beyond them. It is difficult to account for his mistake otherwise. The position is a very responsible one, and the manner in which Mr. Ross exceeded his authority in an international matter, most reprehensible. But it is by no means clear that had he referred the case, as he understood it, to the Department, the same privilege would not have been granted. The use made of the incident by the United States Consul and the American press was embarrassing and annoying, but could hardly have been anticipated. On the other hand there is some force in the contention of Mr. Ross's friends that the case was not of the kind that demanded such severity, inasmuch as the error was on the side of courtesy to the United States, and could by no means involve serious consequences, so far as that country is concerned, while there is some danger that the stern penalty inflicted may convey an impression of unfriendly motive. Nor is it easy to avoid the feeling that the suspension of the *Modus Vivendi* at this particular juncture is adapted to strengthen that mischievous though, we feel sure, false impression. The Government was certainly under no obligation to continue the voluntary courtesy of the *Modus Vivendi* long after the rejection of the Treaty for which it was intended to smooth the way. It was for the Government, too, to judge whether there is any prospect of a renewal of negotiations such as might be facilitated by the continuance of this friendly concession. But was not its withdrawal at this particular juncture inopportune, as being peculiarly liable to misinterpretation?

IT will be difficult for the Government which stands by the National Policy to resist or evade the force of the arguments set before it the other day by the delegation representing the Canadian Copyright Association, against the passage of the proposed Berne Copyright Bill, and in favour of legislation on the lines recommended by the Association. It would be too much to expect the British publisher, who is at the bottom of the difficulty, and whose self-interest is involved, to appreciate the injustice which would be wrought to all in any way connected with the publishing business in Canada by the operation of the Berne Bill, but the Canadian Government should not be slow to see it. As the law now is, the British publisher, so the members of the Deputation declare, absolutely refuses to sell to the Canadian publisher the right of republication, preferring to keep the Canadian market in his own hands, or use it as a make-weight in dealing with the United States publisher. Were the Berne Act in force,

Canadians would be prohibited from importing from the United States reprints of British copyright works, and would be shut up to the expensive English editions. The question, it must be distinctly borne in mind, is not so much one of justice for the British author as of monopoly for the British publisher. Canada, by reason of her relations to the British Empire on the one hand and to the United States on the other, is in danger of being ground between the upper and the nether millstone. Even Americans can hardly complain if Canadian copyright is withheld from them until a reciprocal arrangement is made. Nor is it unreasonable, in view of all the circumstances, to ask that British copyright shall be recognized in Canada only when printing and publication are done in Canada. The payment of a royalty would fairly secure the interests of the English author. These proposals, however they may be viewed in the abstract, are clearly, as we have intimated, and as the Minister of Customs seemed to admit, in line with the principles of the National Policy.

WE recently met with two statements in regard to Canadian Indians in an article by a Canadian writer—we think it was by Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, but are unable at this moment to verify the impression—which struck us as being worthy of serious attention. One was a statement of fact, to the effect that the number of Indians in the Dominion is increasing. The other was a statement of opinion, or inference from past experience, to the effect that there is no hope of their becoming civilized. Putting the two things together, we reach the painful conclusion that our country is to have permanently, as a part of its population, a large and increasing number of barbarians, many of them little, if at all, removed from their condition of primitive savagery. This means that all the resources of our Christian civilization have utterly failed, and will utterly fail through an indefinite future, to reclaim the aborigines of our country—a race endowed with many noble qualities; that tens of thousands of them will continue from generation to generation to drag on a wretched, hopeless existence, the males idle, cruel, degraded; the females doing the drudgery of beasts of burden; all wallowing in filth and misery indescribable.

CAN it be that the conclusion of the writer referred to is the conclusion of the Government and people of Canada? If so it is hard to say which is the greater, the disgrace or the danger. Surely such a conclusion cannot be complacently accepted. If forced upon us as an inevitable necessity of fact and logic, it can be so only after every resource of our civilization has been exhausted, every lawful expedient tried in vain. Has this been done, or is it being done? This question is suggested just now by a letter which appeared a few days since in the *Globe*. The letter purports to be from a teacher in the employ of the Government, amongst the Northwest Indians. A letter presenting a very similar picture appeared in the *Educational Journal* a few weeks since. The gist of the complaint in both cases is the beggarly pittance paid as salary, \$25 per month, and the prohibition of trading and agriculture. Let that pass. The teacher is not obliged to accept the position, and there may be good reasons for the prohibitions. The important thing, from our present point of view, is the glimpse we get of the educational work as it is being done by the Government schools. If the statements are reliable the Indians send their children, or do not send them, as they please, and they generally please to do the latter, except when coaxed or bribed. Is it not time this matter of playing with Indian education should be done away with, and the training, which should be largely industrial, of the coming generation of Indians taken hold of with a vigorous hand? Can the people of Canada sit down with folded arms and clear consciences, and say that the Indians cannot be civilized, before they have, at least, made patient and faithful trial of a thorough system of the compulsory education of every boy and girl on every reservation? Why not compulsory? Surely the Government has the power and the right over those whom it treats as the wards and pensioners of the nation. The increase of expense should not be great, for under an industrial system they might raise much of the food which is now supplied to them. Again we ask, why not?

CANADA must be getting up in years as well as importance when she can boast a Board of Trade half a century old and with fourteen hundred members. The annual banquet of such a body may well be made a grand and important event, as was that of the Montreal Board of Trade which took place on the 23rd inst. However

close-hampered the Governor-General may feel himself to be by the functional and constitutional ligaments which bind him, His Excellency was able to emphasize two prime articles of the political creed which must be common to all loyal Canadians—the infallibility of Parliament, and the future of Canada. The first reminds Canadians of their secured rights, the second of their patriotic duties. Under our free constitution it is no longer the king but the Parliament that can do no wrong. As the organ and mouth-piece of the people its decisions must be regarded as the expression of the supreme popular will. As to the second, amidst the present unrest and conflict of opinion regarding the shape in which Canadian destiny can be best wrought out, the one point on which all true Canadians should be in hearty accord is that that destiny shall be not only great, but that it shall be Canadian. Whatever dispute there may be as to the true meaning of Canadian loyalty, no better tests of orthodoxy could have been selected than the two so happily presented by Lord Stanley. The speeches of Sir John A. Macdonald and his colleagues, and of the others who were honoured with a place on the programme, in the main chimed in well with one or the other of these two key-notes. The Premier was as usual both witty and wise. Indeed on this, as on many other public occasions, the humorous and the serious are, not undesignedly we dare say, so shaded into each other that the critic is sometimes puzzled to know where the one ceases and the other begins.

THE Protestants of Montreal have two real and serious educational grievances, which it is hoped the Legislature will remove during the present session. The one relates to the manner in which the school taxes paid by corporations are divided between Catholic and Protestant schools. Instead of the manifestly fair arrangement which prevails in Ontario, under which the school taxes paid by corporations whose members are Protestants go to Protestant schools, and those paid by corporations whose members are Catholics go to Catholic schools, the Quebec system divides the whole amount paid by corporations according to population. As it is well known that while Catholics exceed greatly in numbers, Protestants own by far the larger share of the capital in business corporations, the injustice is seen at a glance. The Protestants are petitioning for a more equitable system. Whether Mr. Mercier will be just enough to grant it, remains to be seen. As a contemporary suggests, it will be greatly to his credit if he does so, especially if he should at the same time remove the galling disability under which graduates of Protestant colleges wishing to enter the learned professions now labour in consequence of the refusal of the law and medical societies to accept the degrees of these colleges as evidence of fitness to enter upon the professional courses. Protestant graduates are now compelled to pass examinations in subjects which are taught only in Catholic colleges. Comment is needless to show the glaring unfairness of such an arrangement. A professedly Liberal Government should not be slow to remove such inequalities.

THERE is, it must be admitted, some room for difference of opinion as to the propriety and significance of the banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London to Mr. Phelps, the retiring United States Minister. It is clear that both the exalted position of the Lord Mayor and the representative character and cordial expressions of those who attended, invest the occasion with an almost official and national importance. The unprecedented compliment of a valuable gift to Mrs. Phelps by ladies of the highest rank, has also attracted much attention, and even, it is said, given some umbrage to the friends of other ambassadors whose ladies have never been so honoured. These unusual events admit of but two explanations. The least charitable view is that insinuated by the *Standard*, and, strangely enough, by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to the effect that these demonstrations are a somewhat craven attempt to propitiate the democratic dignities of the New World. The other, and, in view of the manifest spontaneousness and sincerity of the manifestations, more probable explanation is simply that "blood is thicker than water." Indeed there seems no good reason to doubt that, in so far as the demonstrations were anything more than tributes to the personal qualities of Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, they were prompted by the feeling that the people of the United States stand to Englishmen in a different relation from that of other peoples. They are their kinsmen, whom, as a noble lord some time since observed, it is impossible to think of as a race of foreigners. Every noble and generous nature in either nation will understand and sympathize with this view, and rejoice in the pledge it brings of en-

during peace and friendship, in spite of scheming letter-writers, designing politicians and fishery disputes.

THOUGH the German accounts of the disturbances in Samoa are so contradictory in details to those coming through American sources that it seems impossible to determine the facts in regard to these, yet the general features of the case remain tolerably distinct. It is clear enough that German interposition in the affairs of the island was premeditated, and that the ultimate object is to make German influence supreme, either by annexation or otherwise. True, the fact that the United States was not a party to the agreement between Germany and Great Britain for preserving Samoan neutrality materially modifies the situation, from the point of view of treaty obligations. Yet that fact hardly warrants the almost contemptuous indifference with which the German semi-official press seems disposed to thrust aside American claims and interests. So long as the islands are the property of neither nation, and have a quasi-independent status, it is obviously in order for a third party to interpose, if its commercial interests are sufficiently involved. American interests, already considerable in Samoa, seem likely to be largely increased in the future. It is hardly possible that the mighty Republic can much longer continue indifferent to the rush of the great maritime powers, for coaling stations and points of vantage in the Pacific. American Senators seem just now to be awaking to the idea that their country can scarcely afford to remain idle spectators of the game of grab which is being so assiduously played by the European Powers, when the scene is transferred to this hemisphere. It might be argued that Great Britain's interests would afford sufficient guarantee of the enforcement of the terms of the treaty and the protection of Samoan independence. But it seems now to be almost taken for granted, even in England, much more abroad, that Great Britain can no longer be relied on to take a firm stand against German aggression. Moreover England's interests are so worldwide and there are so many means of permitting a great maritime power to compensate itself for concession in one quarter of the world by advantages in another, that its course in regard to a particular locality is increasingly uncertain. It is hardly probable, however, seeing the unprotected state of her coasts and the insufficiency of her navy, that the United States will feel prepared, at present, to protest very resolutely against German encroachments in Samoa.

IT is significant of the undercurrent of opinion with regard to the prospective success of the Panama Canal, or some rival scheme, that its effects upon the world's commerce are already being taken into the account. Much of the newly developed interest in Samoan affairs, has evidently arisen in anticipation of the future opening of a trans-Isthmian route. The probable effect of such an event upon the relations of the United States to the rest of the world is a matter for curious speculation. It would evidently go far towards putting an end to the comparative isolation of the great Republic, and compelling it to identify itself more closely with European affairs. Especially would this consequence ensue if, as is probable, one of the results should be not only to give commercial importance to islands in the Pacific lying along the great routes of travel and traffic, but to transform some of these into strongholds of the great maritime powers. It is worthy of note in this connection that one of the immediate results of Boulanger's Parisian triumph will almost surely be to give a great impetus to the operations of the new Panama Company. It seems certain that the influence of M. de Lesseps was one of the most potent forces in bringing about Boulanger's election.

THERE is a fair prospect, it is now thought, that the proposed American Copyright Act will be passed by the United States Congress before the close of the present Session. In view of this possibility, "An English Author" has written to the *London Times*, making some startling predictions as to the ruin that will be wrought on the English book trade. The condition, that in order to obtain copyright the book must be printed in America, will lead to all the printing being done there for both markets. Nor will this be the worst result, according to "An English Author." As the Americans buy books, while the English only borrow them from circulating libraries, English books will come to find their chief sale in the United States. Hence English authors will write for their new customers—that is, write up to or down to

their level—and neglect their English readers. As the Manchester *Examiner* puts it: "All the printing, publishing and writing of the English-speaking peoples will be done in or for New York, and not in or for London. Consequently New York will become the Athens, or literary centre, of the nations who speak English." There is, evidently, nothing in all this to deter the Americans from passing the Act. Quite the contrary.

IT cannot be said that the unexpected has happened in Paris. Nothing, we suppose, has happened, but an event has taken place which is fraught with possible, nay, probable, consequences of the gravest kind. The peace of Europe and the very existence of the French Republic have been put in jeopardy by the election of Boulanger for the Department of the Seine with a majority large beyond even his own sanguine expectations. Little did the former misguided Government of France foresee the consequences when, by an overstrained discipline, amounting to petty persecution, it gave the new triumphant demagogue an opportunity to work upon the sympathies and imaginations of the populace. The events of Sunday have sealed the fate of the Floquet Administration. So much is clear. If it does not resign immediately its overthrow is but a question of time. Whatever the result it is now morally certain that Boulanger is to have his opportunity. Borne on the crest of such a popular wave nothing in the ordinary course of things can stop his career short of the virtual or actual leadership of the Government and the nation. Of course all the great evils predicted may not follow. It is still possible that he may not betray the popular trust, that from motives either of honesty or of policy he may make good his protestations that he desires no other than a constitutional authority. He may even prove sincerely anxious to reform the constitution and strengthen the foundations of the Republic. But will the people be satisfied with that? Will they forget that he first won their admiration by his military policy, and that that policy has always been understood to have reference to the one end—revenge on Germany? How long could he retain his hold on the people without taking measures looking to this end? And, even should he and they perceive discretion to be the better part of valour and confine themselves to defensive measures only, how long will Bismarck and Germany trust them, or wait their movements? The forces working in the direction of war are so many and powerful, that no outcome of Sunday's doings would be so wonderful as the long continued preservation of peace.

"THINK of it!" says the New York *Independent* "Delphi, the seat of the oracle of Apollo, the most interesting spot in Greece, except the Athenian Acropolis, is for sale. It can be had by the Americans for exploration for some seventy-five thousand dollars." The *Independent* does not give the source of its information, but if reliable, the statement is one of singular interest, not only to antiquarians and archaeologists, but to all students of the history and literature of ancient Greece. The site of Delphi would almost certainly prove a rich mine of buried treasure in the shape of inscriptions, statues, and other objects of archaeological interest. The remarkable success of the Germans in their Olympian explorations may well stimulate scholars in other lands to emulate their example. The *Independent* says that the French have been negotiating for the Delphic site for ten years, but it is now refused them because the French Senate will not confirm a certain treaty with Greece, and calls upon some of the Astors, Vanderbilts, or other wealthy Americans to come forward with the money required to enable the American Archaeological Institute, of which Professor Ware, of Harvard University, is president, to undertake the work.

EXAMINATIONS.

THE stir which was made by the protest against present methods of examination and education shows no signs of subsiding; so that we may venture to hope that it means more than a mere temporary excitement which will subside without leading to any practical results. We may indeed believe that, slowly and gradually, the convictions long entertained by thoughtful and observant men, now so forcibly expressed by such leaders, will not only be widely received, but will assume the form of practical principles in our educational work.

In a brief but thoughtful article on the subject, which appeared in the January number of our able contemporary, the *Canada Educational Monthly*, there are some suggestions which deserve consideration, not only because of their internal worth, but because they evidently proceed from

one who is no theorist, but who writes from experience. Even when we hesitate to adopt all the conclusions of the writer, we do not venture to pronounce against them. We only say we want to think them out before we come to a decision.

The writer tells us that "in Ontario . . . the attempt to crush the individual is as steadily pursued as it is in England;" and, he might have added, with attendant circumstances which make the pursuit more certainly successful. In England there are counteracting tendencies of all kinds. In the first place, a very large amount, nearly the whole, of the higher education of the people is not directly controlled by the Government. A moment's reflection on this difference will show how much worse is our own condition.

But this is only a small part of the difference. In England they have local customs and traditions which have disappeared among ourselves, just as local dialectical usages have disappeared; they have schools in which different methods have prevailed for centuries; and, although these methods may seem to yield to the pressure of the examinations to which all must, in common, submit, as a matter of fact, great variations persist. In Canada we have, comparatively speaking, none of these influences.

It must be confessed that the same tendency is at work, not only in the schools of England and of Canada, but among all civilized peoples. National characteristics are rapidly disappearing, the cosmopolitan spirit is spreading, and serious proposals have been made for the adoption of a universal language. There is no doubt of the tendency; but we hold that there is great doubt of the beneficial effect of the change. The well-known French philosophical writer, M. Jules Simon, has pointed out, in one of the English monthly reviews, the gradual assimilation of the French and English woman. The Englishwoman is becoming more French, the Frenchwoman is becoming more English. Very probably each gains something by the exchange; but it is not all gain. Each may be losing something which was a charm, and which will return no more. If this kind of thing goes on, M. Simon says, travelling will lose all its interest. We may still go from Paris to Peking; but our journey will simply mean our passing over a certain number of miles: we shall get no new experience, no knowledge for our pains.

The first question which we have to settle for ourselves is this one of the value of individuality on the one hand, or of uniformity on the other. No one doubts that our inequalities have been excessive; but we are not quite sure that we have not already gone far enough in the direction of dead level. The writer in the *Canada Monthly* expresses agreement with the Protest in its statement that "uniformity means arrest of growth and consequent decay." We have already drawn attention to the subject. Let the reader but think of the outcome of this uniformity in literature and in art, or even in society, and he will hardly fail to forecast some of its certain results.

It is quite likely that, in any case, we should have no second Shakespeare; but we never should have had one, if this dreadful system had prevailed, nor Milton, nor Dryden, nor even Pope, much less Cowper. Of course, there are very "proper" people who will be very glad of this. In their judgment, it would be far better if all men, women, and children in society made precisely the same kind of remarks. Then nobody would be offended or startled, there would be no collisions of opinion, and everything would go on as smoothly and as pleasantly as possible. Quite so; but one cannot help remembering the reply of Archdeacon Paley to an English bishop who declared that, in the course of a married life of thirty years, he and his wife had never had a difference of opinion. The reply was as sensible as it was natural: "Well, my Lord, it must have been very dull work." And this is our democratic ideal of human life, is it?

We are getting on towards the realization fast enough. Joyousness seems to be going out of men's hearts. Sociability seems to be giving place, on the one hand, to the pharisaic self-exaltation which looks abroad upon the world with sanctimonious self-satisfaction; on the other hand, to a dull kind of worldliness, perhaps the least attractive known in history, exemplified in the herding of people together in masses, not for fellowship or communion, but for the mere purpose of seeing and being seen, and of exhibiting the fine clothes upon which too much hard-earned money has been expended. Equality is coming with a vengeance, and ideality is going with equal rapidity. And, whatever we may say or try to believe, when ideality is gone, the question, "Is life worth living?" will receive a very doubtful answer.

We are not travelling from our subject. We are going

to the very roots of it. We are trying to examine the branches of it. It is almost a question of intellectual life or death to us; and we wish the article which prompted the present remarks had gone a little further into it, or that the writer would explain a little more fully his meaning.

For example, "those who are without" do not quite know whether the Minister of Education was doing well or ill when he "practically taught the inspectors as to the discharging of their duties in their several districts." According to the opinion of the writer, the Education Department is "acting as a huge machine to antagonize all spontaneity in learner and teacher," and moreover, he believes that "the meeting of the inspectors last summer gave a strong impulse to the machine." It is evident that these remarks are no impulsive utterances, but expressions of the deliberate convictions of the writer, who appears to be fully qualified to form a judgment. We naturally want to hear more on this subject. We wish to know whether we have the general opinion of the teachers of our High Schools and Collegiate Institutions. We want to know how far they are justified, and what they would suggest in the way of improvement.

One thing certainly is in our favour on this side of the Atlantic. We can more easily do away with the competitive system. Even as it is, we have less of it in appointing to posts in the public service; and we have fewer inducements to continue it, since our prizes are fewer and less valuable, and the comparative cheapness of our education makes scholarships less necessary.

One suggestion is given at the end of the article, on which we should also like to hear something more. It is to the effect that "instead of appointing the inspector for unlimited time, the appointment should be for a definite time, say three or five years." The editor (the article is editorial, we assume) invites "the attention of all educationists to this proposition," and says he is prepared "to publish contributions for or against the carrying of it into practice." We sincerely hope that this invitation will be responded to. We can at once perceive weighty arguments that might be adduced on both sides. But the subject is too grave to be decided offhand. A good many considerations in connection with the whole subject still remain to be noticed.

MONTREAL LETTER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the opposition expressed through a meeting of representative merchants, the monopoly known as the Royal Electric has been signed by the Mayor. Our Aldermen inform us that our public protest was as sound and fury, and meant as little; that they are in no sense bound to ask for tenders; that the by-laws contain nothing which could prevent a contract for twenty years if the Council should choose to grant it; and that it is only a question of policy, and one which comes within the sphere of the Council only. The Royal is now so busily occupied about its loans and finances that it has had no leisure to think of the first fulfilment, which bound it to light the Council Chamber before Christmas. Immediately after signing this extraordinary contract, the Mayor left for New York.

Societies are the order of the month. From the infant of to-day to the veteran of the century, they have all, in youth, manhood and old age, been comparing notes, seeking to discover the rocks and shoals of the past and to avoid them in the future. It is not easy to put the condition of our moral and spiritual market on record, and in our individual and organized efforts to preach the gospel to every creature, we have wandered so delusively from primitive apostolic humility and impartial severity of justice, that there is little wonder we need a full week of special prayer and another of special anniversary gatherings. Perhaps these are the highest embodiment of our weak work-a-day faith in ourselves. But until we shall have a sentiment on such questions as Sunday Schools, Bible distribution, Evangelization and Christian Associations that could enrol a membership of 1,500, and invite the Governor-General and Sir John to anniversary banquets, it is evident that we cannot compete, either in supply or demand, with such factors as, for example, the Montreal Board of Trade. Nevertheless, as an outgrowth of the week of prayer, we must chronicle a simultaneous interchange of pulpits by the Protestant clergy, and the establishment of a quarterly conference of the respective and slightly rivalrous, if not actually antagonistic, women's charitable institutions of the city.

The Puritanical simplicity and grim unattractiveness of McGill University Buildings were last week submitted

WHEN I AM WEARIEST.

OH, love, who comes when I am weariest,
And lifts my burden from me by a word,
Draw not too near, for, as a storm-tost bird
Droops blindly to the shelter of its nest,
So would I feel my way unto thy breast.
Ah, why are God's best gifts on me conferred?
The rapture of the soul, the senses stirred,
Yet softened, and this absolute, sweet rest.

The dark and empty-handed day sets sail
On ruddy waves of sundown, leaving this
Dear joy beyond all power to conceal,
All power to give utterance. What avail
Dim words? You bring me all things save the bliss
Of knowing how to tell the bliss I feel.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

PARIS LETTER.

to a surprising transformation by the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers. His Excellency Lord Stanley was expected as an honorary member and guest at their third annual meeting, and brilliant as have been two former events connected with their history, the occasion was an opportunity for the Engineers to out-engineer themselves. Dusty passages were converted into carpeted corridors, mouldy plaster into dadoed walls; repelling, sentry-like windows into curtained and inviting recesses; and hard and fast principles of mathematics and philosophy into soft and living forms of beauty. Music filled the air; refreshments the antechambers; and flowers, models and experiments the intermissions. Seldom does Montreal Society guide and approve as it did when the halls, flashing with light and glowing with colour, welcomed Her Majesty's Representative. Colonel Gzowski's venerable and commanding figure was elected president for the year; a beautiful illuminated address was read and presented to the distinguished guest and honorary member; His Excellency replied in a neat and simple fashion; and the *we's* and the *us's* of Montreal marched round for a processional presentation. The society, though but in its third year, now boasts 540 members, and is evidently calculated to achieve something for itself and for the country. But I record with deep regret that it proposes to cloud its future, cramp its usefulness, and fetter its activity by demanding a building for itself. When Canada shall eventually succeed in petrifying its vital force with stone and lime for its annual or occasional meetings we may fold our hands and call on a Canadian Vesuvius to immortalize our folly for the museums of future centuries.

Somewhat analogous in aim, though differing in material, is the Society of Canadian Literature, whose natal advent must be calendared as among the important events of January, eighteen hundred and eighty-nine. If I mistake not, Mr. Goldwin Smith is responsible for the opinion that there are more men and women in Canada than in England who are capably and honourably engaged in the profession of Letters. The complacency with which we receive the compliment must not, however, close our eyes to the fact that the learned gentleman does not thereby bind himself to any sweeping comparison of the *clientèle* of the two countries. It is to induce, constrain, or compel us to see ourselves, not as others see us (for in spite of the beauty of Mr. Lighthall's last poem I cannot admit that the theme of it is true), but as we ought to see ourselves, that this new Society throws down its gauntlet. Its circular explains its *raison d'être*, its object, and its proposed line of action. For the first, the Society seems to consider that the country in general is distinctly responsible, and I do not think that the vainest of us can refuse to admit the justice of the insinuation. It has so much become the habit of Canadian life to condone and excuse, on the ground of our national youth, all our political failures and commercial shortcomings, that we have flattered ourselves into the very belief that of the two countries (New France and New England), we are actually the younger sister. And yet, in all the elements which entitle a community to the inspiring self-respect arising from a conviction that its interests, however varied and apparently self-existent, must stand and fall together, in the coherent elasticity and elastic coherence which we call national life, who would for a moment compare the two peoples? While our young Canadians (our future men), are grubbing over Greece, Rome, and the Middle Ages, there is not a school in the United States which has not on its curriculum a distinctly specified and compulsory study of American History, Literature, Laws, Science—in short, of all that is purely and pre-eminently American. This new Society is the expression of a mild protest, and of an intention to attract and consolidate the floating fragments of any national sentiment we may possess. Virtually it asks us how long we shall consider ourselves in pinafores, or continue to doubt if even our pinafores are our own. It appeals to our national literature in history, romance, poetry, science and education as an existing fact, and as a factor in our national well-being and up-building, and proposes to itself the work of examining and discussing it at fortnightly meetings, of encouraging literary movements throughout the Dominion, and of providing a centre for stimulating literary life. It also expects to develop itself into a sort of Montreal Salon, where visiting *littérateurs* may find the introduction and reception which their profession claims. Its *raison d'être* being granted, and its objects commendable, we must not remain indifferent spectators as to its line of action, but by cordial and timely assistance, ensure the success it deserves. In spite of a very modest and not too grammatical prospectus, I believe that seldom has a Society created itself with less reason to excuse itself, and its first meeting must have cleared from anxiety the brow of its philosophical and poetical promoters.

After twenty years' triumphant acknowledgment from the musical world of Europe, and from the crowned heads who wag their patronage when success has shorn it of risk, Marie Emma Lajeunesse, Madame Ernest Gye, or, as she loves to call herself, Albani, from Albany, where she first appeared on the stage, is in daily expectation by the inhabitants of Montreal, where her natural talent made its very earliest self-assertion. The two evenings which she has engaged to bestow upon her admirers is the barest of starvation allowances; but Montreal will receive her with all honour. Quebec will present her with the Freedom of the Province, and doubtless it will be left to the Queen City of the West to devise a climax. But, alas for the penalty of greatness, she cannot seek the quietness of her native village, or drink in, unobserved of any observer, and unreported of any reporter, the associations and recollections of the scenes of her childhood.

VILLE MARIE.

MANY were the prophecies made in the beginning of 1888 which have remained unfulfilled, or have received a signal *dementi*. The old Emperor of Germany had lived so long that there seemed no reason why he should not remain for several more years, a fragile old figure posted at stated hours at his window for the adoration of the crowd. And the public, who were not in the secrets of the sick chamber, hoped that his son Frederick might be spared to preserve peace, it being supposed that young Wilhelm was ready to spring like a tiger upon France. Yet when both father and son had been swept away in the short space of three months, it was found that Wilhelm desired the *status quo* and the French Funds went up three per cent in the month of June. In French interior politics all the premises have been equally wrong. Boulanger was supposed to be hopelessly lowered in public esteem by his duel with Floquet, when he got the worst of it so signally, and M. de Lesseps was supposed to be almost omnipotent over flood and fell. Now Boulanger is again the observed of all observers, and the Panama Company is a wreck which it will be very hard to float into deep water. Again, Socialist troubles have been perseveringly announced in the near future, yet Paris is perfectly tranquil, and there is no sign of any form of organized sedition. To those who can remember the more intellectual forms of socialism of forty years ago, the whole thing seems to have gone dead. Where are the state workshops of Louis Blanc and where the *Phalanstère* of Charles Fourier? Where are the advent theories of the St. Simoniens or the strange vagaries of the long-haired disciples of Père Enfantin? In the old days Socialism meant a distinct effort to reorganize human life on a better footing; but the hope has dropped away. An immense improvement in distribution has taken place by the mere force of circumstance. Duval's restaurants, open in every part of Paris, bring food to the consumer by methods which possess the completeness of an old Socialist's dream. And the food is gathered in by the railways from the remotest parts of France, confounding the seasons, and affording ample supplies which would have delighted the visionary spirit of Fourier. On all sides the results of labour are parcelled in portions appropriate to the needs of the masses of mankind; it may almost be said in Paris that bread and meat is laid on like water and gas for those who can pay for them. But labour is still wholly unorganized. The capitalist is not yet beaten, nor is his supremacy in any way impaired, and the old Socialism seems quite dead in the very country of its intellectual birth.

To one who knew Paris as she was, a sad change has come over the gay city of late years. Now, French families no longer care to leave their beautiful old country *chateaux* for Republican Paris. The Comte de Paris is gone and few care for M. Carnot; besides material life has become so frightfully expensive here since the Franco-Prussian war that many find it more expedient to shut up their town houses and only come up for a week or two in April to some good hotel. This is why Paris becomes really less French every year and more cosmopolitan in tone. Go into Vifours, Bigune, La Maison Dorée or any other great restaurant and you will not see a single Frenchman sitting at one of the little tables, eating his dinner with a friend of his own sort and rank. Italians, Russians, Spaniards, South Americans and Englishmen abound, but unless you happen to be there on the night of a great political dinner, such as that offered lately to Boulanger by the *Ligue des Patriotes* at Durand's, opposite the Madeleine, the French element will be decidedly wanting. In my opinion the most interesting and curious place in Paris during Christmas week is *Les Halles*, the great Central Market from which all the food consumed in Paris radiates in all directions of the great town.

The *Halles* have been a great Parisian institution since the Middle Ages, when the market was in the *Place des Innocents*, the building as we now know it having been inaugurated in the beginning of the Third Empire. The *dames de la Halles* had, under the old *régime*, certain privileges, of which they were very proud. One of these was the right to go and congratulate the king personally on the birth of his heir. A deputation of them went to visit Anne of Austria after Louis XVI's birth; and they figure again and again in the chronicles of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette's unhappy court. *Tout cela est changé* now, and the *dames de la Halles* are said to be fiercely Republican; but the little Sisters of the Poor still find them their best friends, and they often send large subscriptions to the hospitals and schools supported by the Sisters of Charity. It is said that every article of food used in the civilized world can be found at the *Halles* if you know what to ask for

and are prepared to pay a long price. Early in the morning everything is put up to auction, and the public are as free to buy as the *dames*, but most of the bargains are made a *l'aimable ci* with a tremendous amount of slanging, coaxing, and flattering between the *bourgeois* buyer and the *dame de la Halle* who is mistress of the article he covets, she having bought it in a "lot" composed of a great number of various articles which she hopes to sell during the course of the morning. For a housekeeper or a householder who has a large family to provide for, going once or twice a week to the *Halles* is a great economy, but it is essential that the would-be dealer with *ces dames* should have a good-sized, long-enduring temper, for their language has not improved since the time that Offenbach made them immortal by his *Madame Angot* and Zola by *Le Ventre de Paris*. Of course they supply the restaurants direct; that is to say, the master of the establishment himself goes down every morning and picks out what he wishes to have sent to him. At this time of year enormous quantities of game and venison are imported from Russia, Hungary and America, and fish from every European fishing coast. After the Siege the *dames de la Halles* resolved that they would always to a certain extent be ready; so, under the building, along the subterranean galleries, are piled quantities of sacks full of eatables that can be preserved for at least a time—potatoes, flour, beans, etc.

A theatrical *primière* awaited with much curiosity by all the French literary world, came off last week at the Odéon, often styled *le Second Theatre Français*. *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*. M. Edmond de Goncourt, who holds a unique position in French literature, both as an historian and a novelist, offered to write a play from one of his novels for the Odéon. *Seur Philomène* had already had a great success at the Theatre Lilne, i.e. a company of clever amateurs who escape the *Censure* by not taking money at the doors, only issuing invitations to the public, who have generally accorded their gracious sympathy to the undertaking. M. de Goncourt, instead of producing another *Seur Philomène*, which was already as *physiologique* as even a Parisian audience would stand, made an adaptation from *Germinie Lacerteux*, perhaps the most repulsive story ever written. The Odéon, after much hesitation, accepted it, and the result was eagerly awaited, and certainly exceeded all expectations.

It is said that since Alexandre Dumas' *Antonine* shocked public feeling—how it has changed since then!—such a stormy *primière* has not been witnessed in Paris. The audience, consisting, on the whole, of the artistic and literary set, hooted and screamed themselves hoarse, threatened to tear down the scenery, refused to hear the author's name. Many must have gone home no wiser than they came, for the actors' voices were inaudible; the tableaux, however, gave a clear idea of what the dialogue must be like. Mdlle. Réjane was once or twice applauded, the audience being carried along by her splendid acting, but such a failure, *catastrophe*, has never been known and will mean a great loss of prestige to the *Second Theatre Français*. In the meantime, M. de Goncourt is rather pleased than otherwise, arguing that the play must be worth a great deal or the public would not have taken the matter so much to heart. But, as a playwright, M. de Goncourt's career is over.

M. A. B.

TORONTO CHURCHES AND PREACHERS.

III.—CANON KNOX-LITTLE AT ST. LUKE'S.

CANON KNOX-LITTLE is not a Toronto preacher in the exact sense of the words; but we are not so richly provided with eminent pulpit orators that we can afford to overlook distinguished visitors of this kind. Certainly Mr. Knox-Little has produced a unique impression in Toronto, and has obtained an influence among the better educated classes, especially of those who belong to the Church of England, which is unprecedented.

But this is not the only reason for drawing attention to this distinguished visitor. Himself and his teachings have not only been topics of wide interest, but are being largely discussed by "able editors," and by correspondents not so able, until the oratorical interest, and even the religious, is almost forgotten, and the theological question has come forward into such prominence as to throw all other aspects of his work into the shade. It is a little hard upon one who has no right to adopt the editorial "we," and who cannot pose as a trained theologian, qualified to settle all knotty religious questions off-hand, but who can only pretend to the character of reporter or correspondent, that he should have to put himself, as it were, into competition with these learned and important personages in giving an account of the preaching and teaching of Mr. Knox-Little. However, he must humbly do his best.

Canon Knox-Little belongs to a very well known type, that of the advanced member of the Oxford movement. He is not an Englishman, but an Irishman; and he is from Cambridge, not from Oxford. But he is distinctly of the later Oxford type, belonging to the school of which Canon H. P. Liddon is the most distinguished representative, and, it might almost be said, the recognized head, since the death of his beloved master, Dr. Pusey. In one particular, however, the Ritualists are unlike their leaders. Dr. Pusey was no ritualist. At one time he somewhat vehemently rebuked their innovating and insubordinate spirit; and it was only when he found that he could lead only by following that he gave his disciples their heads. Canon Liddon is said to favour the Ritualists without caring much about ritual himself.

Canon Knox-Little has no doubt been indebted to his strong party line of action for his notoriety on both sides

of the channel. But this means no disparagement to his personal abilities or qualifications. A party naturally makes the most of its ablest men, and he must have been recognized as a popular power before he got the place which was speedily assigned to him. As a public speaker he has undoubtedly a great deal to recommend him. He has a pleasant address, very fluent utterance, a command of a copious, if not precisely a choice vocabulary; on the whole, an agreeable delivery. If it is added that he never tasks unduly the attention or the intelligence of his hearers by any great subtlety of argument or solidity of exposition, it will be easily understood that he possesses great power of attraction for the multitude.

On the last occasion of his visit to Toronto, it was clear that the popular preacher was labouring under severe indisposition. In some of his sermons he appeared to overcome his physical weakness by his intense earnestness; in others it was very apparent that he was suffering, not only by the manner of his delivery, but also by the matter. The frequent and "vain repetitions" of his closing sermon to men were much remarked. The only matter of surprise really must be that he did not collapse long before.

Canon Knox-Little must be distinctly relegated to what may be called the second class of preachers, whether his matter, his diction, or his pronunciation is considered. The matter is fair, perhaps good for its purpose, but falling far below the productions of the great preachers of the past or of the present. It is hardly fair to compare a man who preaches three or four times in a day with orators of former times like Bossuet, with men of an earlier generation like Robert Hall, Adolphe Monod, Lacordaire, Archer Butler, or with living preachers like Bishop Magee, Canon Liddon, or Dr. Phillips Brooks. All of these may safely be put in the first class, if not all in the foremost rank. Tested by such models, Mr. Knox-Little must be placed in the second class, and not very high in that.

Leaving for a moment, the theology of the preacher, which has been fiercely attacked, it may not be out of place, partly in justification of previous remarks, to draw attention to some of the preacher's expressions and criticisms, and to utter a protest against them. It may be quite true that the pulpit has suffered more from the attempt to preserve its dignity than from any real or apparent sacrifice of it. But there is a limit to the familiarity of language which is allowable in the pulpit. Mr. Knox-Little may think he is condescending to us when he repeatedly uses the word "highfalutin." But we do not appreciate this condescension. We like it no more than our neighbours liked Dr. Freeman's rough apparel, in which he was wont to lecture, as a sign of his sympathy with the democracy. The democracy were displeased; and they did right to be displeased with what looked like taking a liberty. A clergyman of the aristocratic Anglican Church, who is also a graduate of the great University of Cambridge, should speak good English. Canon Knox-Little must certainly be able to do this, but he does not.

Another thing in his preaching is even worse, and betrays either ignorance or inveterate prejudice, namely, the constant attacks which he makes on Calvinism as teaching all the terrible doctrines about a future state. Now, Calvinism has a good deal to answer for, but not everything. And it is simple nonsense to speak as though the horrible representations of future torment were the inventions of the Genevese divine. Canon Knox-Little has some knowledge of Dante, who began his great work about two centuries before John Calvin was born, and certainly left very little to be done by his successors. Nor was Dante the originator of those theories of future punishment.

It is not necessary to report particular sermons of Mr. Little; but there is one point on which a few words may be added. Several newspapers have attacked his teaching, and one local divine has no doubt that he has exceeded the limits allowed by the Church of England. The present writer has no intention of expressing agreement or disagreement with Canon Knox-Little; but, so far, no proof has been given of any disloyalty to the Church of England in word or deed. He holds "high" eucharistic opinions; but the Bennett judgment has declared these to be at least tolerable. He teaches the usefulness of Confession; but the same is plainly enough set forth in the English Church Prayer Book. Does any one affirm that the preacher made Confession obligatory? That he denied the forgiveness of sins to any one who refused to confess his sins to a priest? This is the point.

We have had much talk, of late, of the Union of Christendom; but this union will certainly not be helped forward by those who are ever on the outlook lest some fancied boundaries should be overstepped. It is very odd to read such a phrase as the following, applied to the position of Canon Knox-Little: "groping in mediæval darkness." Mediæval darkness indeed? Do but think of the "mediæval darkness" of Dr. Newman, and of the "sweetness and light" of General Booth, and of some other gentlemen of the same school of thought nearer home! There is something irresistibly comic in the idea. This present writer thinks Dr. Newman very much in the wrong. But it is positively ludicrous and grotesque to represent such men as groping in darkness.

Canon Knox-Little's line was perfectly well known before he came to Toronto. It was not even his first visit; and no one was under the necessity of going to hear him. Legally, his position is just as sound as that of the Evangelicals. It would appear, too, whether we like it or not, that his school is on the increase, which cannot be said of the other extreme. At any rate, mutual abuse will do no good. The black gown is quite legal at St. Peter's and St. Paul's; and so is the surplice at St. James's and St. George's. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

AUDITOR.

THE "SINGLE TAX" MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

WHATEVER opinions may be held as to the justice or expediency of the movement for placing the entire burden of taxation upon the land, the progress of the discussion must be regarded with interest by all thoughtful minds. It has of late years acquired such a prominence among the politico-economical controversies of the time that no student of public affairs, or observer of contemporary life and thought can treat it with the indifference that might be felt towards a mere abstract proposition. Into the rights and the wrongs of the question itself I do not propose here to enter, but simply to note a few of the salient features of the agitation in England from observations on the spot.

Henry George may well console himself for repeated rebuffs in his native country by the success which has attended his efforts at propagandism in England. Friend and foe alike admit that the movement has received a considerable impetus from his recent visit, and is gaining headway among a class who have hitherto been either indifferent or hostile. The change in public sentiment effected by the discussion of the past few years is exceedingly marked, in no respect more so than as regards the tone and temper of the controversy. It has passed beyond the stage of ridicule and denunciation to that of argument. The most noteworthy phase of the movement, however, is the very large number of adherents which the doctrine has obtained among conventionally "respectable" and well-to-do people, who in other points accept the orthodox political economy. In Canada, as in America generally land nationalization is regarded as especially a working-class measure, its advocates are mainly drawn from the labouring classes, or those affiliated socially and politically with them. In England it is otherwise. It is essentially a middle-class agitation, numbering, it is true, a large following among the workingmen, but its fighting strength is mainly derived from the middle-class element.

The growth of the movement in this direction is mainly due to Mr. George's "plan of campaign" in putting forward the single tax on land values as a corollary of Free Trade. He has thoroughly familiarized himself with English habits of thought, and realizes that appeals to precedents and time-honoured formulas are generally more effective than arguments based on unfamiliar grounds. The respectful attention, if not the unreserved assent, of Henry George's later audiences to his plea for shifting the burden of taxation on the land has been secured by steadily keeping the Free Trade idea in the foreground. "Free Trade" and the name of Richard Cobden are words to conjure with in addressing a British middle-class audience. They would be unmoved or perhaps repelled by the arguments that tell best in America.

"The landlord is a robber who is devouring the substance of the land, and filling your cities with paupers."

"Socialism! Communism! Stuff and nonsense!" cries the English *bourgeois*.

"All men are born with equal rights to the soil."

"Fudge! Rubbish! Don't believe in equality!" says the British public.

"But a tax on land values is in accordance with the principles of Free Trade, and would be approved by Cobden were he now alive," says Mr. George.

"Oh! ah!" reflects John Bull. "That's a different matter altogether. Prove that, now, and I'm with you."

And to this task the energetic American agitator has been vigorously addressing himself. The echoes of the sensation created by his lecture here under the auspices of the Financial Reform Association have not yet died away. The fact that such an old-established eminently staid and respectable association should have virtually committed itself to the single tax proposal is regarded by observers of all shades of opinion as a significant indication of the drift of opinion among English Liberals. So pronounced a step, it may be supposed, was not taken without protest and opposition on the part of some members. A controversy is still being waged in the newspapers in which the name and principles of Cobden are invoked by both parties to vindicate or condemn the new departure, just as the posthumous authority of Hon. George Brown is or used to be appealed to by Canadian Liberals in support or reprobation of changes in the party platform.

The wider acceptance of Mr. George's theory of taxation has been characterized by a modification of the original land nationalization principle. Land nationalization is indeed a misnomer for the movement in its present phase. The theory that all have equal rights in the soil, and that, therefore, the whole of the annual land value should be appropriated by the State is not indeed formally abandoned by its leading exponent. But, as a tangible measure coming within the sphere of political action, all that is urged, and all to which most of the English middle-class advocates of a change are willing to commit themselves, is that all taxes should be borne by the landowner. Here, again, Henry George has adapted his tactics to the English mind with its traditional love of compromise and preference for the practical and readily attainable to the ideal and the logical.

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

Liverpool, Eng., Jan. 2nd, 1889.

To fix the thoughts by writing, and subject them to frequent examinations and reviews, is the best method of enabling the mind to detect its own sophisms, and keep it on guard against the fallacies it practises on others: in conversation we naturally diffuse our thoughts, and in writing we contrast them; method is the excellence of writing, and unconstraint the grace of conversation.—Dr. Johnson.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

SOME of the readers of this sketch have doubtless experienced that singular state of mind in which they became conscious that certain circumstances in which they happened to be placed were not entirely new, but that at some former period, how long ago they could not imagine, they had been placed in similar circumstances, had met with the same persons, performed the same actions, and engaged in a similar conversation. The writer has observed that when such a consciousness of pre-existence is felt it invariably assumes the indistinctness of outline and hazy character of reminiscences of a dream, of which the mind retains no certain recollection.

In his poem, *The Two Voices*, Tennyson refers to the sentiment in the following singularly beautiful lines:

Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—
Of something felt, like something here;
Of something done, I know not where;
Such as no language may declare.

Shelley, in one of his fragmentary poems, is not less felicitous in his allusion to it as a feeling which prompts enquiry:

Is it that in some brighter sphere
We part from friends we meet with here?
Or do we see the future pass
Over the present's dusky glass?
Or what is it that makes us seem
To patch up fragments of a dream,
Part of which comes true, and part
Beats and trembles in the heart?

Possessing, as Sir Walter Scott did in the highest degree, fine sensibilities and an active fancy, it is not strange that he should speak of this feeling of a previous knowledge? In *Guy Mannering*, upon the return of "Henry Bertram" to Ellangowan Castle, he indulges in the following train of reflection:

"Why is it that some scenes awaken thoughts which belong as it were to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Brahmin Moonshree would have ascribed to a previous state of existence? Is it the visions of our sleep that float confusedly in our memory, and are recalled by the appearance of such real objects as in any respect correspond to the phantoms they presented to our imagination? How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness, that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject are entirely new; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place."

Addicted as Oliver Wendell Holmes is to metaphysical speculations, such a peculiar mental experience could scarcely escape notice. In the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, he writes concerning it in passages of great beauty. The following quotation contains the main idea: "All at once a conviction flashed through us that we have been in the same precise circumstances as at the present instant, once or many times before."

In explication of the mystery, he refers to Dr. Wigan's theory of the brain being a double organ, and that, accepting this hypothesis as correct, the feeling may be produced by one of the cerebral hemispheres being inactive while the other is in active operation, and that subsequently the idea of a species of double consciousness may be produced when the inactive lobe of the brain works harmoniously with its fellow. Dr. Holmes, however, does not adopt this view of the origin of the feeling, but rather inclines to the idea that it is caused by an imperfect memory. He writes as follows: "That the coincidence of circumstance is very partial, but that we take this partial resemblance for identity, as we occasionally do resemblances of persons. A momentary posture of circumstances is so far like some preceding one that we accept it as exactly the same, just as we accept a stranger occasionally, mistaking him for a friend. The apparent similarity may be owing, perhaps, quite as much to the mental state at the time, as to the outward circumstances."

It is also referred to either directly or indirectly by Addison, Wordsworth, S. T. Coleridge, Byron, N. P. Willis, and other eminent authors, but so far as the writer is aware they, with perhaps one or two exceptions, content themselves with the allusion to it, and enter into no explanations regarding this psychological mystery. This is not to be wondered at, for such a consciousness is so anomalous, of such an indeterminate character, and so opposed to our ordinary experiences, that the mind is unable to grapple with it, and, at best, can only indulge in suppositions, which may be altogether fallacious.

The writer has observed that the mind has been usually inattentive immediately before becoming cognizant of this feeling of previous knowledge; and the impressions retained of the preceding circumstances in which he participated were so slight and vague, that the revived interest in what was taking place connected the present so loosely with what went before as to leave the mind to a certain extent undecided as to the time. It is not beyond the limits of a rational conjecture that in this manner a person becomes possessed of the notion that all had been dimly foreshadowed before.

This conception of the origin of the sentiment, however, never presented itself to the mind when it first became aware of it, but simultaneous with the consciousness was the impression that all had been formerly enacted in a dream. So distinct, indeed, was the reminiscence, that the writer could have scarcely a doubt of his having been an actor in a similar scene, anterior to the occasion of its actual occurrence.

Addison writes: "For my own part, I am apt to join in the opinion with those who believe that all the regions of nature swarm with spirits, and that we have a multitude of spectators of all our actions. . . . Whether dark presages of the night proceed from any latent powers of the soul during her obstruction, or from any operation of subordinate spirits, has been a dispute."

May it not be possible that the human soul may have the dim reflection of events, with which it is to be intimately associated in the future, thrown back upon it when least hampered by its material environment, as in sleep, or during a period of profound abstraction? May it not be more than a poetic sentiment that "coming events cast their shadows before?" The spectral gleam of Ravallac's dagger, presaging death to Henry IV., may have been neither an illusion of the sight, nor a myth of history; and, though the spectre seen by Brutus at Sardis before the battle of Philippi may have been the creation of a morbid imagination disordered by vigilance and anxiety, it anticipated correctly results which were scarcely more probable than improbable to the mind of Brutus at the time.

To a believer in the Bible it is not necessary to state that a knowledge of futurity has been conveyed in dreams, that "God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction."

Many instances could be given of pre-monitions conveyed by dreams in modern times; and a still greater number of the extraordinary activity and capacity of the mind and its seeming independence of the mere fact of time, during sleep. Some will, doubtless, remember the railway accident in which Dickens himself escaped, while so many others perished. There happened to be a lady and gentleman, recently from India, in the train. Just before the accident, the lady said to her husband:—"I see the great wave rolling on; it is close to us," and then came the collision, followed by her instantaneous death. The husband escaped unhurt, and afterwards explained his wife's strange words. Ever since leaving India, her sleep had been disturbed by the dream of a vast silvery wave, and always as it was about to overwhelm her she awoke trembling with terror. Its final recurrence was followed by the fatal catastrophe which it had so often foreshadowed.

The beautiful poem of "Kubla Khan," one of the most exquisite of Coleridge's productions, was produced during his sleep. Lord Holland fell asleep while listening to a friend reading, and had a dream, the details of which it took him about half an hour to write. Yet he distinctly remembered the first part of one sentence read by his friend, and the conclusion of the next; so he could have been asleep but a few seconds. N. P. Willis, the poet, just after returning from England, dreamed of repeating the voyage in all its details, only that on his imaginary trip he fell into the sea. This accident awakening him, he discovered that he had not slept more than three minutes. Dr. Norman Macleod, after a long and complicated dream, experienced a similar degree of astonishment upon discovering that all the incidents of his dream were compassed within the limits of three or four seconds.

Admitting that presages of events may be conveyed to the human mind under extraordinary circumstances, it furnishes a solution of the mystery of the strange feeling of pre-existence. It is not inconceivable that a bond of sympathy not only unites man to his species, but also to higher intelligences, and that influences which are none the less real because beyond the range of his comprehension, may project the future darkly upon the glass of the present. The mind is a strange entity, and in any of its operations furnishes material for speculation which exhausts the resources of language.

An ultimate analysis of the finer shades of feeling and idea does not result from the most persistent efforts at introspection. The gossamer texture of an embryo thought, that dies in the moment of its birth, and those delicate traces of sentiment which never assume the consistency of thought, evade the intellectual grasp and vanish, leaving only the promise of a potency which may find its realization in a higher sphere of existence. How often do we find our brilliantly-tinted fancy-clouds resolved into thin films of gray mist; flashes of a supernal glory paled by the light of earthly day; and glimpses of an ideal world, whose fragile superstructure can bear but for an instant the weight of our mortality! Who that is fond of music has not been cognizant of the vista opened up to the mental vision under its influence; of a state of being of which we cannot conceive at any other time; foretastes of pleasures not attainable on earth; and a consciousness of a capacity for a pure and perfect enjoyment which can never be satisfied in time.

Containing, as the present does, within itself, all the potency of the future, the mind may become aware in some mysterious manner of things that are to happen. That such indications should be of an indefinite character is not to be wondered at, as the human mind in its present state could scarcely be more than feebly conscious of its impact with a force so subtle and mysterious. We feel a something, we know not what. It may be the faintest throbbing and pulsating of our spirit-ether by the progression of the purposes of God; the impulse of the effect dimly foreshadowed in the cause; anticipatory, scarcely audible, broken notes of that harmony which sounds throughout the course of time, a harmony yet uncompleted to the ear of sense, but which existed in the mind of the Supreme as the oratorio of Creation and Providence before the hills were brought forth or the morning stars sang together around His throne.

Sir Henry Holland refers to an anomalous state of the mind, which he styles "spontaneous cerebration," in which intellectual activity of the highest order takes place, not only independent of the volition, but in such a manner that the person seems to be merely a spectator of, not an actor in the operations of his own mind. He regards the phenomenon from the standpoint of a physiologist, offers no explanation of it, so far as the writer knows, but from its designation seemingly assigns it to a material source, a singular circumstance, in view of its being the purest exercise of the human intellect of which we can conceive. As this phase of mental action invariably occurs during the short interval between a loss of a perfect consciousness of our surroundings and personality and falling asleep, or in a period of profound abstraction, this condition may be regarded as somewhat analogous to that phenomenon of the mind during sleep manifesting capabilities beyond the limits of its powers when awake. While in the state referred to by Sir Henry, the person is not aware of any self-determination or self-origination in the production of thought. The easy, unimpeded flow of the choicest language, perfect in diction, logical and harmonious, goes on without hindrance until sleep throws its tenebrous cloud over the wonderful process, or the person is aroused to a full realization of his identity and surroundings.

Though it would seem absurd to deny the self-originating power of genius, the opinion may be nevertheless hazarded, that the nearer the mental processes of men of remarkable ability approach the condition described, the nobler will be the nature of the work produced. Hence the expression, the "inspired utterances of genius," may not be much of a hyperbole after all, but instead a very excusable exaggeration relative to powers so far transcending the ordinary intellect as to seem an effluence from the divine.

If the mind, in a state not at all rare, displays powers so singular, and apparently objective to our consciousness, who can assign limits to its capacities, or the possible influences which may be brought to bear upon it when slumber has sealed up the senses?

This feeling of precognition, or pre-existence, whichever term is used in designating it, would present no difficulty to the minds of the over two hundred millions of the believers in the Buddhist doctrine of transmigration. Suddhartha Guatama, the great Indian reformer, having thrown aside his royal state, after years of asceticism and patient self-communing, enunciated this as the principal tenet of his very hopeless religious philosophy. However absurd the doctrine may appear to the Christian mind generally, there are numbers brought up under the influences of Christian culture who believe that every human life is not a new identity, but a personality that has existed under a variety of new forms, and which may exist under varied physical conditions after death. Shelley makes reference to this in the lines quoted above:—

Is it that in some brighter sphere
We part with friends we meet not here?

The believers in metempsychosis would regard those fragmentary gleams of a previous existence as survivals from a former conscious state of being. Edwin Arnold, in *The Light of Asia*, writes explanatory of the doctrine, as follows:—

Many a house of life hath held me,
Seeking ever him who wrought
These prisons of the senses, sorrow-fraught;
Sore was my ceaseless strife!

Who toiled a slave may come anew a prince,
For gentle worthiness and merit won;
Who ruled a king may wander earth in rags
For things done and undone.

Higher than Indra's ye may lift your lot,
And sink it lower than the worm or gnat:
The end of many myriad lives is this,
The end of myriads that.

From Plato's *Phaedo* it is evident that Socrates also believed in transmigration, that the soul had a conscious existence before birth, and that acquired knowledge is only remembrance. Origen, of Alexandria, author of the earliest extant work on systematic theology, held a somewhat similar belief, as appears from his *De Principiis*: That all rational created beings were originally equal and clothed in bodies, the differences among them being due to the various uses they made of their freedom. Those differences arose in a previously existing world; and when God made this world He put his fallen rational creatures into bodies adapted to their fallen nature. But as they retained their freedom, it is possible for all, even for the devil and his angels, to attain perfect reformation.

Hamlet's remark to Horatio,

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy,

is applicable to all times, and might be appropriately addressed to many of the philosophers of the present day, who reject every explication of phenomena which would involve a recognition of the supernatural. However they may cavil, Shakespeare conveys the true conception of life when he writes: "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."

Believing in the foreknowledge and providence of God, and discarding the false notion which makes man a contingency, we can perceive how the smallest event of his life is one of a series of causes and effects extending throughout all time; and also how his mind may be conceivably influenced, not only by what was and is, but in a dimly, prescient manner by what is to come. Auguste Comte, the French Positivist, stated a number of years ago, that in the no distant future we would have such an accurate knowledge of natural laws, that it would be possible to predict with

certainly the actual state of the weather on any particular day six months or longer in advance. Though the laws of meteorology are much better understood now than when he wrote, it is not probable that the most confident weather prophet would claim such a degree of prevision regarding the special features of the weather on any particular day. Nevertheless, who can doubt but that the causes are operative now which will produce the state of the weather on any particular day six months or six years in advance. The shadow in the way of our prevision in this particular instance, or any instance, is not only inadequate knowledge of the causes, but also inability to estimate the degree of their acting and reacting upon each other, and the resultant of such forces.

Though not a fatalist, and believing in the freedom of the will within certain limitations, the writer would hazard the opinion that the mind was constituted originally so as to act and be acted upon by the circumstances which would surround it during its entire existence, and that those circumstances are no more contingent than its own being. Hence the mind in a certain sense is a reflex of the future as well as a result of the past, and presumably may experience anticipatory thrills heralding events, which are no more independent of the mind than it is of the events, and in view of which it received in a certain sense its organic complexion. Accepting this view of its origin, it need not be regarded as singular that the mind may become darkly aware of future events to be intimately associated with it, and this, quite spontaneously and without the intervention of exterior causes.

Montesquieu, if the writer's memory is not at fault, remarked that a foreknowledge of events would be impossible, even to the Supreme, unless everything was the result of established laws. While regarding the statement as bordering on irreverence, it is difficult to conceive how it could be otherwise. It would not be possible to predict anything regarding a contingency. The language of the Bible is emphatic, not only relative to predetermined events, but also as to the predetermined adaptability of the persons to those events. Hence the events and persons are complementary, and so intimately associated, that without the one the other could not exist.

It may be objected that such a view would reduce a man to an automaton without any power of self-determination, and without responsibility. In reply to this it may be stated that though we are conscious of limitations, we are also conscious of a power of self-determination, and of a feeling of responsibility.

As the writer is now confronted by the greatest mystery of all, and as space will not permit any further speculations concerning matters so abstruse, and of such infinite complexity, he will now conclude, hoping that the reader, who has been so kind as to follow him, has been at least interested if not instructed. NEIL MACDONALD.

GOVERNMENT IN THE TERRITORIES.

THOSE who have made an especial study of this subject must confess that there are peculiar and difficult conditions to be met at the outset. A few of these may be summarized:—

- (1) The physical features of a region at least half a million of square miles in extent, and comprising a population of less than fifty thousand.
- (2) The necessity which still exists for semi-military government, which is always more or less obnoxious to civilians, no matter how well administered.
- (3) Climatic conditions.
- (4) A prairie country.
- (5) A mixed population, a large percentage of which has not been accustomed to Canadian institutions.
- (6) The absence of a wealthy and leisured class.
- (7) Distance from the seat of central authority.

It is not a matter of surprise, then, that numerous errors have been committed by the Dominion Government in legislating for its vast interior possessions, and that the Government has found it necessary to make much of its legislation tentative. Indeed, the Dominion Government has found it advisable to depart very much from old methods in dealing with the Territories, and the tendency to meet the peculiar conditions of legislation there is every year becoming more and more apparent. This evident desire is fully appreciated by the people of the Territories, the great majority of whom know very little of Dominion politics, and who, as pioneers, naturally look to their own welfare first, in this respect fulfilling a duty which they owe to themselves and their families.

While the great mass of the Canadian people possess but a superficial knowledge of the condition of life in the Territories, this cannot be said of the Government. It is particularly well informed, especially of late. This is doubtless owing to the important events which have transpired in the Territories during the past five years. The Ottawa Government has evidenced a desire to keep pace with the wants of the people, though it has not always done so. The diminution in the volume of the stream of immigration, which, beginning with a river at the time of the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, suddenly dwindled into a rill, has been a drawback. There are now, however, good reasons for believing that the stream will shortly again approach its old dimensions, and this end will be sooner gained if the Dominion Government will make its prairies as free as the pampas and savannas of the South.

In the matter of legislation, as well as development, it is not to be denied that the Territories have made considerable progress. No member of the present Legislative

Assembly denies that it is an improvement on the North-West Council; but, of course, from Mr. Speaker Wilson down, all want what Mr. Davidson, the urbane member for Qu'Appelle, calls the "complete outfit." It would not be true to say that the people of the Territories are not fit for self-government, though it must be admitted that a considerable influx of population prior to the introduction of the responsible system would materially add to its success in the Territories.

The evident tendency of the Dominion Government to concede much to the people there has been noted, and it is but fair to assume that when the responsible system is granted it will be given to the Territories as one Province.

It is the boast of those who advocated Territorial representation in the Territories that the American system was followed, and even improved on, because the representatives from the Canadian Territories may vote on all questions while Territorial delegates may have a voice only on Territorial matters. This omission suggests the question, Shall the Territorial system of our neighbours be further followed? Shall the branches be given to its Legislature when the responsible system is introduced? and shall, as is done in the States and Territories, the government be vested in the Governor and both branches of the Legislature? or shall the evils of the portfolio system be continued there? The former, no doubt, has its advantages in better legislation, and, from an economical and humanitarian standpoint, in the suppression of a host of would-be statesmen.

Sir William Blackstone was the first to call attention to the existence of "Heavenborn legislators" who considered it their mission, without any previous preparation or experience, to make profound laws for the multitude. In new countries there is no diminution of these generous legislators. They are quite numerous.

Again, shall the Legislature consist of only one branch or shall it comprise two? and if so, shall both branches be elective, with an increased qualification for the council or upper branch? These subjects deserve careful consideration, and it may be well to enquire to what extent will capitalists and others be deterred from investing and otherwise interesting themselves in the North-West Territories if there be only one branch to the Legislature, and this what will be known as the popular branch? and what is the experience of those new countries where two branches have been conceded? The Right Honourable the Dominion Premier, the other night at the Board of Trade banquet, recited the Jeffersonian anecdote about the "cup and the saucer" as an illustration of the advantage of two chambers. Now those Canadians who know what beneficial results have attended the much abused but venerable legislative councils in the past, in spite of the prejudice and the desire to abolish them, must see that the territories present similar conditions to those which had to be met in by gone years in the eastern provinces before and since Confederation. In the eastern provinces there is a wealthy and leisured class as well as an educated class. The influence on provincial legislation is generally exercised for the best. In the territories there are no such classes. The people are pioneers struggling to make homes for themselves, but at the same time they are inviting capital. Will this come if it is to be exposed to the risk of inexperienced legislators? It does not seem probable.

Assuming that the minimum of intelligence is reached in that Legislature where the best men will not run, or if they do run will not be elected in what is known as the popular branch, and should there be but this one branch, the services of these even are lost when the territories can least afford it. Should there be a second branch with a higher qualification on the part of the candidate, then their services would be available. Does not all experience prove, other things being equal, that capital gravitates to the country where there is the soundest legislation? Heretofore, and even at the present time, territorial legislation has benefited very much from the services of such men as Judge Richardson, Judge MacLeod and Mr. A. E. Forget. These gentlemen have rendered valuable aid to the responsible country, but under a one branch system their services as legislators will not be available. Under the two branch elective system two of these gentlemen, at least, would be available if the people felt disposed. Other gentlemen who have been successful as business men and in other pursuits, and who would consider it an honour to be elected members of a council or upper house, would also be found available, and strength would be added to the council by their wisdom and experience.

Canadians are fond, and very justly, of pointing to their legislative system, but they should bear in mind that much of the successful legislation has resulted from the fact that there was "a cup" as well as "a saucer," whether the legislation was provincial or federal. The soundness of the Jeffersonian moral has thus been practically demonstrated by Canadian experience.

In mentioning names it is fair to say that the members of the present Legislative Assembly of the Territories are a sincere and well meaning body of men, and if they are not politicians as that term is conventionally understood, they are doing, to the best of their knowledge and ability, what they can for the interests they represent. Another election may not produce the same earnestness at least.

Manitoba once had an upper house. It was laughed at and snuffed out of existence for reasons that were, at the time, declared moral as well as economic, but time has shown that its legislative council might have been preserved for moral as well as economical reasons, even if differently constituted.

Whatever may be the faults of government, there is no doubt that ample protection is afforded there to life and property. This is chiefly due to the influence exercised by the Mounted Police, which are a potent factor as judicial agents, while the Supreme Court judges are men of high character, good legal attainments and conscientious administrators of the civil as well as the criminal law. E.
Toronto, January 22nd, 1889.

IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM A. FOSTER,

AND he is gone, who led the few
Forecasters of a nation fair;
That gentle spirit, strong and true,
As ever breathed Canadian air!

Forever fled! the kindly face,
The eager look, the lambent eye,
Still haunted by a boyish grace—
Can these from recollection fly?

The counsel sound, the judgment clear,
The mild thought brooding over all,
The ready smile, the ready tear—
Can these from recollection fall?

Ah! well do I remember still
The sultry day, whose sun had set;
The hostel near the tower-crowned hill,*
The parlour dim where first we met;

The flush of joy, when o'er the wine,
On that pale eve of loftier times,†
He put his friendly hand in mine,
And praised my poor Canadian rhymes;

And sung the old Canadian songs,‡
And played the old Canadian airs,
Then turned his smile on fancied wrongs,
And laughed away a youth's despairs;

And said: "Throw sickly thoughts aside—
Let's build on native fields our fame;
Nor seek to blend our patriot pride
With alien greed, or alien shame!

"Nor trust the falterers who despond—
The doubting spirits which divine
No stable future save beyond
Their long, imaginary line!

"But mark, by fate's strong finger traced
Our country's rise; see time unfold,
In our own land, a nation based
On manly worth, not lust of gold.

"Its bourne, the home of generous life,
Of ample freedom, slowly won,
Of modest maid and faithful wife,
Of simple love 'twixt sire and son.

"Nor lessened would the duty be
To rally, then, around the throne;
A filial nation, strong and free—
Great Britain's child to manhood grown!

"But lift the curtain which deceives,
The veil that intercepts the sight,
The drapery dependence weaves
To screen us from the nobler light.

"First feel throughout the throbbing land
A nation's pulse, a nation's pride,
The independent life—then stand
Erect, unbound, at Britain's side!"

And many a year has fled, and now
The tongue which voiced the thought is stilled;
The veil yet hangs o'er many a brow,
The glorious dream is unfulfilled.

Yet ocean unto ocean cries!
For us their mighty tides go forth.
We front the sun—behind us lies
The mystery of the unconquered North!

And ardent Aspiration peers
Beyond the clouds, beyond the night,
Beyond the faltering, paltering years,
And there beholds the Breaking Light!

For though the thoughtful mind has passed
From mortal ken, the generous hand—
The seed they sowed has sprung at last,
And grows and blossoms through the land.

And time will realize the dream,
The light yet spread o'er land and wave;
And Honour, in that hour supreme,
Will hang his wreath o'er Foster's grave.
Prince Albert, N.W.T. C. MAIR.

*Parliament Hill. †Confederation. ‡Mr. Foster was fond of French-Canadian son; its vivacity and plaintiveness equally touched him.

THE Charleston, S. C. News says the South "must work out her own salvation," and that the race problem "can be settled only in the spirit of justice." There is a good deal of force in this. No outside influence is operating to restrain the South from beginning the work of salvation in the spirit of justice.—Denver Times (Rep.).

GENEVA'S CARNIVAL.

POSSIBLY an account of the Carnival that the city Geneva celebrates once a year may be of interest to readers of THE WEEK. Every people has a state holiday that it keeps in its own fashion, and that is intended to commemorate some event in its history. Frenchmen, who seem in a measure to deserve even now Burke's epithet of being the ablest architects of ruin that the world has seen, glorify the Great Revolution every fourteenth of July, and sing the praises of Danton and Robespierre; on the first of September Germany celebrates the anniversary of Sedan that gave her unity and strength; and in like manner Italy on the twentieth of the same month reminds her children of the entry of the Italian troops into Rome, and the birth of Modern Italy. Englishmen keep the Queen's Birthday; Americans celebrate the glorious Fourth; Canadians, Dominion Day, and Genevans the *Escalade*. In accordance with ancient custom—for the Republic of Geneva keeps a national anniversary in comparison with which the others are of yesterday—the youthful population of this city celebrate every twelfth of December; that is to say, for some days before, bands of boys, masked and disguised, parade the streets from dusk to midnight with lanterns, horns, tin-pans, kettles, and other instruments of discordant music. On the night of the twelfth the principal streets are crowded, one third at least of the people being masked; and as prizes are given to encourage it some of the characters are got up with great taste and expense, and masked balls follow the street parade. I was out at a meeting of an Italian society that evening and passed through the principal streets on my way home between eleven and twelve o'clock. I never saw a scene of greater animation and of such a peculiar character. I could not help reflecting on the change that had come over this anniversary—which I am told is like that which has passed over Genevan life, for in olden times the *day* used to be kept in fasting and by religious services, and now it is the *night*, which is observed in a more secular manner. In this Italian influence is unmistakable, and the fact of the carnivals taking place at this season of the year throughout the Italian peninsula makes this explanation of it the more probable.

A brief account of the *escalade* or *scaling* of the city walls, taken from Picot's *Histoire de Genève* may not be without interest to some of the readers of THE WEEK. During the whole of the year 1602 reports came to Geneva of an intended attack of the Duke of Savoy. In November these reports became more frequent and more precise. They were received both from Paris and Turin, and the authorities were even told that scaling-ladders and bridges had been tried in the latter city for this purpose. But they scarcely believed what after all appeared to be idle rumours, and trusted in the treaties of Vervins and Lyons, and the promised protection of the King of France. Moreover, to allay any suspicions the heretics might have, the Duke sent Rochette, the venerable president of the senate of Chambéry, in the beginning of December, to make proposals about the re-establishment of trade relations with Geneva, and to observe the state of the city.

On the 11th of December the Duke, Charles Emmanuel and d'Albigny, Governor of Savoy, led their troops through the mountain-passes; and Brunaulieu, the governor of Bonne and principal author of the undertaking, approached the city during the night and measured the height of the walls and breadth of the trenches. He had arranged all the details of the attack, and had declared to d'Albigny that there was no doubt about its success. He was to direct its execution, and had the extreme unction administered to him before setting out.

At six o'clock in the evening of the longest night in the year the troops of the duke left Bonne la Roche and Bonneville under d'Albigny, and marched on Geneva. They were composed of four companies of cavalry, four or five thousand Spaniards and Neapolitans, and a regiment of 800 men forming the body guard of d'Albigny, besides a number of Savoyard gentlemen. By marching along the river Arve they arrived under the walls without having been perceived. The night was moonless, and the city lay in unsuspecting slumber. At one o'clock Brunaulieu crept up to the walls with those who were to scale them and who had made the journey on horseback to avoid fatigue.

Crossing the ditch on hurdles they scaled the walls at an unguarded place, but when some two hundred had got up they were noticed by a sentinel who gave the alarm. The tocsin was sounded, the citizens rushed to arms, and in spite of the darkness—for all was over by four o'clock—the enemy was cut down or driven over the parapet. They had not succeeded in opening the gates as was intended, and a lively fusillade from the walls soon put to flight the defenceless troops below. In the morning fifty-four Savoyards were found dead inside the walls, and the thirteen prisoners that were taken were executed that afternoon. These sixty-seven bodies were thrown into the Rhone, and it was remarked as a singular coincidence that exactly sixty-seven years had elapsed since the city had thrown off the yoke of Rome. The scaling-ladders, which were painted black and covered with cloth at the upper extremity, are still preserved in the city arsenal; and the seventeen Genevans who were killed in repulsing the attack were buried with great pomp, and a monument has since been erected to their memory.

Theodore Beza, who was then in his eighty-fourth year, slept through all the noise, and was naturally much surprised to hear what had happened in the morning. After being led out to where the fighting had taken place he convoked the people to the cathedral of St. Peter and gave

out the 124th Psalm, which was long after used at the anniversaries of the event. The city museum contains a painting by one of the best known Genevan artists, M. Jules Hébert, entitled, *The Day after the Escalade in 1602*. It represents the great Reformer standing among the corpses, scattered arms, ropes, and broken ladders, with his hands stretched toward heaven in the attitude of prayer.

A local paper has printed for the first time a document which is said to have been discovered recently in the archives of Chambéry, and which gives an account of the adventures of the noble Jehan Malatru who took part in the *escalade*. It relates how "our most illustrious prince, the Duke of Savoy, upon the advice and counsel which he received from the Pope, conceived the project of extirpating completely the abominable heresy that exists in the city of Geneva;" and how a Scotch Capuchin monk encouraged the assailants, distributing tickets with Latin texts as a charm against death by violence, and assuring them that each step on the ladder was a step towards Paradise. But master Jehan was killed in the *melée* and found to his grief that the ticket he had received was refused at the celestial gates but was good for a less desirable place. To quote the words of this alleged document—for despite the old French the sentiment makes one suspicious:

Et Jehan Malotru apres avoir erré trois jours et nuicts sans mesme avoir pu se reposer en Purgatoire fust tout aise d'arriver à l'entrée de l'enfer dont, à son grand esbahissement, le billet du Père Alexandre lui ouvrit les portes toutes grandes où le diable le receust avec forces compliments et caresses et ne tarda pas à le faire rostir dans une de ses chaudières où le meschant moyne l'avoit desjà devancé des l'avantveille.

The death of the late President of the Swiss Confederation, Mr. Hertenstein, and the appointment of his successor shortly after the Presidential election in the United States leads to a comparison of the two Republics in this respect. It may be safely said that no country in the world is as impersonal in its government as Switzerland. Probably three-fourths of the Swiss themselves did not know the name of their President before his fatal illness. The executive authority in Switzerland is vested, not in the hands of one man, but in a council of seven members appointed by the Federal Assembly for three years. The President of the Confederation, who presides over this council, as well as the Vice-President, are chosen for one year among these seven members. The President is not eligible for re-election, even for Vice-President, till at least two years have elapsed since his retirement from office. So that most people in Switzerland, except professional politicians, soon forget the name of their annual President, who after all is simply chairman of an executive committee with no more power or influence than any of his six colleagues. Unlike the cabinet of the President of the United States, the members of this council have a consultative voice in both sections of the Federal Assembly—that is, both in the Senate and House of Representatives, and the right to make proposals thereon on all subjects under deliberation.

Thus a land of universal suffrage and the home of the *Referendum* is governed by a nameless committee presided over by a different President and vice-President every year, and which is renewed every three years by the votes of the Upper and Lower House (so to speak) united for this purpose, and which itself has just been elected by the people for the same length of time. JAMES W. BELL.
Geneva, Switzerland, December, 1888.

CHOPIN'S NOCTURNE IN B FLAT MINOR.

Op. 9, No. 1.

THIS Nocturne I have not heard for some seven years. Of the circumstances under which it was composed I am ignorant; and yet whenever it recurs to my memory a perfect picture is presented to my mind.

To translate one form of Art into another is impossible; yet as we have descriptions of pieces of architecture, sculpture, and painting, so we may try to express some of the thoughts and emotions evoked by music.

To me this Nocturne as I listened to it always brought the representation of a man, thoughtful, contemplative, high-souled; a man who has felt

The weary weight of all this unintelligible world;
has tried to fathom the depths of life; a man into whose heart the problem of existence has sunk deep; who is

Sick, wearied out with contrarities.

He has seen and he has felt the pain, the sorrow that surround him; indeed he himself has had no small share of this pain and sorrow. The enigma of their source and purport he cannot solve. Gifted with the power of framing lofty ideals; gifted too—or cursed—with lofty aspirations, high resolves, he is just beginning to feel how unrealizable those ideals are,* how delusive those aspirations, how futile those resolves. The recognition arouses in him strange and inexpressible thoughts—hardly even thoughts; rather perhaps dim, shadowy, incomprehensible, incommunicable fears. This newly discovered internal discord seems to him to be in some way one with that external discord which for now so long has jarred upon his ear. Restless and quiet he wanders out alone, communing with himself on the secrets of life: its incomplete-

*What is it keeps men in continual discontent and agitation? It is that they cannot make realities correspond with their conceptions.—Goethe, trans. Carlyle.

ness, its finality, its hatfulness, and yet its seeming though unseen union with something complete, infinite, divine—its utter and awful mysteriousness.

It is night. In the semi-darkness he walks he knows not where. Soon the soft and rhythmical sound of waves plashing on a shore falls upon his ear and rouses him into observance of his surroundings. He has reached the river.* The moon has risen. Gaunt black buildings throw enormous shadows which lie heavy and silent on the moving waters. Between them silvery streaks dance upon the waves. Nature herself, too, seems in her dumb way to revolve the question he cannot ask: blackness and light, stillness and motion, energy and death—all the medley of the earth, all the turmoil of his soul are reflected in the stream. And the river gives no answer. It flows on, and flows on, now in moon-light, now in shadow. Only the waves beat plaintively against the shores, all along the shores they beat. To the question he cannot ask, answer there is none. Only in his ears sound those tossing waves.

Flow on the river must. It has its duties. Its course is fixed. Through myriads of years myriads of influences shaped that course. How much of its winding way it owed to itself, how much to powers and forces of which it knew nothing, could not control, there was none to tell. In that winding way flow on it must, through city and through field; turning here the wheels of the mill, laving there the feet of the hot and thirsty cattle. Everywhere it has its duties. And somehow those rhythmically beating waves seem to know this. Not angrily nor in impatient mood they beat; but as if in acquiescence, hope, and trust.

Strangely too these waves compose him. His unasked questions they do not answer, yet to him they bring a calm, for not angrily nor in impatient mood they beat, but as if in acquiescence, hope, and trust.

"Why ask any question?" at last to himself, abruptly, he says aloud. "Live I must; duties I have; let me also acquiesce, hope, and trust."

NOTE.—Those strange hurrying, *fortissimo* closing bars long puzzled me. Are they not similar to the closing lines of *Lycidas* :—

At last he rose and twitch't his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new?

The poet and the composer both seem to remember that, as Aristotle said, action and not thought is the end of life (Cf. Cicero, *De Off.*, I. 6.—*Virtutis omnis laus in actione consistit*); that they have spent quite enough time in useless speculation, and that practical duties have to be attended to.

[Of "twitch't," Jerram ("The *Lycidas* and *Epitaphium Damonis* of Milton," *ad loc.*) says:—"The word expresses haste." And of these two lines Professor Masson says:—"a parting intimation that the imaginary shepherd is Milton himself, and that the poem is a tribute to his dead friend rendered passingly in the midst of other occupations."]
T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

MOTHER EVE.

OH, no! speak not of Eden's bliss, nor tell
The vanished glory of the former time;
In a serene, unclouded, golden clime,
Through amarynth groves and meads of asphodel,
Before that Serpent stole his way from hell,
O'er the young earth we walked with God, sublime,
And heard the Bells of Heaven ring daily chime.
Oh, no! speak not, for terrors thick, and fell
And flaming swords, and God's great angry eyes,
And Abel's piteous face, in visions rise.
Ah! dreadful day, when panting, speechless, pale,
Our Cain rushed forth. O long farewell to joy,
When Adam told, great horror in his face, the tale
And showed where lay, O God! my murdered boy!

R. S. W.

A BIT OF COUNTRY LIFE.

WHEN there is no longer any doubt in our minds that the grapes above our reach are hopelessly sour, is it not the part of wisdom to conclude that those within grasp are exactly to our taste? Animated by this reflection I have no hesitation in singing the praises of country life even in the dead vast and middle of the winter. Let not the impatient reader fear a dissertation upon various and unfamiliar sorts of "greens," with which latter day out-of-door essayists are prone to regale us. It would have to be a very interesting weed that would entice the true country dweller into an attitude of shivering but enthusiastic contemplation. No; we look with incredulity mingled with disdain at the rapture of our city cousins over even the prettiest ferns and grasses, and dimly suspect that it is more than half "put on." Such affectations are not for us. We freely confess that there are wintry days in the country when all the attractions of the woods seem to be concentrated in the blazing log on the hearth, and gray skies brooding over faded fields are seen at their best when framed by the folds of crimson curtains.

The real advantages of the country over the city on a February day are not apparent to the outer sense, but they are obvious to "the inner eye which is the bliss of solitude." For instance, to read the Bible understandingly and appreciatively one ought to live in the country. "Alack, poor soul!" says my friend on the avenue, "no

*I have seen the title, *Les Murmures de Seine*, prefixed to this Nocturne.

doubt you feel the need of the promises." No, not specially; but turn back to the Old Testament, to that first verse of one of the Psalms: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills." How can a person who lives on an avenue feel the beauty of this most poetic text? What is there to prevent him from reading it, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the brick blocks, from whence also cometh my dry goods and groceries?" Without doubt the city is densely material; it is also coarse, tyrannical and exacting. It involves the free soul in a rush of artificial requirements called social duties, and discourages individuality and native integrity. The jingling of a street car torments the cultivated ear like a jingling rhyme. The large perfect day is desecrated and torn into shreds by a host of human jinglers. We forget that this is not our best heritage; we forget that Mr. Smith's time belongs to Mr. Smith, and not to the chance individual who may take a fancy to steal it; we do not realize that nature never intended us to live on roads that are named, in houses that are numbered. We are the hapless victims of names and numbers and things that jingle.

How beautiful by contrast is the spiritual face of ample-leisured solitude! In her hands are golden opportunities, which it is our own fault if we neglect. She never filches from us our good time, for the purpose of telling us the intellectually indigestible remarks made of us by some one who is probably suffering from physical indigestion. Nor does she frown upon us if we read in her presence, or indulge in other harmless eccentricities difficult of practice in cities. She requires a clear conscience and a mind at ease, but is not critical in matters of dress and deportment. To the dull she shows herself as dull, and to the froward she is a very prison house, but she is beloved of all the sages. May we not venture on a revised version of Cowper and exclaim:

Oh, solitude, where are the harms
That simpletons see in thy face?

It is true she is thought to inculcate such childish notions as that excitement is bad for a person, and early hours are good for him. But what excitement can equal that produced by a lonely walk on a tempestuous night, with the embattled winds rousing every nerve to the highest exultation. The excitements of country life, like its pleasures, are of a loftier sort than those of the city.

But, says the sceptic on the avenue, there is no society in the country. Oh, that is a great mistake. Only yesterday morning we had a caller. She is the mother of fourteen children, and she came over, according to her own statement, "to borry some milk." It was a pleasure to watch her climb the intervening fences between our respective homes. Instead of running up one side and plunging down on the other in the striking city style, she set one sturdy foot on a projecting rail, and swung herself over in a masterful way that would have delighted Virginia of Virginia.

Probably when the sceptic says society, he means people of leisure, intelligence and refinement. These we can assure him we have with us always. We call them Our Oldest Families, and the envy and jealousy which they rouse in our hearts must be the chief reason why we stubbornly refuse to be as leisurely and as refined as they are.

Let me relate a brief experience with an Old Family, living in a remote part of Ontario, far distant from where I now write. They had invited me there to spend the evening with a few friends. After chatting with my hostess in the drawing-room for fifteen minutes, she said, "Now, if you are quite rested, we will go and lay off your things." As the prodigious exertion from which I was supposed to be slowly recovering consisted of a dozen steps taken between the carriage and the house, I professed myself entirely rested. Arrived in the guest chamber I committed the grave mistake of removing my wraps with unbecoming celerity, at which a pained expression swept across the lady's face, as though she were saying to herself, "Alas! this is what one must put up with from people who are unacquainted with leisure." She then said, "I am sure you would like to wash." I was sure I wouldn't like anything of the sort, for a long drive in a cold wind does not to my mind necessitate ablution. However in response to my "Oh, no, thank you" (I thanked her in order to soften the pang of refusal) she responded "No trouble at all" (a point in which I could not agree with her) and sent for some warm water. There was no use being resentful or stubborn. She stood over me, so to speak, and saw that I did what was expected of me. The soap dish was majestically indicated to me, but I drew the line at soap. Even a worm will turn when threatened with a soap dish. We returned to the drawing-room, one of us faint yet pursuing, the other very red from the mingled effects of wind and water, but subdued beyond the semblance of resistance.

This was only the beginning of trouble. After some remarks on the pleasantness of the situation, I asked how long they had lived there, and was told, with a slight stress on the longest word, that they had resided there a number of years. The temptation to inquire when they had ceased to live and begun to reside was successfully resisted. When I spake of a poor family of our acquaintance as being in real need, they tacitly rebuked me by saying they believed they were in straitened circumstances. When, in turning the leaves of a photograph album, I asked if a certain gentleman was not dead, they responded that he was not living. They showed me a book, which they said was beautifully written. I read a sentence beginning with "After successfully surmounting obstacles and overcoming difficulties," and stopped with a laugh to say that I saw little difference between the two processes. They then

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

And with the morn those angel faces smile,
That I have loved long since and lost awhile.

So spake he many and many a year ago,
And now 'tis morn, he shall not know the night,
Only sweet faces wonderfully bright,
Only sweet faces shall the poet know,
Because he suffered once the keenest woe
That can afflict the heart that striveth right.
Walking by faith, by faith and not by sight,
Shall he not reap in time what he doth sow?
And if with doubting steps but stalwart heart
He leaveth friends of early youth and dear,
Shall he not find far more than any loss
Friends for eternity who cannot part,
A soul that cannot err, nor shrink in fear—
Shall he not gain a crown who bore a cross? B.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE PLEIADES.

As an eminent Professor has well remarked: "There are glories in the Bible on which the eye of man has not gazed sufficiently long to admire them; there are difficulties the depth and inwardness of which require a measure of the same qualities in the interpreter himself. There are notes struck in places, which, like some discoveries of science, have sounded before their time, and only after many days been caught up, and found a response on the earth. There are germs of truth which, after thousands of years, have never yet taken root in the world." The question in Job, chapter xxxvii., 31, contains a remarkable example of one of these far-reaching and anticipative truths. If our translators have correctly identified the group of stars to which they have given the familiar name of Pleiades—and we have every reason to confide in their fidelity—we have a striking proof here afforded to us of the perfect harmony that exists between the revelations of science and those of the Bible—the one illustrating and confirming the other. We know not what progress the Chaldeans may have made in astronomical discovery at this early period; but it is not at all likely that the great truth in question was known to Job—unless, indeed, specially revealed to him, in order to enlarge his apprehensions of the wisdom and power of the Creator. So far as he was concerned, the question, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?" might have referred solely to what was then the common belief, viz., that the genial weather of spring was somehow caused by the peculiar position of the Pleiades in the sky at that season; as if God had simply said, "Canst thou hinder or retard the spring?" It remained for modern science to make a wider and grander application of it, and to show in this, as in other instances, that the Bible is so framed as to expand its horizon with the march of discovery—that the requisite stability of a moral rule is, in it, most admirably combined with the capability of movement and progress. If we examine the text in the original, we find that the Chaldaic word translated in our version Pleiades is *Chimah*, meaning literally a hinge, pivot, or axle, which turns round and moves other bodies along with it. Now, strange to say, the group of stars thus characterized has recently been ascertained, by a series of independent calculations—in utter ignorance of the meaning of the text—to be actually the hinge or axle round which the solar system resolves. It was long known as one of the most elementary truths of astronomy, that the earth and the planets revolve around the sun; but the question recently began to be raised among astronomers "Does the sun stand still? or does it move round some other object in space, carrying its train of planets and their satellites along with it in its orbit?" Attention being thus specially directed to this subject, it was soon found that the sun had an appreciable motion, which tended in the direction of a lily-shaped group of small stars, called the constellation of Hercules. Towards this constellation the stars seem to be opening out; while at the opposite point of the sky their mutual distances are apparently diminishing—as if they were drifting away, like the foaming wake of a ship, from the sun's course. When this great physical truth was established beyond the possibility of a doubt, the next subject of investigation was the point or centre round which the sun performed this marvellous revolution; and after a series of elaborate observations and most ingenious calculations, this intricate problem was also satisfactorily solved—one of the great triumphs of human genius. M. Madler, of Dorpat, found that Alcyone, the brightest star of the Pleiades, is the centre of gravity of our vast solar system—the luminous hinge in the heavens round which our sun and his attendant planets are moving through space. The very complexity and isolation of the system of the Pleiades, exhibiting seven distinct orbs closely compressed to the naked eye, but nine or ten times that number when seen through a telescope—forming a grand cluster, whose individuals are united to each other more closely than to the general mass of stars—indicate the amazing attractive energy that must be concentrated in that spot. Vast as is the distance which separates our sun from this central group—a distance thirty-four millions of times greater than the distance between the sun and our earth—yet so tremendous is the force exerted by Alcyone that it draws our system irresistibly around it at the rate of 422,000 miles a day, in an orbit which it will take many thousands of years to complete. With this new explanation how remarkably striking and appropriate does the original word for Pleiades

appear! What a lofty significance does the question of the Almighty receive from this interpretation! "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?" Canst thou arrest or in any degree modify that attractive influence which it exerts upon our sun and all its planetary worlds, whirling them round its pivot in an orbit of such inconceivable dimensions, and with a velocity so utterly bewildering. Silence the most profound can be the only answer to such a question. Man can but stand afar off, and in awful astonishment and profound humility exclaim with the Psalmist: "O Lord, my God, Thou art very great!" In accordance with this higher interpretation, the influences of the Pleiades may be called *sweet*, as indicating the harmonious operation of those great laws by which our system revolves around them. In this vast and complex arrangement, not one wheel jars or creaks—not a single discordant sound disturbs the deep, solemn quietude of the midnight sky. Smoothly and silently each star performs its sublime revolutions. Although our system is composed of so many bodies—differing in size, form, and consistence—they are all exquisitely poised in space in relation to one another, and to their common centre; their antagonistic forces are so nicely adjusted as to curb every orb in its destined path, and to preserve the safety and harmony of the whole. Moons revolve around planets, planets and comets around the sun, the sun around Alcyone, and Alcyone around some other unknown sun hid far away in some unexplored depths of our galaxy; and grand beyond conception, this cluster of systems around the centre of ten thousand centres—the great white throne of the Eternal and Infinite; and all with a rhythm so perfect that we might almost believe in the old poetic fable of "The Music of the Spheres." What vast and almost infinite consequences depend upon that little star, that gleams out upon us from the midnight sky, among a cluster of diamond points, itself scarcely larger than a drop of lucent dew! What profound interest gathers around it! It is a blessed thought that it is not a capricious, changeable Being who holds the helm of our universe, but the just and merciful Jehovah—"the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever"—the Father who pitieth His children, knowing the frailty of their frames. In this vision of orbits and revolutions, more awful and stupendous than Ezekiel's vision of wheels within wheels, we see seated on the throne above the firmament, not a blind chance or a passionless fate, but one like unto the Son of Man—He whom John saw in Patmos, holding the mystery of the seven stars in His right hand—possessed of infinite love as well as infinite power—binding the sweet influences of the Pleiades solely for the order and good of His creation.—*Bible Teachings in Nature*, by Rev. Hugh McMillan, LL.D.

THE NEW DANGERS OF SENSATIONAL FICTION.

LIFE and religion, one and the other, are being swept along by the wind of fashion just now, and it must be that shortly we shall be overwhelmed by the gathering whirlwind. The most popular novel of the season makes life one wild rush of passion; impulse is mistaken for strength, love is degraded to the lowest plane, heaven itself is brought down to the level of a Mohammedan paradise. The even tenor of a woman's days is exchanged for an existence of leaps and jerks; clothes become "vital with emotion," and even such stolid things as houses and furniture grow "instinct with suffering"—whatever that may mean—in this new life of the soul. It is but a trifle in the midst of more serious matters, that complete changes of wardrobe must needs be ready for every changing mood, and that whole suites of apartments must be dismantled and refurnished in the brief hours of a single night, lest the surroundings fall out of harmony with a sudden phase of feeling. Even blessed sleep, it would seem, has grown a trifle critical in these artistic days, and comes not for all our wooing until we change the bedstead! All this is somewhat trying and inconvenient as a rule of life, but we must make shift to follow on as best we can. How shall it be, again, but that happily married readers shall question the vows they have paid at the altar, if, mayhap, they were repeated vows? A book full of storm and struggle to prove that second marriages are bigamous may well unsettle its admirers, and cause much foolish rending of heart. "Fools rush in," we know of old; but what of the consequences when they draw after them long trains of "silly women," to invade the holy places? Yet these lesser and greater evils are but incidental to the view of life presented in such a book as "The Quick, or the Dead?" Its fair author is reported to have said that nearly a thousand women have written to Barbara's creator in gratitude and sympathy. This, then, is the type of woman the uncounted, silent multitude is emulating, and these less contained ones are admiring. We shall shortly see our young, unformed, all-ignorant girls making a religion of their emotions, regulating life by their impulses, acting out every whim born of the sky or the rain, turning passion into play and play into passion, shaming Venus herself in her own bowers!

But as if it were not enough to smirch the sanctity of the life that now is, we must tear asunder the bonds that bind us to heaven. Again at the bidding of a woman, we are called upon to see the result of too much religion. It is difficult to discover just what "John Ward" was intended to teach. Perhaps its clearest teaching is the vigorous lesson of the holy duty of meddling. But further than that, Helen, who has no religion at all except to pick apart that of other people, is the patron saint of the book; John, who certainly believes in his faith and has the courage of his convictions, is its Mephistopheles. Let us give up all our faiths, and teach those about us to give up theirs, and

told me that the book was written by a brother—a brother who was "not living." I began to wish that I resembled him in this particular. I said contritely that they must forgive me, because I had a bad habit of using short words when long ones would do just as well; that there was such a thing as an affectation of plainness and simplicity, and this was an affectation that I should (I came very near saying try to get rid of, but stopped myself in time and said) endeavour to overcome.

Among the guests at the table, when we shortly afterwards sat down, was an eccentric old gentleman, of great courage, who attracted general attention to himself by cutting his canned pears with a knife and fork. The pears, though everything to be desired by the eye, were certainly rather underdone and difficult to manage with a spoon; but imagine the agonies endured by our hostess! There were at least four distinct agonies. First the agony of remorse, because her pears were only half cooked; second, that of chagrin, because she was constantly reminded of the fact; third, that of horror at such an outrage upon the proprieties as we were then beholding; fourth, an agony of apprehension lest at such moments when the knife slipped and came down upon the plate with a click that made the blood run cold, the tortured pear might not be impelled to take a wild leap for life into the lap of another guest. Under this nightmare-like oppression her face was serene, even gay. What stronger proof could be adduced that the fortitude of high breeding is not wanting in country places?

Where congenial society cannot be found, a well cared for correspondence is a good substitute. It is a poor friend who does not put the most entertaining part of himself into his letters, and the pleasure of talking with the pen is that you can have your say out. Your correspondent cannot contradict, or interrupt, or escape, or ignore you—for the time being. Still there are dangers connected with this method of communication. When you unintentionally wound your friend at a distance of a thousand miles, what charm can soothe your melancholy? A telegram at its best is curt, and blunt and unemotional. It will take nearly a week to explain the misunderstanding and obtain forgiveness, and meantime you, who truly love your friend, must go with tears into the valley of humiliation, which, as Mr. Mantalini would observe, with a prefix equally appropriate and objectionable, is a damp, moist, unpleasant place.

After all, why not affirm that the topmost grapes are the sweetest? Why not confess that there are moments when the magnetism of a friendly touch and glance outweighs all the bliss of solitude? Why not boldly and unrhythmically assert that, if God made the country, it is clear that his 'prentice han' He tried on the country, and then He made the city O? ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

METHODS OF M'GILL.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—It must be a matter of regret to all the friends of McGill University to witness the attitude which Mr. Hague has occupied, and persists in occupying, in relation to a discussion of what has taken place between the Board of Governors and one of the Professors. That he should claim the right to make unofficial statements without compromising the Board, of which he is a member, is a procedure foreign to all constitutional government; and any one who knows the Principal of the University knows that he is not the man to tolerate such an attitude in defence of a side which might be in conflict with his own views. That the statements made by "Medicus," "Algonquin," "Turner," and "Truth Seeker" are correct, we believe to be indisputable; and although Mr. Hague says the correspondence may be confidential, his policy is rapidly producing such a complication as may in the interests of the College render the publication of it a necessity.

Whatever may have been the reason which prompted the accusations, it is well-known by us all that, if they were ever entertained by the Board, they most certainly were never sustained. Mr. Hague's first letter, therefore, as well as his later ones, must remain an inexplicable mystery. If the Professor, who has the whip in his hand if he should choose to use it, has had the forbearance to refrain from an exposure, there is surely a sentiment in the Board which, notwithstanding their untenable, though, perhaps, legal irresponsibility to public opinion, should prompt them to adopt such measures as will prevent further mischief to an unoffending Professor, and one who is conceded to be the G. O. M. of the College.

January, 1889.

A FRIEND OF MCGILL.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Mr. Hague imagines that by repeating his assertions about "downright falsehoods," he succeeds in proving them. I shall leave him unmolested in his enviable position. Not being a member of that wonderful University, I am not compelled to meet him on his own grounds, and with his own weapons. MEDICUS.

STATISTICS prove that as the rate of license increases the number of saloons is diminished, and that crime is proportionately reduced and the public proportionately benefited.—*Denver News (Dem.)*.

THE great differences that disturb the peace of mankind are not about ends, but means. We have all the same general desires; but how these desires shall be accomplished will forever be disputed.—*Dr. Johnson*.

let us—what shall we do? There does not seem to be much answer at hand. Many a half-thinker will confound John Ward's temperament with his faith, and glorify Helen's disposition into the religion of which she had not a scrap, but which she so sorely needed. And meanwhile the morbid conscience of him—or more likely her—who has somewhat confusedly based holy living on certain long-believed and never-scrutinized doctrines, suddenly finds itself confronted with the manœuvres of a sham battle of beliefs. Uncounted damage is like to result in the destruction of the mimic forces; in faith shaken and courage daunted by a fight that means nothing, a defeat where the enemy are but friends clothed for the time in the garments of an imaginary hostility.

Still worse harm is threatened by that other novel of the day, "Robert Elsmere." One hundred thousand copies of it are already scattering their seeds of difficulty in every sort of mental soil. People who do not know the meaning of testimony are forthwith convinced that the Scriptures are a cunningly devised fable. Men and women who never dreamed a doubt are throwing overboard the faith they have suddenly discovered it shows mental weakness to hold. The boyish student learns that intellectual "good form" requires him to be a sceptic, and that it is pure unadulterated Philistinism to believe anything. The specious and unanswered arguments of the marionettes whose lips speak the changing accents of one voice, the difficulties writ large and wanting the solution which is hidden away or pushed round the corner—these things and more of their kith and kin have set out in serried ranks to destroy the faith of the world. The fascinated reader does not stop to discover that lack of sympathetic appreciation has led the writer, with all her care, into much misrepresentation of life and thought and belief; that the dramatic necessities have enabled her to avoid real argument, and to leave great gaps in her proofs. In fact, few of her readers are trained theologians, to discover at the first glimpse that the writer herself is not, and to meet her supreme assumption with flat denial, or to remind her that many of her chief positions are long since answered and forgotten. Nor is it by any means a small matter that this novel is made a dividing line in faith. The half-convinced are carried along without reflection by its force and power to a destination they never would have reached alone, and do not at all comprehend. The doubtful are suddenly decided, they know not why. The perplexed are made sure of, they know not what "Do you agree with Robert Elsmere?" is a sort of shibboleth for both severe creed and liberality, and for good or ill a whole is adopted or forsaken because a part seems to be true or false. Thus the gravest and most difficult questions of thought and belief are determined by the charms of a hero, or the exigencies of a plot, and religion itself becomes a matter of snap judgment.

The sensational novel is no less a firebrand in drawing-room or library than in the nursery.—*The Critic*.

THE KEEWATIN DISTRICT: A FIELD FOR ENGLISH SPORTSMEN.

In an interesting letter which Sir Charles Tupper, the High Commissioner for Canada, has just received from the Hon. John Schultz, Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, that gentleman says he has, since his installation at Winnipeg, been trying to find out all he can regarding the resources of the district of Keewatin—that is, of the portion not usually traversed by the Hudson's Bay Company's boats, and by the winter sleigh routes. Mr. Schultz's present inquiries have led him to the conclusion that there may possibly be future wealth in that portion of this region which is now regarded as comparatively useless. It is quite certain, he says, that its fisheries will be of very great future value. In the first place, all the rivers which flow into Hudson's Bay from the west have, with one exception, breeding grounds for a variety of salmon known as "Hearne's" salmon, which differs slightly from the salmon of both the east and the west coast, though resembling the former in that it will rise to the fly, a peculiarity not possessed by the west coast salmon. Then, again, the fresh-water fisheries may become an important source of supply to those who are not content with sea-fish. White fish are now brought 300 miles to the mouth of the Red River, frozen in the summer time by artificial processes, and "shipped" in the frozen state as far south as St. Louis, a distance probably of 1,500 miles. To assist in meeting this demand for fresh-water fish (i.e., the white fish, salmon-trout, and true sturgeon—in other words, the caviare-producing sturgeon), the nearest point from which a supply could be obtained from the Keewatin district would be the lakes in the Laurentian country, which forms the west shore of Hudson's Bay. These lakes are extensive and numerous—are said, in fact, to cover no less than 33 per cent of the surface. Their waters teem with white-fish of the finest quality, and with lake-trout frequently of, from 30 lbs. to 40 lbs. weight, and are just as easy of access from the ports of Great Britain as Lake St. John in Quebec would be, were a trade to arise. "Then again," adds the Lieut.-Governor, "I do not know any way by which wealthy young Englishmen could combine more of interest, novelty, and excitement, than to come to some portion of Hudson's Bay—say, Chesterfield Inlet, which runs nearly direct west into the heart of the Barren Grounds for about 300 miles. At the mouth of this inlet, or not far from it, is to be had fishing for the smaller whales, narwhales, walrus, porpoise, and seal; and the fresh-water streams running into it are filled, it is said, with the finest of brook, silver, and lake trout. Were I a young Englishman of ample means, I should not know of any way in which the summer could be spent better than

to do this trip by steam-yacht, say, from the Isle of Wight, whence passage to this inlet could be made in about the same time as it could be made to Quebec. Besides the fishing which I have mentioned, there is a prospect of meeting with the polar bear, and there would be the certainty of shooting a number of caribou (the North American reindeer), with the possibility of bringing back some of the young, and of capturing the musk-ox, which is declared by the Arctic *voyageurs* who come in contact with it to be as dangerous an animal, owing to its nimbleness, ferocity, and strength, as many that are to be met with in the jungles of India. Then, above all, there would of course be the pleasure of doing something entirely novel, at least to the present generation of young men—a fact, doubtless, of no inconsiderable importance to the young Englishman of to-day." The Lieut.-Governor concludes by remarking that it may possibly come in the High Commissioner's way to encourage some such "young parties" looking for sport to try the Keewatin district. "I would be very glad," he adds, "to save you all trouble in the matter by answering to you any specific questions they might wish to ask as regards guides, methods of inland travel, places to go to, necessary outfit, etc."—*Canadian Gazette*, London, Eng.

TAKING THE OATH.

The primary idea of taking an oath is that we call upon the Deity to bear witness to the sincerity or truth of what we assert, and so, as it were, register our oath in heaven. When Abraham, for example, raised his hands to heaven while swearing an oath to the King of Sodom, he pointed to the supposed residence of the Creator. Afterward, when men set up inferior deities of their own, they appealed to the material images or symbols that represented them, whenever an oath was administered. The most usual form of swearing among the ancients was, however, by touching the altar of the gods. Other rites, such as libations, the burning of incense and sacrifices accompanied the touching of the altar. Demosthenes swore by the souls of those who fell at Marathon. Anciently, too, mariners swore by their ships, fishermen by their nets, soldiers by their spears, and kings by their sceptres. The ancient Persians swore by the sun, which was the common object of their adoration, while the Scythians pledged themselves by the air they breathed and by their scimitars. Descending to more modern times, the Saxons pledged themselves to support their homes and privileges by their arms; and the punishment for perjury or non-fulfilment of an oath was the loss of the hand that had held the weapon at the compact. The Spartans were wont to assemble around a brazier of fire, and, pointing their short swords to the sky, call upon the gods to bear witness to the compact. Swearing by the sword, in fact, retained its significance down to the comparatively modern times, though in a slightly modified form. Thus, while the pagans extended the point of the weapon toward the supposed residence of the gods, the warriors of Christianity, after kissing it, directed the hilt—the true emblem of their faith—to heaven. A later form of oath was the pressing of the thumb upon the blade. Gradually, however, the practice became obsolete; and the kissing of the hilt, accompanying the words "By this good sword!" was handed down almost to the time when the wearing of a sword by gentlemen was abolished, as one of the strictest codes of civil honour. During the Grecian dynasty, whenever an Athenian householder made an oath, he caused his children to stand before him, and, laying his hand upon their heads, prayed that a curse might fall upon them if he swore falsely. If he had no children he pronounced destruction upon himself and his whole race, while he touched the altar of the gods or the victims upon it. Going back to Biblical times we find this curious rite in connection with the lives of Abraham and Jacob. The former says to his servant Eliezer: "Put, I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh, and I will make thee swear by the Lord, the God of heaven, and the God of the earth, that thou shalt not take a wife unto my son of the daughters of the Canaanites, among whom I dwell. But thou shalt go unto my country and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son Isaac." The like ceremony is performed by Joseph when Jacob makes him promise to carry him out of Egypt and bury him in the tomb of his forefathers. The explanation of this is, that placing the hand upon the thigh was equivalent to swearing by the Messiah, who was to spring from the loins of Abraham. Afterward the Jews confirmed their oaths by touching the book of the law, or their phylacteries, upon which extracts of the law are inscribed. The Mohammedans laid their hands upon the Koran. When, therefore, Christians kiss the Bible or lay their hands upon the tomb of a martyr, or any other sacred relic, the source whence the practice has been derived is at once recognized; yet it must be admitted that kissing the book is a distinctly Christian institution, founded upon the kiss upon the sword hilt by the Crusaders.—*London Standard*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MINNIE PALMER.

This charming little artist has reappeared among us, with an equally charming play. *My Brother's Sister* is a veritable little classic among light comedies, and it presents the curious anomaly of having been written for a star, and at the same time allowing her principal support so strong a part, as to quite frequently overshadow that of the star herself. Truly a singular piece of generosity on

the part of both star and manager! *My Brother's Sister* has no involved plot to cause apprehension or extreme interest on the part of the auditor, yet it works up into quite a climax at its close. Its main influence is that of rich and harmless enjoyment, which rarely shows cessation. While the *soubrette* rôle is meant to allow free play for Minnie Palmer's gifts of voice, and personal grace, it never degenerates into anything worse than a species of slang which loses in the piquant and insinuating manner of its introduction any possible objectionableness it may on cold revision be felt to contain. And it is just in this absolute freedom from any grossness in detail, and in the refinement of her comedy work that Minnie Palmer is unique. What in others would be vulgar and offensive is done by her in an irresistible saucy and challenging manner, yet she never loses that subtle grace and delicacy which is her chief charm. She is so strong in that magnetism which makes the audience friends at once, that when she sings her small voice provokes no criticism, but one only admires its sweetness and her own pretty way of singing. Many are the critics who have gone into ecstasies over Rosina Vokes' dancing in "petticoats," as well as over the richness of her comedy, but Minnie Palmer excels her great rival in these points simply by the utter absence of any of the exaggeration which accentuates Vokes' efforts. Her dancing in the second act in the long train of the day was really the "poetry of motion," was grace personified. In the last act she brought out a touch of pathetic power which left many dewy eyes in the audience.

Scarcely less strong in its boldly drawn lines is the character of the "Masher" *Waldcoffer Grosserby*, which in both its creation and its performance by Mr. R. A. Roberts was the best work of the kind seen here since the days of poor Southern. A part of such extreme fatuity and mental vacancy, yet so thoroughly funny in its presentation is a rare treat, and Mr. Roberts played it with such a spontaneity and irresistible flow of the highest order of comedy that he did not speak a line or make a movement that was not answered with a ripple of genial laughter from all over the house. A noteworthy feature of *My Brother's Sister* was that gallery and box alike shared the enjoyment at all times.

A JUST Nemesis has overtaken that arch-disappointment Mrs. Alice Shaw, the *siffleuse*, at Bridgeton, Pa., in the shape of a suit for salary by one of her company.

THE St. Paul Opera House, a splendid building, was burned to the ground last week, and Miss Helen Barry's company lost all its properties, costumes and scenery.

Two new oratorios have been produced lately in Europe, and both with great success. One at Tournay, Belgium, entitled *Moïse sur le Nil*, and the other at Brussels named *Franciscus*.

AN article on "Society Actresses" was printed in the *North American Review*, some time ago, signed "Mary Anderson." Discussion and criticism has at last elicited the fact that "Our Mary" did not write it herself.

DEATH has called Dr. Franz Hereffer, the musical critic of the *London Times*. He was a scholarly musician and a rather cold critic, and while he was feared and respected, he was not admired nor loved by British composers or performers.

A NEW departure will be a lecture at the College of Music, by Mr. A. S. Vogt, on "Wagner," illustrated by organ solos by the lecturer, piano solos by Mr. Harry M. Field, and vocal selections from the great master by Mile. Adèle Strauss and Mr. E. W. Schuch.

STILL another has been added to the list of infant prodigies of the day. This time he is only five years old, plays Chopin and Mendelssohn to the astonishment of the public, and is named Raoul Hoczalsky. He was born in Russian Poland, and made his debut in St. Petersburg.

YEARS ago the great American opera and concert manager was old Max Moretzek, whose gaunt Paganini-like form will be remembered by our older concert-goers. This veteran is to receive a jubilee concert in New York on Feb. 12th, a fitting recognition of the man who gave America the best Italian opera performance it has ever had.

LILLIAN RUSSELL, who delighted us in "Dorothy," is reported to receive \$500 a week at the New York Casino, and to be accumulating more adipose than she knows what to do with. To counteract this latter evil, she has taken to using the rowing machine in the hope that its energetic use will tend to reduce her to her former beautiful proportions.

THOSE who visited the performances of the National Opera Company will hear with pleasure that Mr. William Ludwig, the excellent baritone of the company, has brought a company of Irish singers to America, and is meeting with great success in the venture. It is likely that Mr. Ludwig, whose name in private life is Ledwich, may visit Toronto.

THAT charming young singer who received her education in Toronto, Miss Attalie Claire, has been remarkably successful with the Boston Ideals in that hyper-critical city of Boston, receiving warm commendation from the press. She has talent and she has sense—a combination that is not always present—and her future in her chosen profession is very roseate in its appearance.

A NEW field of musical endeavour has been opened by the Queen's Own Rifles, who will give an entertainment in May, of which a salient feature will be a minstrel programme, performed by members of the regiment, under the direction of Mr. E. W. Schuch. That gentleman's well-known ability in handling large bodies of amateurs, and

his experience in conducting the Amateur Christy Minstrels a few years ago, make the choice a wise one.

THE Kellogg Company have experienced a curious phase of the vicissitudes which attend operatic ventures. Kellogg herself became ill while in Toronto—and the cruel newspapers (New York) say that she possesses the power of contracting disease when bad business or jealousy of rival *artistes* makes it desirable that she should do so—and she, together with her husband, Carl Strakosch, the gentleman who rescued her from the wild waves last summer, have returned to New York. In the meantime, the Company, relieved of these two "old men of the sea," is doing fair business in its own account. In this case, as the *American Musician* suggests, *Hamlet* is better with "Hamlet" omitted.

A STRONG effort is being made by Mr. J. E. Thompson to build a Music Hall on King Street, west of York. While the location is not, perhaps, all that could be desired, it is sufficiently central to be practical, and Mr. Thompson's plan has many features that seem to promise feasibility. So many efforts have been made to bring about the fulfilment of such an idea, all of which have failed, that it is to be hoped that this latest will meet with better results. Beyond any question we need a larger hall than we now have, and one which will possess better acoustic properties, and whatever is done in this direction should show a regard for the desirability of placing good and expensive entertainments into a building where graded prices can place the attraction within the reach of moderate purses.

ALREADY we can see the "Annexing" spirit of our cousins south of the Lakes, in the readiness with which they appropriate Mme. Albani as an American. Every paper that has occasion to speak of her nationality calls her by that comprehensive name, and the proud boast of the United States to-day—that is, of its musical section—is that Emma Albani is an "American." Truly, "nothing succeeds like success." In the meantime, our talented *compatriote* is in great demand. The New York and Brooklyn Philharmonic Societies, the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Messrs. Thomas and Seidl have all sought to negotiate for Mme. Albani's services in one or more concerts, and endeavours are being made in New York to secure her for a few weeks' season of Italian Opera at the Broadway Theatre. Meantime, it may truly be said that Albani has taken the place of Titiens in the heart of the British public.

B. NATURAL.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

ANOTHER and highly successful pupils' concert was given in the College Music Hall last Saturday afternoon. These pupils' concerts are given fortnightly and are participated in by students from all the grades. They are intended to give the performer the valuable experience and self-reliance which can only be gained from frequent appearance in public, and their value to intending professionals cannot be over estimated. On this occasion the more advanced pupils of Mr. Torrington, Mr. Doward and Mr. Vogt, rendered a fine musical programme (vocal, piano, and organ) including compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, Chopin, Schubert, Dussek and other, in a highly creditable manner. A large number of the pupils and their friends attended the matinee, and were evidently highly pleased.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ROBERTS BROTHERS announce Balzac's *Louis Lambert*, with an introduction by Mr. G. F. Parson. The story, as is well known, contains a profound philosophical system, but so condensed that few have understood it until now. In Mr. Parsons' introduction the obscurities are cleared up, and the full significance of this great master's work is shown. The bearing of that work on recent Western science is also examined.

A NEW book by Sir J. W. Dawson, *Modern Science in Bible Lands*, has been published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The author makes a study in his new volume of such points of the geology and physical features of Italy, Egypt and Syria as might throw light on their ancient history, and especially upon the history of the Sacred Scriptures. The book contains explanatory maps and a large number of illustrations.

The *Century Dictionary*, which has been for seven years in preparation by the *Century Co.*, is about to be issued by subscription in parts or sections. The total number of pages of this elaborate work is estimated at 6,500, and the complement of quarto volumes will be six. The scheme is encyclopaedic, and has been executed with the aid of a large number of technical experts. Its very full vocabulary will abound in illustrative quotations, and some six thousand cuts of a high order will help out the definitions.

AN interesting relic of Lamb and Southey was sold last month at auction in London. It was a copy of the first edition of the *Essays of Elia*, inscribed: "Robt. Southey, Esq., with C. Lamb's friendly remembrances." It also bears Southey's book-plate, engraved by Bewick, his autograph and that of Caroline Southey; and it is covered in the quaint chintz binding in which a portion of Southey's books were bound by members of his own family, and which he jokingly styled his "Cottonian Library." The volume was accompanied by the *Last Essays of Elia*, published ten years later, similarly bound.

TICKNOR & Co. will publish this month *Great Captains*, by Col. Theodore Ayrault Dodge, U.S.A., six interesting lectures upon Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick, and Napoleon, delivered before the Lowell Institute, Boston, illustrated with twenty-one maps and battle-plans; *Ancient and Modern Lighthouses*, by Major D. P. Heap, of the Engineer Corps, U.S.A., an interesting scientific and historical treatise, with thirty-three full and double-page plates and seventy text illustrations; a new edition, in two volumes, of *Discourses on Architecture*, by E. E. Violett-Le-Duc, richly and copiously illustrated with hundreds of steel-engravings and wood-cuts.

MAX O'RELL'S book on the United States was issued towards the end of last month by Cassell & Co., simultaneously with its publication in Paris and London. Its title is *Jonathan and his Continent: Rambles through American Society*; and it bears on its title-page besides the signature of Max O'Rell, that of his collaborator, Jack Allyn. The translation into English is done by Mme. Blouet, and the American publishers are said to have paid for the right of sale in this country the largest "lump sum" ever paid to a foreign author. About the same time Messrs. Cassell will bring out a volume of stories by Sidney Laska, entitled, *A Latin Quarter Courtship*.

MR. J. H. SHORTHOUSE, the author of *John Inglesant* and *The Countess Eve*, is not a dreamy recluse, as most of his readers must conclude. "He is, on the contrary," says the *New York Tribune*, "a chemical manufacturer, and the successor of several generations of Shorthouses who have carried on the business in Birmingham. He is short, and has a rather strong face, a big nose, black hair, and an impediment in his speech. It is said that to this little inconvenience he probably owes his literary achievements. All through his life it has prevented him from expressing in words his ideas on any subject that strongly interests him. He can talk easily enough on business matters, but for the expression of deeper thought his only medium is the pen. So in early life he joined an essay society, each member of which was pledged to read the essays which the others wrote. *John Inglesant* was the development of this essay-writing."

GEORGE MEREDITH'S best known novel, *Richard Feverel* appeared in print in 1856, and yet it is not until now that it can be said to have become widely known in this country or much read in England. It is somewhat unusual for a novel to meet this sort of fate, especially as many of the finest literary minds of this generation assert that Meredith is to be one of the few immortal writers of this era. His struggle for fame has been a hand to hand encounter with "iron fortune," and his life has had much that is pure tragedy in it. Poor, unhappy, and unsuccessful for many years of his life—what could be harder for such a man to bear? Meredith is sixty years old. He has a son by his first wife who is said to inherit some of his father's literary gifts. This son now lives in Italy. Meredith, with another son of twenty-two, and a daughter of seventeen, lives at the foot of Box Hill, in one of the prettiest villages in Surrey, and he only ventures from his retirement to please his daughter, whom he adores, or to go to London to do some special work. His company is much sought, and he is a welcome guest at all the dinner tables in his vicinity, for he is reputed a better talker than writer. He had naturally a very robust physique, which, however, early hardships, and a tendency to experiment on his health, have made quite delicate. He is probably one of the best read men in the literary profession, being not only a classical scholar, but keeping up with current literature and being an appreciative as well as able critic.

THE real name of Henry M. Stanley, the celebrated African explorer, is John Rowlands. Noah Brooks, who contributes an article on Stanley to the February *St. Nicholas*, says of him: "Stanley was born in Wales, near the little town of Denbigh, and his parents were so poor that when he was about three years old he was sent to the poorhouse of St. Asaph to be brought up and educated. When he was thirteen years old, he was turned loose to take care of himself. Young though he was, he was ambitious and well-informed. As a lad, he taught school in the village of Mold, Flintshire, North Wales. Getting tired of this, he made his way to Liverpool, England, when he was about fourteen years of age, and there he shipped as cabin-boy on board a sailing vessel bound to New Orleans, in the promised land to which so many British-born youths ever turn their eyes. In New Orleans he fell in with a kindly merchant, a Mr. Stanley, who adopted him and gave him his name; for our young hero's real name was John Rowlands, and he was not Stanley until he became an American, as you see. Mr. Stanley died before Henry came of age, leaving no will, and the lad was again made to shift for himself. Young Stanley lived in New Orleans until 1861, when he was twenty-one years old, having been born in 1840. Then the great Civil War broke out, and Stanley went into the Confederate Army."

THE race of puns ought not to be condemned *in toto*, for the sole reason that most puns are bad. A pun is, in its general form, a paltry quibble, only fit for dunces; but it is capable of rising, at its best, to the heights of wit, of satire, of philosophy, and at last of poetry itself. A pun, in truth, may be compared to the enchanted bow in the Arabian story, which took its vigour from the arm that drew it; which became, in a child's hand, a toy to shoot at sparrows; which, in a warrior's, drove a battle-bolt through shield and cuirass; which, in a giant's, sent aloft a shaft that kindled with its own exceeding swiftness and left a track of fire among the stars.—*Temple Bar*.

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

THE WEEK

Commences its SIXTH VOLUME with every prospect of a long and brilliant future.

PRESS OPINIONS IRRESPECTIVE OF PARTY.

A Thoroughly Home Enterprise.

Every Canadian must rejoice to see that a periodical so thoroughly a home enterprise as THE WEEK is, appears to be receiving that support which its past record and performances entitle it to ask. While it has been a good paper in the past, its enlargement makes it still more valuable, adding as it does very largely to the amount of matter each number contains, and it is to be hoped that THE WEEK will find such an appreciation of this fact from the people of Canada as will both justify this new evidence of the enterprise of its proprietors, and also disprove the statement that there is not sufficient patriotism in the Dominion to permit of even one Canadian periodical flourishing.—*Daily News-Advertiser, Vancouver*.

Will Rank with Similar Publications in the United States.

THE WEEK has entered on its sixth year in an enlarged and improved form. Editorially and typographically it is a credit to the higher type of Canadian Journalism and as such will rank with similar publications in the United States.—*Canadian Advance*.

Canada's Leading Literary Journal.

THE WEEK, Canada's leading literary journal, entered with its number for December 7th upon its sixth year of publication, enlarged so as to give its readers nearly one-half more reading matter each week than heretofore. Further improvements are foreshadowed in the future.—*Educational Journal*.

Has Become A Necessity.

There is no Canadian who will not rejoice at the evidences of increased prosperity which THE WEEK shows. This journal although it has not been so very long in existence has become a necessity to everyone wishing to keep himself in touch with the literary and political field of Canada. The paper is filled from cover to cover with the most interesting and important topics of the day written in the best manner.—*Bradford Telegram*.

It is an ably edited paper and neatly printed.—*York Herald*.

Commended to Thoughtful Readers.

THE WEEK is now one of the largest as well as one of the ablest literary journals published on the continent. We commend it to the attention of thoughtful readers.—*Huron News Record*.

The Best High Class Journal.

THE WEEK, the best high class literary journal of Canada, has entered its sixth year and been enlarged and improved.—*Durham Review*.

THE WEEK has entered on its sixth year greatly enlarged and improved, and its brilliant list of contributors added too, makes it by all odds the ablest literary and critical weekly journal in Canada. Its very successful publisher, Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, is one of the many Ontario County men who have made their mark at the provincial metropolis.—*Oshawa Vindicator*.

Long and Brilliant List of Writers.

THE WEEK signalizes its entry upon the sixth year of its existence by an enlargement to sixteen pages and other improvements, as well as adding to its long and brilliant list of writers, making it by far the ablest critical and literary journal in Canada.—*Port Perry Standard*.

A native of Ontario county, who has made a splendid success of the printing and publishing business in Toronto, is Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, from whose big establishment, amongst other fine periodicals, is issued THE WEEK, the ablest journal of its class in Canada.—*Pickering News*.

Belongs to the Higher Class of Canadian Journals.

THE WEEK, a Canadian journal of politics, literature, science and arts, published in Toronto, has entered on the sixth year of publication. It has been enlarged and improved in every respect. THE WEEK is a creditable publication in every respect. It belongs to the higher class of Canadian journals, and deserves general support.—*Woodstock Sentinel*.

Strong Corps of Able Writers.

THE WEEK has a strong corps of brilliant writers, whose treatment of the questions of the day are always worthy of attention.—*Pictou Times*.

Flattering Prospects of Increased Success.

THE WEEK enters upon its sixth year of publication with the most flattering prospects of increased success, and we are simply doing a pleasing duty when we recommend it to the favourable consideration of all.—*Pictou Gazette*.

THE WEEK, Canada's leading literary journal, has entered on its sixth year. It is as thoroughly independent in politics as ever, as ably conducted, and judging from its evident prosperity, as thoroughly appreciated by the public. It has recently been enlarged and improved generally.—*Milton Champion*.

One of the Ablest Edited Journals.

THE WEEK now appears in an enlarged form. THE WEEK is one of the ablest edited journals in Canada.—*Exeter Advocate*.

Only Journal of its Kind in Canada.

THE WEEK, with the number for December 7, began a new volume, and is considerably enlarged. We are glad to see these evidences of THE WEEK'S prosperity. It is the only journal of its kind in Canada, and discharges very fairly its critical work.—*St. John Globe*.

Always Entitled to Respect.

We draw attention to the advertisement of this ably edited journal, which as a leader of public opinion takes much the same place as the *Saturday Review* in England. Though frequently differing from the views expressed in THE WEEK, its arguments are always entitled to respect.—*Perth Expositor*.

Largest Weekly of its Kind.

The Toronto literary and critical journal, THE WEEK, founded by Goldwin Smith, has been greatly enlarged and improved, and is now the largest weekly of its kind on the continent.—*World, Chatham, N.B.*

Belongs to the Higher Class of Canadian Journals.

THE WEEK, a Canadian journal of politics, literature, science and arts, published in Toronto, has entered on the sixth year of publication. It has been enlarged and improved in every respect. THE WEEK is a creditable publication in every respect. It belongs to the higher class of Canadian journals and deserves general support.—*Seaton Review*.

As Thoroughly Independent in Politics as Ever.

THE WEEK, Canada's leading literary journal, has entered on its sixth year. It is as thoroughly independent in politics as ever, as ably conducted, and judging from its evident prosperity, as thoroughly appreciated by the public. It has recently been enlarged and improved generally.—*Milton Champion*.

One Half More Reading Matter Than Formerly.

THE WEEK has entered upon the sixth year of its existence, and celebrates this auspicious event by appearing in enlarged form, so that its readers get nearly one-half more reading matter than formerly. We are pleased to note these signs of prosperity, and hope our contemporary's future will be even brighter, showing that Canadians are ready to warmly support a high-class literary weekly of their own.—*Berlin Weekly News*.

A Thorough Canadian Journal.

With its advancing years it has increased in circulation and usefulness. In literary ability it stands in the front rank of Canadian journals, and we notice this evidence of its growing prosperity with pleasure. It is a thorough Canadian journal, and deserves success.—*Newmarket Era*.

A Wide Circle of Admirers.

The high character of the literary contents of this weekly have made for it a wide circle of admirers, who will rejoice that its success has been such as to warrant this new departure, and will wish for it still more enduring popularity in its altered form.—*Toronto News*.

Secured a Leading Rank.

This periodical, which during the past five years has, by its literary excellence, secured a leading rank in the Canadian press, commences its sixth volume fifty per cent. larger than it closed the fifth. It now appears in sixteen quarto pages, and in good, clean, readable type. Before another year the management hope to effect further improvements.—*The Mail*.

Distinctly Creditable to Canada.

THE WEEK has been much improved all round during the past year, consequently its circulation has extended and its publishers are enabled to announce that the paper will hereafter be of the size of the large and handsome issue that bears even date with this note. No weekly on the continent is written in a better spirit, and very few present literary matter of more merit. THE WEEK is now distinctly creditable to Canada; it has passed safely through the dangerous stage of infancy, and may very well expect to have a long career of prosperity.—*The Globe*.

One-Half More Reading Matter.

THE WEEK has entered upon the sixth year of its existence, and celebrates this auspicious event by appearing in enlarged form, so that its readers get nearly one-half more reading matter than formerly. We are pleased to note these signs of prosperity, and hope our contemporary's future will be even brighter, showing that Canadians are ready to warmly support a high-class literary weekly of their own.—*The Empire*.

Leading Journal of Literature.

Our Canadian contemporary, THE WEEK, began its sixth volume with the issue of Dec. 7, and celebrated the anniversary by an enlargement of its pages. THE WEEK is the leading Canadian journal of literature and the arts, and we wish it the "long, useful and prosperous career" that its prospectus anticipates for it.—*New York Critic*.

Will rank with similar Publications in the United States.

THE WEEK has entered on its sixth year in an enlarged and improved form. Editorially and typographically it is a credit to the higher type of Canadian journalism, and as such will rank with similar publications in the United States.—*Canadian Advance*.

Safely Past the Shoals.

THE WEEK, the well known Canadian literary weekly, appears in an enlarged and improved form. Our contemporary has evidently got safely past the shoals of journalism, and has a straight course of usefulness before it.—*Winnipeg Sun*.

Always Worthy of Attention.

Is evidently becoming even more popular than formerly. It has a strong corps of brilliant writers whose treatment of the questions of the day are always worthy of attention.—*Deseronto Tribune*.

One of Canada's Leading Papers.

THE WEEK, of Toronto, one of Canada's leading papers, has recently been enlarged and otherwise improved.—*Forest Free Press*.

Able and Independent.

We would once more urge upon our readers the claims to support of this fine periodical. With the number for December 7, THE WEEK enters upon its sixth volume in an enlarged form, and with a staff of contributors equal to that of any of its alien rivals. In the number are Sir Daniel Wilson, Prof. J. Clark Murray, Principal Grant, John Talon-Lesperance, Lady Macdonald, Prof. Roberts, J. Hunter Duvar, Miss Machar (Fidelis) and several others of our foremost writers. The opening number of the new year has contributions from "Walter Powell," the talented daughter of Mr. Frith, the artist; from Miss Blanche L. Macdonell, Commander W. A. Ashe, F.R.S.A., the Rev. Prof. W. Clark, Mr. N. F. Davin, M.P., Dr. Goldwin Smith, Miss Louisa Murray and the Rev. Prof. K. L. Jones. The editorials of THE WEEK are able and independent, and cover the entire range of current controversy.—*Montreal Gazette*.

Equal to the Best Journals of Britain.

THE WEEK has now entered upon its sixth year, and promises to lead still further in the van as the ablest exponent of Canadian political thought untrammelled by party alliance. Literature, Science and Arts have, in THE WEEK, found an advocate equal to the best journals in Britain and the United States. Prof. Goldwin Smith continues a contributor to THE WEEK.—*Parkhill Review*.

Discusses Affairs Without Partizanship.

Taking an independent stand on public questions, it has, with scarcely an exception, discussed these in a fair and judicious manner. In other respects it has achieved a success, and its literary excellence has been recognized by its steadily increasing patronage. It holds a leading place among the high class journals of the day, and ought to receive the cordial support of those who value culture and who like to see public questions discussed without prejudice and partizanship.—*Guelph Mercury*.

Abounds with Interesting Articles.

THE WEEK, which has now become one of the well-established and recognized weekly journals of Canada, has met with such success as to warrant its enlargement. On its list of contributors is a host of names, many well known in literature and science in Canada, and we see no reason why our contemporary should not still further extend its circulation until the whole of the Dominion is well covered. It abounds with interesting articles and good reading generally.—*Montreal Herald*.

At all Times Ably Conducted.

THE WEEK, a well-known literary and political journal, which has at all times been ably conducted, gives evidence, in its latest issue, that it has been successful. THE WEEK is independent in politics, and its clever articles, which are usually patriotic in tone, will give to many of our politicians a view of themselves as others see them, even if they do not influence public opinion to any great extent as to the merits of questions in controversy between the parties. We commend THE WEEK to those who desire a high-class Canadian weekly journal.—*Belleisle Intelligence*.

An Indication of The "Week's" Success.

The enlargement is an indication of THE WEEK's success, a fact upon which the publisher is to be congratulated. THE WEEK is among the most welcome of our exchanges.—*Ottawa Citizen*.

Canada May Well be Proud.

THE WEEK has entered upon the sixth year of publication. It has been enlarged to the extent that readers will be supplied with one-half more matter than hitherto. THE WEEK is a publication of which Canada may well be proud.—*London Free Press*.

Uniform in Size with Harper's Weekly.

THE WEEK is now uniform in size with *Harper's Weekly*, and having outlived the dangerous period of infancy—so fatal to youthful journalistic enterprises—it may now look forward to a long, useful and prosperous career.—*Sarnia Canadian*.

An Able and High-class Journal.

It is an able and high-class journal. Its treatment of Canadian political questions is fearless and independent. THE WEEK should be read by every thoughtful Canadian, both young and old.—*Winchester Press*.

Certainly a First-class Journal.

This week we publish an extended notice of THE WEEK, a Toronto publication of much merit. It has recently been enlarged and much improved in other ways, and is certainly a first-class journal.—*Chester Enterprise*.

Solid and Enterprising.

We are always glad to note signs of prosperity and progress on the part of the Canadian press, and it is therefore with pleasure that we draw attention to the fact that the last issue of that excellent literary journal, THE WEEK, came out in an enlarged form. It is really one of the most solid and yet entertaining exchanges we have.—*Pembroke Standard*.

A Valuable Addition.

THE WEEK, a Canadian journal of politics, literature, science and arts, published in Toronto, has entered on its sixth year of publication. It has been enlarged and improved in every respect. It is a valuable addition to the literary publications in any household.—*Oakville Star*.

Thoroughly Appreciated by the Public.

THE WEEK, Canada's leading literary journal, has entered on its sixth year. It is as thoroughly independent in politics as ever, as ably conducted, and judging from its evident prosperity, as thoroughly appreciated by the public. It has recently been enlarged and improved generally.—*Milton Champion*.

Must Secure it a Place in Every Home.

Its contents include independent opinions in politics, literature, science and arts; and original and able reviews on the most important passing events in the Dominion, the States and the old country, must secure it a place in every home in Canada. For general information of interest there is nothing in the city to surpass THE WEEK.—*Ayr Recorder*.

Always Fresh and Interesting.

That first class literary journal, THE WEEK, has now entered upon its sixth year, and appears in an enlarged and improved form. THE WEEK has amongst its contributors many of the best writers in Canadian literature, and is always fresh and interesting.—*Stirling News-Argus*.

New and Able Contributors.

THE WEEK has entered upon the sixth year of its existence, and has been enlarged and greatly improved. Many new and able writers have now or have promised to become contributors to its columns, which, with its regular staff, will give it a front place with journals dealing with politics, literature, science and arts.—*Huron Signal*.

Prof. Goldwin Smith Still a Contributor.

THE WEEK now stands in the front rank of literary journals on the continent. As heretofore, Professor Goldwin Smith occupies a place among its contributors. Those of our readers desiring to secure a first-class literary journal will find in THE WEEK what they desire.—*St. Thomas Times*.

One of the Largest, as Well as the Ablest.

THE WEEK, Canada's literary paper *par excellence*, has entered on its sixth year in an enlarged and improved form. THE WEEK is now one of the largest as well as one of the ablest literary journals on the continent. We commend the attention of thoughtful readers to the prospectus announcement for 1889, which appears in another column.—*Listowel Standard*.

Canada's Leading Literary Journal.

THE WEEK, Canada's leading literary journal, entered with its number for December 7th upon its sixth year of publication, enlarged so as to give its readers nearly one-half more reading matter each week than heretofore. Further improvements are foreshadowed in the future.—*Educational Journal*.

Cleverly Written.

Its editorial comments are independent in tone, cleverly written, and touch upon all current events of importance.—*St. Thomas Evening Journal*.

THE WEEK is a credit to Canadian journalism.—*Stratford Times*.

It deserves support.—*London Advertiser*.

The Price Has Not Been Increased.

The Toronto WEEK—Canada's foremost literary and critical weekly—has, on entering its sixth volume, been greatly enlarged and improved. The publisher, Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, is now able to give about a third more reading matter than formerly. The price has not been increased. THE WEEK is a real credit to the Dominion, and embraces among its staff of editors and contributors most of the best pens in Canada. THE WEEK's discussions of important topics are characterized by great liberality and freedom.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

A Tone of Dignified Good Sense.

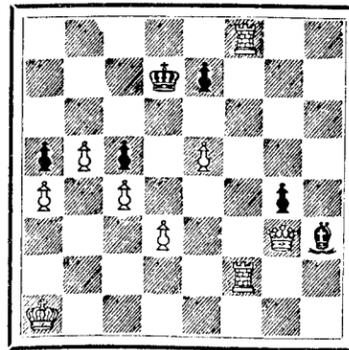
THE WEEK, of Toronto, entered upon its sixth volume a fortnight since, and appeared in an enlarged form. THE WEEK is an enterprising and able paper, and always contains much valuable reading matter of current interest, while its editorials have a tone of dignified good sense, as well as of sound judgment. The paper is a great credit to its publisher, C. Blackett Robinson, who deserves to be congratulated.—*Boston Journal*.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 327.

BY JAN KOTRČ, BOHEMIA.

BLACK.



WHITE.

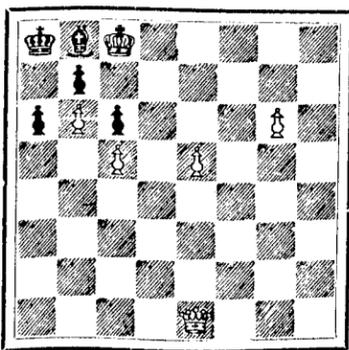
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 328.

BY T. C. WAINRIGHT.

From the Church Times.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 327. Kt-K B 7. No. 328. B-Q 1

GAME PLAYED AT THE BRADFORD INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY BETWEEN MR. J. H. BLACKBURNE AND MR. A. BURN.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

Table with 4 columns: Mr. Blackburne (White), Mr. Burn (Black), Mr. Blackburne (White), Mr. Burn (Black). Moves listed in algebraic notation.

NOTES.

Altered and reduced from those of Mr. W. H. K. Pollock.

- (a) This and the following moves are the method now most in vogue in the French opening. White generally Castles on the Queen's side. (b) The characteristic feature in this variation. (c) Mr. W. H. Pollock believes this to be the correct defence, but it is not successful in the present game, as White certainly had a won game if he had played as pointed out in note (n). (d) To provide against H. K Kt-Kt 5, an inspection of the position will show this to be the best move. (e) Because Black would now have had time to dislodge the B by Kt-Kt 5. (f) The only move to avoid serious loss. (g) Threatening to win by 24. Q x R +. (h) Again threatening to force the game by Kt from Kt 5 x R P. (i) Here the field shows that if White play 26. Kt from Kt 5 x R P he will be left with a passed P the most and a won game.

LYNCH law is a blot upon American civilization, a proclamation to the world by communities that submit to it that they are incapable of self-government.—*Mobile Register (Dem.)*.

THE plain issue is now before the world: Is the Arab or the European henceforth to reign in Africa? Africa is claimed by everybody, and belongs to nobody; and in the meantime the Arabs pour into it from north and east with the deliberate purpose of making a paradise a hell.—*Professor Drummond*.

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And ORGANS, unequalled in the world for beauty of tone and durability.

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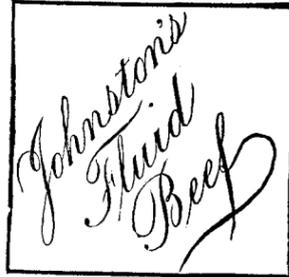
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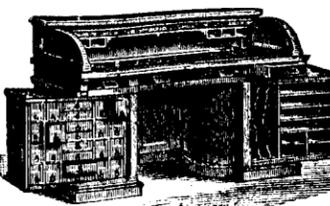
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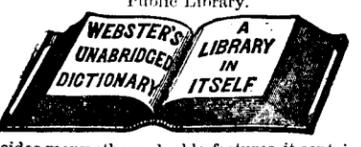
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