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THE decision of the British Board of Agriculture that henceforth Canadian cattle must be placed in the same category with those from the United States and slaughtered on arrival at a British port, is no doubt a serious present disappointment and loss to those who have been engaged in the business of raising and shipping live stock for the British market. It is useless to rail at the British Government or its Board of Agriculture on account of its action in the matter. It is very likely that a good deal of the pressure brought to bear upon them was the outcome of a desire to keep the trade for the home farmers, yet in view of the magnitude of the interests at stake we can well understand the existence of much real anxiety and apprehension. Mr. Gardner, the President of the Board, seems to have acted with as much deliberation as was, perhaps, permissible under the circumstances. But admitting that Sir John Swinburne's claim on behalf of the deputation of which he was a member, that it was not protection from trade, but protection from disease that was asked, may not have been true throughout, it hardly lies with a colony which enforces a rigid policy of protection against British products to protest, though British consumers of beef might do so very forcibly were they convinced of the fact. We see no reason to doubt that, in case of the Dominion authorities being able to demonstrate to the satisfaction of the Board that there is no pleuro-pneumonia in Canada, and that the measures adopted here to prevent its introduction from the United States are satisfactory, the withdrawal of the order may soon be obtained. But that would perhaps be a doubtful benefit. The mischief will in the meantime have been done and the trade destroyed for this season, and, seeing that the same prohibition might be renewed at any moment, the basis of confidence would be lacking, and it is doubtful whether the trade could be revived to any considerable extent in the future. The question which then remains, What is to be done? admits, so far as we can see, of but one answer. The cattle must be fed for the market at home and shipped as beef, not as the raw material from which beef may be made. Happily it is pretty clearly

demonstrated that by thus making a virtue of necessity the misfortune may be turned into a blessing in disguise. Protectionists and free-traders are alike agreed that the more labour expended upon Canadian products before they are exported the better for the country. The necessity of shipping our cattle in their lean condition to the Mother Country has not been forced upon us by any hostile tariff on her part. On the contrary, the present prohibition differs entirely in its effect from the tariff policy of the United States and other protectionist nations, in that it tends to stimulate the export of the manufactured rather than the raw article. Hence, if and in so far as the farmers of Great Britain may have urged the scheduling of Canadian cattle as a measure of protection they are standing in their own light, as the event will be pretty sure to prove. If there be any force in the objection that is urged by some to the effect that Canadian farmers cannot compete with American in the production of fat cattle by reason of their inability to raise corn so cheaply, the obvious reply is: Let them compel the Government to admit free the corn and other raw material necessary to encourage this species of manufacture. All who intelligently consider the matter must agree that no more short-sighted mistake can be made by the Canadian farmer than that of selling the hay, coarse grains and vegetables from his farm, instead of converting them into finished products, and thereby not only reaping a double profit but saving his farm from impoverishment.

NO one who has followed the course of procedure and evidence in the trial of Messrs. Mercier and Pacaud can have been surprised at the result. Their acquittal, or at least that of Mr. Mercier, has been almost a foregone conclusion for some time past. Various influences co-operated to this end. In the first place the double form of the indictment bore a very peculiar aspect. To the non-legal mind the two counts seem well-nigh contradictory. They are at least incompatible. If the accused conspired to defraud the Province, they could not have conspired to defraud the bank of the self-same sum of money. Of course nothing is more usual than for the prosecutors in criminal cases to arrange two or more counts in the indictment so that in case of failure to establish the first they may fall back upon the second, and so forth. But it is rarely the case, we think, that the several counts are mutually destructive, so that the proof of the first would be the refutation of the second, and *vice versa*. We do not, of course, presume to criticize the action of the prosecuting attorneys, save from the point of view of its effect upon the public mind. They were probably in the position of men who see clearly that a fraud has been perpetrated or intended, but who either are unable to define its exact nature, or cannot find a law exactly adapted to meet and punish it. The judge himself charged that there could have been no conspiracy to defraud the Queen, because the signature of the Queen's representative, without which no contract made by the Government is valid, was not asked or obtained. This disposed of the first count of the indictment. It is true that this reasoning may be a little puzzling to the lay mind. There can scarcely be a doubt, we suppose, that Mr. Mercier intended that the contract should be carried out and the letters of credit redeemed by the Government, and that if he had remained in power, this would have been brought about in some way. Had the letters of credit been thus redeemed by the Government with Provincial funds, either with or without the assent of the Lieut.-Governor, would not Her Majesty or, which means no doubt the same thing, the Province, have been defrauded? And does not the crime of conspiracy, by its very nature, reside in the intention, and not in the successful execution of the act intended? But with such questions the jury had nothing to do. The judge's dictum on this point was the law for them. The second count would seem to have been still more easily disposed of, inasmuch as the bank in question had been furnished with good security at the time of the discount, and, consequently, there could have been no conspiracy to defraud it. Hence the acquittal as a matter of course.

ANOTHER influence which co-operated with the legal technicalities above described to render Mr. Mercier's acquittal tolerably certain, was the impression which widely prevailed that the fallen chieftain was being pursued with persecuting vigour for an alleged offence, while other men in leading public positions, who had been openly charged with offences almost identical, were being treated with the utmost leniency. Into that question we need not now enter. A still more important matter at the present moment is that of the position in which the Province of Quebec and in fact the whole Dominion is placed by the triumphant acquittal of these two men. What are the indubitable facts? A contract for a public service, involving a large sum of money, was assigned by the then head of the Provincial Government, without competition, to a certain stationer, who evidently expected to realize large profits from the transaction. The fortunate contractor was aided in obtaining the contract, in fact we may almost say that it was obtained for him, by Mr. Pacaud, the manager of the finances of the party to which the Government belonged. Immediately on the completion of the contract, the contractor received letters of credit from the Government, ostensibly to aid him in carrying it out, and immediately paid over almost the whole sum thus obtained to Mr. Pacaud for the use of the party. Can any man of ordinary shrewdness have a doubt in his mind as to the real nature of the transaction? And yet both the Premier whose party was aided by the fund referred to, and the intermediary who asked for, received, and handled this money, and who even transferred a portion of it to the Premier's own personal account, now, after trial, stand guiltless in the eye of the law! Not only so, but their acquittal is hailed with acclaim by a large crowd of sympathizing friends. What is to become of the Province in which such ideas and practices prevail? But it would be well for the Dominion if such ideas and such transactions were confined to a single Province. Such, unhappily, is not the case. It has repeatedly been established by evidence, and in many cases in which no legal proof has been adduced, it is a fact and custom too well understood to admit of reasonable doubt, that essentially the same kind of thing goes on with the regularity of an established custom. That is to say, the men who receive large contracts from the Government are expected to subscribe, and as a matter of fact do subscribe, large sums to the funds of the party which supports that Government. The impropriety and danger are so clear that he who runs may read.

WHILE the kind of thing above described is going on in one Province of the Dominion, from another, in which a general local election has just been held, come accounts of bribery and corruption to an extent that is simply appalling. After making all due allowances for the exaggerations of political enemies, it seems impossible to doubt that in the recent contest in New Brunswick votes were bought and sold in open daylight, to an almost unlimited extent, and quite as if they were an article of lawful merchandise. Private accounts confirm the strong assertions of the newspapers. Though, as is usually the case, the Government supporters seem to have done the largest business, as being the better provided with funds, we see no reason to doubt that the practice was freely resorted to on both sides. We saw the other day a private letter written in the freedom and confidence of friendship, and evidently without thought of any ulterior object, in which the writer described the buying of votes in his own locality as being carried on in the most unblushing and shameful manner. In fact, the writer says that he felt really thankful that he had not a vote, lest the temptation to obtain funds which he sorely needed might have proved too much for his integrity. The strength of the temptation in such a case would be all the greater from the fact that the contest was a mere struggle for office, no broad distinguishing principle being perceptible, a case in which it is quite conceivable that the person might not have cared a button which side was victor. But what are we coming to? Seeing that the secret ballot fails thus conspicuously to prevent the purchase of votes, what better means can be adopted to

save our political system from total corruption? One thing seems clear. The public conscience in large sections of the Dominion is sadly in need of education, and it is doubtful if anything else would so effectively educate it as a provision for the criminal prosecution of both the giver and receiver of a bribe by public prosecutors appointed for the purpose, a term of imprisonment to follow conviction in every case.

WHATEVER may be the result of the struggle for the Presidency, in the United States, it cannot be denied that in two very important respects the great Republic has wonderfully redeemed its reputation during this campaign. The familiar objection, which has always hitherto been abundantly justified, that a Presidential election meant a very serious disturbance of business for at least a year preceding the contest, is without force in this instance. So, too, the old and true reproach that the electoral struggle was a campaign of personal slander and abuse has happily little or no applicability to this particular contest. These improvements are no doubt partly due to the personal self-respect and good reputations of the candidates. But may it not be hoped, for the honour of a great nation and of republican institutions, that with the increase of age and influence is coming an increase of dignity and decorum? How much ground there may be for such hope can be determined only by the future. Certainly the absence of outrageous methods of conducting the campaign has not been due to the want of a wide issue. It is difficult to conceive of any intelligent citizen who does not realize that it must make an immense difference to the future of the Union whether Harrison and McKinleyism or Cleveland and tariff revenue carry the day. Of course no one fears any sudden or violent overturning of the existing system in any event. But the Republican Party is not more distinctly pledged to a protective policy than the Democratic Party to one of tariff for revenue. The result will be known, we suppose, before these words are read, but what the probabilities are with regard to that result is just as unknown to-day as it was at the outset of the campaign. We are, therefore, quite unable to put ourselves into a position to say, "We told you so." We prefer, in this case, to be wise after the event.

"YOU built schools antagonistic to the faith of these new comers (the Irish immigrants), and you taxed them for the erection and maintenance of these schools." This is the view which Bernard O'Reilly, Prothonotary Apostolic, urges against the public school system of the United States, in an article in the November number of the *North American Review*. The first part of the article, the argument of which is summed up in the above words, is but a forcible re-presentation of a course of reasoning with which we are all familiar. It is so specious that we cannot wonder that to many who may not take the trouble to go below the surface and dig out what is involved in it, it appears sound and irrefutable. The question is the same in Canada, at the present moment in Manitoba, as in the United States. The fallacy, in the form in which Mgr. O'Reilly has put it, is wrapped up in the word "antagonistic." It is the fallacy of "begging the question." It takes for granted in the premise the very thing which it affirms as proved in the conclusion. The public school system simply omits religion as something which the State has no mandate from the citizens to teach, and which it is by its very nature incompetent to teach. How can the absence of religious teaching, a mere negative thing, be said to be antagonistic to anybody's faith? "Oh!" say Mgr. O'Reilly and his co-religionists, "it is the very absence of it of which we complain, because religious instruction and all the living light and warmth which religion can impart to the work of the teacher, should not be separated in the school from the imparting of secular knowledge and professional training." The particular faith then, which is antagonized by the public school system, is not the belief of a religious creed, but the belief that the teaching of a religious creed is a necessary part of the work of school instruction. Grant that this is properly the faith or part of the faith of the Roman Catholic Church and the thing is done, the point is proved. But on the same principle any other opinion held by any body of Christians, or non-Christians, may be called their faith and that faith shown to be antagonized by any school system which is not constructed in accordance with that view. For instance, Mgr. O'Reilly and his fellow-prelates

might say "The faith of the Roman Catholic Church is that Mary, the Mother of Jesus, should be worshipped and that this dogma should be taught in the schools. Your public school system makes no provision for the teaching of this dogma. It, therefore, antagonizes our faith. And yet you tax us for the support of these schools!"

"SINCE, in a community divided into numerous religious denominations, denominational schools are a practical necessity, let the State bestow with impartial justice the moneys of the school fund derived from taxation, on the schools which do their work thoroughly; and let every school receive such further encouragement as the State shall judge fit in proportion to the way the work of instruction is performed." This is Mgr. O'Reilly's solution of the problem. It sounds well and seems simple. Why not adopt it and settle the question once for all, in Canada as well as in the United States? We cannot fail to note the beautiful provision for any amount of party favouritism and corruption which inheres in such a system, especially in the feature outlined in the last sentence. Those who have had any experience or knowledge of American and Canadian politics will not need to be told of the immense advantage to be had, under such a system, by the denomination in which the clergy, who would naturally become the virtual managers of the schools which are thus constructed on denominational lines, have the most absolute control over the politics as well as the creed of their adherents and can on occasion ensure their voting virtually in solid phalanx. But let that pass. The first question touching the principle of the scheme is, what is to be done with the large class of parents who belong to no denomination in particular, whose "faith" it is that no religious dogmas should be taught in the schools, or who object to all religious teaching? Would not the faith of all these classes be antagonized by such a system? And, then, what about the faith of the minorities, of some description or other, who would be found in almost every community, too few and feeble to have a school of their own and consequently forced, if education were compulsory, to send their children to schools where their faith would be "antagonized," and if it were not compulsory, to choose between such schools and no schools? One fatal flaw in Mgr. O'Reilly's reasoning, and that of many others who advocate substantially the same system, is in the assumption that "Catholic" and "Protestant" are co-ordinate terms, and that they are together practically exhaustive, whereas, as everyone knows on a moment's reflection, the latter word is but a general and not very accurate term used to denote a great variety of sects or denominations, each holding its own peculiar tenets. Even were the usage which thus separates religionists into two instead of a score or a hundred of denominations practically correct, it would still follow that the denominational plan of schools would mean the necessity in thousands of cases for two schools in communities where it would tax all the resources of the residents to maintain one in any tolerable efficiency. How utterly impracticable such a system would become in communities divided into half-a-dozen or half-a-score of denominations, is obvious to a moment's reflection. We have left ourselves no space for dwelling upon the crowning absurdity involved in the denominational or sectarian system. The State may very well say through its Government: "We are unable to apply any infallible test to enable us to recognize the true religion, or to distinguish between it and its counterfeits. We shall, therefore, take a position of strict neutrality and leave those whose vocation it is to propagate their own views as best they may. We are, in fact, bound to do this because we recognize that we have no right to attempt to direct or control anyone's freedom of thought and action in matters of conscience." But what more absurd than for it to reason from the same premises to the conclusion: "Therefore we will recognize all forms of so-called religion as equally true, by giving to the adherents of each free course and virtual control in a number of schools proportioned to their strength in the commonwealth. Thus we will 'encourage and assist'—these are Mgr. O'Reilly's words—in one school the teaching of the dogma of the Pope's infallibility and absolute authority as God's vicegerent upon earth, and in another, perhaps ten rods distant, the dogma that the Pope is the Antichrist of Scripture and the Romish Church the wanton woman sitting on the scarlet-coloured beast, so graphically described in the same Scriptures?"

THE ravages of cholera in the districts where this dread disease has claimed so many victims during the past few months is now, it may be hoped, effectually checked for the winter. But there is great reason to fear that the return of the warm season may bring fresh outbreaks, not only in those places which have already been so terribly afflicted, and in other parts of Europe, but in Great Britain and America as well. It is, therefore, but the dictate of the commonest prudence that every precaution which sanitary science can devise to guard against the danger should be used without stint. Whatever differences of opinion may exist—and their name is legion—in regard to the best method of treatment for the cure of the disease, and even in regard to the most effective agents for disinfecting and prophylactic purposes, on one point there is, we may affirm without fear of contradiction, absolute unanimity among medical authorities. We refer to the virtue of cleanliness. It is, we suppose, as certain as anything depending upon accuracy of human observation can be, that if absolute cleanliness of person and environment could be secured throughout any community of sufficient extent, the residents of that community would be safe from the inroads of cholera, diphtheria, typhus, and the whole tribe of zymotic diseases which now so persistently claim their annual hecatombs from all our cities, towns and villages. If this be so, it follows that the nearer approach we make to those conditions of safety, the better will be our chances of escape from such visitations, and the lighter and more easily overcome will be the attacks when they do fall upon us. The inference is obvious. Whatever may or may not be done in the way of observation and experimentation for the discovery of remedies, the one incontestable duty resting upon every community, and upon every individual in the community, is to observe and enforce the laws of cleanliness in every particular. This is an obligation which is binding on everyone not only as he would promote his own personal safety and that of his family, but as he would fulfil his duty to his neighbour. It is a serious charge to make, but there can, we suppose, be no shadow of doubt that dozens, nay, hundreds, of human lives are destroyed every year in a city like Toronto through the uncleanly and unsanitary habits of neighbours. If men and women are to be held strictly responsible for the consequences of their neglect and wrong-doing, there must be in every city hosts of murderers upon whom the law has no hold, and who are, through sheer want of thought, not themselves conscious of their guilt. If all this be so, the burden of responsibility resting upon those to whom the people have entrusted the management of all civic affairs becomes especially heavy. Never was it heavier than it will be during the coming winter and spring. To cut the matter short and come home directly to our own city of Toronto, and to apply the general principle to a particular case, there is probably no qualified physician, and scarcely an intelligent, disinterested citizen, who doubts that the privy pits which still abound even in some of the most densely populated parts of the city, are a constant source of danger and death, not only to those who are responsible for their continuance in defiance of all the laws of sanitation, but to all the residents of the districts in which they exist. Now, if our City Councillors, who as intelligent men must know the true state of the case, in view of the diphtheria and fevers which are hardly ever wholly absent from the localities referred to, and of the dire peril from the threatened cholera, fail to take or sanction vigorous and effective measures for removing this source of danger before the coming of another warm season, how can they escape moral responsibility for all the sickness and death which will certainly ensue from this cause?

WHILE remarking on the presence of a danger to life and health which is obvious to the common sense and even to the sense organs of everyone, we are reminded by some law of association of a real though less tangible danger to which we are in these days subject, arising from a very different quarter. While we are not, we hope, insensible to or ungrateful for the many useful discoveries of inestimable value in the preservation of life and health, for which we are indebted to the mingled enthusiasm and patience of modern explorers in the domain of biological science, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that there are new and distinct dangers arising from this very enthusiasm. Mankind is always credulous. The credulity which in earlier ages took on the form of what we call superstition, is tending in these days in the direction of an equally ready credence of hasty assumptions and

generalizations put forth in the name of science. There is reason to fear that the influence of an undefined hope or expectation that by discovering and experimenting upon the "microbe" of this, that, or the other disease, the men of science will soon bring forth some infallible specific, or, what is still more to be dreaded, some method of imparting the disease in a mild form which will fortify the system against its severer assaults, is unconsciously tending to relax the energy which should be spent in the precautions which we know to be effective. It is now stated, for instance, that "Pasteur is trying to solve the immense humanitarian problem of enabling us all to protect ourselves from cholera by means of inoculation by anti-choleraic vaccine with which he is now experimenting." Hundreds of would-be benefactors of the race are doubtless engaged in similar experiments. A striking instance of the scientific credulity of which we have spoken is seen in the confidence with which the majority even of the intelligent and educated accept it as a fact that Pasteur's researches have provided us with a safeguard against hydrophobia. Yet it was but the other day that a boy died from hydrophobia in Huddersfield, who was the second to perish thus of three who were bitten by the same dog, and all of whom were treated by Pasteur within four days after receiving the injury, which was five years ago. Statistics are quoted to show that in France, the headquarters of Pasteurism, the mortality from hydrophobia has increased since its introduction from 23 to 39 per annum. High medical authorities, such as Dr. Lutaud, editor-in-chief of the *Journal de Médecine de Paris*, have said and written that "Pasteur does not cure hydrophobia but gives it," and that many persons have died as the result of the virus of hydrophobia inoculated into their veins, and not as the result of the bites of the dogs. And yet the multitudes retain and will retain, until the fad or fashion has run its course, a touching faith in the infallibility of Pasteur's remedy. Is it not, then, the dictate of wisdom to cherish a cautious scepticism in regard to any anti-cholera inoculation which may come into vogue, so far at least as not to allow faith in it to interfere with the use of the most rigid precautions of a kind which is in no scientific doubt?

CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.

THE political future of the Canadian people receives more attention from many minds than its importance warrants. It may be surely assumed that if we walk in the right path the future can be safely left to take care of itself, and to allow our minds to wander in the realms of political speculation or to try experimental changes in our political allegiance is a policy of questionable expediency when the questions of the material prosperity of the people, the occupation of our vast territory, and the creation of prosperous and contented homes are more than sufficient to test the wisdom and the genius of the people for two or three generations at least. The recent expression of opinion in regard to the independence of Canada by such an influential body as our labour congress in Toronto, is of sufficient importance, owing to the publicity it receives, to induce the writer to discuss the question of Canada's independence in your valuable columns. It is right, however, first of all to draw attention to the composition of the labour congress in a city like Toronto, to ascertain its bearing towards the great body of the people. In the rapid building up of cities it is reasonable to assume that their industrial population have been drawn from many new sources by emigration, attracted by their industrial progress to establish themselves in their new homes, and their political feelings will be influenced rather by their personal interests in the variableness of profitable employment than by the ingrained patriotism which has been inherited by generations of Canadians who have been raised on the soil. It is impossible for those who have comparatively recently made their homes in Canada to enter fully into the political feelings and aspirations of those who carry in their breasts the experience of several generations in the building up of a Canadian nationality on the lines of their forefathers; although they may bring with them to the land of their adoption valuable experience in their various pursuits. And, in that respect, the importance of the resolution referred to in regard to the independence of Canada by the labour union has its limitations.

Canadian homes were first established by the French-Canadian people who occupied the country upon its cession to the British Crown nearly a century and a-half ago. Secondly, by the influx of a large body of men who preferred to remain under the British flag when the declaration of independence separated them from it. Thirdly, by those who in making their choice of new homes on this continent preferred to range themselves under the British constitution. The rugged climate and dense forests of Canada were neither of them so attractive as the more temperate one and the fertile resources of the American Republic; and therefore sentiment has played an important part in the founding of Canadian homes throughout

the history of our country. That sentiment has been inherited, and to the Canadian people the liberty of the British Constitution was unfolded in a manner that in no way impaired the strength of that sentiment in succeeding generations, and the extreme liberty of the British Constitution has conferred upon them a more perfect independence than can now be claimed to be the lot of the American citizen; an independence as perfect as falls to the lot of the citizen of any country in the world with the protection afforded by the power of an Empire greater than any that has yet arisen; an independence that enables a Canadian citizen to take his seat in the Imperial Parliament, and to influence the destinies of that Empire for good or for evil; an independence that would enable the Canadian people by the formal resolve of their representatives in Parliament to cut themselves adrift from the parent stem and take upon themselves all the responsibilities of nationhood; or to merge themselves in the political life of the great republic to the south of us, with the friendly blessing of the power that has directed our footsteps and fostered our growth. But would it be wise for us to assume the responsibilities of the greater independence the resolution of the labour union aims at? That is the question we have to discuss. When we see the influence the British power is exerting for the promotion of civilization, Christianity, and trade, in what has become a narrow world; when we see the teeming population of India being furnished with all the appliances necessary to add greater security to life and property, while retaining their liberties as a people; that nation of untold millions in China employing a staff of Englishmen to collect the Imperial revenues in an honest and equitable manner; the same beneficent results from equitable taxation being attained by another staff of Englishmen in Egypt; when we see the millions in Japan imitating the constitutional liberty of the British Isles; the dark continent of Africa being largely opened for civilization by British energy, enterprise and example; British communities in all quarters of the globe springing into active life under the protecting ægis and wise administration of the Imperial power; when we see the enlightened trade policy of England gradually but surely breaking down the selfish isolation of other countries—Is it not a privilege for the people of Canada to be part and parcel of such a power, and to enjoy all the advantages and protection afforded by her present alliance? Should the efforts of what is at present a handful of people in Canada, to plant on the northern half of this continent a contented and prosperous population, be weakened by assuming the responsibilities of nationhood long years in advance of its time? What the future may have in store no one can foretell, but sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof expresses the feelings of many Canadians when the unsettling question of independence or annexation crops out, in consequence of the passing influences of business depression or political disappointment. Only to such influences can the unrest from which it springs generate such feelings, it is not the sentiment of the people. They know they have a country upon which they desire to implant their individuality, and no one has greater faith in the genius of the people as a whole than the true Canadian. It is, therefore, not in the present generation that the question of independence will be likely to loom up as a practical question. We have too much on hand to engage our attention without diving into the unseen responsibilities of such a change. Granting for a moment that a resolution of the Canadian Parliament should carry declaring for independence, what power would there be in Canada to enforce that independence upon all portions of it? If the people of Canada by a majority have the right to declare for independence, would not a majority of the people in the West or in the East have the right to declare their independence, and who is there to say them nay, in renewing their political alliance with the British Empire or annexing with the American people? We are only playing with edge tools, so far as Canadian unity is concerned, when we attempt to wean the people from an allegiance that has proved neither distasteful nor disastrous. Separated as we are by wide stretches of country, whose forests have yet to fall before the blows of the settler, or whose bowels have to be dived into by the miner before that continuous community of interest is evolved to justify the strength of a Canadian independence, in the opinion of the writer, another century must intervene before we can expect that consummation, if it should then be desired. What Canada wants is labour to still further develop her agricultural resources, and to open and work her mines and extend her manufacturing power. The influx of that indispensable adjunct to the growth and prosperity of a nation will do more to maintain cities like Toronto and Montreal than any political nostrum suggested by a new school of national thought. How can we better attract that labour than by cheapening money for the employer and cheapening the cost of living for the labourer? If our political wisdom can accomplish those results, a new field for national aspiration and energy will be opened out far more reaching in its results to the industry of the country than any speculative changes in our allegiance.

It is a benefit to the great nation which borders us for 4,000 miles, it is a benefit to Canada that we should continue to develop the individuality of our life on this continent, politically separated but commercially united, rather than to seek any change which would mould into one groove the political thought of this continent. To develop that national individuality, is it necessary to throw off our allegiance to an Empire whose interests are mutual, whose

growth and development are essential to our material prosperity, and equally so to the material prosperity of our neighbours? The freer interchange of our commercial life should not be confined to one market of another, but directed to that freedom of interchange which will leave to individuals the choice of a field for their enterprise. We cannot break down the commercial barriers of our neighbours, but we can, by breaking down our own, take the fullest advantage of their resources to strengthen our power to compete in the trade of the world for the sale of the product of our labour. That is the only independence we should aim at in our present condition, and by attaining that measure of independence we shall stamp our individuality on the commercial life of this continent to its lasting benefit. The Canada of to-day is not the Canada of 1867. We have grown in stature; we have added to the arteries through which our national life-blood flows, but we have not yet developed that manhood essential to the independence of a nation or the power to guard the vast interests committed to our care. In considering independence, can we attain it in a greater measure than our constitution now warrants? We may perfect our constitution more and more in the growth of that political alliance, which appears in the light of to-day to be the surest guarantee of the independence of our people in every part of their vast domain.

C. A. BOULTON.

PROFESSOR CLARK'S LECTURES ON TENNYSON—IV.

MAUD.

BEFORE taking up the next poem of length put forth by Tennyson, mention should be made of some short poems published along with it in 1855. They are the "Brook," "The Letters," the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," "The Daisy," a letter "to the Rev. F. D. Maurice," "Will," and the "Charge of the Light Brigade"; all these are of interest. "The Brook" is widely known as a song, although perhaps the music has a little hidden the beauty of the words. The "Charge of the Light Brigade" (1854) is also well known, and some very interesting alterations have been made in it.

It is difficult to understand that the ode on the death of the Great Duke should have been only partially appreciated. Sir Henry Taylor, himself a poet of note, wrote to the author: "I am sure that everyone will feel about it according to his capacity of feeling what is great and true. It has a greatness worthy of its theme, and an absolute simplicity and truth, with all the poetic passion of your nature moving beneath." Tennyson was much pleased, and replied: "In the all but universal depreciation of my ode by the Press, the prompt and hearty approval of it by a man as true as the Duke himself is doubly grateful." It is difficult to imagine a composition more worthy of the subject and the occasion. "Maud" was published in 1855, and was received with a chorus of disapproval, broken, however, by not a few dissenting voices, and these from men of mark. One of the London daily papers spoke of cutting out one vowel to describe the poem, *mud*, and another to describe the poet, *mad*. Yet Dr. Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury, no mean judge and a poet besides, declared that no other Englishman could have written "Maud," except William Shakespeare. The reasons for these assaults were diverse. The people of England, about that time, had been brought very near to believing that Peace at any price was the note of the Kingdom of God. This theory and the mammon-worship of the age were assailed in no measured terms. The same mistake was made as in the case of Locksley Hall. All the sentiments of the poem were supposed to be those of Tennyson, whereas they were those of his morbid hero, although doubtless Tennyson himself sympathized with them in a measure. Then again the most ludicrous criticisms of the hero were put forth with the utmost gravity by critics who would probably have said the same kind of thing about "Hamlet." It might easily be argued that Shakespeare had no business to select such a character, and that Hamlet acted in a very strange manner! So he did; and so did the hero in "Maud"; but those who penetrate to the meaning of this great poem will discern a very remarkable consistency in the development of the character and history of its hero.

An American critic says, "it is the most uneven of Tennyson's poems. There are long passages of measured prose in it, and roughly measured at that [!], with false rhymes stuck in them." Among the false rhymes are—*minute* and *in it*; *render* and *splendour*. We fail to discern the falseness of rhyme. Perhaps New York has a patent pronunciation of those words of its own. M. Taine has here shown a most delicate appreciation of the characteristics of this great poem. "In 'Maud' the rapture broke forth with all its inequalities, familiarities, freedom, violence. The correct, measured poet betrayed himself, for he seemed to think and weep aloud. He does not sing, but speaks; they are the hazarded reckless words of ordinary conversation; details of every day life; the description of a toilet, a political dinner, a service and a sermon in a village church. The prose of Dickens and Thackeray did no more firmly grasp real and actual manners. And by its side, most splendid poetry abounded and blossomed, as in fact it blossoms and abounds in the midst of our commonplaces. The smile of a richly-dressed girl, a sunbeam on a stormy sea, or on a spray of roses,

throws all at once those sudden illuminations into passionate souls."

The germ of the poem is found in the passage beginning "O that 'twere possible." Part II., Canto iv., which was contributed by the author, in the year 1837, to "The Tribute," a collection of Miscellaneous Poems edited by Lord Northampton, and has been declared by Mr. Swinburne to be "the poem of the deepest charm, and fullest delight of pathos and melody, ever written even by Mr. Tennyson." It is said that "Maud" was written to explain this poem; and we imagine that the fragment, if we may call it so, was never republished, until it appeared as part of the larger poem.

A good many changes have been introduced into "Maud" since its first publication. In the first place it has been divided into three parts, bringing out more clearly the process of the story. At least ten alterations, usually in the way of additions, have been made to the text. In Part I. we have three new stanzas (I. 14, 15, 16) beginning, "What! am I raging?" In I. 19, instead of, "I will bury myself in my books," we have "in myself," an excellent and significant alteration. In X. 7, we have two new lines. In Canto X. we have a new stanza (4) and two new lines forming stanza 6. In XIII. 2, for "earnestly," we have "heartily." Canto XIX., consisting of ten stanzas, is altogether new and important. In Part II., Canto III., is new, as is also the concluding stanza of the volume, beginning, "Let it flame or fade."

We might consider the poem as a profound psychological study of a morbid, heartbroken man, striving to rise out of his malady; or we might look upon it as indicating an insight into the characteristic evils of the age to which it belongs; or we might dwell upon the fitness of the language, and the remarkable power of poetical expression, or upon the splendid command of metres varying in accordance with the nature of the thoughts; or, once more, we might refer to the songs of a marvellous beauty, not unworthy of a place beside those in "The Princess"; and more could not be said.

The hero of "Maud" was the son of a man who had been partner with Maud's father in some commercial concern, and apparently the wealthier partner. For, when Maud was born, the hero, then eight years old, heard "half in a doze," and remembered, long years after, men "drinking together," "drinking and talking of me," and evidently his father saying:—

Well, if it prove a girl, the boy
Will have plenty; so let it be.

But "a vast speculation had failed," and he says:—

That old man, now lord of the broad estate and the Hall,
Dropt off gorged from a scheme that had left us flaccid and drained.

Soon afterwards his father was found in a "ghastly pit," and a "rock fell with him when he fell." It was not quite certain that he had committed suicide; but, as he had gone about railing at the world and its treachery, it was supposed that he had.

The hero of the story, living by himself near the Hall, heard of the return of the family, of the preparations for their reception, remembered Maud, his old playfellow, heard of her beauty, wondered what she would be like, but is quite sure that she will be nothing to him. At this point begins a very wonderful series of experiences and emotions—starting from blank indifference, which, however, is not altogether indifference, since, although the hero finds Maud "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null," yet, in escaping "heart free," it is "with the least little touch of the spleen"; and the "cold and clear-cut face" comes back breaking his slumbers. Soon we find the morbid discontent of the hero's character in conflict with nascent passion. He would flee from men, but "most of all would I flee from the cruel madness of love."

But again the voice of Maud stirs him with a fresh inspiration. A voice by the cedar tree is heard:—

She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death, for their native land.

As she goes on "singing of Death, and of Honour that cannot die," he feels that he could "weep for a time so sordid and mean, and myself so languid and base." Soon he meets Maud, and discovers that the discourtesy which she seemed to show him on a former occasion was not on her part voluntary, but had been the effect of her brother's influence; and she made amends:—

And she touched my hand with a smile so sweet
She made me divine amends
For a courtesy not returned. (vi. 2.)

Yet again suspicion arises. Perhaps she only meant to weave "a snare of some coquettish deceit." And yet again he reproaches himself for his suspiciousness:—

Ah, what shall I be at fifty
Should Nature keep me alive,
If I find the world so bitter
When I am but twenty-five?
Yet, if she were not a cheat,
If Maud were all that she seem'd,
And her smile were all that I dream'd,
Then the world were not so bitter
But a smile could make it sweet.

And the same thought, expressed in the same words, returns on another token of her favour, and he felt

The new strong wine of love
That made my tongue so stammer and trip
When I saw the treasured splendour, her hand,
Come sliding out of her sacred glove,
And the sunlight broke from her lip.

Again they were together in the village church, and

Once she lifted her eyes,
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blushed
To find they were met by my own.

Again he met her riding with her brother and the new lord, and though she waved to him with her hand, the old passion of doubt and jealousy returned upon him. For how could he hope to prevail against such a rival—one who was

Rich in the grace all women desire,
Strong in the power that all men adore? (x. 1.)

Yet again hope arises within him, and he asks that the solid ground may not fail beneath his feet, until he finds love (xi. 1.); and this is followed by the charming poem of the meeting with Maud "in our wood," "gathering woodland lilies." This little piece is full of beauties, for example:—

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touched the meadows
And left the daisies rosy. (xi. 6.)

At last he hears that her brother has gone away from home,

This lump of earth has left his estate
The lighter by the loss of his weight,

and he resolves to take advantage of the opportunity, and tell her of his love:—

For I must tell her before we part,
I must tell her or die. (xvi. 3.)

And here let us note the changes of metre with the change of thought. Thus in the charming verses (xvii.) beginning "Go not, happy day," there is the most admirable adaptation of the sound to the sentiment. Here, too, we have the hyperbole of delight over the success of love, set forth under the image of a wave that passes from East to West and West to East:—

When the happy Yes
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news
O'er the blowing ships,
Over blowing seas,
Over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news,
Blush it thro' the West,
Till the red man dance
By his red cedar tree,
And the red man's babe
Leap beyond the sea.

And this is followed by the beautiful lines beginning:—

I have led her home, my love, my only friend,
There is none like her, none.

But alas! this cannot be forever. The brother returns, breaking up the dream of delight. And now there is to be a grand political dinner to the half-squirelings near, "and Maud will wear her jewels, and the bird of prey will hover"—a dinner and then a dance, and every eye but his will see Maud in all her glory; for he is not invited; yet for a minute she will come out and show herself to her "own true lover." The rivulet which flows down from the Hall and crosses his ground brings him down a rose from Maud, which seems to invite him to come up and see her; and they meet.

There is no portion of this great poem better known than the splendid canto or song (xxii.) beginning

Come into the garden, Maud.

It is full of beauties, of picturesque descriptions, of the most charming fancy, of the most perfect mellifluous language, the whole pervaded by a depth and strength of compressed and suppressed passion which is sometimes overlooked in Tennyson. There is hardly a line which does not present a happy phrase. "The black bat night has flown" is an example. Again he says the March wind

Sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes.

Again:—

Queen rose of the roselud garden of girls.

and

Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls

But the last stanza could hardly be equalled:—

She is coming, my own, my sweet:
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

She comes and it is their last meeting. "For she, sweet soul, had hardly spoken a word," when they were interrupted by her brother and the "babe-faced lord." Her brother upbraided her, gave the lie to her lover, and on receiving a fierce rejoinder struck him—an insult which could be effaced only by blood. The brother fell. "The fault was mine, he whispered, fly." And the ghastly wraith of the sister glided out of the wood,

And there rang on a sudden, a passionate cry,
A cry for a brother's blood:
It will ring in my heart and my ears, till I die, till I die.

(Part ii. i. 1.)

He flies, and we meet him on the coast of Brittany, absorbed in the contemplation of a tiny shell, "small and pure as a pearl," "frail but a work divine." Meditating upon this he wondered over the former inhabitant, and wondered as he thought how this slight thing which could be crushed by a tap of his finger nail, yet was of force to withstand, year after year, the shocks of the ocean, shocks which could "snap the three-decker's oaken spine." And then the image of Maud rises before him; and afterwards he goes "back to the dark sea-line, looking,

thinking of all I have lost," with the sense of blood-guiltiness upon him. And then it strikes him as strange that a mind, burdened as his was, should be absorbed in the contemplation of a shell; and then he remembered how, when Maud's brother lay dying,

I noticed one of his many rings,
(For he had many, poor worm) and thought
It is his mother's hair.

But perhaps he was not dead after all, and he need not have fled, for he may not be guilty of blood; and then he breaks out into the passionate pleading:—

However this may be,
Comfort her, comfort her, all things good,
While I am over the sea!
Let me and my passionate love go by,
But speak to her all things holy and high,
Whatever happen to me!
Me and my harmful love go by;
But come to her waking, find her asleep,
Powers of the height, Powers of the deep,
And comfort her tho' I die.

(Part ii. ii. 9.)

Reference has already been made to the germ of the whole poem, now part ii. iv. 1, beginning

O that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

The beauty, the variety, the pathos, of this poem are indescribable, and quotation would give but little notion of its charm. Here, however, is one other stanza (ii.):

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering thro' the laurels
At the quiet evening fall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall.

And then, after this burst of grief, there comes a period of insensibility, when he fancies himself dead—long dead, and his heart a handful of dust, and buried, and the wheels go over his head; and then he raves at the babbler who told of Maud being in the garden with him. "Prophet, curse me the babbling lip, and curse me the British vermin, the rat." And then, again, Maud is standing at his head, "not beautiful now, not even kind;" and a beautiful stanza follows (8) "But I know where a garden grows"; but this only leads to the thought of the "Sultan of brutes"; the dead man with "that hole in his side"; and this again to the old man who had caused the death of "a friend of mine" (his father), and what he would think when he came "to the second corpse in the pit."

The third part is short, comprising one brief canto of five stanzas, telling how the dead Maud appeared and "spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars" and bid him in that hope "let trouble have rest, knowing I tarry for thee"; and she pointed to Mars, "as he glowed like a ruddy shield on the Lion's breast." And, although this was a dream, yet it lightened his despair.

When I thought that a war would arise in defence of the right
That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease.

And at last the patriotic sentiment flashed up in his heart, and the "old hysterical mock disease" began to die, and the mind recovered its health, and he began to accept his destiny and to believe in the government of God. Thus the poem closes:—

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind,
We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still,
And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the better mind;
It is better to fight for the good, than to rail at the ill;
I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assign'd.

PARIS LETTER.

THE opening of a new Parliamentary session, which has just taken place, brings with it many journalistic changes. Three new evening journals are announced at one sou each; this generally means the birth of as many political sects, whose leaders are candidate premiers or presidents, as a matter of course. One relatively important evening paper has reduced its price from two to one sou. Paris has now seventy dailies; perhaps not more than half a dozen of these pay their way on legitimate trade principles; the others depend for their existence by farming a page to a financial establishment to indulge in bulls and bears to its heart's content. Some journals are supported by the votaries of an idea, or the devotees of a cause. A few are the organs of persons with a crank, or some vengeance on the brain to be wreaked on society, on a party, or a public character. In any case, the cost of bringing out a "broad sheet" is not extravagant; three sides are generally stereotyped matter, the fourth contains a one or two-column article by the head of the combination, but with a reputation more or less known. The advertisements, when not dummies, bring him little grist to the mill. As a rule the French do not care for piping hot news.

One of the "little strangers" is a veritable curiosity; it is called *Le Vrai Journal*, and the price is 2½ centimes, or one farthing; it consists of four pages; each page is 23x16 inches, and there are four columns to the page. It is set up and machined in a provincial town, contains illustrations, some original matter and a few advertisements. It does not appear to supply the historical "long felt want"; it does not look as if it came to stay; it runs no firm's goods, rides no hobby, offers no insurance policy in case you are smashed in a railway collision and on your remains a copy of the paper be found serving as

a wrapper for your lunch. It utilizes the prize system to promote constant reading and to attain the largest circulation in the world. It claims, as did formerly Emile de Girardin, to expound a new idea per day, one moiety in a first, and the other in a second, edition; that given treats of the necessity of a bell-rope communication between the knife-board of an omnibus and the conductor, when lady passengers desire to descend without a forced acrobatic pitch over the guard-rail. One lady contributes a short story on love and black puddings. For three sous per week the *Vrai Journal* will be delivered to subscribers. An arrondissement is about the third or fourth part of a department, and there are 360 arrondissements in France. The manager of the *Vrai Journal* intends to nominate an inspector in each arrondissement, at a salary not lower than 200 and rising to 1,800 frs. a year; it will be his duty to appoint news vendors; the latter will be supplied with 40 copies free in the first 100 numbers sold, and every additional 100 will be charged at the rate of 2 frs. The inspectors, apart from their salaries, will be awarded prizes from 200 to 1,000 following the success of their agents, while the vendors will receive a premium running from 25 to 50 frs. when sales reach certain totals. The name of a well-known financier—not Baron Hirsch, as he only invests in a *Pall Mall Gazette*, or a *Times*, or a *Daily News*—is mentioned in connection with this *fin de siècle* scheme.

Of the formation of syndicates, like the making of many books, there is no end. The latest is that of the Guild of Midwives, who demand office accommodation in the Labour Exchange. But the fermentation of relations between employers and employed is not a good omen for the future. The Carmaux colliery strike has drifted, owing to the feebleness of the authorities in not being able to make up their minds, into a question of the existence of the Cabinet. The Radical party demand the repeal of the mining laws of 1810 and 1838, by which the Government would be able to confiscate a mining concession in case a company, as that of Carmaux, is charged with seeking a pretext to provoke a strike in order to make the miners vote at elections contrary to their political convictions, or to quash an arbitration whose provisions they decline to execute.

At a moment when even the plan of profits sharing is tabooed as a solution for capital and labour divergences, M. Laroche-Joubert, the extensive paper manufacturer at Angoulême, and a deputy makes known his experience, and which was also that of his late father. They have never had any dispute with their 1,200 hands; they testify that when kindly and justly treated the workman becomes the most faithful of friends. For fifty years the mills have been worked on the share system; the hands receive in addition to wages a two per centage on profits, which is equivalent to one-third of the total; the proprietors receive another one-third; the remainder is carried to the reserve fund. When there are no profits in the year to divide, as was the case in 1891, none can be paid, for where there is nothing the king loses his rights. The capital of the mill is 4,000,000 frs.; of this amount the hands hold 1,350,000 frs. in shares of 1,000 frs. When an employe saves 1,000 frs., he is free to invest it in and where he pleases, but he has the privilege to purchase a share in the company's stock; no new share is created for him, but the holder of several is compelled to part with one, when the company, in accordance with its right, insists upon redeeming it. In time, the hands become the owners of the factory; in a word, capitalists. Who controls the working of the concern? The hands themselves; each department of the mill elects a delegate, eligible for two years, but subject to yearly election; these form a board of control, of which every member has the right to examine when he pleases all the books; the delegates also are ex-officio members of the directorate. What is the procedure in case of differences between a hand and an overseer? A fundamental rule of the organization is, that every worker of five years' standing cannot be dismissed, save by the chairman of the directory.

Neither princes nor princesses are a whit happier in matrimony, if so much, as John Gilpin or Dame Durdin; the report of the separation between the Princess Waldemar, niece of the Comte de Paris, and her husband, the son of the king of Denmark, is of no public importance, except that the Czar may be annoyed at the family scandal, and that the hopes of Orleans fall, if that were possible, a point lower in regaining the phantom throne of France. The history of Denmark is not unfruitful in the misfortunes of conjugal royalty.

It appears to be decided that France wants a new Ministry; well, it is some months since the country had the luxury of a Cabinet crisis. The favourites for the premiership are Messrs. Floquet and Bourgeois—both of the same political kidney, radical. The latter is to be remembered; he is graduating for the rôle of dark horse in the running for the Carnot succession, in case M. Carnot does not object to succeed himself. Ex-Presidents in France, unlike their confrères in America, cannot start a newspaper, run an oil mill or a canned meat factory, or get up a banking or an insurance office; they must retire into dignified obscurity till their mouse-in-the-cheese life ends. The rejection of the commercial treaty with Switzerland is not so absolute a certainty as time rolls on and financial facts unfold themselves; however, the ultra-protectionist legislators swear they will die like Roman senators in their curule chairs, ere they will make the slightest concession in their *non-possimus*, a reduction in the minimum tariff.

A patriot interested in augmenting the shrinking revenue of France suggests that citizens who quit their villas in the suburbs to winter in Paris, and engage no caretaker, can keep off burglars, by sending two or three registered letters daily to their villas, as if the premises were still occupied; this compels the postman to call; only the Peep o' Days call immediately after the postman leaves.

Now and then: at present boys on re-entering the college are treated to champagne and theatricals for two days, in order to relieve the heavy hearts after quitting home, its pantry, and its emancipations. Formerly a paterfamilias had to bring his boys under his arms, and then deposit them kicking in the juvenile bastille.

Funeral oration over the grave of a Socialist: "Companion, we inter you in the name of the law." Z.

LOVE'S BRIDAL.

WHEN Love and Mirth were going, and gossips said
"Perchance they'll mate some day," pale Sorrow stood
Apart, and, gazing on their joyous mood,
Sighed softly: "Love must yet be mine; they tread
A merry measure now—but, when has sped
A little space, Love will crave other food
Than careless Mirth can furnish; and 'twere good
I give it: Love and Mirth can ne'er be wed."

So Sorrow waited; and while heedless lay
Sweet Mirth a-sleeping stole her mask away;
Then, seeking Love, she whispered, "See thy bride!"
And found Love listened while the siren spoke;
Sorrow in smiles was fair—Mirth's gay spell broke—
And Sorrow dwells forever at Love's side.
Kingston. ANNIE ROTHWELL.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE last few years have seen a rapid dying out of the great literary lights of the Victorian age. Beginning with Thackeray, Hawthorne, Carlyle and George Eliot, there have followed, in rapid succession, most of those great writers of our own times who have delighted us by their prose or their poetry. Victor Hugo, Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson, Browning, Lowell, and others whose names will readily occur to the memory of each reader. The present year will be sadly memorable for the illustrious names it has added to the roll of the honoured dead. Beginning with the grand old Cardinal whose death so pathetically coincided with that of the young Prince in whom centred a nation's hopes, we have lost one after another of the noble and gifted souls whose names have been as household words to the present generation. The two last, in particular, represent a loss we can hardly yet realize. Many of us can scarcely recall the time when we did not know and love the poems of Alfred Tennyson and John Greenleaf Whittier, whom we might characterize as holding to the Victorian Age a somewhat similar relation to that held by Wordsworth and Burns to a former era—though, of course, with a difference. If Whittier was an American Burns, with much of his patriotic fire and simple lyric sweetness, he is, if a lesser star, one that burns with a purer ray; while the lyre of Tennyson, along with most of the higher and more solemn tones of the great Lake poet, has a much more exquisite quality of melody and art. Both our recently lost singers have left their impress on our age to an extent that can scarcely be over-estimated; for it is not too much to say that there is hardly a cultivated reader of the English language, into whose mental and moral tissue the thoughts of one or other of these poets have not entered and become a part thereof. To refer to only one phase of that interest—to what multitudes of mourners "In Memoriam" has brought a healing balm; while Whittier's strains of faith and hope have spoken peace to many a troubled heart. Both poets, too, have manfully stood out for liberty from the tyranny of cast-iron traditional creeds, expressions of a past rather than of a present belief, and also for the larger, broader faith that cares more for living fruits than for dead and formal definitions. Both have nobly defended the ideals of true liberty, patriotism and loyalty, Whittier, under stronger stress of need, having perhaps sent the stronger blast "through the harsh trumpet of reform." For he had, indeed, a grim tyrant to fight—more tangible, though perhaps not more insidious and dangerous, than those which Tennyson saw too surely stealing on England.

As a lion, creeping nigher,
Glances at one who nods and winks beside a slowly-dying fire.

Both have left us a priceless store of thoughts and images, which have so completely become part of our mental outfit that we could scarcely realize what would be our mental impoverishment could we be suddenly deprived of all traces of the influence of "In Memoriam," "Morte d'Arthur," the "Idylls of the King," or even such minor poems as "Locksley Hall," "The May Queen," "Break, Break," or "Sir Galahad." And the ever-increasing multitude who know and love Whittier would find it equally hard to realize themselves bereft of such poems as "The Eternal Goodness," "The Master," "Miriam," "The Poor Voter on Election Day," and many others of his more thoughtful lyrics. Whittier has been happily characterized by a writer in the *N. Y. Nation* as being the creator of

the New England legend, weaving about his native woods and hills a halo of old traditions which would otherwise have been speedily forgotten; and also as "the Tyrtæus of a moral revolution," which resulted in sweeping away forever the incubus of slavery—the death-blow to the monster which had so long degraded humanity. But he has been much more; for, in common with Tennyson, he has been the leader of many souls, alike out of the mists of doubt and out of the swaddling clothes of ceremony and traditional creed and ritual, into the free, pure air of spiritual reality. For, as Carlyle has truly said: "The great poet is ever, as of old, the seer, whose eye has been gifted to discern the God-like mystery of God's universe, and decipher some new lines of its celestial writing; we can still call him a vates and seer, for he sees into this greatest of secrets, the open secret; hidden things become clear; how the Future (both resting on eternity) is but another phase of the Present." To many of us, these profoundly true words seem more applicable to Whittier than to him of whom they were originally written.*

To quote Carlyle again:—"When a great man dies, then has come the time for putting us in mind that he was alive." Then all reminiscences become interesting, and thus the present writer may be pardoned for recalling again some remembrances of the poet, especially connected with the visit to him which has already been described in THE WEEK. He was then at his old home at Amesbury, on the banks of the Merrimac, with whose picturesque windings his whole life has been associated, for Haverhill, near which was his birthplace,—only eight miles from Amesbury,—was also on the same stream which his genius has made familiar to multitudes of readers, who might otherwise have scarcely heard of the charming little river, which, at the old-fashioned town of Newburyport, finds its wandering way into the sea. All the way from Boston to Amesbury the names of wayside towns and villages seemed touched by the light of his genius, just as they are in Ayr and Dumfriesshire by the genius of Burns. Something of this the writer ventured to suggest in conversation, but the poet's entire freedom from self-consciousness or egotism—remarkable in a man of his age and celebrity—made it difficult for him to take in the suggestion. When he found, however, how genuine was the interest of his visitor in the scenes of a number of his poems, he readily and genially satisfied this legitimate curiosity. He explained his adaptation of the old story of the "Witch of Wenham," and the poetical license he had taken,—which must surely have strained his Quaker truthfulness,—in making "the witch" a young maiden instead of an old woman, remarking with a delightful unconscious *naïveté* that, in those days, "young girls sometimes became witches." His charming ballad "Among the Hills," had its scene, he said, among the New Hampshire hills, which he was fond of frequenting. The "green hill slope," on which took place the discussion between him and his friend, which originated the opening lines of "Miriam," rises full in sight just outside the environs of Amesbury, through which turns and twists amid many a "calm cove with its rocky hem," and overhanging foliage, the "stream of his fathers," the mazy Merrimac. A little way up this "green hill slope," we afterwards wandered, but had not time to reach the spot which commands the wide-reaching vision described in those graphic lines. The byways of Amesbury are almost as mazy as the river—wandering up the slopes at the foot of which nestles the quaint little town, which has been associated with his life from the time when he, a young man of twenty-eight or so, finally left the farm which his father's death had devolved upon his charge, along with his mother and the rest of her family. His unpretending home—a typical New England house, painted cream colour and white—stands "a little way from the village street," overhung with elms and maples, in a grassy, old-fashioned garden, on which open, on both sides, the windows of his study, which looks as if it were part of an addition to the original house. Shortly before the writer's visit, he had come back to it from another home—a legacy from a friend, in which he has long spent a part of each year. This house is picturesquely situated in the heart of twelve acres of woodland, near Danvers, Massachusetts. His study at Amesbury, a pleasant, homely room, Quaker in colouring and exquisitely neat, was decorated by a few pictures, the most treasured of which were portraits of his friend Emerson and his favourite modern hero, General Gordon (with whose spiritual mysticism he had much sympathy), and a small oil-painting of the old homestead at Haverhill, which was his birthplace and his boyhood's home—a plain but substantial house, dating from the days of William and Mary—through whose staunch oaken window frames his Quaker ancestors looked out on the prowling Iroquois, who amid those murderous raids, at least left unharmed the Quaker, whose peaceful inoffensiveness even *they* seem to have recognized. Other relics of his early days he pointed out with his characteristic simplicity,—a painting of the generous old family fireplace pictured in "Snow-bound,"—the American "Cotter's Saturday Night"—and portraits of the mother and the beloved young sister, so tenderly described there, whose early death inspired some of its most exquisite lines. And the refined oval face and finely-cut features might have graced the portrait gallery of an old English mansion, while, in the dark, soft eye of his mother's portrait, one seemed to see the counterpart of his own—the great charm of his noble face, which, with all its softness, could flash with all a warrior's fire and poet's passion when oppression was to be resisted and wrong to

be fought to the death! If we were to seek for a modern realization of Tennyson's "Sir Galahad," a moral Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, we could find none more fitting than John Greenleaf Whittier!

The allusion to Burns was a fortunate one, for it brought out, not only the expression of his admiration for the Scottish poet, but also an interesting bit of autobiography. "I have never been in Scotland," he said, "but if I were to go there, I should recognize every spot that Burns has immortalized." And then he told with evident pleasure in the reminiscence, how he had found his own first inspiration to poetic production in the poems of Burns—the first real poetry, outside the Bible, which had found its way into the Quaker household, whose little library of some twenty volumes contained but one book of verse, a rhymed history of King David, by the well-known Friend, Ellwood, whose Quakerism, as the poet remarked, did not prevent his describing with evident satisfaction the exploits of the warrior king. But it was an evening never to be forgotten, when the young school-master,

"Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,"

commemorated in "Snow-bound," brought in to read at the family fireside the volume of Burns, which afterwards gave him, on an early summer day, the delight to which he has given expression in one of his sweetest poems, his lyric on Burns, which, for lightness of touch and charm of diction, deserves to be set side by side with Wordsworth's "Yarrow Unvisited." And those rigid censors of the Scottish bard, who sit in judgment on his errors without taking into account the circumstances which induced them, would do well to take a lesson from one of the purest of poets, in life and writings, who has but compassionate regret for the failings of his unhappy brother. Doubtless his own sharp struggle with selfish tyranny, too often aided and abetted by those whose sacred profession should have promised better things, had led him to understand, better than most of us do, how the iron of hypocrisy and cant had entered into the soul of the Scottish poet, turning what should have been influence for good into influence for evil!

Like Burns, Whittier was a most spontaneous poet. His was certainly a case of "*poeta nascitur*." Had it not been so, how could the training and traditions of a Quaker household and the influences of a New-England farm have evolved a poet? The village school at Haverhill had been his only intellectual discipline, till William Lloyd Garrison—his future comrade in the battle against slavery—interested in the unknown contributor to his poets' corner in the Newburyport *Free Press*, came out to see him, and, finding him at the plough, persuaded him to take two sessions of six months each at the Haverhill Academy. He was, therefore, not overburdened with college lore, and doubtless his freedom from the tyranny of *crum* made one point in his favour. Still, this slender intellectual outfit made itself felt in his after life. Only by hard work did he acquire the power to mould his verse into conformity with artistic requirements, and to the last he suffered more or less from a restricted vocabulary. Though his "swiftly running verse," as it has been happily styled, suggests no difficulty of expression, he told the writer, in course of conversation, that this was his greatest trouble. "I often feel that I cannot express my conceptions as I would," he said. "Like the prophet, I feel something before me to which I would fain give expression, but the words fail me." Even his own lines, after they were once written, he did not always recognize as his own, and was less ready in quoting his own poetry than others who had stored it up in their memory. He certainly did not over-value his own work, and remarked that if he could begin again, with his maturer taste and experience, he would leave out of his published works a good many poems now included in them. Probably his judgment was right, but yet those who love him and his poetry would not willingly lose anything he has written.

Although in his later years the enfeebled health, doubtless originating from early overstrain,—for he had originally a fine physique,—obliged him to keep out of all excitement and active life, his interest in all passing events was fresh and vigorous. He had a warm feeling towards Canada, expressing the natural desire, for him, that the continent should be politically one, and saying that he would rather seek alliance for the United States farther north than south. One who had sacrificed favour, interest and the best years of his life in one humanitarian struggle, was not likely to be indifferent to those now going on, and the problem of "capital and labour" interested him profoundly, as the question of the age. For the selfishness of those who amass colossal fortunes out of the necessities and toil of their fellows, he had unsparing condemnation, declaring that to see "so many very, very rich men was sadder far than to see so many very, very poor." And he did not wonder, he said, that the perplexing inequalities and injustice of life as we see it to-day, and the failure of modern Christianity adequately to cope with the problems which its influence ought to settle, should have driven many, especially young people, into the darkness of agnosticism. But for himself he clung with unshaken tenacity to the faith he had expressed in his undying words:—

"Yet mid the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings,
I know that God is good."

To this mainstay he clung, too, in his deepening sense of the mystery of life and death. He quoted with warm sympathy Tennyson's lovely poem, "Crossing the Bar," which so fully expressed his own feeling in the prospect of the change for which he was calmly "*waiting*." This feeling he expressed in a letter to the writer, of last November: "I wait quietly in order of nature and Providence and—

Treading a path I cannot see
That God is good—sufficeth me."

These lines are from one of his latest poems, the latest except the touching lines to his old friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes, on his birthday, penned only a few days before his death, and read by many almost simultaneously with the intelligence that he had passed into "the great silence" from whence we can hear his voice no more. In July he had left his residence of Oak Knoll for Hampton Falls, from whence he wrote to the writer, on the last day of July, kindly and genially acknowledging the dedication of a recently-published book, and referring to its pictures of Canadian life and scenery with much interest. But he had to write by the hand of another, on account of failing eyesight. "I have come to this quiet place," he wrote, "for the rest I so greatly need." One brief month more, and—while the early autumn, whose charms he had so loved to sing, lay golden on the land,—his pure and gentle soul had indeed entered into the rest which the "good and faithful servant" had so truly earned, and—we may well believe—into the joy of that fuller vision which awaits the "pure in heart."

FIDELIS.

THE CRITIC.

"AND upon what shall The Critic lay his hand, this week?" I said to a friend,—he had been battling for the necessities of life, and in the strife had had uncomfortable contact with, if not the great unwashed, at least with the great uncultured.

"Take smugness," he said, in cynical mood, and I took it.

It is not a nice word, the word "smug." It is so self-satisfied on such slender grounds for satisfaction; so proud, with so little to pride itself on; so boastful, with nothing to boast of. It is onomatopoeic of the thing it signifies. Short, sleek, stiff-necked and snub-nosed. And the thing it signifies is an ugly thing; smugness always vaunteth itself, and is puffed up, behaveth itself unseemly.

The word "smug" has a history not uninteresting. Dictionaries say it comes from the Danish *smuk*, meaning dressy, neat, tidy, spruce. A kindred word is the German *schmücken*, to adorn; and so perhaps also is our "smock." It is easy to trace its changes of meaning from dress to manners, and from manners to morals. A curiously parallel history attaches to the word "quaint." This has been derived from the Latin *comptus*, handsomely adorned. To-day, according to Professor Earle, "quaint" means "after the fashion of the seventeenth century," and already it is used of intellectual, if not of moral, traits. "Smug" has gone through similar transmutations, but it has gone farther and fared worse, for it has acquired a contemptuous signification foreign to quaint.

Smugness is the especial and contradistinguishing characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon. The Celt is not smug: your Irishman is far too keen-witted, and your Scot far too frank. It is the Anglo-Saxon who is smug, and it is his smugness that is railed at when his neighbours call him "insular" and a "shop-keeper." The archetypal form of modern smugness is perhaps Mr. *Punch's* "Arry." But we must not think that smugness is confined to Arry. It may be a hard saying, but it is probably a true one, that smugness is as rife amongst the "Barbarians" and the "Philistines" as it is amongst the "Populace"—to use Matthew Arnold's tripartite classifications of Anglo-Saxons. The Populace pride themselves on their eminent respectability; Barbarians on, shall we say, their impassivity. As if impassivity or respectability or brute force were the one thing needful. Perhaps if Matthew Arnold had used so unrefined a word, he might have found in smugness just that opposite of sweetness and light against which he so sweetly and delightfully raised his voice. He did not inveigh against lack of culture so much as against deliberate and complacent acquiescence in lack of culture, and this is the essence of smugness. Smugness respire and exhales a thick atmosphere of self-satisfied complacency through which no ray of culture can penetrate, and it thanks God it is not as other men are. Yet it is quite possible to imagine a smugness born even of culture, which also thanks God it is not as other men are. Can we not, indeed, trace signs of such even in the great Anglo-Saxon apostle of culture?

Yet smugness, like most human foibles, has its good points as well as its bad. If it is peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon race, is not also that sturdy self reliance which excites the envy of continental nations? And perhaps the one has a very intimate connection with the other. It is a complicated sentiment is smugness, and well worthy the attention of the psychologist. Some analytical metaphysician might find in it many things hitherto otherwise named. Pride of birth—patriotism—justifiable egoism— independence of opinion—belief in one's self and in one's motives and actions—private judgment—the sense of fair play—all these may enter into its composition. Indeed smugness may at bottom be nothing more than an excess

of such attributes, or rather perhaps a too great a laying of stress upon the worthiness of such attributes. However, even if so, smugness is not wholly commendable; it is apt to irritate, like virtue in the fanatic, or theology in the dogmatic, or boredom in the enthusiast.

Whence did it arise? If we could trace its parentage we should probably find its cradle in the Commonwealth; when the *bourgeois* seized the throne, then arose smugness. For it is a characteristic of the middle more than of the upper or the lower class, and it was the Commonwealth that inaugurated the reign of the Philistine; before it we had the Barbarian; now we have the Populace. Perhaps this is why so strong a puritanical flavour is to be detected in the meaning of the word—smugness is but secular cant. However, no doubt insularity and shop-keeping have abundantly fostered what the Rebellion and levelling bred. We pay for the tightness of our little isle in the inelasticity of our ideas. Long continued material prosperity and unquestioned national supremacy have induced a plethoric humour, a sort of fatty degeneration; and what we take to be healthy *embonpoint* may in reality be amyloid hypertrophy. Is it the error in the diagnosis that is the source of smugness? However, if a nation like a man is either a physician or a fool at forty, we may be thankful England is not yet middle-aged—a fool she is not.

If it is true that smugness characterizes the Anglo-Saxon, there is a composite nation over the sea which should give signs of its possession. And it is indisputable that our American consins do inherit the family taint. Their smugness is conterminous with their country, and this, we all know, is the biggest in creation. In fact it is interminous; have they not disclaimed the three-mile limit? But with new conditions the disease develops new symptoms. There, brute-force gives way to cuteness; doing as one darn pleases ousts respectability; impassivity is outdone by goaheaditiveness. On all these points they are smug, and on one other—that they are *not* the sons of their mother. To call them chips of the old block would, in their opinion, be to insult the chips—and in ours to insult the block. If anything else were needed to prove our kinship and coincidentally to prove the Anglo-Saxon birthright of smugness, it would be that in America, too, Puritanism was its parent.

But this wholesale taking-to-task will tread upon corns, and may provoke the retort that it is only to the smug that all things are smug. It is time then to acknowledge the corn.

TENNYSON AGAIN.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.

THIS is a truth which is constantly being impressed on us in various ways. The facility with which the ministers of our pleasure become the "engines of our pain" is one of the most disappointing facts in daily life. In many cases we accept the change with comparative equanimity, or at any rate, with that fatalistic acceptance of the inevitable which often does duty for resignation. But this, strange to say, is generally the case in matters of grave importance, which are naturally more apt to be referred to the will of a higher power. In circumstances of less moment, there is something peculiarly irritating when that which has always been a special source of enjoyment, is transformed by purely human instrumentality into a cause of weariness and perhaps dislike. This is particularly the case with literature, still more particularly so with poetry. Is there anything, for example, more exasperating to the lover of a poet, than to see the favourite passages continually held up before the eyes of the gazing public in every variety of travesty and parody, till the latter become so closely connected with the original words that it is impossible thereafter to separate them? A centenary or a death is sufficient to bring this about. It is not enough that all the details of the poet's life should be brought to light, and his character dissected for the public benefit, but the best and truest of his words must be brought forth to be staled and withered by the inexorable manipulations of his admirers till their subtlest charm has fled forever. We have felt this, unwillingly enough, about Shelley several times during the past year of his centenary, but it is seen, far more oppressively, now in the sudden burst of enthusiasm awakened by Tennyson's death. Is there no better way of expressing love and admiration for the dead poet than by alloying his fine gold with the baser metal of his admirers? And it seems a particularly unhappy chance which made "Crossing the Bar" the first and chief sacrifice. The pleasure and delight with which we first greeted it are still too fresh in our minds, and we see its magic broken with a sigh of regret. Are we never to read those lines over again by the fireside, or to repeat them in our solitary walk, without being dogged by the monotonous platitudes of Sir Edwin Arnold's ode, or still worse, by the detestable parody of another English admirer, who repeats almost every line of the poem alternately with one of original commentary, somewhat in the style of those preachers who can never read a psalm or chapter from the Bible without accompanying each inspired utterance with an observation of their own? And what shall we say to the production of a well-known hymn-writer who has heaped together *pilots* and *bars* with *vanished hands* and *moaning winds* in inextricable confusion! What would

the Poet-Laureate think of the child of his fancy in this improved form?

And though from out this sinning, sorrowing world
The flood has borne him far;
His "vanished hand" has writ in letters large,
"Life waits beyond the bar."

To suffering like this the admirers of Browning are not exposed. Browning has indeed taken sufficient precaution that they shall not be. He would be a bold man who should try to incorporate Browning's poetry into his own. But no such *chevaux de frise* of involved and intricate language as protects and often shrouds Browning's meaning is to be found in the poetry of Tennyson. We never before thought that this was matter of regret. Now we are sometimes almost tempted to wish that the beauty of his work were not always so self-evident.

It is right and fitting that the life work of a great poet should come down as his legacy to his people, that the truths and lessons he has striven to unfold should be the property of all who love him, but reverence and affection alike demand that his seal should be left intact, and that his words should always be suffered to pass, without any disturbing addition or amendment, straight from his heart to ours.

L. S.

SUNDOWN.

THE beldam sun then bursting the gyves
Of iron cloud from her purple hives,
Let loose a billion of golden bees,
Over the steeples, and over the trees,
Touching the heights with a golden glow,
And filling the cloister groves below,
With delicate music. This she said,
As easterly ever they singing fled:
"Rifle the white moon-crofts, and bring
Me honey-dews when the dawn-birds sing!"

JOS. NEVIN DOYLE.

COSMOPOLITAN THEOLOGY.

ECCLESIASTICAL historians have often drawn attention to the circumstances of the civilized world favourable to the propagation of Christianity when the Church was established. On the one hand the universal rule of Rome prepared the way for the idea of a universal religion, and broke down those barriers of race and country which would have opposed serious obstacles to its progress. On the other hand, Greece had supplied an almost universal language, a fact whose significance is in some measure realized on consideration of the fact that the New Testament, written altogether by Hebrews (with the possible exception of St. Luke's Gospel and the Acts), was yet written not in Hebrew but in Greek (again with the possible exception of St. Matthew's Gospel).

It would be interesting to enquire whether and how far these circumstances of the first century of our era may have contributed to the unity of the Holy Catholic Church during the first three or four centuries, for we know that the civil organization of the Roman Empire was not without direct influence upon the organization of the Christian Church.

It is certainly remarkable that the East and West, differing so widely in temperament and modes of thought, the one contemplative, philosophical, dogmatic, the other energetic, progressive and practical even in its dogma, should yet have remained so long united. The gradual dissolution of the Roman Empire and the delimitation of the European nationalities, was speedily followed by a corresponding dissolution of the Roman Church and the formation of National Churches.

In some respects circumstances appear to be combining to reproduce a condition of things not dissimilar to that of the first century. Certainly there are no signs of another universal Empire, nor even of a universal language. Nevertheless learning is no longer national. The investigations of Germany are closely followed in France, England and America. In every department of mental activity there is a friendly exchange of results. National pride may be gratified by the achievements of its own heroes. England boasts her Darwin, or Germany her Kant and Hegel, but science and philosophy know of no national exclusiveness, and Darwin is as highly appreciated in Germany as in England, and German philosophy as sympathetically studied in England as in "das Vaterland" itself.

These remarks are to the full as applicable to the sphere of theology as to those of science and philosophy. Here, as in so many other departments, Germany has distinguished itself in the field of both creative ideas and of independent and thorough-going research. No English or French theologian would think of publishing any work of importance without having acquainted himself with the results of German enquiry on the same subject. Nor is it to be supposed that this holds true only of the rationalistic side of German theology. The weightiest replies to Strauss and Baur were those of Neander and Lechler. In the sphere of apologetics what names are so familiar to English readers as those of Christlieb, Luthardt and Ebrard. The Conservative view of the Old Testament has been set forth with learning and skill by Hengstenberg and Keil. Amongst commentators of all lands Meyer reigns supreme, and the names and work of Stier, Delitzsch, Tholuck, and many others are justly honoured amongst all denominations in England and America. The important fields of Biblical

Introduction and Biblical Theology have been until recently almost alone occupied by German labourers. England and America have simply adopted the works of Bleek and Keil, of Oehler and Weiss. In the sphere of history, Stanley's lectures are based upon Ewald's monumental History of Israel, and Neander and Döllinger are beyond all dispute the princes of Church historians. In systematic and dogmatic theology we have no names to place beside those of Dorner, of Harnack or of Martensen. Space will only permit the enumeration of the names of Wellhausen and Dillmann, of Riehm and Schulz, of Hagenbach and Hefele, of Tischendorf and Lagarde, contemporary theologians, whose influence upon English and American thought cannot yet be fully estimated.

Nor is this influence exerted only upon one denomination or one school of thought. In the first twenty pages of Liddon's Bampton Lectures, the names of no less than twenty-five German philosophers or theologians as against those of ten English writers are mentioned, and those who are acquainted with Bishop Westcott's works on the Gospels and the Canon of the New Testament, or Lightfoot's Essays appended to his Commentaries are aware of the extensive use of German writers by those great scholars. The popularity of Messrs. T. and T. Clark's subscription library of translations from German theologians, and even of Messrs. Williams and Norgate's similar enterprise, also bear witness to the general acknowledgment of the importance of German contributions to theology in this century.

In yet other ways we observe the predominance of this interesting feature of our times. The Hibbert Lectures have been delivered by Pfeleiderer amongst Germans, by the famous Dutchman, Kuenen, and by the Frenchmen, Renan and Renouf, and a recent note in the *Athenæum* acquaints us with the fact that Pfeleiderer has been appointed Giffard Lecturer when that office is vacated by its present occupant.

In America we know of two Germans who have been appointed to professorial chairs, viz., the industrious and versatile Schaff of Union Theological Seminary, and Haupt who holds the chair of Semitic languages in Johns Hopkins. It should further be noted that a constantly increasing body of English and American students spend a few years study in Leipzig, Berlin and other German universities. The lamented Delitzsch's interest in his English and American students is well known, and a recent contributor from Leipzig to a Chicago paper, informs us that his successor, Buhl, is in this respect following in his steps. The number of American students, especially in Germany, is noteworthy, and cannot fail to modify the character of American theology.

A more hopeful and pleasing, if less interesting, sign of the times is to be found in the gradual obliteration of denominational lines amongst theologians. The theology of reformed Christendom is professedly based upon the Bible, and its numerous divisions have arisen out of diversity of interpretation. To those who are longing for the restoration of unity, there can therefore be no more promising sign than the growing harmony amongst Biblical scholars of all denominations. The commentaries of the German Presbyterian Meyer, and the French Presbyterian Godet, are freely used by scholars and preachers of the Anglican Church. The contributors to the Pulpit Commentary, Bishop Ellicott's Bible for English readers, the excellent series known as the Expositor's Bible, and some others, are drawn from the ranks of several leading communions. A commentator is to-day judged on his own merits. We no longer ask whether he be Churchman or Presbyterian, Methodist or Baptist, but rather enquire as to his scholarship, impartiality, and spiritual insight into the meaning of the Holy Scriptures.

The explanation of this encouraging phenomenon of our times is to be found, first, in the general rejection of the allegorical method of interpretation, which however useful for meditation or devotional purposes, opens wide the door to the wildest flights of fancy, and of the dogmatic method wherein one leading object was to force every passage of Scripture into accordance with the interpreter's own creed or system; and then in the adoption of the literal and historical method of interpretation, wherein the ordinary rules of grammar and of composition are recognized, and words are taken in their ordinary signification, unless it can be clearly shown that the writer was using them figuratively. The standpoint of the writer, the circumstances amidst which he lived, even the peculiar bent of his mind, are all taken into account.

No doubt at first sight this method appears to diminish the supernatural element of the Bible and to needlessly limit the operation of the Holy Spirit, but in reality it is not so, and such works as Lightfoot and Westcott's Commentaries, Dale's Lectures on Ephesians, G. A. Smith's Expository Sermons on Isaiah, prove that this method, whilst strictly speaking interpreting the Scriptures, lends itself as readily as any other to the purposes of the pulpit, whether for exhortation or instruction, and can be employed with at least equal reverence and devotion to the Word of God, whilst it far surpasses all other methods in furnishing us with its actual meaning. Let the curious reader compare a few chapters of Dean Bradley's Lectures on Job with the work of Gregory the Great on the same book, and he will scarcely doubt the truth of this contention.

There are not wanting indications that this fraternity amongst Biblical students is about to extend to other spheres of theology. The prospectus of the International Library

of Theology (a title which is itself an instructive sign of the times) includes works on Church History, Dogmatics, Christian Ethics, Comparative Religion, and other subjects from the pens of English and American Churchmen, Presbyterians and Congregationalists; whilst in a most attractive list of vacation lectures delivered at Oxford during the past summer appear the names of Professors Driver and Sanday, of Principal Fairbairn, Professor Bruce, Dr. Dale, and others.

It is then plain that during the last twenty or thirty years a silent but deeply interesting and important movement towards unity in method and co-operation in the labours of theology has been progressing. Theology is no longer either denominational or national, but cosmopolitan. Alongside of this movement has been one similar in object but more popular in character towards Christian unity. This has naturally attracted far wider notice, but thinking men will feel more assured of the abiding and stable nature of the popular movement when they know that it has its roots in the work of the best theological scholars of our day. Whatever the exact form which Christian unity may ultimately take, it is scarcely possible to doubt that, in some way or another, the separated and often antagonistic forces of Christendom will more and more aim at some working agreement which will afford opportunity for the exercise of their combined influence in opposing all the forces of evil amongst us, in kindling a living and penetrating flame of Christianity, in spreading the knowledge of Christ and in preparing the way for the outpouring of the Spirit upon nations who are sunk in darkness and degradation, or yearning for fuller light than they yet possess, with a zeal and vigour such as planted Christianity in every corner of the Roman Empire, and inspired the very best and greatest men of the eighth and ninth centuries to leave home and kindred, and face constant perils from the elements, beasts and men, to convey to others that which was to them in very truth, a fountain of living water springing up into eternal life.

Ashburnham.

HERBERT SYMONDS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MARJORY DARROW AGAIN.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I was not averse to the publication of that part of my letter given, though it was not intended for publication, and its appearance came with something of surprise. I was, also, more than pleased to find your judgment coincident with mine upon the railroad poem, at once the clearest and strongest thing Carman has written.

You may be interested to learn Mr. Carman's interpretation of "Marjory Darrow," since it is not often a poet condescends to tell even his friends what he means, when he has perpetrated obscurities. It may also be some humiliation to me to know myself not so near right as I had conceived myself; but yet, perhaps, in the main lines not far out of the way. Mr. Carman says:—

"All that you say about the refrains explains well what I tried to do. These loved sounds of nature are only monotonous to the outer ear; to the spirit they never repeat the same message twice. For the hour, the day, the environment, our own heart,—all these media through which the song must dimly pass to our spirit, change eternally. So that while I have kept the same form in the thrush songs, and the same few vowel-sounds throughout, I have varied their contents. I have not been careful either, that the songs should say anything definite. They are suggestive—a sort of accompaniment to the poem. I did not wish to make the thrushes speak; and had no right to do that; because they did not know Marjory, or even see her. Under some conditions it would be right to speak in the imaginary person of a thrush or a lark, or any living thing,—as in the Robin Song among the poems I sent you, and a thousand times in literature everywhere. But in such cases one has no right to assume any feeling or emotion that is not common to man and the creatures. You might sing a robin—say calling for rain; but you could not sing a Mrs. Robin song calling for an umbrella. Eh?"

"On the other hand these thrush songs of 'Marjory Darrow' ought not to be wholly inarticulate and imitative, of course. That would be stepping from poetry into music—with a very poor and grotesque result.

"In your interpretation the poem occupies one day. But it is more likely that the story of Marjory's love lasted several years. I had not thought of your rendering; but it is also possible. The tragedy of Marjory's life was not the death of her lover, but the death of his love for her—the old story.

The wells of joy must not run low.

Nature is wildly imperious, and will keep life in the earth, and beauty, and abundant vitality, at all cost. You say that Marjory yielded, "notwithstanding her arms were lithe." No, she yielded because they were lithe and the pulse of the ancient race of this earth was too strong in her to be restrained. Marjory did no sin. She was deceived—the old sad story. Her lover is the evil shadow of the tragedy; he is genius of it; the devil. Yet he was only a man. No, hardly a man! a cad. There is a difference.

"Then when 'her eyes were wet' and the world was as

nothing, she is awake to the tragedy of her broken life. Poor, beautiful, dear Marjory!

"That 'Marjory Darrow loved too well' is the conclusion of the whole matter. If 'death walked' in the garden with her, we do not know. Or, when her doom and destruction walked there ghosting her lover at every step, there was nothing to warn her. The blood-red poppies held their peace. They were just as beautiful for all the blackness of her lover's heart. Nature has solace for us and great tenderness (yes, indeed she has!), but no warning. Our prudence must come from experience, from history.

"The poem might have been closed with—

The scarlet sun went home,

for that is the real ending. Or it might be left as it is—

Gone, thou art gone,
Dear.

That is no ending at all. The gates of emotion are left open. The weaving is left with a raw edge. Whether or not this is good art I am uncertain. But I think it is all right as it stands."

My venerable friend "W" contributes a brief, good-humoured paragraph to the sum of remark that has been excited by Marjory. There is a charm in one who being so old is yet so young. Your tributes to Tennyson were pleasing to me. The world is bereaved of greatness in these years, since such as Browning and Tennyson sleep under the stones of Westminster.

Cherryfield.

PASTOR FELIX.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.*

WHEN the founding of a Royal Society in Canada was first mooted some ten or twelve years ago, the suggestion was greeted with jeers and scoffs by philistine journalists; and even many sober and sensible writers doubted the wisdom of establishing a Society or Academy of "Immortals," organized and modelled after Old World patterns. The credit of the suggestion is due to the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General of Canada, and the wise and generous encouragement of the liberal arts and sciences ever manifested by that popular viceroy during and since his term of office is not among the least of his claims to our grateful remembrance. The suggestion of the Marquis was speedily acted upon; the organization of the Society was fully completed in May, 1882, when the first meeting was held in Montreal; and, in due time, "The Royal Society of Canada for the Promotion of Literature and Science within the Dominion" was incorporated by Act of Parliament. The objects of the Society as set forth in the preamble of the Act are as follows: To encourage studies and investigations in Literature and Science; to publish transactions annually or semi-annually, containing the minutes of proceedings at meetings, records of the work performed, original papers and memoirs of merit, and such other documents as may be deemed worthy of publication; to offer prizes or other inducements for valuable papers on subjects relating to Canada, and to aid researches already begun and carried so far as to render their ultimate value probable; to assist in the collection of specimens with a view to the formation of a Canadian museum of archives—ethnology, archaeology and natural history. The Society was, and, we believe, still is, composed of eighty members, all the original members having been nominated by the Governor-General, and consists of two departments, representing Literature and Science, divided into four sections as follows: 1. French Literature, with history, archaeology, etc.; 2. English Literature with history, archaeology, etc.; 3. Mathematical, Physical and Chemical Sciences; 4. Geological and Biological Sciences, the number of members of each section being in general limited to twenty, the regulations however providing that under certain circumstances the number may be increased to twenty-five.

These preliminary remarks will, we trust, not be deemed unnecessary; for, although the Society has been in existence upwards of ten years, and its Transactions for that period have been published in nine large volumes, we imagine that comparatively few of our readers are familiar with its constitution and objects, or have given more than a passing notice to the reports of its meetings. Notwithstanding the scoffs and doubts with which its founding was at first greeted, the Society has justified its existence from the very start, and, year by year, its work has grown in interest, influence and undoubted advantage to the country. It cannot be expected that with a limited income at its disposal and considering the expensive character of its publications, the Society can distribute its Transactions as freely as Parliament distributes its blue-books. Indeed, even if practicable, such distribution would be absolutely wasteful. But although the home circulation of the Transactions is necessarily limited, copies are annually sent to similar societies and to the great public libraries throughout the world and, as the papers read pertain chiefly to the history, institutions and resources of our country, they cannot fail to make Canada better known, not only to our fellow colonists in other continents, but to foreign nations who may find it advantageous to cultivate trade relations and intercourse with us, and to capitalists everywhere seeking profitable undeveloped fields for investment. The

* "Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada for the year 1891." Montreal: Dawson Brothers, 1892.

newspaper deals, for the most part, with passing incidents of the day; but occasionally an article is seen in the daily press suggesting new fields for investigation or for commercial enterprise or for material development. The suggestion of such articles is rarely found in the record of current events, but often in the transactions of Learned Societies where the material for them is found ready to hand. In his eloquent opening address the President, Principal Grant, pointed out many ways in which the Royal Society of Canada did good service to the state, and he made reference to the value and importance of its reports. "Anyone," he said, "who looks into the volumes of 'Proceedings and Transactions' already issued, will see that there is no cause for discouragement. The results of the work of the Society are there manifest. Had it not existed, many of the papers that are of most interest to Canada would not have been written. Others would have been scattered through the transactions and journals of two continents, labelled, of course, as British, French or American. Our bulky annual volume is now sent regularly to all the great public libraries of the world, and literary and scientific men learn that Canada is not wholly a barbarous country, but that it is giving some little contribution to learning. Far-seeing, practical men in other countries who desire reliable information respecting the geology, minerals, products, antiquities, history, and institutions of Canada, now know where to find them."

It might be interesting, did space permit, to compare the first of these volumes, published in 1883, and containing the report of two sessions' work with the large and exceptionally handsome volume before us containing the Transactions of 1891. If the purely literary quality was perhaps more conspicuous in the former, the more useful quality of patient original research distinguishes the latter; and, moreover, it must be remembered that at the meeting of 1891, and such is the case at every meeting, many papers were read in the literature sections that do not appear in the published Transactions.

In one of the many reviews which, in the course of a long and busy public life, Mr. Gladstone has found time to write, he characterizes a book as large, but not bulky. "For," he says, "the word bulky insinuates the idea of size in excess of pith and meaning." There may be some force in this *dictum* of the venerable statesman, but Principal Grant certainly did not use the word in the passage we have quoted in any such disparaging sense, and we, too, may apply it to the volume before us without implying that its size is, in any degree, in excess of its pith and meaning. Indeed, if it had been less "bulky" and less weighty in a double sense, it would not have lain so long, not unnoticed, but shamefully neglected, on our table. The "indolent reviewer," and, in fact, any reviewer, is inclined to postpone dealing with a book like this, more on account of its shape and size and weight than the nature and quality of its subject matter. One cannot attack it in an easy chair or turn over its leaves while reclining on a couch. It must be approached formally, handled respectfully and treated with gravity and consideration.

Let us first glance at the "Proceedings," containing a report of the business of the Society, in which matter of much interest and importance will be found: the report of the Council, the addresses of the President, Principal Grant, and the Vice-President, Abbé Ladame, and the valuable reports of the many affiliated and corresponding local societies. These societies display a commendable, and, indeed, a surprising, activity, not only in literary culture, but in what is of the very utmost importance, local scientific and historical research throughout the Dominion. From Newfoundland to British Columbia these independent but auxiliary societies are making continual additions to our stores of local scientific, historical and archaeological knowledge; and the permanent value of their researches can hardly be over-estimated.

The President's address was eminently practical and suggestive, pointing out wherein the Society was weakest, in order that the members might "consider how best to give it strength for effective work." Among other changes, Dr. Grant proposed an increase in the number of members. "Our section should include the professors of English literature in every considerable university in the Dominion. . . . It should also, I think, include representatives of secondary schools, and young Canadians who have done good work in English literature and who would be willing to take trouble to bring the section into relation to Provincial educational forces. . . . Some of the most eminent mathematicians, chemists and physicists in Canada are not in the sections devoted to their sciences, and some of the most eminent biologists are not in the other science section. I may frankly say that I see no good reason for the exclusion of such men." In concluding, Dr. Grant paid a merited compliment to Dr. J. G. Bourinot, now President of the Society, from its inception its energetic and efficient honorary secretary. "To no one," he said, "is our comparative prosperity so due as to Dr. Bourinot; from first to last he has taken the heavy oar, and it is hardly too much to say that but for his devotion and untiring industry the Society would hardly have continued to exist in its entirety."

To adequately review the many papers included in the "Transactions" is manifestly impossible, and a mere enumeration of titles and writers would be unprofitable. The French section, which always merits careful consideration, we pass entirely over, merely mentioning M. David's eloquent tribute to the late Hon. P. J. O. Chau-

veau, one time President of the Society, and the equally eloquent "Réponse à M. David," by the poet and orator M. Louis Fréchette. In the English Literature section the longest and, to the general reader, probably the most interesting paper is Dr. Bourinot's "History of Cape Breton." This valuable addition to Canadian historical literature has been recently published in a separate volume and was ably reviewed in these columns a fortnight ago by Dr. S. E. Dawson of Ottawa.

It is exceedingly gratifying to notice the number of papers dealing with the history, language, manners, customs and arts of the native tribes of the Dominion. This is as it should be. The native races are disappearing or losing many of their distinctive characteristics. Some, like the Beothiks of Newfoundland, are already extinct. Too much diligence cannot, therefore, be used in collecting and preserving the memorials of these most interesting peoples whose place will soon know them no more forever. The first of these papers "Grammaire de la langue Algonquine (Première partie)," by the Abbé Cuoq, promises to be a very valuable addition to philology and comparative grammar. Dr. George M. Dawson has an able paper which he modestly entitles "Notes on the Shuswap People of British Columbia," and in which he treats of their tribal subdivisions, villages and houses, graves and burial places, customs and arts, history, language, mythology, folk-lore and superstitions, concluding with a long list of place-names in the Shuswap country, giving the Indian name, the adopted or map name, and the meaning of the Indian name. Dr. Dawson also contributes an "introductory note" to Mr. Alexander Mackenzie's "Descriptive Notes on Certain Implements, Weapons, etc., from Graham Island," Queen Charlotte Islands, B.C. But perhaps the most interesting contribution to Indian history is Rev. Dr. George Patterson's paper on "The Beothiks or Red Indians of Newfoundland." Dr. Patterson follows the thread of this slight but pathetic history from the notices of the earliest voyagers till the melancholy story closes with the death of the last known survivor in 1829. The race is now as extinct as the Dodo and the Great Auk. "Such a total destruction of a people is almost unparalleled. Other peoples have been cut off, but portions of them mixing with others have perpetuated, if not their name, at least their blood, but to them might be applied the language of Logan regarding himself: There runs not the blood of a Beothik in the veins of a single living creature. Nations have disappeared, but their material works or institutions remain as memorials of their genius or their power. But only a few rude stone implements testify to the skill of this people. Other races have had to see themselves dispossessed of their territory, but the names remain, testifying on the face of the country to the language of its former occupants, but not a storm-swept headland on the coast of Newfoundland, nor a stream or mountain in the interior, recalls the speech of those who once possessed the whole."

The gentlemen of the science section must pardon us if we are almost silent about their contributions to the volume. Nothing that we could say would, we are sure, arouse any general interest in the "Absorption Spectra of Solutions" or the "Symbolic Use of Demoiivre's Function" or "Parks Decipiens," or "The Orthoceratidae of the Trenton Limestone of the Winnipeg Basin." These and many other subjects equally alluring are treated of by some of the foremost scientists of Canada, and they will doubtless prove interesting and instructive to the specialist in the various departments of science to which they belong.

ART NOTES.

IN referring to the death of the late distinguished English sculptor, Woolner, the London *Times* says: "The dominant characteristic of Woolner's work, whether in sculpture or in poetry, is its entire conscientiousness and thoroughness. He spared no pains to get at the heart of his subject and to master every detail that could illustrate or embellish it. His workmanship was as thorough as his study. His time and labour were freely expended in the pursuit of perfection, without regard to the pecuniary considerations that too often take precedence of all else. There are no pot-boilers from his hand, and nothing in the long catalogue of his works that does not display truth of sentiment, purity of taste, and consummate executive ability. In life, as in art, he was the uncompromising foe of shams, of claptrap, and of superficiality. To other men's work in all departments he applied no other standard than that by which he habitually tested his own, and, while indulgent and even tender to honest effort, however imperfect its results, he was a severe critic of pretentious mediocrity. To those who won his confidence he was a firm and generous friend, and to many whose only claim was their misfortune he proved a liberal benefactor. His racy conversation, his pungent criticism, and his rich store of anecdote and reminiscence, drawn from a long and varied experience, will long dwell in the memory of those privileged to enjoy his friendship. Happy in his friends, yet more happy in his family, endowed with keen perceptions and abundant vitality, and blessed with the simple and healthy tastes which are the true sources of perennial enjoyment, he had much in common with the great poet who has just passed away, and whose intimate associate he was through long years of intellectual activity."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

WE are to have Sims and Raleigh's much-talked-about comedy "The Grey Mare" next week from the Lyceum Theatre, New York. Nothing is more indicative of the change in English taste, than Mr. George R. Sims' appearance as a co-author of this bright comedy. Mr. Sims is a skilful purveyor to the popular taste, and when he turns to delineation of comic scenes and characters it is a pretty sure sign that the days of the roast-beef melodrama are for the present ended. The tendency has, of course, been for a long time a marked one, but the accession of so distinguished a convert to the school of dramatic fun makers is a notable incident in the development of the drama. The piece is to be done by Daniel Frohman's special company of players.

ASSOCIATION HALL.

ON Tuesday evening, November 1st, a most enjoyable entertainment took place at Association Hall. The hall was well filled and the audience showed their appreciation by the somewhat primitive method of encoring every time. Miss Agnes Knox, the well-known elocutionist who has recently returned from a most successful trip to Europe, gave some excellent recitations. Miss Knox has undoubtedly mastered the technique of her art and possesses a full yet exquisitely modulated voice; but both these accomplishments are acquired by men and women of a very inferior order. This lady has something besides, something which Delsartism or the mastery of the mechanism of the emotions can never give, a spontaneity which stamps the artist *per se*. These seven selections with which Miss Knox favoured her audience showed her in very different rôles. As *Cleopatra*, without a soupçon of stage illusion, she certainly threw into a somewhat turgid poem a force and feverish energy peculiarly her own, and one could not help wishing that she had chosen instead a passage from "Antony and Cleopatra," or those beautiful lines in "A Dream of Fair Women." Amongst her lighter selections may be mentioned a pathetic little piece, entitled "The Shadow on the Wall," some rather mournful verses with the refrain "I Only Know She Came and Went," and one of the Ingoldsby Legends, to all of which she did more than justice. In Aytoun's "The Island of the Scots" Miss Knox was perhaps at her best; the fire of these splendid lines, which never degenerate into bombast, was given in all its fervour. And the pathos of them, the subtle transition from a patriot's pride to an alien's sorrow, was shown in all its intensity. In her reading of perhaps one of the most difficult passages in "Hamlet," Miss Knox showed the dramatic instinct which prefers latent force in reserve to uncontrolled emotion *en évidence*. The Enterpia Choir opened the programme with "Anchored," and received a well-merited encore; their "Calumny Slumbers" at the commencement of Part II. was also exceedingly pretty. This is a new organization and deserves great credit. Miss Maggie Huston's charming voice was heard to advantage, particularly in R. de Kovens, "A Winter Lullaby." Mr. F. Warrington, who was received with much enthusiasm, sang some comic songs in his rich baritone and with all his accustomed vivacity. The "Handel Male Quartette" delighted the audience with "On the Sea" and "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," both of which, needless to say, were encored. The entertainment was in all respects one of the very best we have witnessed in the hall this year.

ON Saturday, November 5th, a novel and attractive institution was brought to a successful close; we refer to YE OLDE ENGLYSHE FAYRE. The Pavilion was crowded every day with men, women and children who looked and bought and wondered, and looked and bought again. The illusion was complete; there were the olde costumes and with them something of the spirit of that old-time merrie England when there were bull-baits indeed but no school boards. A special feature was the representation of the seasons of the year through the medium of tableaux and dances, in which over a hundred performers took part. Amongst these were butterflies and bees, imps and cupids joining hands in the mad merriment of the world of dreams. Mrs. George Artkurs, Mrs. Drayton and Mrs. Bendelari are to be congratulated upon having designed and staged this lovely dream labyrinth, in which the harmony of mingled contrasts was completely attained. In the quaint costumes of long years ago many fair faces could be seen in the shops and booths surrounding the square. Each department had its own peculiar style of dress, and the square seemed literally to flash with light and colour. On Wednesday and Friday afternoon the Upper Canada College Musical Society, under the excellent leadership of Mr. Walter H. Robinson, gave an attractive programme. Space will not admit our entering into detail in regard to the several performances of very high merit which took place at the faire. Suffice it to say that the people of Toronto appreciated a very audacious attempt to revive even for a few days those poetic "old times" so alien to the positivism of to-day. We cannot speak in too high terms of the energy and good taste of Mrs. Herbert Mason, the president, and of the able manner in which she was seconded by the ladies of the St. George's Society, ye exchequer of which doubtless will now be filled with doubloons and guineas galore.

THAT indefatigable gleaner of musical facts, fancies and figures, Mr. A. Willhartitz, of Los Angeles,

Cal., sends us the following tables, which are quite ingenious and interesting. This is what Mr. Willhartitz says: "It may be of interest to your readers to be shown in a concise way which country is best entitled to the name of musical. Of 9,260 names in my forthcoming lexicon, where the nativity of the different musicians is given, I find the following—being the true showing—to wit:—

Albania.....	1	Malta.....	3
Arabia.....	6	Mexico.....	1
Austria.....	368	Netherlands.....	36
Belgium.....	173	Norway.....	11
Bohemia.....	238	Persia.....	1
Brazil.....	3	Poland.....	33
Canada.....	5	Portugal.....	42
Chili.....	1	Rome.....	18
Corfu.....	1	Roumania.....	1
Cuba.....	2	Russia.....	119
Denmark.....	40	Scotland.....	32
England.....	1,105	Spain.....	233
Flanders.....	2	Sweden.....	31
France.....	1,349	Switzerland.....	42
Germany.....	2,569	Syria.....	1
Greece.....	27	Turkey.....	2
Holland.....	188	United States.....	595
Hungary.....	89	Wales.....	8
Italy.....	1,929	West Indies.....	1
Ireland.....	49	Zealand.....	1
Jamaica.....	1		

Austria should have included Bohemia and Hungary, which would have swelled the number to 696, but the latter two countries were nearly always considered separate, and so it was left thus on this occasion. Holland, Flanders and the Netherlands might have been bunched; also England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, which would have given Great Britain 1,194. The great number of English musicians given in comparison to Italy, Germany and France may be accounted for by the fact that Sir G. Grove and his assistants, as well as their several followers and successors, have raked and scraped the British Isles for names of musicians, many of whom could not have figured as such before German, Italian and French compilers. My 'Lexicon' being in its characteristics a compendium to all existing musico-historical works, I was obliged to bring all given names. While England has 1,194 names, the United States of America have but a few above one-half the number, viz., 595, which, of course, falls short of a true showing. Whether the English are more forward than we are, or whether the average or probably the better musicians seek seclusion and shirk notoriety, remains a question. I have spent time, money and labour for the purpose of giving a good and true showing of what we are doing as a musical country, but am very much afraid that I am falling short a goodly number."—*The Musical Courier*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

AN ISLAND PARADISE AND REMINISCENCES OF TRAVEL. By H. Spencer Howell. Toronto: Hart and Riddell. 1892.

This is in all respects a beautiful book. The binding is not only in excellent taste, but is thoroughly suited to the contents. The paper and type are nearly as good as they could be. So far, our commendation applies to the publishers; and we may assert that Messrs. Hart and Company who are famous for the beauty of their publications have seldom put forth anything quite as charming as the volume which lies before us.

When we go on to remark that the "Reminiscences of Travel" here put on record are not undeserving of the form in which they are given to the public, we have said enough to commend a book which will furnish most readers with information and all with entertainment. It was by what is called an accident that Mr. Spencer Howell made his way from Australia to Canada by way of the Pacific and the Hawaiian Islands—the "Paradise of the Pacific"; where he spent a few weeks at Honolulu, its capital, and a week on a trip to the volcano country of Hawaii. Out of this latter visit which contained a descent into the active crater of Kilauea (a foolhardy undertaking, the writer says) came a paper which was read before the Canadian Institute, which is here enlarged into five chapters giving an account of the history of the islands, their natural features, and particularly of their beautiful capital. Hawaii is not unknown to Englishmen or Canadians. In various ways we have got to know a great deal about its people, especially the noble Kamehameha II., and his Queen Emma. Moreover the little book of our accomplished neighbour Mrs. Forsyth Grant has added considerably to our knowledge; and now we have this admirably written account by Mr. Howell which previous publications have in no way rendered unnecessary. We wish we could give some extracts. We have marked several as worthy of quotation and adapted for the purpose; but space forbids.

The second part—"Reminiscences of Travel"—consists of ten chapters, describing first a journey "across the American continent" from Toronto to San Francisco, which has some charming sketches of our own country and of California. In the third chapter we find ourselves at Ceylon and India. The writer does not generally give us any details of his journeys from one place to another, but drops down, as it were, upon the locality and proceeds to tell us all about it. We think this is a good plan, and saves a good deal of time. After India we find ourselves at Malta, at Gibraltar, in London; and then (chap. v.) at Brussels and Antwerp and Edinburgh. The only detailed account of a journey is one of a voyage of eighty days to Australia, part of which, as may be guessed, was spent

MRS. L. B. WALFORD, in the New York Critic, says of Sir Noël Paton that he has just finished a very important picture: As is now his almost invariable custom, he has chosen a solemn subject, and, it must be confessed, to my mind, a dreary one. "De Profundis" represents a female figure climbing a mountainous path, amid chill mists, which rise out of black, impenetrable darkness beneath. The figure, miserably clad in soiled and tattered raiment, with long black hair streaming loose, and bare arms extended, represents a struggling human soul, which the divine form appearing above is drawing upwards to a land of joy and peace. Sir Noël Paton has written some verses descriptive of the picture, which are worth perusal, as affording an insight into its fuller meaning. The conception is certainly a noble one; but I confess to a distaste for Sir Noël's colouring—especially for his free mixture of red and blue—and look forward to the engraving of "De Profundis," preferring, in nearly every instance, the engravings of his pictures to the pictures themselves. A trifling reminiscence connected with this subject may interest your readers. Some years ago I chanced to meet Sir Noël Paton on the shores of a beautiful Scottish loch, all alone, with an open Bible in his hand. He put his finger between his pages as he rose to greet me, and still kept it there as we talked. Supposing he might be devoting a quiet hour to devotional reading in the secluded spot, I made no remark on the nature of his studies; but after a few minutes he observed, with a glance downwards, "You see, I am getting a new picture." He then proceeded to explain that it was his habit, before setting down to his winter's work, to walk about in the neighbourhood of his summer residence, wherever that might be, with his Bible in his hand, seeking for an inspiration. Sometimes the inspiration came almost immediately; at others, he was weeks before he could please himself. The following spring appeared "The Good Shepherd," one of the finest of his works.

MR. HOMER WATSON'S recent success in London, England, is praiseworthy and gratifying. The pictures mentioned in the following descriptions, from the pen of the Hon. James Young, communicated to the Galt Reformer, have the one been hung in the place of honour at the Gopil Gallery, Bond Street, and the other been purchased by the manager of the Gallery and hung beside some of the best examples of Clausen, Peppercorn and J. Hitchcock, who may be pronounced the most prominent of the younger men of the English school: 3. "The Edge of the Forest." This is a charming painting, and, so far as an amateur can judge, one of the best productions of Mr. Watson's brush. There is a very natural foreground, then the edge of the forest, the foliage of which is dense and beautifully natural, while through below the trees glinting in the distance is a typical Berkshire village bathed in a flood of light. The foreground, the forest, the village—all are beautifully conceived and skilfully executed. Though not so large as the former two, this seemed to be the gem of the collection, and is a picture at once so striking and pleasing, that it will be surprising if it does not greatly attract Art connoisseurs and raise its author a niche higher on the ladder of fame. 4. "A Lothian Moorland," is a sketch of Scottish moorland, redolent of the land of "brown heath and shaggy wood," and the details of which are very naturally and pleasingly worked out. We have pleasure in presenting to our readers some views of Mr. Watson on the new phases of Art which is styled "The Impressionist." Millais, Leighton, J. Watts cling more to the old way of painting as exemplified by the early masters, but the younger men with an eye and idea of getting something new and fresh in the world of art have studied the laws of light and evanescence, i.e., the way objects melt into the subtle medium of atmosphere in which they are environed. In landscape it is no longer a question of painting, a view, or well-known scene, that takes with those well qualified to judge as to the merits or demerits of this art. It is rather the expression of some idea or of some mood of nature and generally of some simple subject in which scope is given for the full play of what artists now consider the great essential thing, and that is the value of objects as they show as colour tones. To represent these with a full brush, suggesting by well studied strokes nature's infinity of detail rather than niggling at the lesser truths, attention to which breeds conflict always with the large essential truths. Rendering a thing in this way has been called impressionism. When done with masterly as in the best examples of Whistler and the three men named, it conveys a sense of lasting joy; but there are those who seek by this method to slight work. They are not artists and are not recognized by those who are faithful in work and study; too often however such empty productions are viewed by the public as examples of the impressionist school. They are really the weeds of the art field. The true impressionist is he who leaves on his canvas a large array of what has been discovered to be the most artistic truths of nature, all expressed with the knowledge, sought out, that a feeling for spontaneity and breadth of handling gives.

OUR deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds.—George Eliot.

I HAVE enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved.—Schiller.

THE Spartans do not enquire how many the enemy are, but where they are.—Agis II.

"in the doldrums." In the last three chapters we have accounts of Sydney and Melbourne.

Two things may be said about the contents of this volume, first, that it is very pleasant reading from beginning to end, and secondly that all the descriptions of scenes and localities known to the present writer give evidence of accurate observation and of very considerable powers of description. All, for example, which is said about Brussels, Antwerp, and Edinburgh is excellent and will be much enjoyed by those who have been there, and give a good notion of the places to those who have never seen them. When we mention, among the associations of Edinburgh, Holyrood, Mary Queen of Scots, John Knox, Bonnie Prince Charlie, the Castle, Rosslyn Chapel, and Hawthornden, it will be seen that there is something for every class of reader.

SPANISH CITIES, with Glimpses of Gibraltar and Tangier. By Charles Augustus Stoddard. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs. 1892.

Spain is a land of romance, its rugged mountains, rapid rivers, and rich historic past, as well as the varied and picturesque elements which constitute its nationality, make it an attractive object for the traveller. Full justice has been done to this fascinating country from their varied standpoints by such able writers as Borrow, Irving and Hare. The lover of books of travel will however welcome the latest volume, if it be clearly and attractively written, which bears him back to familiar scenes and adds to the pleasures of memory the freshness and novelty of a new setting to the old picture.

Mr. Stoddard writes in the keen incisive style of an educated American. A close observer, a clear describer, and a concise stater of facts and figures, he yet imparts to his narrative the imaginative interest of legendary tales, and the appropriate accompaniment of historical allusion. He is, too, fair and impartial, as where he prefers the simplicity and convenience of the Spanish baggage transfer to that of New York; and divests the smoking, staring Madrelino of intentional rudeness as fully as he does "the tobacco chewing and squirting American"; and where he pays a just tribute to the English people, "chief of the Christian powers of Europe, which carries the worship of the true God wherever her armies march or her flag is planted." We feel his statement of England's position at Gibraltar is, however, narrow if not ungenerous. Pride is no more Britain's excuse for withholding Gibraltar from Spain than dishonesty and avarice are United States motives in withholding Maine from Britain. Gibraltar, now a necessity to the Empire, was won in fair fight by force of arms. Maine was won in peaceful arbitration, by force of fraud.

When the people of the United States restore Maine to the British Empire and repay to her the unclaimed Alabama claims (?), her writers can then with becoming modesty suggest to England the restoration of Gibraltar to Spain.

Mr. Stoddard's book is well worth reading, and its photographic illustrations add to its value. Many interesting towns and cities are described, and cathedrals, palaces, works of art, and objects of interest, are referred to. The people and their customs and habits portrayed, and the end of a short visit to Tangier and its Moorish inhabitants, make the reader sorry to part company with his entertaining and instructive guide.

SOUTH SEA IDYLS. By Charles Warren Stoddard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs. 1892.

Mr. Stoddard has gathered together in a new volume of 339 pages, under the above appropriate heading, seventeen delightful sketches, which, though they first were published many years ago, will, we are sure, be far more heartily welcomed now than when they first appeared. The author's treatment of his subjects is idyllic indeed, and the air of romance with which he invests the life of the far-off dwellers in the Southern Sea gives to his prose the charm, and almost suggests the rhythm, of poetry. His pen picturing resembles the art of the skilful impressionist; unfettered by minute detail, he stirs the imagination with the compelling power of a mastery of general effect; though at times his mastery of detail is also admirable. His descriptions of scenery are as exquisite as his delineations of character are delightful. We fancy many readers of these charming sketches will not dispute the dictum of W. D. Howells in his introductory letter, wherein he writes of them as "the lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that ever were written about the life of that summer ocean."

The November number of *Outing* commences with a study of Japanese archery entitled "Yumi: The Japanese Long-Bow," from the pen of Robert G. Denio. "Through Darkest America" is continued in this number. Walter Camp writes on "Battles of the Football Season of 1891," and Fanny B. Workman contributes a readable paper on "Bicycle Riding in Germany." Frank G. Lenz continues his "Around the World with Wheel and Camera" in this number, which is in all respects a very fair one.

The *Expository Times* begins a new volume with the October number, and we have pleasure in again directing the attention of Preachers and Bible Class and Sunday-

school Teachers to this most scholarly and useful publication. Among "Notes of Recent Expositions" there are some excellent comments on Professor Huxley's recently published "Agnostic Essays." Wendt's great book on the "Teaching of Jesus" is reviewed by Rev. D. Eaton; Professor Sayce writes on the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, contending that the matter of the record was derived from the ancient annals of the nations concerned. One article of nearer interest to ourselves is a very thoughtful and scholarly contribution on "Recent Biblical Study in Canada" from the pen of Professor Symonds, late of Trinity College.

UNIVERSITY settlement is the first subject discussed in the October number of the *Andover Review*, to the answering of which question Mr. Robert A. Woods contributes a paper entitled "The University Settlement Idea," which is followed by "The Place of College Settlements," from the pen of Miss Vida D. Scudder. "The Poetry of Donne" is the name of a skilful and appreciative critique of this quaint old poet which no reader of the October number should pass by. The Rev. E. Blakeslee writes on "Adaptation versus Uniformity in Sunday-school Lessons." Amongst the editorials may be mentioned the following interesting papers: "The Divinity of Christ versus The Divine Human Personality," "The Chicago meeting of the American Board" and "The Decision of the Board of Visitors." Mr. Joseph King, M.A., contributes some "Notes from England" to this very creditable issue.

The last number of the respected Caledonian quarterly, the *Scottish Review*, presents its readers with a variety of interesting and able articles. Different tastes are well suited. The Lyon King of Arms, J. Balfour Paul, writes learnedly on "Scottish Heraldry." "The Story of Mary Shelley" is told by Annie Armit. A paper on "Forfarshire," by J. H. Crawford, is both historic and pre-historic. "Freeman's History of Sicily, vol. iii." affords J. E. Bury a good subject for critical treatment. Other excellent contributions are "Scottish Origin of the Merlin Myth," "The Natural Basis of Speech," "The Anthropological History of Europe," "Kossuth and Klapka," by Karl Blind, and "How the Scottish Union has Worked." As a whole the number is one in which much ability is displayed.

WILLIAM SLOANE KENNEDY commences the November number of the *New England Magazine* with an appropriate paper entitled "In Whittier's Land," which is followed by "Whittier, the Poet and the Man," from the pen of Frances C. Sparhawk. Irving Berdine Richman writes an interesting paper on "The Home of Black Hawk." "The Old Stage Road," a poem by Irene Putman, has a certain swing and force about it which redeem it from the ranks of the commonplace. Richard Marsh continues his "A Prophet" in this number. "Old Hadley" is the title of an interesting descriptive paper by Julia Taft Bayne. Louise Manning Hodgkins writes on "Wellesley College." William P. Andrews contributes a graceful poem on "George William Curtis." A good number is brought to a close with the "Editor's Table."

"PAGAN TEMPLES IN SAN FRANCISCO" is the name of an interesting paper in the November *Californian* from the pen of Frederic J. Masters, D.D. "If the Shadows Tell Not," by Mary Emelyn McClure, is a pretty little poem. Emelie T. Y. Parkhurst contributes a carefully-written article on "Coffee in Guatemala." Thomas Crawford Johnston opens the important question of "Did the Phœnicians Discover America?" in this number. W. H. Carpenter contributes a weird tale, "The Story of Rothenstein." Dr. Lyman Allen writes a short but suggestive paper on "Millionaires." Amy Elizabeth Leigh's poem, entitled "High Tide," is vigorous and contains some really pretty lines. "Our Commercial Growth and the Tariff" is the name of a most interesting paper by Richard H. McDonald, Jr. M. G. C. Edholm writes a strong, earnest paper upon that fearful subject the "Traffic in White Girls." The November issue is a very fair number.

MARGARET DELAND continues "The Story of a Child" in the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. W. Henry Winslow contributes an interesting paper entitled "Mr. Jolley Allen." Edward Everett Hall continues his valuable historical study, "A New England Boyhood." "The Withrow Water Right" is the name of a story in two parts from the pen of Margaret Collier Graham. Oliver Wendell Holmes contributes a charming poem "In memory of John Greenleaf Whittier," from which we quote the following verse:—

Nay, let not fancies, born of old beliefs,
Play with the heart beats that are throbbing still,
And waste their outworn phrases on the griefs,
The silent griefs that words can only chill.

"Don Orsino" reaches the twenty-sixth chapter in this issue. "We all need ever to remember that mastery over self for high ends is the great educational aim," writes Samuel W. Dike in his suggestive paper on "Sociology in the Higher Education of Women." Theodore Bacon contributes a particularly interesting paper on "Some Breton Folk-Songs." "The Contributors Club" brings an excellent number to a close.

"PERSIA, by the Hon. George N. Curzon," is gracefully and fully noticed in the *Edinburgh Review* for November. The writer says of it: "It may justly be regarded as the most remarkable and elaborate book of the year." "Morelli's Italian Painters" is next noticed and is styled a remarkable volume. Finely critical is the full notice of the "Histoire des Princes de Condé.

Par. II M. Duc d'Aumale. Tome VI," the comparison between Condé and Turenne being especially good. Under the general heading "Population" three volumes relating to that subject are discussed. Works by Canon Driver, Professor Ryle and Professor Robertson Smith, respectively, are grouped in a review entitled "British Criticism of the Old Testament," which begins with these ominous words: "Sacred books that will not bear critical investigation can hardly be regarded as worthy of serious notice." Another noticeable historical review in this number is that entitled "Marshal Saxe and the Marquis d'Argenson."

THE *Art Amateur* for November is accompanied by three beautiful colour plates, being (1) "A Fragrant Decoration," by Paul de Longpré. (2) "Winter Landscape," by Bruce Crane, and (3) "China Decoration" (cup and saucer), by Elizabeth Coneyus. There are also six excellent supplemental designs. Many and varied are the contributions under the heading "Gallery and Studio," among which we notice sketches and examples of the eminent English animal painter, J. T. Nettlehip, and the well-known French artist, Claude Monet. This is indeed an excellent number. We cannot help remarking the fearless and manly tone of the critical notes by the editor. Such outspoken and independent expressions of opinion are highly creditable, and add greatly to the interest and value of this admirable Art Journal. A community that is not the better for wise and honest criticism is far removed from purity of motive and loftiness of ideal. Such editors as the *Art Amateur* possesses are the veritable salt of the neighbouring Republic.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

DR. BOURINOT, President of the Royal Society of Canada, has been officially informed from Paris that that body has been left a valuable collection of books by the will of the late Xavier Marmier, one of the members of the famous Academy of France.

MR. STUART LIVINGSTON, author of the tale "Professor Paul," which appeared in our columns, has, it is announced, decided to appear before the public of Hamilton in a new capacity—that of lecturer. The first subject chosen by Mr. Livingston is Bjornstén Bjornstone, the Swedish poet.

CAPT. ERNEST CRUIKSHANK, who has already produced several valuable historical pamphlets on the war of 1812, will very shortly have ready a most important pamphlet of seventy or eighty pp. on Col. John Butler, "Butler's Rangers," a personage and a period in our history at present but very imperfectly known.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY have published "Down in Dixie," by Stanton P. Allen; "Famous Pets," by Eleanor Lewis; "Shakespeare's Twilights," and the new edition of Tennyson's "Holy Grail," with illustrations by Taylor. They have also recently issued two books for young people—"Jack Brereton's Three Months' Service," by Maria McIntosh Cox, and "Gulf and Glacier," by Willis Boyd Allen.

THE burial place of Col. Robert Nichol Brock's Commissary and friend, and whom Chas. Mair has placed among his *dramatis personæ*, in "Tecumseh," has lately been found to be at Niagara. No stone had ever been erected to the memory of this worthy officer who lost all his property in consequence of the war of 1812, and was killed one dark night in May, 1824, having fallen down the mountain.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY announce the issue of a collection of papers by the late Sir Daniel Wilson, LL.D., entitled "The Lost Atlantis, and Other Ethnographic Studies." It contains essays on Trade and Commerce in the Stone Age, The Æsthetic Faculty in Aboriginal Races, Hybridity and Heredity, etc. The same publishers announce by Mrs. Wm. Kingdon Clifford a book of short stories under the title "The Last Touches and other Stories."

THE Cassell Publishing Company are bringing out a new novel by Georges Ohnet. The title of the new novel is "Niurod & Co.," and it will appear in Cassell's Sunshine Series, translated by Mrs. M. J. Serrano; a new book by Barry Pain, called "Playthings and Parodies"; "The Reputation of George Saxon," a collection of stories by Morley Roberts; "A New England Cactus, and Other Tales," by Frank Hope Humphrey.

MR. WILLIAM HOUSTON, an erewhile journalist, and for a number of years parliamentary librarian for the Ontario Legislature, has received an appointment in connection with the Education Department. He has been put in charge of the Teachers Institutes in Ontario, and in this position excellent work may be expected of him. He has kept himself in close touch with educational interests, in which he has taken an active part. Mr. Houston has been as well an active member of the Senate of Toronto University, and a High School trustee.

THE *Rural Canadian* for November is bright and varied, and combines as a good agricultural journal should do, practical suggestions and experience, that may be put into dollars and cents forthwith, with the able expositions of the theories on which the steady advances of modern agriculture depend. Amongst the leading articles are one Prof. Freer Thoryer, the eminent English authority, and Prof. Shutt, of the Ottawa Experimental Farm, besides an article on too-rowed barley, which embodies new and very suggestive information affecting

public policy in the development of the culture of this grain in Canada.

THE Canadian Institute announce the following programme of papers for November: on Saturday, 12th, "Physiology of the Lips in Speech" by A. Hamilton, M. A., M.D.; on Saturday 19th, "The Great Fires in St. John's, Newfoundland, from 1816," by Rev. Philip Tocque, A.M.; and "Contribution to Canadian Mineralogy," by Herbert R. Wood, M.A.; on Saturday, 26th, "The Brain as the Organ of the Mind," by Daniel Clark, M.D. In the Natural History (Biological) Section, on Monday, 7th, "Recent Changes in the Birds of Manitoba," by Ernest E. Thompson. In the Historical Section on Thursday, 17th, "The Georgian Bay—a Midsummer Historical Excursion," by J. C. Hamilton, M.A., LL.B.

Wide Awake for 1893 will provide for its readers the following four promising serial stories: "Guert Ten Eyck," by William O. Stoddard, the romance of a Dutch boy and a Yankee girl; "The Midshipmen's Mess," by Molly Elliot Seawell. This new story is bubbling over with fun and frolic; "An Ocala Boy," by Maurice Thompson, a sparkling story of modern Florida, and "Piokee and her People," by Theodora R. Jenness, a striking story of an Indian girl. Another prominent and popular feature for 1893 will be "Wide Awake Athletics," a series of articles for both boys and girls, by experts in out-of-door sports and contests.

THE Cupples Company, of Boston, announce for immediate publication: "Heinrich Heine: his Wit, Wisdom, Poetry," preceded by the famous Essay on Heine of Matthew Arnold, embellished with illustrations consisting of portraits, view of Heine's birthplace, *fac-simile* of hand writing, etc., new to English readers, and edited by Newell Dunbar. This is a volume of selections from Heine's poetry, and prose translated into English. "The Real and Ideal in Literature," a volume of essays by Frank Preston Stearns, translator of Von Holst's "John Brown." With a portrait of the late Frederick Wadsworth Loring. "Txleama: A Tale of Ancient Mexico," by J. A. Knowlton, a Romance of the time of Cortez.

THE *Illustrated News*, of 29th inst., has the following interesting reminiscence of the late Laureate: "Mr. Cameron gives us a remarkable description of one of the poet's favourite readings. It was his habit to take visitors into his study and declaim to them in that peculiar style which Mrs. Thackeray-Ritchie has described as an incantation. 'Never shall I forget,' writes Mr. Cameron, 'the effect of his reading of his weird and dramatic poem, "Rizpah." It was my good fortune to travel down to Aldworth with Madame Modjeska, and after dinner the poet took us to his study and read "Rizpah" to us. Modjeska was completely overcome, and threw herself at the poet's feet, and, seizing his hand, kissed it again and again.' Of the reading itself, Mr. Cameron says: 'It was a melodious chant, never to be forgotten. His sweet, full voice echoed round the corners of the room, and its exquisite tenderness will echo in my heart forever.'

In the *Toronto Sunday World*, of October 30, appeared a most interesting paper entitled "Some Men I Have Known," and signed by the well known *nom de plume*, "Ebor." The author of "Church Rambles" has made a departure in this instance, and has substituted for his critical vivacity in connection with Toronto's ministers some studies of the world in general, learned in that realistic school, experience. The subject of this particular paper is Mr. Stead, the editor of the *Review of Reviews*. Ebor and Stead were old friends and comrades, and the genial sketcher of the *Sunday World* gives us a most clear insight into the character of this indefatigable worker, this radical "cosmopolitan in his sympathies." "I think now," writes Ebor, "that my quondam philosopher and friend is presiding over the magazine which bids fair to have the largest circulation in the world. He is not so much of a square man in a round hole as he was when he had, perforce, to enact the character of the old man and his ass in trying to please his intellectual and somewhat cynical, if not sceptical, clientele, the readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette*." Ebor is more than a light sketcher; there is in his writings a certain graceful philosophy which recognizes the force of "quoniam ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?" and unites the gossip of the man of the world with the seriousness of the man of reflection. It will be interesting to our readers to learn, if they do not know it already, that this agreeable and versatile writer is no other than Henry Taylor Howard, city editor of the *World*, late assistant editor of the *York Daily Herald*, England. Mr. Howard has also held the position of editor of the *York Weekly Herald*, and has been editor of the *York Evening Press*. His interesting letters from Ireland in connection with Mr. Blake's dubious mission in that country have been much discussed, and we can only say in conclusion that we shall look forward to many more studies of men and things from the pen of one who has learned the lesson of life without its bitterness.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Birkmaier, Elizabeth G. Poseidon's Paradise. San Francisco: The Clemens Pub. Co.
 Machar, Agnes Maule. Roland Graeme Knight. Montreal: Wm. Drysdale & Co.
 Wrong, George M., B.A. The Crusade of 1383. London: Jno. Parker & Co.; Toronto: The Williamson Book Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

WHITTIER.

WHITTIER is thus fitly described by Oliver Wendell Holmes in his memorial poem in the November *Atlantic Monthly*:—

Peaceful thy message, yet for struggling right,
 When Slavery's gauntlet in our face was flung,
 While timid weaklings watched the dubious fight
 No herald's challenge more defiant rung.

Yet was thy spirit tuned to gentle themes
 Sought in the haunts thy humble youth had known.
 Our stern New England's hills and vales and streams,—
 Thy tuneful idylls made them all their own.

The wild flowers springing from thy native sod
 Lent all their charms thy new-world song to fill,—
 Gave thee the mayflower and the golden-rod
 To match the daisy and the daffodil.

Best loved and saintliest of our singing train,
 Earth's noblest tributes to thy name belong.
 A lifelong record closed without a stain,
 A blameless memory shrined in deathless song.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps thus concludes her poem on the death of Whittier in the November number of the *Atlantic*:—

Thou spirit! who in spirit and in truth
 Didst worship utterly the unseen God;
 Thine age the blossom of a stainless youth;
 Thy soul the star that swings above the sod.
 No prayer to heaven ever lighter rose
 Than thy pure life, escaped, ariseth now,
 Thou hushes like a chord unto its close,
 Thou ceasest as the Amen to a vow.

To starving spirits, needing heavenly bread,—
 The bond or free, with wrong or right at strife;
 To quiet tears of mourners comforted
 By music set unto eternal life.
 These are thine ushers at the Silent Gate;
 To these appealing, thee we give in trust.
 Glad heart! Forgive unto us, desolate,
 The sob with which we leave thy sacred dust!

Sacred the passion-flower of thy fame.
 To thee, obedient, "Write," the Angel saith.
 Proudly life's holiest hopes preserve thy name,
 Thou poet of the people's Christian faith.
 Master of song! Our idler verse shall burn
 With shame before thee, Beauty dedicate!
 Prophet of God! We write upon thine urn,
 Who, being Genius, held it consecrate:

AMERICAN THEATRES FROM AN ACTOR'S POINT OF VIEW.

ONE of the strongest proofs of the relatively small importance of the theatres in the United States is the lack of buildings built solely for the drama. In Europe, theatres bear the character of public buildings and are situated in a square with plenty of space around them. Here nearly all of them are crowded between the shops in business streets. They present externally very slight indication of their exceptional character, except by means of a signboard and a frame with photographs of actors and actresses exposed in the open lobby. In some large cities the manager of to-day attempts, by adorning the front entrance of his building, to give it something of an artistic air; but in the majority of towns the lack of respect for the appearance of the theatre is appalling. Very often one has to pass through a drug store to the stage, and both of these establishments are frequently under the same management. The arrangements behind the scenes are still worse, and though I have learned not to expect too much, I cannot be reconciled to the appearance of the stage entrances and to the condition of the dressing-rooms. There is an unpardonable negligence in this regard on the part of the local managers, who seem to consider nothing but the box-office. The actor during the intervals of his work has not even the chance of resting or breathing in his dingy dressing-room, which is without air, or rather is filled with bad air, and in its equipment is both shabby and unclean. These inconveniences and drawbacks, however, are trifles in comparison with the greater evils which affect the character of dramatic art in this country, the main one of which is a complete lack of stock companies.—*Madame Modjeska, in the Forum.*

THE MAGICIAN AND THE SULTAN.

DURING the passage on the yacht we became more familiar, and I was brought into close contact with the Sultan and noticed that he had a most magnificent watch, which he consulted and handled as if it were the apple of his eye. This, of course, was a good thing for me, for, as I was performing before him personally, it was not etiquette to take anything from the audience. I therefore asked him to take out his watch and show it to me, which he did. I then said: "Will Your Imperial Majesty allow me to throw the watch overboard?" He laughed at first, but a second afterwards his brow darkened, and he looked

a little bit as if he were offended with me for making the request. "If," said I, "I do not return the watch to you exactly as you gave it to me, you can put me in irons for the rest of my life if you want to." The Sultan looked me straight in the eye with a piercing glance for a second, handed the watch to me, and I instantly threw it into the rippling waves of the Bosphorus. The yacht careened over, for every individual, from the cabin boy on the fore-castle to the Sultan himself astern, rushed to the side and looked overboard after the watch. I felt that if anything went wrong with this trick I certainly should be put in irons; but I called for a fishing line, and, instead of showing my anxiety, at once proceeded to do a little fishing, while everyone looked at me, not so much with astonishment as with pure disbelief in my ability to recover the watch, which was not only one of the things in the world the Sultan liked, but was worth a great deal more than any watch I myself had ever seen. My fishing, however, happened to be prosperous, for in a few minutes I drew up a little shiner and landed him safely on deck. I brought it before the Sultan, took out my pocket-knife, ripped open the fish and presented the watch to His Majesty, in, of course, exactly the same condition as it was when he handed it to me. Turks, as a rule, are not very demonstrative, and I found in after life that to make a Turk laugh heartily is impossible. They smile, look pleased, and with their daintily-pointed nails pick their beards, but on this occasion every Turk, from the Sultan and his blue-blooded pashas to the sailors in the fore-castle, sent up one howl of delight that floated over the beautiful Golden-Horn and re-echoed from the hills of Asia.—"*Some Adventures of a Necromancer,*" by *Chevalier Herrmann, in North American Review.*

WHAT IS PASSION IN POETRY?

WHAT is this quality which we recognize as passion in imaginative literature? What does Milton signify, in his masterly tractate on education, by the element of poetry which, as we have seen, he mentions last, as if to emphasize it? Poetry, he says, is simple—and so is all art at its best; it is sensuous—and thus related to our mortal perceptions; lastly, it is passionate—and this, I think, it must be to be genuine. In popular usage the word "passion" is almost a synonym for love, and we hear of "poets of passion," votaries of Eros or Anteros, as the case may be. Love has a fair claim to its title of the master passion, despite the arguments made in behalf of friendship and ambition respectively, and whether supremacy over human conduct, or its service to the artistic imagination, be the less. Almost every narrative-poem, novel or drama, whatsoever other threads its coil may carry, seems to have love for a central strand. Love has the heart of youth in it,

—And the heart
 Giveth grace unto every art.

Love, we know, has brought about historic wars and treaties, has founded dynasties, made and unmade chiefs and cabinets, inspired men to great deeds or lured them to evil: in our own day has led more than one of its subjects to imperil the liberty of a nation, if not to deem, with Dryden's royal pair, "the world well lost"—a strenuous passion indeed, and one the force of which pervades imaginative literature. But if Milton had used the word "impassioned," his meaning would be plainer to the vulgar apprehension. Poetic passion is intensity of emotion. Absolute sincerity banishes artifice, ensures earnest and natural expression; then beauty comes without effort, and the imaginative note is heard. We have the increased stress of breath, the tone and volume, that sway the listener. You cannot fire his imagination, you cannot rouse your own, in quite cold blood. Profound emotion seems, also, to find the aptest word, the strongest utterance—not the most voluble or spasmodic—and to be content with it. Wordsworth speaks of "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," while Mill says that "the poetry of a poet is feeling itself, using thought only as a means of expression." The truth is that passion uses the imagination to supply conceptions for its language. On the other hand, the poet, imagining situations and experiences, becomes excited through dwelling on them. But whether passion or imagination be first aroused, they speed together like the wind-sired horses of Achilles.—*E. C. Stedman, in the Century for October.*

WALT WHITMAN, in curious consistency with his poetic philosophy, insisted that ever man and woman possessed a floral prototype. His pretty custom was to select and lay before each friend's picture that flower or leaf that seemed to him most nearly symbolical of the original's personality. On the upper ledge of his desk a group of pictured feminine faces often watched him at his work, and before each he placed some flower or bit of greenery. A rose, perhaps, was for the woman whose nature bore some semblance, in his mind, to that regal blossom; before another, an oak-leaf suggested the strength of a male friend's character. So long as the flowers and leaves lasted he honoured these tiny shrines, thus offering to the uncalendared saints a tribute too delicate and sincere to be regarded as flattery or affectation.—*Illustrated American.*

GREAT culture is often betokened by great simplicity.—*Mme. Deluzy.*

ELEGANCE of manner is the outgrowth of refined and exalted sense.—*Chesterfield.*

A SOUND CANADIAN COMPANY.

The Toronto *Globe*, on September 24th, issued a special edition in honour of a great religious gathering in that city, and incidentally devoted some of its space to a description of Toronto's chief characteristics and business enterprises. Among the portraits are to be found those of the late Alexander Mackenzie, who at the time of his death was President of the North American Life Assurance Company; of John L. Blaikie, now the President; of William McCabe, LL.B., F.I.A., Managing Director; and of Secretary Goldman, A.I.A. The people of Great Britain ought to be interested in learning that Canada is more progressive in insurance matters than many of the European countries. Toronto may be said to be the centre of life insurance for the Dominion. The North American Life was the first to recognize the benefit conferred on the family by the immediate payment of the policy obligation.

In reforms in the system of insurance and liberalization of the conditions of the policy contract, there is perhaps no policy of insurance which exhibits these more strikingly than that known as the Compound Investment, issued by the North American. It is, without doubt, an ideal policy, and combines many benefits to its holder not covered by any other form of life insurance contract.

The Government Blue Book lately issued gives the standing of insurance companies. Most of these institutions are in a good financial position, being possessors of a large surplus over and above their capital stock, reserve funds and other liabilities, while again it is noticeable that there are others situated differently. The North American Life is among the favoured ones. Year by year it has shown steady and substantial advances in all of those departments which go to make up a strong and permanent organization.

The Company's staff is composed of men well and favourably known in financial and mercantile affairs of Canada, and perhaps in a great measure it is due to this fact that the Company's progress has been so rapid and marked.—*New York Insurance Times*, September, 1892.

LITTLE BEGINNINGS.—The steam which raised the lid of the kettle led a philosophic mind to utilize it for man's benefit. No one dreamed that we should now be dragged along by it at the rate of sixty miles an hour. When Perry Davis made a preparation for the medicinal use of his family, over fifty years ago, neither he nor any man imagined that it would now be sold in every land, and prove to be the PAIN-KILLER of the world. The new big bottle, old price, 25c.

"August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very well known to the citizens of Appleton, Me., and neighborhood. He says: "Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can. I then began taking August Flower. At that time I was a great sufferer. Everything I ate distressed me so that I had to throw it up. Then in a few moments that horrid distress would come on and I would have

to eat and suffer again. I took a little of your medicine, and felt much better, and after taking a little more August Flower my dyspepsia disappeared, and since that time I have never had the first sign of it. I can eat anything without the least fear of distress. I wish all that are afflicted with that terrible disease or the troubles caused by it would try August Flower, as I am satisfied there is no medicine equal to it."

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

A LEEDS CO. MIRACLE.

A STORY CONTAINING A LESSON FOR PARENTS.

The Restoration of a Young Girl Whose Condition Finds a Parallel in Thousands of Canadian Homes—Not Through Willful Neglect, but in Ignorance of the Terrible Consequences.

Brockville Times.

The great frequency with which pale, sallow, listless and enfeebled girls are met with now-a-days is cause for genuine alarm. The young girls of the present day are not the healthy, robust, rosy-cheeked lassies their mothers and grandmothers were before them. On all sides one sees girls budding into womanhood, who should be bright of eye, light in step, and joyous in spirits; but, alas, how far from this is their condition. Their complexion is pale, sallow or waxy in appearance, they are victims of heart palpitation, ringing noises in the head, cold hands and feet, often fainting spells, racking headaches, backaches, shortness of breath, and often distressing symptoms. All these conditions betoken chlorosis or anemia—or in other words a watery and impoverished condition of the blood, which is thus unable to perform the functions required of it by nature. When in this condition unless immediate resort is had to those natural remedies which give richness and redness to the blood corpuscles, organic disease and an early grave are the inevitable result. It was in a condition closely resembling the above that a young lady in Addison, Leeds County, was when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People came to her rescue, and undoubtedly saved her from premature death. This case was recently brought to the notice of *The Times* by H. S. Moffatt, general merchant and postmaster at Addison, of which family the young lady in question is a member. Mr. Moffatt had read the numerous articles in *The Times* regarding what are admitted on all sides to be marvellous cures by the use of the popular remedy above named, after all other remedies had failed, and felt it his duty to make public for the benefit of sufferers, the wonderful restoration to health and strength that had taken place in his own household. The young lady in question is his adopted daughter, and is some sixteen years of age, a very critical period in the life of all young women. She had been declining in health for some time, and the family became very much alarmed that serious results would ensue. Medical advice was sought, and everything done for her that could be thought of, but without avail, the treatment did her no good and she gradually grew worse and worse. Her face was pale and almost bloodless; she was oppressed by constant headaches, and her appetite completely failed. When her friends had almost despaired of a cure, some person who had purchased Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at Mr. Moffatt's store, and tested their virtues, advised their use in the young lady's case. The advice was acted upon and Mr. Moffatt says the results were marvellous. In a short time after beginning their use a decided improvement was noticed. The colour began to return to her cheeks; her appetite was improved, and there was every indication of a marked improvement of the system. After taking a few boxes she was completely cured, and is now as well as ever she was. In his business Mr. Moffatt deals in various kinds of proprietary medicines, but says he has never handled any medicine that has given such universal satisfaction as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The demand is large and is constantly increasing, thus affording the most satisfactory evidence that they are what is claimed for them, a blood builder, nerve tonic and general restorer, curing diseases hitherto held to be incurable, and restoring health where all other remedies had failed.

In view of these statements a grave responsibility rests upon parents—upon mothers especially. If your daughters are suffering from any of the troubles indicated above, or from any of the irregularities incident to a critical period in life, do not, as you value their lives, delay in procuring a remedy that will save them. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a remedy that never fails in such cases, and is a certain specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, whether young or old. They act directly upon the blood and nerves and never fail in any case arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing our trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Gents.—My daughter had a severe cold and injured her spine so she could not walk, and suffered very much. I called in our family physician; he pronounced it inflammation of the spine and recommended MINARD'S LINIMENT to be used freely. 3 bottles cured her. I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT for a broken breast; it reduced the inflammation and cured me in 10 days.

Hantsport.

MRS. N. SILVER.

To sum up certain new theories and methods, the teachings of M. Trélat, the practical experiments of M. Somesco, suggest that the natural porosity of our walls, especially the outer walls, should not be destroyed. These walls should be decorated, not with paper and paint, but with porous, non-conducting substances, such as woollen drapery. The outer walls on the side nearest to the inner surface should be hollowed throughout, thus constituting a double wall, with a space of about four inches between the two walls. A heating contrivance of whatever description may be found most expedient or economical should be placed in the basement of the house. A warm-air chamber or shaft travelling round the base of the outer walls should supply to the hollow in the walls air taken from the outside and warmed at the point of admission into the wall to a temperature of from 100° to 120° Fahr. This should maintain the temperature of the inner wall at from 80° to 90° Fahr. Then, he considers, the walls will radiate sufficient heat through the rooms to enable the inhabitants to constantly open the doors and windows, and to breathe cold, fresh, outer air without inconvenience. As a rule, fires will be unnecessary, dampness will be completely banished from the house, and to maintain some moisture in the air it would, he thinks, be expedient to decorate the house with numerous evergreen plants. The inhabitants should then be able to benefit by unlimited ventilation, and could breathe pure, cold, and fresh air coming upon them directly from the outside.—*The Popular Science Monthly*.

THE great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh is vouched for by thousands of people whom it has cured.

A WASHINGTON LETTER.

ONE FIRM IN BUFFALO SPENDS MORE MONEY AT THE BUFFALO POST OFFICE THAN ALL THE BANKS AND NEWSPAPERS COMBINED.

A Washington (D.C.) letter says, that the post-office authorities at Washington report that one firm in Buffalo—the World's Dispensary Medical Association—spends annually one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000) for stamps alone, in carrying on their extensive proprietary business. This is more than all the banks and newspapers of Buffalo combined spend for postage.

Here's a firm which has grown, step by step, through many years to greatness. The reason for this wonderful growth has been that they have faith in what they sell, so much faith that if they cannot benefit or cure, they don't want your money.

For many years they have been selling Dr. Pierce's remedies—one, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for regulating and invigorating the liver and purifying the blood; the other, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the hope of weakly womanhood, and they've been sold for years, sold by the million bottles; sold under a positive guarantee of benefiting or curing, or your money will be refunded.

An albino or white lobster was recently found in a shipment from New Brunswick to Eastport, Maine. It was twelve inches in length, and was forwarded to Washington to form part of the exhibit of the United States Fish Commission.

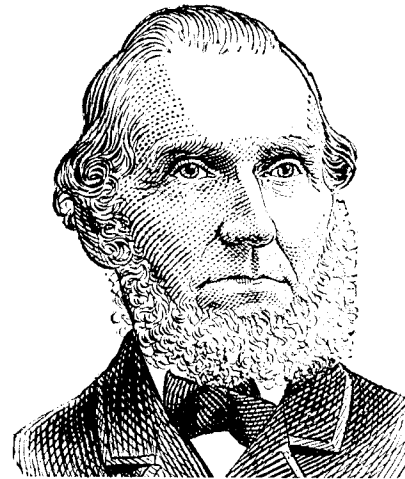
Don't read! Don't think! Don't believe! Now, are you better? You women who think that patent medicines are a humbug, and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the biggest humbug of the whole (because it's best known of all)—does your lack-of-faith cure come?

It is very easy to "don't" in this world. Suspicion always comes more easily than confidence. But doubt—little faith—never made a sick woman well—and the "Favorite Prescription" has cured thousands of delicate, weak women, which makes us think that our "Prescription" is better than your "don't believe." We're both honest. Let us come together. You try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If it doesn't do as represented, you get your money again.

Where proof's so easy, can you afford to doubt?

Little but active—are Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets.

Best Liver Pills made; gentle, yet thorough. They regulate and invigorate the liver, stomach and bowels.



Mr. David M. Jordan

A retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N. Y., says:

"Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and have since been troubled with my

Liver and Kidneys

gradually growing worse. Three years ago I got down so low that I could scarcely walk. I looked more like a corpse than a living being. I had no appetite and for five weeks I ate nothing but gruel. I was badly emaciated and had no more colour than a marble statue. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I thought I would try it. Before I had finished the first bottle I noticed that I felt better, suffered less, the inflammation of the bladder had subsided, the colour began to return to my face, and I began to feel hungry. After I had taken three bottles I could eat anything without hurting me. Why, I got so hungry that I had to eat 5 times a day. I have now fully recovered, thanks to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I feel well and am well. All who know me marvel to see me so well." D. M. JORDAN.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills.

TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.—Mr. W. R. Callaway, district passenger agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, announces a personally conducted party to all points in California, leaving Toronto, 3 p.m., November 16th. The party will be taken in one of the Canadian Pacific Railway's celebrated tourist cars, which are furnished with regular outfit, similar to the first-class sleeper, the route being via Kansas City, where the only change in cars will be made. The special advantages thus offered are the through service with superior accommodation at a very cheap rate. For full particulars write or call on Mr. W. R. Callaway, No. 1 King Street East, Toronto.

TO DAY Hood's Sarsaparilla stands at the head in the medicine world, admired in prosperity and envied in merit by thousands of would-be competitors. It has a larger sale than any other medicine. Such success could not be won without positive merit.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

A BAREFACED FRAUD.

The following, clipped from the columns of the *Globe*, Oct. 29th, is of sufficient importance to newspaper readers to warrant its reproduction in these columns:—

To the Editor of *The Globe*:

Sir,—I am sure you will agree with me when I say that something ought to be done to stop the barefaced swindling (no milder name will do) which is going on in certain directions in our midst, and I have no reason to doubt that my experience in this city is the experience of others in many parts of Canada. I have read so much of the great success of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People that I determined to give them a trial for nervous troubles. I accordingly went to a drug store to procure a supply. On asking the druggist for the pills he took down a glass jar and proceeded to take out the quantity. "But," said I, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not sold in bulk, and that cannot be them." "O, yes, it is," said the dealer: "we always get them in bulk and sell them that way." I had read the caution of the proprietors to the effect that these pills were never sold in bulk, and thinking they should know best, I declined taking them, and left the store. My next experience was no more fortunate. Again pills pink in colour to imitate the genuine, were offered me. When I remonstrated, this dealer admitted the pills were not supplied him by the Dr. Williams' Co., but declared that they were just the same. And yet, for the sake of a little more profit, he would have imposed them on me for the

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.