

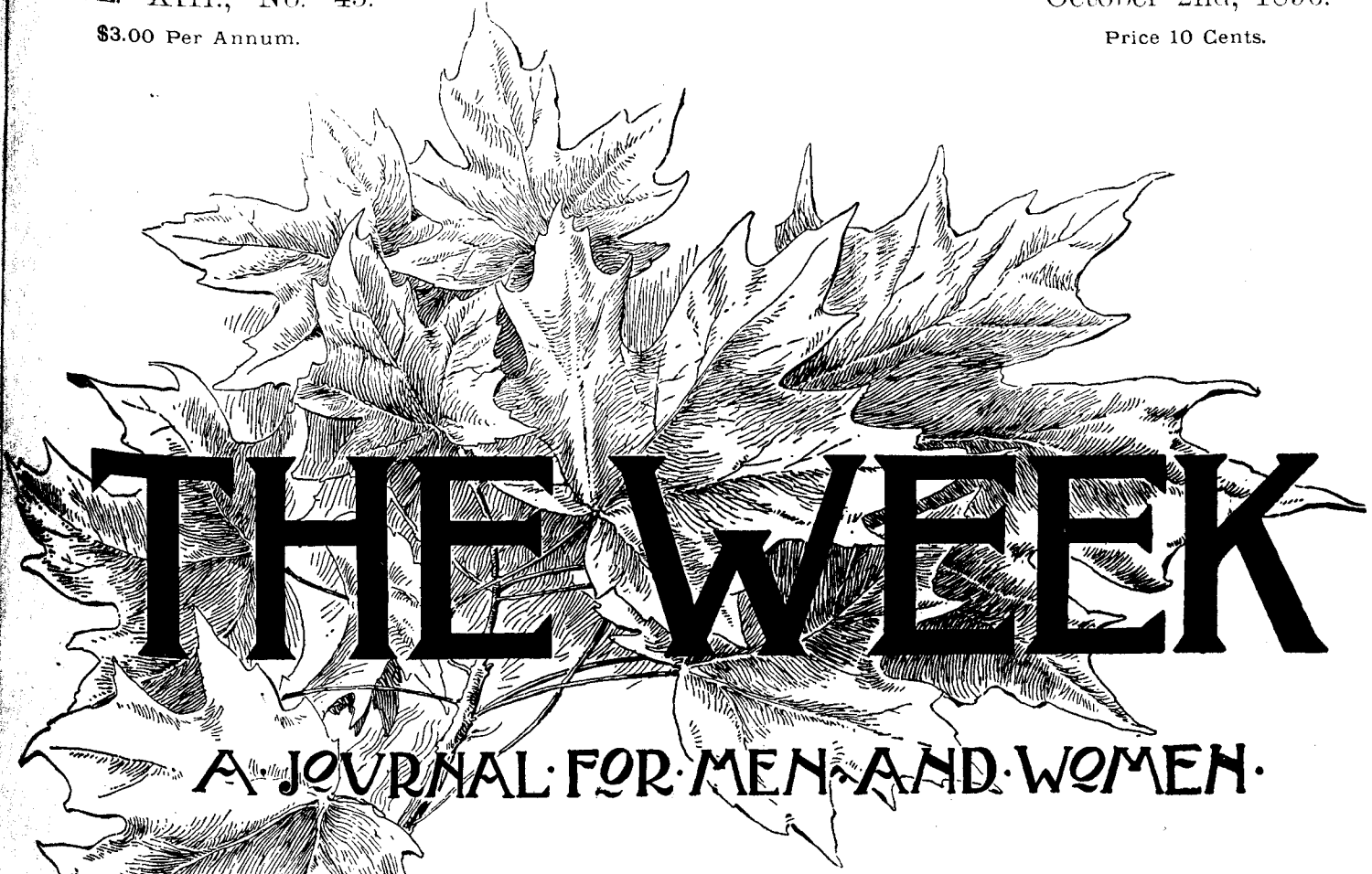
This Number contains : Rev. Dr. McConnell and the Toronto Diocesan Conference ;
Incidents at the Close of the War of 1812-15 ; The Lambeth Articles ; Tennyson
as Poet of the Nineteenth Century. Editorial : The Bryan Crusade.

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Song.

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content ;

The quiet mind is richer than a crown ;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent ;

The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown ;

Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep,
such bliss

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest ;
The cottage that affords no pride nor care ;

The mean that 'grees with country music best ;

The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare ;

Obscured life sets down a type of bliss ;

A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

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THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, October 2nd, 1896.

No. 45

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THE WEEK: C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, MANAGER.

Current Topics.

Queen Victoria's Reign.

Her Majesty has now occupied the throne of Great Britain and Ireland for a longer period than any other monarch did before her. The reigns of Henry III. and George III. were both exceptionally long, but the former lacked several years of the length of hers, and a considerable proportion of the latter must be deducted on account of the insanity of him who was only nominally king. The Queen has still, in spite of growing physical infirmity, the full use of her mental faculties, and she still takes a real and effective interest in home and foreign politics. She is the Sovereign in reality as well as name. One gratifying feature of the situation is that no section of her subjects manifests any desire to have it otherwise, for she was never more popular personally than she is just now. Another is that there has been a widespread and genuine expression of appreciation of the Queen in the press of the United States. In spite of occasional symptoms of irritation, there is amongst our neighbours a feeling of personal respect for Queen Victoria which is due largely to the exertion of her personal influence to prevent France from active interference on behalf of the South at a critical period of the Civil War. Had Great Britain co-operated with France for such a purpose then, the suppression of the rebellion would have been made far more difficult and might have been made impossible. How much was effected by Her Majesty's persistent opposition to such a scheme can never be known, but that she did oppose it is beyond a doubt, and this stands to her credit with the people of the United States to this day.

Senator Ferguson

The death of Senator Ferguson at a comparatively early age is a matter for deep public regret. So many senators have grown quite old in the service of the country that we can ill afford to lose any of those who unite physical vigour with good

ability and political experience. Dr. Ferguson never gave himself up very exclusively to the practice of his profession. He preferred to gratify two very pronounced inclinations that conflicted with medical practice—a taste for business and a passion for politics. He was gifted with the personal qualities which win friends and contribute to popularity, and though he suffered eclipses as all do in the political struggles in which they participate, his name is not associated with anything discreditable to himself or calculated to make his friends ashamed of his memory. The Ministry of the day should endeavour to replace him with a successor equally capable and equally removed from senility.

Emigration to Brazil.

The persistence of French families in emigrating from Quebec to Brazil is a phenomenon that well deserves the serious consideration of all who are in a position to observe it. There can be little doubt that these people are doomed to bitter disappointment when they reach their destination, and probably the most effectual check to the fraud perpetrated upon them will be the accounts sent back of the sad experience of the emigrants. But what prompts the desire to leave the country? The economic condition of Canada, according to some; the exactions of the Roman Catholic Church, according to others. There may be truth in either or both of these views, but in any case there is room for some searching of heart. We cannot afford to lose our French population unless it is to be replaced by one equally desirable. Large sections of Quebec have already lost very many of the young, the enterprising, and the vigorous members of the community, who have gone to New England and to other parts of the United States. Whatever change of economic or ecclesiastical policy may be found necessary to retain these people should have at least fair consideration. Of what use is it to go to great expense to bring immigrants here to people our vacant territory while the people who have been born and brought up in the country are leaving us in defiance of the warnings alike of public officials and of their own ecclesiastics? The matter cannot be probed too soon or too thoroughly.

Game Law Enforcement.

The Commissioner of Crown Lands for Ontario has issued a circular notice to the outside employees of his Department, respecting the enforcement of the law for the protection of game. It is more than ordinarily peremptory in its tone, and perfectly explicit in its terms. The wood-rangers and other officers are expected and instructed to aid the game wardens in preventing violations of the statute, and in helping to secure the punishment of those who violate it. Officers found guilty of conniving at illegal slaughter of game will be, and ought to be, dismissed from the public service. No country is better situated than Ontario is for securing a reasonable observance of such precautions as may be found necessary for the preservation of game, because no country has so large a staff of officials who can, without any additional cost, be utilized for preventive purposes. There can be no doubt that the game law is better enforced now than it ever was before, but there can be no doubt either that

it is still far too extensively violated. At the bottom of the depredations lies a general idea on the part of the people that wild animals are fair game for all who can shoot or trap them. To meet this, and show that the public interest demands a rigid system of game preservation, an educational propaganda is necessary. So long as there is a feeling abroad that the game is preserved all the year for the pleasure of a few wealthy sportsmen in the killing season, the trouble will endure. We have a scientific interest in preventing the utter extinction of wild animals, and an economic interest in securing the perpetuation of a valuable source of food supply, either of which is more important than the gratification of the sportsman's instinct. Probably it would be found useful to call attention more pointedly and intelligently than is generally done in public schools to the wild animals and their characteristics.

Gladstone on
Massacres.

The massacre of subjects by a Government which ought to protect them is so brutal a mode of administration that it always arouses the moral indignation of civilized people. The contempt of the Porte for the public opinion of Europe is rapidly arousing the masses to a pitch of indignation which is almost sure to find expression in military force. Mr. Gladstone's brief speech in Liverpool was studiously moderate in tone, but it was decided enough to leave his meaning perfectly clear. His advice, to recall the British Ambassador from Turkey and to dismiss the Turkish Minister from Great Britain, may not be acted on, and it might not prove effective if it were; but it is becoming rapidly clear that something must be done if worse trouble is to be avoided. It is a curious historical fact that Gladstone has already by spirit stirring addresses at grave crises twice aroused crusading enthusiasm to such a pitch as to lead to successful revolutionary wars. Over thirty years ago his exposure of the atrocities of King Bomba's *régime* in Naples drove that heartless and incompetent ruler into exile and led to the consolidation of Italy into one kingdom. Twenty years ago his denunciation of the Turkish massacres in Bulgaria brought about the active interference of Russia and the alienation of a large portion of European Turkey from the dominion of the Sultan. It is not often permitted to one man to lift his voice so often or so potently on suffering humanity.

Queen Victoria
and Bismarck.

No incident of recent years has done more to arouse admiration among British people for their Queen than the spirited and effective protest she has made against Bismarck's unseemly conduct in publishing a private letter which she wrote to the late Emperor William I. in 1870. This letter was of the nature of an appeal to the venerable monarch to use his influence to prevent a war of extermination against France. Bismarck was bent on the further dismemberment of the defeated country, and his resentment at being thwarted by the Emperor has been deep and lasting. Why he should have published Queen Victoria's letter just now seems inexplicable except on the supposition that he desired to inflame German public opinion against the British Royal Family. Her Majesty resented his most unpardonable offence against common decency, and the present Emperor has been constrained to apologize for the boorishness of his former Chancellor and to give a virtual pledge that nothing of the sort shall occur again. The whole incident is calculated to rupture the superficially cemented relations between the Emperor and Bismarck, and to cause excessive annoyance to the former, who appears to be unable to forgive Queen Victoria for being his grandmother.

Germany and
Free Speech.

Nothing could show more clearly the difference between the political conditions of Germany and Britain, respectively, than the recent official expulsion from the former country of an Armenian lecturer who had previously made an unmolested tour of the latter. Germany is not a country of free speech. The press is hampered and muzzled. Individual citizens must speak the name of the Emperor with bated breath and whispering humbleness, if they would escape prosecution for "lese majeste." The charming frankness and fearlessness which characterize the newspaper discussions of public affairs in Britain and America are in Germany entirely absent, indirection and insinuation being the methods resorted to for the purpose of saying what is likely to displease the powers that be. This state of affairs cannot last for ever, and the sooner it is brought to an end the less mischief it is likely to work when the crash comes. The present Emperor will not probably relax voluntarily any arbitrary restrictions of popular freedom, but it should be possible for the people to constrain him by means of advisers who have common sense as well as patriotism among their qualifications for office.

* * *

The Bryan Crusade.

"CRUSADE" seems to be a proper designation for Mr. Bryan's Presidential campaign in the United States, apart from any covert reference to his somewhat irreverent use of the "cross of gold" metaphor. He has thrown himself into his candidature with an energy which is unprecedented, at least in its way of manifesting itself. To the present generation of observers attempts to capture the highest office in the national gift are unfamiliar, whatever they may have been before the Civil War, and the task is much more formidable now than it was then. Mr. Blaine made a run through several doubtful States when he was a candidate, but he contented himself with brief speeches wherever he went; Mr. Bryan has held a large number of largely attended meetings in the Northern and Eastern States, and his speeches at these have been long and argumentative. Horace Greeley held meetings in different parts of the country in 1872, but they were comparatively few in number, and were held only in the larger centres of population; Mr. Bryan's have been so frequent that his campaign journey may fairly be described as a "stumping tour."

It may well be regarded as doubtful whether the silver candidate has helped or hurt his own prospect by the plan of campaign which he has carried out. Apparently his intention in spending so much of his time in States that are regarded as sure to go against him has been to make his crusade as educative as possible, so that, if he fails to capture the Presidency now, either he or some other representative of free silver may secure it four years hence. There seems to be a growing feeling that it is undignified for a candidate for the Presidency of a great nation to "take the stump," and that if Mr. Bryan were elected he would not be able to slough off the demagogism which seems to mark alike his plan and his speeches. Mr. Cleveland never made a speaking tour, and Mr. McKinley is making none now; it is not unlikely that this personal self-suppression may commend itself to the sober second thought of the better class of voters in the coming contest. A President who is too much given to talking could hardly avoid embarrassing himself and other people by speaking when he ought to keep silence.

There is no reason that we know of for doubting the personal sincerity of Mr. Bryan in his silver policy. He seems to believe that the United States can, without inter-

national co-operation, maintain silver at a ratio of sixteen to one of gold, and that this can be done without dishonest repudiation of existing obligations public and private. If the enthusiasm he displays in his arguments and appeals is not natural and spontaneous, it is at least admirably simulated. In fact, the longer he speaks the more thoroughly he seems convinced that he is right, and the further he drifts away from what has ever been the policy of the Democratic party in the past. Its tendency has been toward individualism in government while his is toward collectivism. The favourite policy of the Democratic leaders for some years past has been to withdraw the government altogether from the exercise of banking functions by cancelling the existing issue of greenbacks, while his is to increase the issue of Government paper currency so as to provide "enough for the business needs of the country." The Democratic leaders, unable to restore the State banks, would gladly see the functions of the national banks made more important by giving them the sole right to issue notes: he wants to deprive them altogether of the duty or privilege of doing so.

Had polling day come a month after the nomination of Bryan his election would have been certain; it is now generally regarded as doubtful, with the chances rather against him. By November, with the present tendency at work Mr. McKinley should have an easy victory. The event of the struggle will probably turn largely on the vote of Illinois, Indiana, and Missouri, all large States and all chronically doubtful. For several years past the silver propagandists have been quietly circulating a very effective kind of literature all over the west and south, and little or nothing has been doing to counteract its influence. The farmers in these sections are deep in debt, and the prospect of being able to pay in silver is attractive. Money is hard to get, for credit is not good and prices are low, and for people so situated an inflated currency has no terrors. They simply say that the contraction of the currency is what has hurt them, and that inflation is what they now most need. An energetic educative campaign has been carried on for the past two months on the other side, but it was begun too late to have its proper effect. Six weeks still remain, but that may possibly prove all too short.

* * *

Rev. Dr. McConnell and the Toronto Diocesan Conference.

IN bringing Rev. Dr. McConnell to preach and to speak at the recent Toronto Diocesan Conference the committee secured not only one of the foremost American preachers, but a most influential thinker of that school which may be designated by the word Liberal, and in his sermon at St. James Cathedral he gave a clear interpretation, from the liberal standpoint, of some of the perplexing phenomena of our present day Christianity.

Dr. McConnell is convinced that Christianity is passing into a new phase of its existence. He finds unmistakable signs that a new step in religion is about to be taken. That it will still be Christianity no candid man can doubt. But he regards it as equally plain that it will be as unlike any previous phase of Christianity as these have been to each other.

Of previous phases in the development of Christianity he finds three: the dogmatic, the ecclesiastical, and the mystical. Christianity first inevitably put on a dogmatic dress. It was necessary that Christians should cast in some portable form their beliefs about the person and teaching of their Master. This was not easily or readily done. It took several centuries, and it is not surprising that after the Christian Church had been engrossed for three hundred years in formulating its creed, that it should come into the habit of thinking that accurate belief and a particular way

of stating that belief were the most important of all things. Christianity thus came to be identified with *doctrine*, and the Eastern Church, rejoicing in the title of Orthodox, has never advanced beyond this position.

But the Western Church, creed in hand, passed into the next phase, the ecclesiastical, and became a great organization. The unprejudiced reader will study the missionary labours, the monastic development, and the organizing genius of the Holy Roman Church in its palmy days with emotions of wonder and admiration. Of its degeneration and decay it is not necessary to speak here, save to notice that they led to the revolt of the Reformation—a title, however, which Dr. McConnell regards as misleading. It was not a reformation, but a new step. Christianity became mystical or evangelical. The secret spirit which Jerome of Prague, Arnold of Brescia, Wyclif, Huss, Luther, Calvin, Colet, Tauler, Law, and Wesley held in common was the belief that Christianity is essentially the establishment by the individual of a conscious personal relation with God.

What now are the signs which Dr. McConnell sees of a new step in Christianity?

First and most obvious is the restlessness of some communions under their several confessions of faith. Secondly, functions which once belonged to organized Christianity have been taken in hand by others. As examples, education and the administration of charity are cited. And thirdly, good men in increasing numbers are outside of the pale of the Church. They are sober, sympathetic, earnest, clean, charitable. But they are "unsound" in doctrine; they are not "church-members;" they are not aware of having undergone that subjective experience known as conversion. Herein Dr. McConnell is in agreement with Dr. Bruce, of Glasgow, who says, "I am disposed to think that a great and steadily increasing portion of the moral worth of society lies outside the church, separated from it, not by godlessness, but rather by exceptionally intense moral earnestness."

What is the relation of these men to Christianity? Dr. McConnell's answer is, that they are Christians in fact; but they are waiting for Christianity to pass into a new phase which will include them in form. Christianity which has passed through the phases of dogmatism, ecclesiasticism, and experimentalism is about to show itself in the region of *conduct*. And if it be protested that Christianity has always affected conduct, this is not denied. The change is a change of order. Whereas orthodoxy, or church-membership, or a certain definite experience have in the past been put first in order of importance, in Christianity's new phase conduct or character will occupy the foremost place.

That this new phase will be really an advance, and an advance in Christianity, Dr. McConnell demonstrates by reminding us that Christianity was originally not a creed, nor a church but a *Life*. The Life of Jesus Christ. How significant of the coming change is the fact that almost all the "Lives of Christ," and they may be numbered by the scores, belong to the 19th century. They witness to the increasing desire of the community to know just who and what Jesus was, and just what He did and said.

But Dr. McConnell does not hold that the entrance upon this new phase involves the destruction of previous phases. Christianity cannot exist without a Creed, an Organization, and an act of choice by the individual. But all will issue in, and all will be tried by their issue in, right living.

ZIGMA.

* * *

New York *Nation*: The Pope has at last decided, or his theologians have decided for him, that Anglican orders are absolutely invalid, and that there is nothing for it but a return to the Catholic fold. This is a somewhat amusing anti-climax to the huge row kicked up by the Nonconformists last June over Gladstone's letter on this subject to Cardinal Rampolla. They called it "a miserable trifling with Rome," but the result shows that Rome, for her part, is not at all to be trifled with. The Nonconformists, in fact, could have asked for nothing better than thus to have High Church pretensions stamped upon by the Higher Church. Many Anglican bosoms will doubtless be wrung at this dashing of their hopes; but the great mass of the English clergy will very likely say that, if the Pope does not approve of them, neither do they approve of *him*, and so that score is even.

Truth.

Heart of man heaping
Treasures worth keeping,
Harvests worth reaping
 In barn and booth,
Heed not thy pleasure,
Get thee good treasure,
In whate'er measure,
 Buy thou the Truth.

Fancies audacious
Build temples spacious,
Fair and fallacious
 While all uncouth,
Timid and shrinking,
Fast self is sinking;
In all thy thinking,
 Think thou the Truth.

Tongues that dissemble
Shun thou and tremble
Lest thine resemble
 The serpent's sharp tooth
On thy heart wreaking
Curse of self-seeking;
In all thy speaking,
 Speak thou the Truth.

Be thou the daring,
Self never sparing,
Falsehood ne'er sharing
 By coward ruth;
Heed not attraction
Of favoured faction:
In all thy action,
 Act thou the Truth

God grant a wonder,
Make this word thunder,
Tearing asunder
 From Canada's youth
Masks of deceiving,
True man's face giving:
In all thy living,
 Live thou the Truth.

* * *

Incidents at the Close of the War of
1812-15.

THE United States, in the very beginning, from a European point of view, was not in a condition to make war. Eminently a commercial country, with the exception of the Southern States, and built on the commercial pattern rather than on the military, there were few who had any idea of what warfare was like within her borders. The whole country, with the exception of some of the New England coast cities and those planters who dwelt remote from the political arena in the heart of the South, entered the war with the fervour of a troop of children hurrying out to see a circus. Congress had decreed the raising of 175,000 troops, and in 1814, 50,000 of them were on the Canadian frontier.

The reverses of preceding years, while they tended to weaken the interest of the coast cities—always lukewarm in this war because of the injury done to their commerce—only raised the determination of the Americans to crush the Canadians at any cost.

The success of their little navy at sea in isolated combats with small British ships-of-war served to increase their hopes. The celebrated frigate "Constitution" fought and captured two British ships in the Southern Pacific. The frigates "Constellation" and the "United States" were hardly less famous. Even the smaller vessels like the "Wasp" and the "Enterprise" filled the annals of American naval achievements with the accounts of their exploits.

It was under the light of these bright beginnings borne from the sea, that the way was seen clearly across the land to a vanquished and partitioned Canada. A French officer to command the American levees, and direct them with ability according to experience gained under the greatest leaders, was demanded of Napoleon by semi-official persons. Moreau had been thought of before as one likely to accept such a position. But for the downfall of American hopes, the defeat of the great Napoleon by the combined armies of Europe, that entered Paris and procured his abdication from the Empire of France, was proclaimed by the treaty signed at Fontainebleau, April 11, 1814.

When this news came to America, the Government staved the sending of troops to the northern frontier. Well knowing the vast resources of England, the great armies to be let loose on American shores by their liberation from fighting Napoleon, and the great fleet, greater than the fleets of all other nations combined, about to be driven by favouring breezes across the sea, the United States levees which were to be sent to Canada were distributed as garrisons along the coast.

In a short time the little navy of the United States was overwhelmed and driven into port. All the coast towns from Nova Scotia to Mexico were in a state of terror, fearing British descents. Boston, New London, New York and Baltimore were blockaded. The city of Washington was captured and burned to the ground. Before this, the English force that Gen. Ross had landed from the ships defeated a United States army at Bladensburg that had sought to cover Washington. Baltimore was only saved from a similar fate by the immense earthworks and of troops concentrated behind its defences. The British fleet, however, stood up Chesapeake Bay and exchanged shots with Fort Mchenry, one of the outer defences of Baltimore. It was during this bombardment that Francis Scott Key, a citizen of Baltimore, who was a prisoner among the English, wrote the verses, afterwards adopted as an United States national hymn, and set to the music of an old English ballad: "O! say, can you see by the morn's early light."

In the summer of 1814, 16,000 British regulars arrived at Quebec and 4,000 of them were sent to Upper Canada under Gen. Kempt.

Sir Geo. Prevost made a naval and land demonstration against Plattsburgh, New York, but his flotilla was taken by the Americans and he withdrew the land forces. For the failure of this plan he was summoned to a court-martial, but died the week before his trial. He had been an excellent civil magistrate, but was unfortunate as a military officer.

Gen. Drummond made a landing at Oswego the 6th of May, 1814, and after destroying the barracks returned to Kingston. Sackett's Harbour was also blockaded by the British fleet, and supplies and stores for the Americans were intercepted and seized.

Near Niagara, Gen. Brown had an American army of 7,000, and July 3rd, 1814, invaded Canada below Fort Erie, which was abandoned by the British and occupied by the Americans.

Gen. Brown, with 4,000 men, advanced to Chippawa, where he encountered 1,500 Canadians under Gen. Riall, where, after a sanguinary battle, Riall retreated to earthworks behind Chippawa. The loss on both sides was between 400 and 500 each.

Riall continued his retreat to Fort George and Mississauga where he awaited reinforcements. The Americans in the meantime pursued their inveterate policy of plundering the inhabitants. Both armies being now reinforced Brown assaulted Fort George, but was repulsed. July 25th he began to fall back, after burning the village of St. David's. The Americans halted at Lundy's Lane. The British came up with them July 25th, 1814. The Americans were dislodged from an elevated position by a bayonet charge. A brigade under Gen. Scott attempted to drive the English from this position, but was repulsed. They then opened a heavy artillery fire. The position on the hill at the east of Lundy's Lane, occupied by Gen. Drummond, after a furious assault by the Americans in overwhelming numbers, was partially turned.

The Americans continued their efforts to carry this hill by assault far into night, they, at the same time, making diverting attacks at the further end of the British line. Their last assault was met by a counter-charge. The Americans retreated in great confusion to Fort Erie destroying the bridge at Chippawa to delay the pursuit of the British. The American army, in this engagement, numbered 5,000, commanded by Gen. Brown, and lost 1,500. The Canadian army numbered 2,800, commanded by Gen. Drummond and lost 878.

Drummond immediately followed Brown and laid siege to Fort Erie. The fort was assailed and the works carried by bayonet charge, when an explosion of ammunition killed so many of the British that the remainder were too few to hold the fort, from which they retired with a loss of 900.

Sept 17th, 1814, Brown sallied out from Fort Erie to

capture the British entrenchments in front of it, but he was repulsed with a loss of 600 men.

Sept. 21st, Drummond raised the siege and retired into winter quarters, and a little later Brown evacuated Fort Erie and continued his retreat across the border.

This was the last battle on the Canadian border.

The Americans during all this peril were compelled to keep troops along the Canadian frontier, and to make armed demonstration, so that the British, who were about to send troops to the United States, would be obliged to divert them to Canada.

But a new danger threatened. The ships of England took on board the army of Gen. Ross, now commanded by Gen. Packenham—the former officer having been killed in a skirmish before Baltimore—and sailed away down the coast.

In the meantime Gen. Andrew Jackson held command in the Southern States. He drove the Spanish out of Pensacola, because they harboured some English, and when he knew of the presence of the British fleet in the vicinity he believed its objective point to be New Orleans.

This place he fortified with mud walls and cotton bales, behind which were posted his Tennessee and Kentucky riflemen.

Gen. Packenham landed his troops, among whom were some of the most celebrated of Wellington's veterans. But they were fighting, this time, against an impregnable position. Their assault was repulsed, their commander slain. This battle took place Jan. 8, 1815. Before this, on the 24th Dec. 1814, the Commissioners Plenipotentiary of Great Britain and the United States had signed a treaty of peace at Ghent, in Belgium, which had it been known by the belligerents in America, would have saved both parties the shedding of blood after that date.

By this treaty the posts occupied by each party which belonged to the other were to be given up. The frontier disputes, between Canada and New Brunswick on the one side and the United States on the other, were to be settled by a Commission to be appointed by both Governments some time in the future. The United States Government was humiliated by the terms of this treaty, which omitted everything relating to the rights of search by England.

England also obtained the signature of the United States to the fact that slavery was inhumane, and ought to be stopped on the high seas by both nations. The United States by this treaty failed to obtain the recognition of the right of neutral states to trade with belligerents.

It has been stated by some historians that the cause of the war was the desire of the Americans to conquer Canada, and this was the reason why the Government of the United States did not insist in the treaty on the recognition of the rights of neutrals and a denial of the right of search. But such is not the case. The struggle was fierce and vindictive for what the causes of the war were said to be, namely, the rights of commerce; because, before the war, the ocean trade of the republic was enormous. The exports, that were more than £22,000,000, and the imports £28,000,000 in 1812, had fallen in 1814 by the war to less than £1,800,000 for the exports, and less than £3,000,000 for the imports. The Government of the United States, deprived of the revenue resulting from this trade was obliged to revert to imposts and loans, which in 1814 exceeded \$20,500,000.

Two-thirds of the merchants of the North were ruined. This class of sea-merchants formed one of the most cultivated societies of the land, and furnished the captains of the sea in the American navy. They were liberal and generous in idea from intercourse with foreign states. They were intelligent and travelled, many of them having made voyages of pleasure in their own ships, and had collected for the ornamentation of their homes curios found in foreign lands. On the walls of their drawing-rooms were sometimes seen the family coat-of-arms—for as a class they were derived from the best stock of the North—from generations who before, in the colonial period, had some excellence to boast of.

Now the war of 1812-15 ruined this class entirely. Consequent on this the political, industrial and social arrangements of New England were altered. These fell out of sight by the ruination of these families, those links formed in the chain of revolutionary and colonial history, which held the colonies of the North in friendship with the colonies of the South. The spirit and hardihood of command which be-

longed to the old sea-rulers were thrown down then. There arose after from the ranks of the meaner, more bigoted and dishonest classes of New England, at first a set of makers of small wares, who, as their gains increased, developed into important manufacturers. Now, there should be no mistake in understanding how wide apart were the origins of these two classes. In the first were reckoned the gentry and the professions, who had followed the same lines in generations back to England with the persistence known only in the castes of ancient days. In the second were servants and menials who had a prejudice and hatred for those above them. The first class were not unfriendly to the English, and were on terms of sociability with the Southern colonists. The second class hated England and the Southern aristocracy with the same narrow and intense hatred that characterized the butchers of the French Revolution, and the meaner of the roundhead carles who rioted in the shadow of Barebone's Parliament. From this time there arose in the United States those elements that were destined to come into conflict in North and South, because the systems, industrial, social and political now coming into power in the North, were those diametrically opposed to what had been before.

VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC.

* * *

The Lambeth Articles.

IN reviewing some lectures on Church Unity, given before the students of Union Seminary, New York, during the session of last winter, the "Lambeth Articles" were mentioned. Coming as they do from the authoritative representatives of the historic Episcopal churches of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, they carry an influence, and afford a definite ground for conference on the subject of Church Unity, possessed by no other statements thus far presented to the churches of the Reformation. No apology is offered, therefore, for an examination of them.

The genesis of these articles was seen at Chicago in 1886, when the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States considered an overture on the subject of the reunion of Christendom. The articles then drawn up were considered anew at a more general gathering held in Lambeth Palace, London, in 1888. This convention consisted of one hundred and forty-five bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Churches of Great Britain, the Colonies and the United States. The articles were somewhat amended, and stand as follows: facetiously called after the four fortresses of Lombardy, "The Anglican Quadrilateral."

I. The Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, as "containing all things necessary to salvation," and as being the rule and ultimate standard of faith.

II. The Apostles' Creed, as the Baptismal Symbol; and the Nicene Creed, as the sufficient statement of the Christian faith.

III. The two Sacraments ordained by Christ himself—Baptism and the Supper of the Lord—ministered with the unailing use of Christ's words of institution, and of the elements ordained by Him.

IV. The Historic Episcopate, locally adopted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and peoples called of God into the unity of His Church.

It is not our purpose to criticise these articles; but, viewing them as an honest and devout endeavour to promote unity and discourage schism, to enquire how far they may be taken as representing our common Christianity; in no other way can they be viewed as an irenic, for no "The temple of the Lord are these" on the part of any sect will in these days of free enquiry stand: even Rome is most egregiously failing in her *Sic volo, sic jubeo*.

With regard to the first article there can be no real difficulty. As the symbol of all distinctive Christian teaching the Scriptures are acknowledged; nor can the difference in the modes of interpretation or in exegesis be greater than in the general Christian world than they are already in the individual churches; nor more to be feared is their influence upon Christian unity. Confessedly all we can know or hope to know of our common faith is to be found within the compass of the Old and New Testaments. Even Catholic tradi-

tion finds—or supposes it finds—its roots therein; and Unitarianism accepts the same as the only available records of “the man Christ Jesus.”

Nor should the third present insuperable hindrance so long as any “outward and visible sign” is considered necessary to symbolize the Christian relation of the home and of the individual to the great body of the faithful. True, the estimable “Society of Friends” have ever looked upon the form as nothing;

“—vague of creed and barren of rite
But holding as in his Master's sight,
Act and thought to the inner light.”

But we are much mistaken if, as the distinctive quaint garb and archaic speech pass away, and in view of a comprehensive unity, there would not be on the Quaker's part a cordial acquiescence in the outward and visible signs of the inward and spiritual grace. In Christ's words of institution Sacramentarian and Zwinglian could agree; mode and subject are left not as matters of indifference, but as questions on which mutual forbearance and closer fellowship would throw a surer and a kindlier light than division. Of course what is known as “close communion” on the part of many of the Baptist churches would have to go; but then “close communion” in its relation to Christian unity will not bear a moment's consideration, save as a stone to be cast out from the highway.

We have taken the first and the third together as representing each in its own sphere the actual positions of our common Christianity thereon, and therefore thus far presenting a substantial basis of Church unity. The other two will require somewhat more of detailed handling.

The second is plainly designed to declare as from the Scriptures what actually as beliefs are esteemed from a Christian standpoint “necessary to salvation.” We enter upon the realm of dogma. In the Chicago articles the second read thus:—“The Nicene creed as the sufficient statement of the Christian faith.” By adding the Apostles' creed as “the Baptismal symbol” it would appear that simplicity toward those not skilled in theological terms was intended. In that respect the shorter creed has been wisely brought to the fore; there are, however, points in which the Nicene creed as it appears in the Book of Common Prayer is to be preferred, viz., in its omission of the statement “He descended into hell,” which is even to the shorter creed an addendum; and in its “resurrection of *the dead*” for “resurrection of the *body*,” the former being the scriptural expression; the latter an assertion which many consider at variance with St. Paul's teaching in 1 Cor. xv. Those two statements in the so-called Apostles' creed do not represent our common Christianity and cannot stand; the substitution of the statement in the Nicene (more correctly the Constantinopolitan) creed for the latter and the elimination of the former would—with liberty in the interpretation thereof—bring that creed into line with the consensus of the Christian churches. With these exceptions it may be readily granted that the second article substantially presents the general belief of Christendom, and as such may be accepted. Three of the four citadels are common ground; with them in possession may hope be indulged that the fourth opens its gates to the united host?

The fourth article presents the greatest difficulty, and that for two reasons. It deals with administration which is a tangible thing. As to how it is intended to deal therewith is decidedly ambiguous. Of course the sacraments are tangible, but not in the sense that governmental actions are which admit of no diverse methods. As a matter of happy experience Baptist and Pædobaptist do, in some instances, worship together, and receive each in his own way the ordinance from the same hand. There is nothing to prevent the Sacramentarian reading his own thoughts into the Saviour's words of institution though uttered by a decidedly Broad Churchman; but a general order excluding from lawful ministry any upon whose head an Episcopal hand had not been laid does not represent our common Christianity if by the episcopate is meant a regular succession of individuals, each claiming that exclusive rite. Of course, the article does not say thus, though the manifest tendency of many from whom those articles emanate to draw near the Roman and Grecian communion, spite of acknowledged corruptions because they have preserved “Episcopal succession” gives colour to such an interpretation. Should such prove to be what is hidden

under the term “Historic Episcopate,” the Greek Kalends will have been completed ere our common Christianity will accept that thinly-veiled exclusiveness. On the other hand, a more liberal interpretation will invite further, and may we say hopeful, conference in opening up this last of the Quadrilateral fortresses to the friendly hosts. That more liberal reading we shall endeavour to indicate. Confessedly the terms “bishop” and “presbyter” in the New Testament are synonymous; and “historic episcopate” may be after all but “historic presbyterate;” and the three “orders of ministers in Christ's Church” existing “from the Apostles' times,” while represented in the Anglican church by their bishops, priests and deacons, may be as surely found “historically” continued in the minister, ruling elder and deacon or manager of the Presbyterian churches, and in the circuit superintendent, minister and steward of the Methodist churches. Certainly the diocesan bishop of to-day is a marked modification of the Ignatian bishop, and the true historic episcopate may be found to have a more deeply seated succession in the great Christian church than any sacerdotal theory can either conceive or claim. On some such lines as these we may hope for further conference and mutual approaches, and these conferences will become the more hopeful as we in all charity magnify our agreements and minimize our diversities.

To the advancing longing for Christian unity the Quadrilateral may prove not offensive works, but outposts within whose lines may yet be gathered the now scattered hosts of the Lord's church. And such is our prayer.

JOHN BURTON.

* * *

Tennyson as Poet of the Nineteenth Century.

BECAUSE Tennyson was buried in Westminster Abbey with great pomp of circumstance and much demonstration of affection, Mr. Gosse wrote in the following melancholy strain: “Tennyson had grown to be by far the most mysterious, august, and singular figure in English society. He represented poetry, and the world now expects its poets to be as picturesque, as aged, and as individual as he was, or else it will pay poetry no attention. I fear, to be brief, that the personal, as distinguished from the purely literary, distinction of Tennyson may strike, for the time being, a serious blow at the vitality of poetry in this country. This is interesting as showing how the great outburst caused by Tennyson's death was viewed by a literary critic: those of us who are not literary critics, while acknowledging that in poetry, as in religion, there is danger of paying more attention to the clothing than to the spirit, may be inclined to think that the vitality of poetry will stand greater shocks than this. Tennyson's death did indeed show the hold that he had taken upon the English-speaking world. Professor Huxley, the prophet of science, felt that he, too, must soar into the high poetic sphere in order to do justice to his feelings. The most important part of his contribution runs as follows:

“Lay him gently down among
The men of state, the men of song,
The men that would not suffer wrong,
The thought-worn chieftains of the mind,
Head servants of the human kind.”

Of the many poetic tributes laid upon the grave of the poet, we ought to mention here one from the city of Toronto, by Dr. Dewart, which possesses considerable merit. We quote the concluding lines:

“Though the wide ocean spreads its stormy sway
Between us and the land he held so dear,
These maple leaves in grateful love I lay
With English roses on his honoured bier.”

We believe that the great body of this homage was sincere and affectionate, and since it has so often been the lot of poets to be neglected or persecuted, we may say with Aubrey de Vere—

“'Tis well! Not always nations are ingrate:
He gave his country of his best, and she
Gave to her bard, in glorious rivalry
Her whole great heart.”

The purpose of this brief article is not to give a biographical sketch of Tennyson, or a lengthy review of his poetry, but simply to explain, in as few words as possible, this title, "Tennyson as Poet of the Nineteenth Century." Tennyson was a poet of his own time, he did not live in a dim, distant past; when he treats of ancient legend or story, it is that he may idealize it and make it speak to the life of to-day. He loved solitude, he loved to be alone with Nature and his own thoughts, but he did not stand apart from the life of man; the great movements of the century touched his heart. He was filled with enthusiasm for its pure aspirations and bounding hopes, he sorrowed over its failure and shame. As the wind sweeps across the Æolian harp evoking wondrous melody, so the Zeit-geist or time-spirit moved through the poet's soul and the thoughts and passions of men came forth in a divine music. If he did not speak directly to the crowd he reached it through the thoughtful men who felt his influence and acknowledged his power. He thought of the things of his own time and spoke to the men of his own generation, but in tones which are not likely soon to grow antiquated.

Comparatively speaking, Tennyson was a fortunate poet, the century was a golden age to him, but we cannot say that he was treated too well in these days when a sensational novel, which hits the popular taste, yields a return that poets never dream of. Fortunately for Tennyson he was not dependent altogether upon patronage; while at first he had to face difficulty, he soon received substantial public recognition of his merits. The sunshine did not spoil him; he devoted his whole life patiently and consistently to the great work of expressing the highest truths in most musical forms.

Poetry, like religion, does not easily wither; in spite of our shallowness and carelessness there is a recognition of the fact that "man cannot live by bread alone." In this age there is much frivolous pleasure-seeking, grasping greed and narrow devotion to hard facts. If this were all there could be no true poetry. The noblest poets are God's ministers, who sing of higher worlds and nobler life; they take us away from the heated, vitiated atmosphere in which we are toiling and call us to the valley through which the brook ripples musically, or to the mountains where pure, bracing breezes blow. Notwithstanding the sneers of a sordid secularism or the scorn of a small specialism, poetry, philosophy and religion will continue to speak to man as a child of the unseen.

Let us then note a few characteristics which mark Tennyson as a great singer of modern times, "the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time."

THE ARTISTIC PERFECTION OF HIS RACE.

Tennyson was a man of genius, and there are some of that class who are content to wait for the intermittent flashes of light from the higher air, and when the revelation comes they cast it forth in rugged forms; he was not of that kind; the afflatus did not often come upon him as a mighty rushing wind; he rose gradually to the loftiest height; in his case the spirit of the poet was subject to the poet. He was an artist loving beauty of form for its own sake. He who does this must be a patient toiler in his own sphere. Thus Tennyson laboured at his verses, remodelling and perfecting them. The keen critic may sometimes detect this, but often there is in his poems a simplicity which seems to be without effort, when in fact it is the result of the most perfect art. If it is the glory of art to conceal art, Tennyson has often achieved that glory. He could not have attained to such harmony of thought and perfection of form if he had lived much earlier. Not in vain have the long line of poets lived who began with the rude Saxon bard of Whitby Abbey and continued their ministry through many troubled centuries. Besides delivering the particular message committed to each, they prepared this English tongue as a marvellous vehicle for thought and feeling of ever-increasing compass and power. Tennyson, one of the greatest of their successors, was not a Paganini playing upon a single string; he swept the keys of the grand organ and flooded the century with rich choral music.

HIS BREADTH OF CULTURE.

Culture is in a sense a special word of our time. It is now a technical word and is in danger of becoming a cant word. It does not mean merely education, and it certainly implies much more than the discipline of any special faculty. It speaks of the harmonious development of a man's whole

nature. The cultured man is a man who has caught a spirit of refinement and nobility from contact with the higher thoughts. Culture is almost as difficult to define as poetry, and perhaps in its highest forms it is a gift almost as rare. A man may know much science and many languages without being a cultured man, for the man of culture is the man who has learned how to blend these acquisitions and make them minister to his highest life. There is much shallow polish, cheap pretension and vulgar arrogance in society which knows nothing about culture. The danger of a man who has attained a measure of real culture is that of becoming conscious of a kind of perfection which makes him cynical, then he straightly begins to draw his definite line separating the sheep from the goats, the people of culture from the Philistines. We do not claim perfection for Tennyson as a man, but we do believe that he has a culture of great catholicity; he touches all sciences and philosophies in relation to the struggling life of man, and is free from the tone of cynical contempt which ever marks the vulgar soul.

HIS SYMPATHY WITH THE INTELLECTUAL MOVEMENT OF HIS TIME.

The great questions concerning God, the soul, and the future are everlasting; they are not Church questions in any narrow sense, they engage the highest thought in any society which is not sunk in gross animalism. Tennyson has sympathy with speculation and doubt. But it is a mistake to think that he glorifies these; being a wise man he regards them as means to an end, as stages in the life of a growing soul.

"Perplexed in faith but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
He would not make his judgment blind;
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them; thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own.
And power was with him in the night
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone."

This is Tennyson's tone in dealing with the changeable life of human thought. He recognizes the fact that men must in these days doubt if they are to come to a large faith; deep peace is only reached through sorrowful conflicts. In looking at Tennyson's poetry in relation to these high themes let us remember that the poet is not either a philosopher or a theologian; he does not set out to establish a particular theory or prove a definite dogma; his aim is to picture the life of the soul in its varying moods. He would set us face to face with the doubts and fears, the hopes and joys of the human spirit, so that having looked the darkest facts in the face we may still have confidence in God and hope for humanity.

In the poem called "The Two Voices," this spirit of unrest is vividly represented and nobly answered:

"A still, small voice spake unto me:
'Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?'

Then to the still, small voice I said,
'Let me not cast in endless shade,
What is so wonderfully made.'"

And so the dialogue between hope and despair goes on, the saddest things of human life are told in tragic tones, but at last faith is triumphant as it gazes on this picture of real life:

"On to God's house the people prest:
Passing the place where evil must rest,
Each enter'd like a welcome guest.

One walk'd between his wife and child
With measured foot-fall firm and mild,
And now and then he gravely smiled.

The prudent partner of his blood
Lean'd on him, faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

And in their double love secure
The little maiden walk'd demure,
Pacing with downward eyelids pure.

These three made unity so sweet,
My frozen heart began to beat,
Remembering its ancient heat.

I blest them and they wander'd on :
I spoke, but answer came there none ;
The dull and bitter voice was gone."

This kind of treatment is characteristic of our poet. He is never one-sided : he is not the special pleader of scepticism nor the apologist of a narrow creed. He recognizes all moods and plays upon all motives.

Here is an appeal which may sound to some like faith casting herself upon pity, but the poet must include it in the range of his teaching, because it is a good impulse if not of the highest order :

" Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her early heaven her happy views.
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith, though firm, is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good ;
Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine.

See thou that countest reason ripe,
In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin
And e'en for want of such a type '

Tennyson's poetry is indeed "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," but it is not a thought that fails in the emergencies of life: it faces the pale spectre, but always turns again to the sun which shines in the heavens, and which will at last disperse the earthly mists and vapours. He gives us an agnosticism which is true and healthful, not the agnosticism which buries God in shadows and makes man as blind as a bat. There is a sense in which we can all utter such words as these :

" Behold, I know not anything,
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last,—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream, but what am I ?
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

Are God and Nature then at strife
That Nature leads such evil dreams ?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life ;

Till I considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear.

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
Which slope thro' darkness up to God.

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope "

So the tide ebbs and flows, and the spirit is driven hither and thither upon the eddying stream of thought. It is interesting to watch such turns of thought and changes of feeling, but we must pause. We trust that sufficient has been said to prove the statement that Tennyson had keen sympathy with the intellectual movement of the present century, and to show that the study of this great poet may be a fine discipline for any youthful spirit that wishes to know itself. If we would escape from carping care, sordid meanness, shallow spite and debasing passion there is help for us in the company of one who has used all the treasures of art as a tribute to the purest life.

Strathroy.

W. G. JORDAN.

Niagara Historical Society.

THE opening of the first Parliament of Upper Canada by Governor Simcoe, on Sept. 17th, 1792, was celebrated by the Historical Society of Niagara at a very interesting and well-attended meeting in the Town Park on the afternoon of Thursday, the 17th ult. It was also mentioned as the centenary of the holding of the last Parliament at Newark before the Government buildings were occupied in York (Toronto) in 1796.

After the speakers and other invited guests had been entertained at lunch and had caused flowers to be laid on the graves of men who fell in the defence of Fort George on May 27th, 1813, the meeting was opened by an address of welcome and announcement of the programme for the day by Miss Carnochan. She was followed by speeches from Mr. Wm. Kerby, the Rev. Canon Bull, Capt. Cruickshank, the Hon. J. M. Currie, of St. Catharines, Miss FitzGibbon, and Major Hiscott, M.P.P. A fine poem by Mrs. Curzon was read by the Rev. Mr. Garrett, rector of Niagara. The speakers dwelt upon the various features distinguishing the historic past of the old town, the landing of U.E. Loyalists, the loyalty to the Union Jack and Great Britain that was the strength and life of the people in the past ; and the interest in the formation and work of historical societies excited in the youth of the present day to keep alive the traditions of the past and to make the present worthy of their ancestors. Many points of interest not mentioned in any published history were spoken of ; and reference was made to the large collection of historical relics gathered in their midst within a few days, and which were on exhibition in the store opposite the post office. The erection of some monument or memorial building which would serve not only to commemorate the landing of the U.E. Loyalists, the memory of the Governor who, by his able policy, had planted a wall of loyal defenders along the border lands of Canada, but would serve as a safe depository for such valuable historical material, was strongly advocated. The publication of local histories, while the documents necessary were obtainable, and while there were still living men and women whose memories retained the connecting links with the past in those personal reminiscences that give a local and individual reality to the otherwise dry-as-dust page, was also spoken of. We would heartily commend and endorse so laudable an undertaking, and urge every township to set about collecting their old letters, diaries, newspapers, commissions, and certificates, in order that the good example set by the township of Scarboro' and others be followed in the near future.

"Annals of Niagara," by Mr. Wm. Kerby, is, we believe, in the press. No better pen, no more able writer, could have taken up the subject, nor one who has better opportunities of knowing the true history of the district in which he has lived.

The Rev. Dr. Scadding has for many years had the erection of a monument to Governor Simcoe very near his heart. He has devoted many pages, many hours, to advocating it ; has headed deputations to the Local Government, the municipalities, and county councils ; and in the face of every difficulty endeavoured to interest the people in the desired memorial. Would it not be a graceful tribute to his work in the past, his work for the education, the literature, the history of this Province, if an effort were made to strengthen his hands—second his work, and, by combining with the energetic little Historical Society of Niagara, erect the monument or museum while we have Dr. Scadding with us ? It would, we feel sure, be a more gratefully appreciated memorial to his work than any honour paid his memory when the venerable figure is no longer with us and the slowly growing sightless eyes are opened forever in the great beyond.

U. E. L.

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There are natures in which, if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration ; they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us ; and our sins become that worst kind of sacrilege which tears down the invisible altar of trust. "If you are not good, none is good"—those little words may give a terrific meaning to responsibility, may hold a vitriolic intensity for remorse.—George Eliot.

Song of the Fairies.

We come from far
Where the twinkling star
Shines ever fair and bright,
To gladden the earth
With our joy and mirth,
And dance in the silver light
Of the Queen of Heaven,
And the shadowless Seven ;
Through the livelong summer night—
Through the beautiful summer night—
Through the witching summer night
We dance and sing
And then take wing
Ere the morning comes in sight.

We float in the stream
Of the pale moonbeam,
Half-way twixt earth and sky,
Till we find some spot
Where man is not,
Then downward swiftly fly,
To rest by some nook
Of a rippling brook
Where the moonbeams love to lie—
Where the moonbeams streaming lie—
Where the moonbeams dreaming lie ;
There our voices ring,
But we swift take wing
Ere the morning draweth nigh.

For as we sing,
Each gossamer wing
Is spread on the dewy air,
And we fly away
To our own sweet day,
To our land no one knows where,
To our land of love
Through the clouds above,
Where we know not grief and care—
Where we know not pain and care—
Where we know not sorrow and care ;
But sing and dance
'Neath the loving glance
Of our Queen so good and fair.

BARRY DANE

* * *

Parisian Affairs.

THE French are assiduously labouring to impress opinion that the four dynamiters arrested resolved only to operate in England and had no intention to touch even a hair of the Czar's head. *Credat Judæis!* Nothing ought to interrupt His Majesty's visit to Paris nor endanger the alliance. All the rest is but secondary, and every nation for itself. However, the papers found on the arrested connect them with that rather unpleasantly diffused family the international anarchists, whose shells on exploding made no discrimination between the victims. Opinion is delighted that the gang has been pulled up in time, and that justice is still omnipotent to detect crime and frustrate the knavish tricks of the slayers of mankind. Happily the arrested had a weakness for champagne ; had very glib tongues ; indulged in a luxury of aliases, and a variety of collective movements. Even in presence of the preparations for tragedies, ruin and mournings, one cannot help an end of the lips' laugh at the incident of the cabman, a real number one, who drove Tynan a few days ago to view the lions of Paris, proving to be a London detective. During the negotiations for peace in 1870-71, when Thiers and Jules Favre were led blindfolded through the German advanced lines that belted the capital, they found a vehicle awaiting them to conduct them to Versailles to confer with Bismarck. The driver shed tears as feelingly and as fast as Jules Favre himself. He was, besides, the head of the Berlin detective police, and by playing the lachrymose patriot wormed the latest intelligence about the besieged city out of his fares. There is nothing new but the old.

Parisians are surely but quietly reaching the tip of the tiptoe of expectation anent the Imperial visitors. Every spot in the city that their Majesties are likely to view will be swept and garnished. The Czar will only remain three days the host of France, or, according to the proposed Decimal Calendar of Deputy Etienne, forty-three hours. Now the programmes elaborated by amateurs for the employment of the Czar's minutes would require ten times that num-

ber of the 100 minutes decimal hour, even to give a wink at the lions, or a second to descriptions. At table Napoleon's time will be an ideal guide, and which was ten minutes to get through a chop and a few glasses of Chamber-tin. Operatic and theatrical representations will be whittled down to skeleton proportions. During the stay of their Majesties the houses will hang out tricolor and Russian eagle, and every night the illuminations will be continued. The Venetian lanterns will themselves be illuminated with alliance symbols. Each "quartier" of the city will have its independent rejoicings, and street "hops" will be general as on a national holiday. In the provinces the high jinks will also be kept up. The ladies of France are presenting the Czarina with a gift, and it is also intended for mothers to offer Her Majesty one on behalf of the babies of France—for there are a few still despite the progress of depopulation—as a compliment to her own little stranger.

Very intense interest is being taken in the European situation. Turkey is the Marplot of the wished-for peace. The attitude of England is closely watched, as she is the only one of the six powers that seems to have a relish of salvation left for the rights of man. Indifference to all practical action to purge Turkey of its abominable administration, appears to be the watch-word with the others. They dread a European war, because some in that cataclysm may go under. Hence why there is a return to the round-robin diplomacy against Britain. In that conflict all the powers will not be losers. England's diplomatic force resides in playing the waiting game which has proved so profitable to Russia. All the alliances and combinations made to strait-jacket England and snap at her wealth, would be burst asunder on the first brush of war when all empires will be, as it were, the object of pruning, partitioning, and war indemnity payments. How many first and secondary states will risk their rank and existence in a coalition to suppress the British Empire? It is too much forgotten that England belongs to that class of wicked animals which when struck defend themselves. She is upbraided with having no allies ; Russia was in the same predicament not long ago and groaned in spirit that she had only one friend—Montenegro. Since, she has had France and Germany, and utilized them well—in the Far East, as they well know.

Sir Charles Dilke is of late more selected by the Anglo-phobian journals of the Continent, as the model of British statesmanship, than Mr. Labouchere. His "extra Parliamentary utterances" are ever welcomed in the fattest of type. Every country likes the milk-and-water patriots of its neighbours. Why harp on Britain occupying Egypt when the French voluntarily quit it and decided the Italians not to accept the English invitation to step into the French shoes? Cyprus is only occupied till Russia evacuates Kars and Batoum. In the grabbing line, France cannot complain ; she has Tunisia, Chautaboun, Tonkin, Annam, good areas of Africa, and that bagatelle, Madagascar, etc. Russia swells out in the East ; it is Austria checks her sway westward, and the latter power has her Bosnia and Herzegovina grab. Germany failed in her snap at the Carolines, but has had white-elephant compensation in Africa. Italy is still unprovided for, but Cinderella's time is coming in Tripolitania, Morocco, and China. Only two countries are ranked as prepared to face immediate war and starting with the odds in their favour—England on sea and Germany on land, and, despite appearances, it is shrewdly suspected these two powers thoroughly understand each other.

The actual preliminary works of the 1900 Exhibition have commenced. The sides of the Seine from the Pont de la Concorde to the Jena bridge are being arranged so that the heavy barges can come alongside a quay wall to discharge instead of the system of slips and draggings. Embankment hanging or promenade gardens will partly line each side of the river, and these terraces will be permanent. The soundings are being made for the piles of the new decorative bridge to span the Seine from the Champs Elysees to the Invalides esplanade, and the lines for the boarding to be run up to screen the demolition of the Palace of Industry and the erection of two palaces on its site are being measured off.

A very pressing appeal is made to France by a few of her enlightened sons, that some attention will be given to the terrible devastation alcohol is making upon the people. The canker has been gnawing at the vitals of the country,

while the nation has been absorbed in the subject of bloated armaments. The working population of France is being infected by the drink craze. In Paris anyone can perceive the enormous increase in the number of dram-shops. The workman is there before commencing his labour, he is there after it is finished, he resorts to it several times during the day. He lives on drink, not solid food; his thrifty habits are dying out, his well-dressed and model citizen looks are vanishing. Normandy has been completely changed by the drink craze. Rouen is the capital of drinkists. Its population is 115,000, and it consumes 110,000,000 gallons of brandy yearly. The alcohol is prepared from mangels, potatoes, cider, and inferior cereals; it is brought up to proof by the addition of sulphuric acid, and the "sponges" or "suns," from their red faces—as they are called—prefer the acid compound: that alone titillates throat and palate. The dock porters, after a few hours' work, indulge in a succession of "nips," which tot up to about 4 frs. the quart. On market days there are men who drink cider brandy in large glasses, as others do beer or wine, and one and a half pints of that alcohol daily is quite a common allowance.

Saturday night and Sunday are the great boozing days; the rural, as well as the town population, then are "fou." On the roadsides, in the fields, against the street houses, men lie dead drunk. The women are also stricken by the plague; they purchase ready made coffee at the dram shop—one part coffee and three alcohol. Dr. Trudat, the medical officer of health, attests that the general family "soup" consists of brandy and bread steeped therein, alike for children and parents. Mothers, he adds, prefer punch and alcoholized wine to milk for the babies; it warms them, but—kills. One schoolmaster made inquiry among his classes and found that every pupil drank alcohol with his meals. Dr. Brunon, another eminent local authority, asserts that coffee and alcohol are given to babies even before a month old, and continued till aged three years. There are fine country lads aged 18 to 25 who arrive in Rouen to seek employment and that can easily earn 12 to 15 frs. per day. They are soon caught by the siren alcohol; before they are forty years of age they are old men with hollow chests, sepulchral voices, and palsied limbs. Naturally the population is being rapidly decimated. Now the Normans were at one time regarded as types of the best men in the land. The temperance movement in France has only a nominal existence. The press invites the drunkists to imitate the sobriety of the English working classes; patronize tea, bread, and butter and roast beef. The picture to be copied is, alas! too highly coloured, but, in recent years, they manage these things better in England.

What with cider brandy in the west, and absinthe drinking in the other points of France, the outlook is sad. And yet this is the moment chosen to urge the State to take over as a monopoly the manufacture of alcohol; become the great distiller for the nation. Another economist proposes that bananas make excellent eau-de-vie, and the fruit can be had for the gathering in Madagascar. There is balm in Gilead for some of the French colonies at least.

The city police in running recidivists out of Paris has forced them to seek dens and prowling in the suburbs, where thefts and burglaries are so rife that the gendarmes being insufficient to protect property, the inhabitants have, in several cases, formed themselves into special constables. The villages do not like the journals to publish the robberies committed, as that would frighten away residential visitors.

Parisians are rapidly returning to town after their outings. All are dissatisfied with the season, the bad accommodation at the seaside, and the inflated character of hotel bills. The latter fact is included, along with the cyclones, in the pamphlets demonstrating the approaching end of the world.

Paris, September 19th, 1896.

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To cultivate the sensibilities much, and a taste for romance at an early age, to the neglect of more solid acquirements, is about as wise as to sow arable ground with poppies. In spring all will be permatually beautiful; in autumn everything bleak and bare; and there will be but a drowsy residuum, in place of healthful nourishment, to be reaped from the fruit of the soil.—*Thomas Atkinson.*

Charles Lamb as a Humorist.

"LAMB?" said Carlyle, in reply to a questioner; "Lamb! a pair, gin-befuddled mountebank!"

A cruel blow that for the rugged old lion to deal out to the gentle Elia, an unnecessarily harsh verdict from one who was as far removed in spirit and thought and expression from Charles Lamb as Horace is from Ik Marvel. As if the man who forged verbal thunderbolts and launched them with all the force of a twenty-pounder, should be able to sympathize with the smooth-flowing sentences of the genial essayist; as if one who achieved fame in depicting the horrors of revolution would have anything in common with a writer on "Roast Pig and Old China or Poor Relations;" as if the biographer of a Cromwell would have any toleration for one who preferred discoursing of dreams of angels and of chimney sweeps!

If Carlyle had been asked his opinion of Lamb as a humorist one can almost tremble in anticipation of the deep-toned growl of disgust that would have emanated from the harsh old critic, an opinion that would have laid himself open to the charge of being, like a certain famous dweller in Thrums, "defecient in humour." It is safe to say, however, that no one will ever lay the charge of being unduly humorous at the door of the author of the "French Revolution."

In my humble opinion the literature of the last or the present century contains nothing more instinct with true comedy than the writings of Elia—the felicitous phrase, the happily etched character portrait, the vivid reproduction of an amusing scene, all these abound in "The Essays." Yes, our unhappy, unselfish, delightful, warm-hearted Elia, with his long melancholy face and keen penetrating eyes, a grave expression brightened by the frequent "sweet smile with a touch of sadness in it;" a fragile frame held up by two "almost immaterial legs," as Tom Hood put it, "a compound of Jew, gentleman and angel," was as much a humorist in its best sense as he was a good philosopher or a poor clerk. One can imagine the twinkle of the eye when Coleridge asked: "Charles, did you ever hear me preach?" and the happy retort, "I never heard you do anything else." Pointing to Wordsworth's hint that "he could have written Hamlet if he'd had the mind." Lamb answered: "It is clear that nothing is wanting—but the mind."

It was not to be wondered at that the reaction from a long servitude in the South Sea House should have produced a spirit of fun that showed itself even when the darkest of dark shadows was over his life and home. The time came, as he says, "when he could look upon the defunct dragons of the South Sea House with complacency—thy great dead tomes which scarce three degenerate clerks of the present day could lift from their enshrining shelves." These same clerks too, by the way, "were humorists of all descriptions; they formed a sort of Noah's Ark, odd fishes, a lay-monastery, domestic retainers in a great house, kept more for show than use." Speaking of the founder of the South Sea House he writes: "Who never enteredst thy office in a morning without some quirk that left a sting? But thy wit is a little gone by in these fastidious days." (Alas, little man, the same hath been said of thee too) What a rich humour in his "Oxford in the Vacation," where "I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I can rise at the chapel bell and dream that it rings for me. In moods of humility I can be a sizer or a servitor. When the peacock vein rises I strut a gentleman commoner. In graver moments I proceed Master of Arts. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers and bed-makers in spectacles, drop a bow or a curtsy, as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of that sort. I go about in black which favours the notion. Only in Christ Church reverend quadrangle I can be content to pass for nothing short of a seraphic doctor."

You will remember his division of the human species into two races of men—the men who borrow and the men who lend. The borrower, "what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest—taking no more thought than lilies. What contempt for money (yours and mine especially). His exactions, too, have such a cheerful, voluntary air—so far removed from your sour parochial or state gatherers." As his own book treasures were cased in leather covers rather than closed in iron coffers, it is to be presumed

that Elia himself had a close acquaintance with the gentleman whose peculiarities he depicts.

His vagaries and antic dispositions were frequently given full play when surrounded by a coterie of hale friends. His hissing his own farce may be termed a queer conceit as much as his hearty encore of his own witty prologue. "Anything awful makes me laugh," he confessed. "I misbehaved once at a funeral," and it was on account of this sad failing that he feared to stand as god-father to a friend's child, fearing he would disgrace himself at the very font! A queer character indeed who could write a playful humorous paper with the tears of sorrow running over his cheeks. As one of his practical jokes he once sent a credulous creature to Primrose Hill at sunrise to see the Persian Ambassador say his morning prayers. "He shrinks instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal; and held that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple dumplings." What could be funnier in its way than his telling of "the thriving haberdasher who retired on one anecdote and £40 a year," and have we not all met the very man or his direct descendant?

"He found his boon companions, he says, 'floating on the surface of society, a ragged regiment in the world's eye.' No wonder then that he had a fondness for choosing the lowly ones of the earth for his texts and friends. Take for instance his complaint of the "Decay of Beggars." "Much good might be extracted from these same beggars—a greasy citizenry. Rags, which are the reproach of poverty, are the beggar's robes, his full dress, the graceful insignia of his profession. He is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances. He is the only free man in the universe."

And probably he had a fondness as he had a sympathy for "Poor Relations." To my mind his description in this essay is one of his happiest efforts: "A poor relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature, a piece of impertinent correspondency, an odious approximation, a haunting conscience, a preposterous shadow lengthening in the noontide of our prosperity; an unwelcome remembrancer, a perpetually recurring mortification, a drain on your purse, a more intolerable dun upon your pride, a drawback upon success, a rebuke to your rising, a stain in your blood, a blot on your scutcheon, a rent in your garment, a death's-head in your banquet, a murderer in your gate, a Lazarus at your door, a lion in your path, a frog in your chamber, a fly in your ointment, a mote in your eye, a triumph of your enemy, an apology to your friends, the one thing not needful, the hail in harvest, the ounce of sour in the pound of sweet."

In soliloquizing on New Year's Eve he writes, at five and forty: "If I know aught of myself no one whose mind is introspective can have a less respect for his present identity than I have for the man Elia. I know him to be light and vain and humorsome, a stammering buffoon." Perhaps Carlyle was right if your confession is a true one, but we would not have you other than your own odd self. Do sun and sky, and breeze and solitary walk and summer holidays and the greenness of fields and the delicious juices of meats, and society and the cheerful glass and candle light and fireside conversations and innocent vanities and jests and even irony itself—do these things go out with life and with the mind who writes of them? Would that the world had more stammering buffoons if Charles Lamb is one!

Elia's pen pictures of his favourite characters are among his choice bits of comedy. "Mrs. Battle, more familiarly old Sarah Battle (now with God)—who loved a good game of whist next to her devotions. She was never seen to take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play or snuff a candle in the middle of the game as she sat bolt upright at the card table. No, indeed, there was no sick whist when Mrs. Battle was one of the players."

The little black-skinned, white-teethed chimney sweeper, for whom he was willing to have remained his butt and mockery till midnight, when Elia suddenly slipped on a treacherous slide which brought him upon his back: "There he stood pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, yet twinkling through all with a joy snatched out of desolation. There he stood with a maximum of glee and minimum of mischief in his mirth."

His writings were sometimes crude—"a sort of unlicked incondite things, villainously pranked in an affected array

of antique modes and phrases" as penned "by a friend of the late Elia." His spoken jests, too, were often irrelevant and made thick-skinned enemies of some thin-skinned friends.

Though one has ventured to say that his jests are beginning to grow obsolete and his stories to be found out, yet to me the quaint little ex-clerk presents such a rare mixture of wit and wisdom, of merriness and melancholy, of quip and questioning, of trifling and tenderness, of pun and pathos, that I love him for his many-sidedness, for his naturalness, frankness, and kindness of heart, for his everyday humanity that we can all understand, and, above all, for that good spirit of fun which warded off many an evil spirit of depression. The fact that his penchant for joking and punning cost him many a friend had no apparent effect upon this propensity for fun. Perhaps it was with him as with Oliver Wendell Holmes who "never dared to write as funny as he could."

Some letters published in the Atlantic Monthly a couple of years ago from the pen of Lamb reveal many a touch of humour. Even in a letter of condolence to Hood over the death of an infant daughter of the latter, Elia could not refrain from making a pun over a wager as to the sex of the little one. "God bless you and the mother of your sweet girl that should have been. I have won sex-pence from Moxon of Moxon by the sex of the dear one gone." In an invitation to Home he writes: "Put yourself in the coach to-morrow afternoon and come to us. If we are out when you come the maid is instructed to keep you upon tea and proper bread and butter till we come home." Writing to Mrs. Williams, enclosing an acrostic, he says: "I have ventured upon some lines which combine my old acrostic talent with my new profession of epitaph-monger. As you did not please to say when you would die I have left a blank space for the date. May kind heaven be a long time in filling it up." Referring to this acrostic he afterwards writes: "You will see that I am worn to the poetical dregs, condescending to acrostics, which are nine fathom beneath album verses."

At the close of his "Last Essays" the humorous is well uppermost in his "Popular Fallacies," among those enumerated being the old familiar ones: "That a bully is always a coward; that ill-gotten gain never prospers; that a man must not laugh at his own jest; that the poor copy the vices of the rich; that enough is as good as a feast; that handsome is that handsome does; that we must not look a gift horse in the mouth; that home is home though it is never so humble; that we should rise with the lark and lie down with the lamb."

But the end came to this sweet, diffusive, bountiful soul, which passed from its poor tenement of clay in 1834, over sixty years ago, in the little bay cottage at Edmonton, where he lived for some years with his grievously afflicted sister. The building shows but slight evidence of any external change. Situated a few yards from the railway station, the house, with its gable facing the roadway, its red-tiled roof and whitened walls, its narrow doorway and small-paned windows, gives the impression of old world comfort and seclusion. A rowan tree, on the branches of which hang clusters of red berries, stands at the gateway, and its autumnal appearance imparts just now a pictorial attractiveness to the interesting building which is still known as "Lamb's Cottage." FRANK YEIGH.

* * *

Three Kisses.

Childhood, upon her brow, dropped kisses sweet;
With crooning song, he lingered by her side,
And, with bright hope, her pulses wildly beat;
"Ah! this is Life!" she cried.

Youth, from her gentle lips, drank kisses rare;
As warm as southern winds, that faintly blow,
And with soft fingers stroked her golden hair;
" 'Tis Love," she whispered, low.

Age, with chill kisses, fann'd her furrowed face,
O'er her dim eyes she felt his icy breath;
Gently he clasped her, in a close embrace—
She murmured, "This is Death."

LIZZIE E. DYAS.

Champlain.

IN 1524, the King of France, Francis I., eager to share in the wealth of the wonderful New World, sent out the Florentine navigator, John Verrazzano, on a voyage of discovery. From that time, until the last journey of the sturdy Breton, Jacques Cartier, up the St. Lawrence, disaster alone seemed to attend every effort of the French to explore and colonize the shores of America.

In the years that followed France was steeped in blood and horrors, and none had thought for the new lands save the hardy sailors, who, in the cod-fisheries of Newfoundland and the fur-trade of the Gulf, had discovered an unfailling source of wealth.

At length all was changed. Henry of Navarre reigned in France, the peaceful arts stirred to life under the rugged soldier's rule, and his followers must find other vent for their energies than in war.

Out from among them stands one figure, whose name will always be linked with our past, who, if patient endeavour, dauntless courage, a wide outlook into the future, and an absolute disregard of personal interests, make a hero, was one indeed.

Samuel de Champlain, a man of good family, had fought for the king in Brittany, and with his occupation gone, betook himself to the West Indies, in order to bring back to his royal master a report of those regions, which were then jealously guarded by the Spaniards.

Everywhere Champlain made plans and sketches in his own fashion, independent of any rules of art, and the MS. record of it all in his own handwriting may yet be seen at Dieppe. He journeyed to the city of Mexico, and returned by way of Panama, where, more than two centuries and a half ago, his active brain conceived the idea of a ship canal across the isthmus, "by which," he says, "the voyage to the South Sea, would be shortened by more than fifteen hundred leagues."

On his return to France he found his life-work awaiting him. Aymar de Chastes, a brave soldier and devout churchman, longed to plant the Cross and *fleur-de-lis* in "New France," and to end his days there "in the service of God and his king." Henry IV. granted the desired patent, and De Chastes, knowing Champlain of old, offered him a post in the newly-formed company.

In 1603, Champlain and Pontgravé, a Breton merchant, also a member of the company, set out on a preliminary expedition. Reaching the Gulf of St. Lawrence they went up the silent river as far as Hochelaga, where, sixty-eight years before, Cartier had found a busy Huron settlement, and had named the mountain overlooking it Mount Royal.

All trace of the town had vanished, only a few wandering Algonquins were to be seen. The rapids of St. Louis proved impassable, and, Champlain at least disappointed, the voyagers returned to France to meet the news of De Chastes' death.

The enterprise was not, however, abandoned. The Sieur de Monts was appointed Lieutenant-General, with viceregal powers and a monopoly of the fur trade.

The first permanent settlement was made at Port Royal in Nova Scotia, and after three years of hardship it bade fair to become more than a mere trading post; men, such as Champlain and De Poutrincourt, were building up homes, cultivating the land, and looking hopefully to the future, when in 1607 came the news that the monopoly, upon which all depended, was withdrawn. The colonists regretfully returned to France, and though the after-story of Port Royal is a romance in itself, it is no longer interwoven with the fortunes of Champlain.

Undaunted by misfortune De Monts again sought and obtained a trade monopoly for a year, in order that he might once more fit out an expedition to New France.

Champlain was in Paris, longing to return to the land that had so fascinated him, to pierce to the depths of its forests and found there a colony at once Christian and French.

Wide and far-reaching were his views; a fortified post above Montreal, whence the waters of the interior might be traced to their sources and a Western route found to China; the fur-trade to be guarded by a fort at some commanding point, and made to yield a rich and permanent harvest; while—and this lay nearest to his heart—countless savages might thus be reached and redeemed. The spirit of the

crusader animated the soldier of fortune. Gladly he took command of one of De Monts' two ships and with Pontgravé in charge of the other, set forth on his task of exploration and settlement.

Reaching Tadoussac, Pontgravé remained there to trade, while Champlain held his way up the St. Lawrence to where, between the cliffs of Quebec and the river, lay a strand covered with trees. Here his men fell to work, and soon a pile of buildings rose, surrounded by a strong palisade and guarded by small cannon.

Later, Pontgravé sailed back to France, Champlain and twenty-eight men remaining to hold Quebec. During the long winter scurvy broke out, and by May only eight men remained alive—half of them being ill. On Pontgravé's return in the spring, Champlain determined to enter upon the long-delayed exploration by which he hoped to find a path to China.

Meanwhile the "White Chief's" aid was sought by the Hurons and Algonquins against the Iroquois, and the first step was taken in what was ever after the policy of France—a policy which endeavoured to unite the Indians against their common foe, and to render their year by year more dependent on the French, whose supremacy, it was hoped, would thus be gradually established.

In June, 1609, near the lake which bears his name, Champlain and his new allies defeated the Iroquois, who, despite their courage and fierceness, were for the moment paralyzed at the sight of the "iron-breasted" chief and his firearms.

In France, a few months later, Champlain saw his beloved master for the last time; soon after came tidings of Henry IV.'s death by the hand of Ravillac.

Sometimes in France, sometimes in Quebec, this born missionary and explorer was spending himself in seeking to regulate monopolies for which he cared nothing, and otherwise to strengthen and secure the prosperity of New France. It was not until 1613 that he could resume his explorations. He then made his way up the Ottawa as far as Musk Rat Lake, where he was received by the Indians as one from the clouds—how else could he, a white man, have crossed the woods and rapids?

With the spiritual wants of the Indians pressing heavily upon him, Champlain, in 1615, brought out with him four Récollet friars, burning with zeal for their conversion. One of these, Father Le Caron, taking twelve Frenchmen, went back with the Hurons to their own country, followed shortly after by Champlain. Up the Ottawa, along the Mattawan, across Lake Nipissing, down French River, he and his little band went, until he stood on the brink of the great Lake of the Hurons.

Soon he reached their settlement, with its rudely-cultivated fields and great bark lodges—all as Cartier had seen them at Montreal eighty years before. "The Great Chief" was welcomed in true Indian fashion; warmer still was the greeting of the friar Le Caron, as he came from the little bark lodge built for him by the Indians—already fitted up with an altar, the decorations for which the eager priest had brought through all the terrible journey. Here, surrounded by Champlain and his little band of countrymen, Father Le Caron celebrated the first mass in the country of the Hurons, and for the moment, at least, the priest and the devout soldier must have felt repaid for all they had undergone.

One object of Champlain's journey was to join the Hurons in what proved to be an unsuccessful expedition against the Iroquois. He found, to his cost, that obedience to orders was no part of Indian warfare.

The promised escort to Quebec not being forthcoming, Champlain was compelled to return to the Huron country, where the winter was spent in exploring and visiting the Indians with Father Le Caron. When, in the spring, he went down with a trading party, his people welcomed him as one risen from the dead, so little had they hoped for his return from the wilderness.

Henceforth, Champlain gave up the journeying so dear to his heart, and set himself to struggle with the difficulties of his position. Quebec was half trading factory, half mission post, merchants and friars alike were jealous of each other and of Champlain, who had all the responsibility and very little real authority. One domestic glimpse we have: in 1620, he brought with him to Quebec his young and beau-

tiful wife, who, full of religious zeal—after four years' work among the squaws and their children—preferred convent life in France to sharing her husband's toils, although she did not become a nun until after his death.

In 1627 came a change that to the harassed, eager Champlain, must have seemed a promise of better things. Cardinal Richelieu suppressed the trading monopoly and formed the "Company of New France" with himself at its head. Every possible inducement was offered, every advantage bestowed upon the company, who on their part, were bound to increase the number of colonists to four thousand persons before the year 1643; to support them for three years, and then to provide cleared lands for their maintenance. Every settler must be Roman Catholic and French—each new settlement must have at least three ecclesiastics—foreigners and heretics were forever excluded. Here lay the vital difference between England and France; the one threw open her colonies to all who sought new homes, and men of action and energy came to build them up; the other only admitted that favoured class, who, with no motives for leaving their own land, were bribed to do so by titles and wealth.

The first care of the newly-formed company was to send aid to Quebec, now almost on the verge of starvation. In the meantime, 1628, war had broken out with England, and a private expedition under a merchant named Kirke set out to seize the French possessions in the New World. With his people starving—his fort in reality defenceless—Champlain received a courteous letter from Kirke summoning him to surrender; with equal courtesy the answer went back that the fort would be held to the last. News came that French ships were ascending the St. Lawrence, and between hope and fear the little garrison watched and waited. Neither friend nor foe appeared, and long after it was learned that the relief ships were seized and sunk; but, that deceived by Champlain's bold attitude, Kirke had feared to make an attack. When, however, in July Louis Kirke—the admiral's brother—appeared, famine left Quebec no choice but to capitulate, and the Cross of St. George was raised, where Wolfe and his followers raised it a hundred and thirty years later.

Peace was declared, and by the time Kirke, with Champlain on board, had reached England, the French ambassador was negotiating with Charles I. for the restoration of the colony to the Crown of France, 1629.

Then arose the question—was it worth the keeping? The Associates were bankrupt—how were these wilds to be peopled? On the other hand, honour demanded that New France should be retained; some few realized what sources of wealth lay hidden in the wilderness; Richelieu's pride was in arms; and to Champlain—patriotic and religious, even when mistaken—it was intolerable that his country should betray her trust as the champion of the faith.

Once more, in 1633, the unwearied leader—now commissioned as the first Governor of Canada—resumed command at Quebec, where the Jesuit Father Le Jeune had remained in charge of the mission.

The Récollets returned no more, henceforth the Jesuits became the ruling power in the land; exploration, trade, Indian policy, war and peace, all were directly under their guidance. The very life of the fort partook of conventual regularity; a wave of penitence swept over the most careless and they submitted to a stricter rule of conduct; while all intercourse with the Indians was based on the hope of winning them to Christianity.

Two years longer the brave-hearted Governor toiled on, and then, on Christmas Day, 1635, came the ending. Champlain's last cares were for the colony that could so ill spare him, and for which he had laboured so unceasingly.

In the words of Mr. Parkman, the "*preux chevalier*," the crusader, the romance-loving explorer, the curious, knowledge-seeking traveller, the practical navigator, all claimed their share in him," and withal, perhaps his strongest attitude was his utter selflessness,

M. ALGON KIRBY.

* * *

That intention which fixes upon God as its only end will keep men steady in their purposes, and deliver them from being the jest and scorn of fortune.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

Letters to the Editor.

INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM.

SIR,—As an old contributor and friend you will, I feel sure, permit me a word of warm commendation of the thoughtful, scholarly and well-balanced editorials with which you favour your readers. To this may I add due praise for the general excellence of the articles. Knowing how hard it is, even in classic Toronto, to provide a weekly bill of timely and suitable intellectual fare, unless largely supplied with the "sinews of war," the wonder is that you do so well. Founded on the best English models, THE WEEK for many years has led the van in high thinking and academic writing in Canada; and it is fair to say its influence has been noble and inspiring to our people, young and old, and many of our ablest writers have made their first bow to the public in its columns. As a parting word, I express the hope that from one end of Canada to the other your efforts may have the cordial support they so well deserve, and that as an educative and elevating force THE WEEK may long sustain its independent and elevated position.

THEMIS.

Toronto.

MORE THAN HE CAN PERFORM.

SIR,—No complaint can be made against the comprehensiveness of the Hon. Mr. Laurier's policy, as outlined on his election platform and as indicated in his speeches since he assumed power. But if he succeed in accomplishing satisfactorily all he has promised, he may be justly called the Wizard of Canadian politics. In addition to taking over the troublesome question which wrought such havoc in the fortunes of the late Government, he has undertaken to perform several apparently impossible feats.

What can be more diametrically opposed than

- (1) To satisfy the majority and minority of Manitoba, who, according to the latest advices, still hold to their first contentions.
- (2) To introduce his tariff reforms and yet satisfy all parties concerned.
- (3) To be on friendly terms with the United States, at the expense of Canadian interests and national respect and dignity, and please Canadians.
- (4) To establish preferential trade relations with the United States, whilst discriminating against Great Britain, and persuade the people of his loyalty to British connection.

As to the first, a month ago, a Toronto daily had on its bulletin board the statement, "The Manitoba School Question Settled."

According to the Winnipeg World, September 5th, Premier Greenway stated that the school question, "when it is settled, will be settled on the basis satisfactory to those who have opposed coercion and stood manfully for the principle of a national school system, but that another conference with the Federal Ministry is necessary before action can be on Mr. Laurier's proposition."

On the other hand, there is a sure and growing impression amongst not a few, that nothing short of separate schools will satisfy the minority. So that, in either event, it looks as though one party or the other will have to put up with coercion.

Moreover, as a matter of principle and not of sentiment, it should be remembered that the decision of the Privy Council declared that the minority, and not the majority, had a grievance; so that the mere satisfying of the latter is not necessarily doing justice to the former. Nor can it be said that Canadian precedent, so closely imitative of English precedent which safeguards the rights of minorities, endorses the action of the Manitoba majority; but quite the reverse, Provincial Rights notwithstanding.

Mr. Laurier and Mr. Sifton may be able to settle the difficulty in a manner satisfactory to themselves; but what of the minority?

Are they represented in these transactions? Or are Mr. Laurier and Premier Greenway aiming at a settlement by compromise, and flattering themselves that public opinion and political power which, so far, have been in their favour, will compel the aggrieved minority to accept such as a finality, on the principle of "take this or you will get nothing."

It is hardly to be expected that, in a free country like Canada, a section of the people, which forms a solid and substantial provincial minority, backed up by the constitution, with the example of other provinces before them, and the spirit, if not the very letter, of the law on their side, will feel disposed to accept a very dry crust in lieu of the loaf demanded.

Mr. Laurier has been allowed a free hand in the matter; but it is doubtful whether any settlement, which does not win the ready acceptance of the Manitoba minority, will be endorsed by the Catholics of Quebec, who, at the elections, confided the question to the justice of their most distinguished living fellow-countryman.

The last three potentialities it would be useless to dismiss before they have assumed the more tangible shape of probabilities.

SODES.

* * *

The Drama.

THE ACTOR JUDGED BY HIMSELF.

Stanley Jones, in To-morrow.

THE unkindest critics of the theatrical profession are to be found among the actors themselves. Walter Bagehot used to say that the cure for admiring the House of Lords was to go and look at them. The cure for adulating the theatrical profession is to see theatrical life as it is lived: not in the glamour of the footlights; not in their private lives—which are, like other men's and women's, what they choose to make them—but among actors in the pursuit of their calling. When dramatists speak of the hebetude of actors, they may be suspected of prejudice, and the failure of many bad plays, no doubt, is attributed by their authors to the actor's lack of comprehension. Yet nobody who has ever endured the fatiguing experience of a rehearsal can have been impressed by the general intelligence of the company taking part in it. Not a few of them seem incapable of thinking for themselves, whilst others think of themselves, and of nobody else in the piece. Only in rare instances does the actor consider his own part in relation to the whole play; though the story of the tragedian who knew "Hamlet" with everything but the Prince of Denmark left out, and followed the play only by his cues, is probably the invention of a malicious rival. But the ordinary playgoer can have no idea how much the composition of the beautiful pictures presented on the stage is the work, not of the actors, but of the stage manager (to say nothing of the scene-painter and the stage-carpenter), who may be an actor with a particular talent for this practical work—amounting in the superlative degree, as in the case of Sir Henry Irving and the late Sir Augustus Harris to a positive genius for organization—or to a dramatist endowed with illimitable patience. It is not only the newspapers and the crowd who have given to the actor a place of importance ridiculously out of proportion to his consequence in our national life. The recognition that acting has received, above all the arts, in the highest quarters, has directed more public attention to the actors apart from their work than they deserve. When the members of the theatrical profession presented to the Prince of Wales, on his fiftieth birthday, a gift of a gold cigar box—said to have cost a cool thousand pounds—they acknowledged their indebtedness to His Royal Highness for the increased respect extended to their calling; and the liberal patronage of the Prince of Wales, hardly less than the improvement in their material circumstances, has helped no doubt to influence the public mind. . . . But this great respect for the theatrical profession is not often shared by the members of the profession themselves. The cardinal virtue of self-respect does not exist among actors as it does in other professions. The petty jealousies, the mean intrigues, and the unworthy rivalries, are perhaps inevitable in a profession in which personal advantage is everything. A standard of measures and of morals—a professional etiquette—can hardly be maintained, but it should not be difficult for the theatrical profession as a body to add to its dignity in the eyes of the public. The feeling that it should do so exists among the actors themselves. There is yet another lesson in dignity and self-respect that the members of the theatrical profession have to learn; and that, as the intelligent reader will have guessed already, is to refrain from speaking so much about themselves.

Music.

MR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH will give, during the coming season, his fifth series of organ recitals in All Saints' Church. The programme of the first recital, which is to take place at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon, is an interesting one. In addition to the organ solos of Mr. Fairclough, two vocal numbers will be rendered by Miss Sally World, soprano.

Art Notes.

STAGE ART IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

Magazine of Art.

THEORISTS have sometimes argued as though Shakespeare consciously realized and rejoiced in his freedom from the trammels of scenery, and deliberately rejected the ministrations of the painter. This, of course, is a mere illusion. There is not the remotest reason for supposing that if scene-painting had been practised in his day, Shakespeare would not have availed himself of its aid, or would not have been able, under the conditions it imposes, to express his genius in the utmost perfection. I have sometimes wondered why no attempt was made to adapt to the stage the scenery which, under Elizabeth and James, was lavishly employed in the Court masques. I have even been inclined to argue that Shakespeare cannot have been the alert impresario, the consummate showman, of some people's imagination, because this idea never occurred to him. But a little examination dissipates all surprise. It was not pictorial scenery, as we understand it, that was employed in the masques, but elaborate pieces of mechanism and constructed "properties." No more than the plays of the time were the masques presented within a picture-frame, like that supplied by our proscenium; and this frame is obviously essential to anything like a picture. The stage of the masque, as we see from numerous drawings, was often, if not always, simply the floor of some hall, the spectators occupying either the galleries or raised benches along the walls. The "real tree" and the "real pump" were in great demand. Arbours and fountains and grottoes abounded, along with complicated and ingenious pieces of mechanism, something like those which we now see in Christmas spectacles. Ben Jonson's famous coadjutor in many of his masques was not a painter, but an architect and mechanist—Inigo Jones, to wit. Now these constructed properties, suitable for presentation on an open platform, our ancestors did not fail to use on the regular stage. We have all heard of the "hell-mouth," and other like properties, which the Elizabethan stage borrowed from the mediæval mysteries. "Practicable" erections were no doubt common enough, and there is every reason to suppose that the "pleached bower" of *Much Ado* and the cave of *Cymbeline* were not left entirely to the spectator's imagination. The main fact to be borne in mind, however, is that the frame, the proscenium, is essential to a stage picture, and that the Elizabethan stage possessed no proscenium. There must be an absolute line of demarcation between audience and stage before scene-painting, in our sense of the word, becomes possible. It is true that scenery of a certain sort had come into use before the line of demarcation was strictly drawn; but the whole history of theatrical construction shows a steady shrinkage of that portion of the stage which extended in front of the proscenium. The final disappearance of all trace of the Elizabethan platform belongs to our own day. Its last remnant, a space of from three to eight or ten feet between the curtain and the footlights (technically termed the "apron"), may still be seen in some old-fashioned playhouses; but in almost all modern theatres, except those built for musical purposes, there is no appreciable space between the curtain and the "float." It is noteworthy that the first scene-painter who has left any permanent mark in theatrical history, De Louthembourg, was the contemporary of Garrick who was the first to draw a hard-and-fast line between stage and auditorium by clearing the stage of that portion of the audience which used to encumber it. The upshot, then, is that the whole configuration of Shakespeare's

stage rendered scenery impracticable, so that the fact that he made no attempt to introduce it cannot possibly be considered as implying a deliberate rejection of its aid. We cannot, except for the gratification of a momentary antiquarian curiosity, revert to the physical, any more than to the social or intellectual, conditions of the Elizabethan stage; therefore all we can do is to apply to the Elizabethan repertory our existing methods of scenic illustration, adapting them one to the other with all the ingenuity, taste, and discretion we can command.

* * *

Recent Fiction.*

"LESBIA" is a much stronger story than its unsuggestive title would lead one to suppose. Indeed, in many respects it is worthy a more extended notice than we can give. The first part is not particularly striking; it introduces all the personages in the piece, gives us an insight into what manner of persons they are, but gives little intimation of the complications afterwards to arise. In the second part, however, the author more conspicuously exhibits her power; and the interest increases with each succeeding chapter to the end. The story turns on the apparently ill-assorted marriage of a man of good sense, high principle, and strong feeling to a beautiful, self-loving woman, with little sense or principle, or capacity to appreciate the fine qualities of her husband. Some of the scenes are highly dramatic and the reader scarcely knows—cannot know how the play will develop itself; but when the curtain drops it is not on a domestic tragedy, as he feared, but on a scene of reconciliation and hopefulness. The author writes well and makes her people speak well. Her boys and girls talk rather too much like grown-up men and women. Some of the sayings throughout the book are almost aphoristic in terseness, and we venture to quote a few: "A father may, or may not, have money to leave his children, but it is the mother who bequeaths them memories." "When a woman not particularly intellectual is abstracted, it is safe to assume that a person, not an idea, is possessing her thoughts." "In the intimacy of marriage there is room only for two simple elements—attraction or repulsion." "Brides are queens, wives are subjects; bride-grooms are devotees, husbands are infidels." "A conventional conscience is better than none." "Good taste and conventionality are effective auxiliaries to the Ten Commandments." "Hypocrisy is sometimes the only rag of decency a poor body has left." "If you can't make a man sorry, it is something to cause him to swear." "Some women have the ways and manners of those who put up with things, others of those who ordain them."

BRIEFER NOTICES.

"A Voyage to Viking-Land." By Thomas Sedgwick Steele. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. This is a book of travel affording an account of a trip by steamer round the coasts of Norway. It possesses no particular literary merit; but is interesting reading inasmuch as it refers to romantic places and peoples but partially known to us. The volume is issued in an attractive style and is most beautifully illustrated.

Popular Science Lectures. By Ernst Mach. Translated by Thomas J. McCormack. (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.)—Mr. McCormack's translation of the scientific lectures of Professor Ernst Mach, of Vienna, issued as they are in the present volume, in a cheap but attractive form, will give many an opportunity of studying one whom perhaps they never heard even mentioned before. To the lovers of science, and, indeed, to all thinking men, the book contains much of interest, logically developed and well illustrated, embracing lectures of a philosophical as well as of a scientific nature.

Heartsease Hymns and Other Verses. By William P. McKenzie. (Toronto: William Tyrrell & Co.)—This little volume of hymns is divided into four sections commencing

with "Heartsease Hymns," and ending with "Thoughts of a Man." From "Das Liebe Jesulein," Luther's term, we cull the following:

"Behold him silent, after play and laughter,
While dreamy eyes
Seem fixed on visions of the far hereafter,
And thoughts arise."

Amongst the other hymns, all of them fervent and some of them with the true lyric ring, we would call special attention to the "Samaritan" and the "Pathfinder."

Our Humour. By Richard Shelburn. (New York: Columbian Book Company, 725 Broadway.)—Mr. Shelburn's book deserves little notice. As a work of the publisher's art it is all right, but as giving examples of what Americans consider humour we trust sincerely it is all wrong. Of newspaper wit there is plenty, and not the choicest of that. One could almost wish that Mr. Shelburn had favoured us with a preface to say what he really means by gathering together such a compendium of newspaper jokes; whether his work is really a satire on the wit of the day, or what it is. We give it up; but perhaps some day he will enlighten the public regarding the motive which prompted him to amass together jokes and witticisms which the cultured American would not be apt to consider samples of national humour.

Literary Landmarks of Venice. By G. Laurence Hutton. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)—In this volume Mr. Hutton has done for Venice what, in previous volumes, he had done for Jerusalem, for London, and for Edinburgh; and it is needless to say that he has done his work admirably. It is a little book of only 71 pages, including an index of places as well as an index of persons; but it is full of that peculiar information so "dear to the lovers of bookmen and to the lovers of books." One is apt to be a little surprised at the number of people familiar and famous in literature who, at one time or another, lived and wrote and, in some instances, died in Venice; although "Venice, with all her literature, has brought forth but few literary men of her own," as Mr. Hutton observes. The book is beautifully bound and exquisitely illustrated; and is a literary and artistic treat.

Cartier and Hochelaga. Maisonneuve and Ville-Marie. Two historic poems of Montreal. By Walter Norton Evans. (Montreal: W. Drysdale & Co., 232 St. James Street.)—Mr. Evans introduces his historical poem boldly.

"Long had the dying spirit of the Past
Held men in chains; and all the listless world
Looked backward, to behold its golden age."

The new world and the new hopes lie before and in "the mighty river of her dreams." France finds a road to that New France which is *not* the Old. The poem generally, and "The Landing" in particular, speaks of Scott. But Mr. Evans is no plagiarist; his heart is in his subject, and the energy and vitality which ring in his verses are all his own. Canadians should read these poems with interest; every page is replete with historic associations—the associations of race hatred, national triumph, and—let us not forget this—the charm of the lost cause.

My Neighbours. By Margaret E. Sangster. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)—Mrs. Sangster has long been known as a contributor of both prose and verse to American periodicals. Though almost always didactic she is never tiresome; her subjects are well chosen and she treats them with a practical good sense and a clearness of expression that are her most marked literary characteristics. "These bits of talks on homely themes," as the author modestly calls them, "address themselves only to a fireside audience, and aim only to be helpful to those who face 'the common days, the level stretches white with dust.'" Originally printed as contributions to periodicals, they are now collected in a little volume, tastefully bound, with gilt top and uncut edges. Among the titles, and there are sixty-five in a book of some two hundred and fifty pages, are such suggestive ones as "Tuckered Out," "Planning for Pleasure," "Society Girls," "Sunday Reading," "Wedding-bells," "Women in Public Life," "An Attractive Manner," "The Use of the Word 'Lady,'" "Overdoing in Kindness," etc., etc. There are only three poems, which have been included by request.

* "Lesbia." By Anna C. Steele. London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

Public Opinion.

Hamilton Spectator (Con.): There were plenty of vulnerable points in the armour of the Ontario Grits and all that is needed now by the Conservative party, in order to capture the entire works, is a good fighting general.

Montreal Star (Ind.): It has long been predicted by practised politicians on both sides that on the day that the Liberals should succeed at Ottawa they would be weakened in the provinces, while Conservative strength would be transferred from the Federal field to the provinces by the same event.

Toronto World (Con.): Ontario cannot afford to forget that she too has gold mines, and that every effort which the Provincial Government can make to attract capital and assist development should be put forth. Now is the time, and not five or ten years hence.

Montreal Gazette (Con.): In Mr. Dryden the farmers of Ontario have an admirable, some think, an ideal representative. Ever since he assumed charge of the department he has carried out a broad and liberal policy for the development of the agricultural resources of the Province.

Toronto Globe (Lib.): If a civil servant is too ardent a politician to be able to keep out of the fight when an election is in progress it is to be presumed that he is too ardent a politician to be afraid of losing his post. He cannot expect to play a game of "heads I win, tails you lose." He cannot expect to carry a gun and claim the privileges of a non-combatant.

Toronto Weekly Sun (Ind.): A new Government, no doubt, is hard pressed in the hour of victory, by the claims of those who have fought for it in the battle. Yet policy, as well as justice, bids it be firm. For one friend whom it gratified by a concession to the spoils system, it will probably make many foes. There is a peculiar harshness in the dismissal of humble employees such as railway servants.

Montreal Witness (Ind. Lib.): As a method of distributing patronage the local member system is an incurably bad one, and should be done away with altogether. The contract system is well known to be far from a perfect one, but it is the fairest known; and we do not think it would be difficult to take tenders in such a way as to make it impossible that two tenders could be quite alike.

London (Eng) Canadian Gazette: Mr. Laurier's statement that the Alien Labour Law of the United States is unworthy of a civilized country is strong, but not stronger than the occasion deserves. While the measure is used to harass Canadians living along the boundary line, Americans are allowed to enter the Dominion freely, wherever they like, and to work where they choose, whether they are under contract or not.

London News (Ind. Con.): Word comes from Toronto that a very decided boom is on which has for its object the placing of John Cameron, of the London Advertiser, in the Senatorial chair rendered vacant by the death of the late Senator Ferguson. The suggestion is a happy one, and Mr. Cameron's friends in this district will endorse it to a man. The News knows of no one who could fill the position with more dignity and grace than Mr. Cameron, who through his life-long service in the Liberal interests in this section of the country has claims upon the party which can hardly be ignored. In the important position which he has occupied for so many years, as head and front of the Liberal organ of the west, he has had every opportunity to become thoroughly conversant with public questions, and, as a matter of fact, his mind is a storehouse of political and general information. There is no doubt that he would speedily be recognized as ranking with the leaders in the Senate Chamber. Whether Mr. Cameron would be willing to accept the vacancy should it be offered him, is a matter regarding which the News is not informed, but it hardly seems likely that he would refuse the honour.

Toronto World (Con.): The Conservative party ought to give its first and foremost attention to reorganization and reconstruction. When this has taken place the new forces will do better work in the field.

Manitoba Free Press (Ind.): The civil service, both Provincial and Federal, will never be what it ought to be as long as members of it remain active partisans and, worst of all, can boast of it as of something meritorious.

Montreal Witness (Ind.): By the action of Parliament offensive partisanship is practically defined to cover anything that can be called mixing in politics. Those who accept employment under the Queen, in any branch of service, are informed that as the Queen is non-partisan so must they be.

Monetary Times (Ind.): As Mr. Laurier very properly expresses his abhorrence of the spoils system, the country will look to him to see that it shall not, under any pretext be introduced into this country; for wherever it goes it carries in its train a multitude of evils which the best men in the neighbouring Republic have long deplored.

Montreal Gazette (Con.): The theory that an increase in postal receipts is a sure accompaniment and indication of prosperous commercial conditions is borne out by the summarized reports of the British post office that have lately been published. So large has been the growth of postal business that a profit of no less than £3,632,000 was last year made in handling it.

Toronto Globe (Lib.): If the excellent and patriotic service of our volunteers is to be recognized in a practical way the suggested land grant is by no means the best method of doing so. In spite of our great area there is abundant proof that we have already overdone the land grant business. Instead of promoting settlement, the granting of land, as at present carried on, effectually retards it.

Victoria B.C., Colonist (Con.): Our American neighbours seem to be dreadfully exercised over the Alaskan boundary, particularly respecting that part of it about which there cannot be the possibility of a doubt. The boundary between Alaska and British territory in that district where gold mining is carried on is not an artificial line. It is the 141st meridian west, the determination of which is a mere matter of observation and calculation. That line cannot be moved by human means. If British and American engineers are such blunderers that they cannot find out precisely where it is, the best thing that the Governments interested can do is to employ French or German engineers to make the survey.

London Advertiser (Lib.): As a man's first duty is to his household, so a nation's first duty is to see to it that newcomers are desirable additions to our population. We do not desire to see a Chinese majority in Canada, nor in any Province of Canada. Cheap labour they may supply, but it is dearly bought if its results are to produce conditions which impair the ability of our own workmen to make a decent living, and force them down to Chinese conditions.

Ottawa Citizen (Con.): Sir Henry Joly takes a chivalrous interest in the Chinese and thinks we should let them come into this country so as to bring them under the direct influence of Christianity. This is all very well, but every nation has a right to protect itself from contamination by the intermingling of an inferior race. We may be able to absorb a very small number of the almond-eyed foreigners, but a large influx from China would certainly be injurious to our stock.

Victoria, B.C., Colonist (Con.): Any sensible man who takes an interest in the matter would like to know the extent of the grievance of which the "anti-Mongolians" complain. But all that he can get are loose statements and unproved accusations. Let us have the whole truth about this matter and if the Chinese and Japanese are to be kept out of the country let it be on such grounds as intelligent men, honest men and Christian men will have to admit are reasonable, just and sufficient.

Literary and Personal.

"An Uncrowned King," a Romance of High Politics, by Sydney C. Grier, recently concluded as a serial in Blackwood, is announced for publication by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A story of the time of Shakespeare, written by John Bennett, will be the leading serial for the new volume of "St. Nicholas." It is called "Master Skylark," and will deal with the romantic events of the Elizabethan age.

Mr. John La Farge's "Artist's Letters from Japan," which were printed in The Century Magazine several years ago, will be issued by The Century Co. in book form in October with all of the original illustrations.

Theodore Roosevelt's "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail" is to be issued in a new and popular edition, with all of the original illustrations by Frederic Remington. It was formerly sold as a \$5.00 book, but will now appear in smaller form at \$2.50.

Messrs Copeland & Day, Boston, have recently published "The Listener in the Town" and "The Listener in the Country," by Joseph Edgar Chamberlain, in two volumes; and CXXIV Sonnets from Dante, Petrarch, and Camoens, translated by Richard Garnett, LL.D.

The Open Court Company announce for early publication a novelette by Richard Wagner entitled "A Pilgrimage to Beethoven;" a brochure by Count Tolstoi on "Christianity and Patriotism," and "Ancient India: Its Language and Religion," by Prof. H. Oldenberg.

Beginning with the double autumn number of Poet-Lore, the Magazine of Poetry, by arrangement with its publishers, the Peter Paul Book Co., will be merged in Poet-Lore, whose public thenceforth will cover the subscription lists of both periodicals. With the issue for October, Poet-Lore will become a quarterly review.

Mrs. Molesworth, the friend of all girl-readers, is about to put forth her annual volume of charming fiction through the Lippincott's. This year her tale is called "Philippa," and the company introduced to us is again a group of young people who have natural ways and do things that inevitably interest all who are like them.

It is said that Marie Corelli has never surpassed her early book "Barabbas," but those who have had the privilege of reading the advance sheets of "The Murder of Delicia," predict for it even a greater success. It is a book with a purpose, but so deftly handled that the reader takes up the author's cause vehemently: the cause of womankind.

Out-door nature has no keener observer than Dr. Charles C. Abbott, and his books on birds are especially full and delightful studies, not too technical to be prosy. "Birdland Echoes," his latest book, published by the B. Lippincott Company, is perhaps his very best work on the subject. It is illustrated with minute care by Wm. Everett Cram, a fellow bird-lover.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the Cabot Calendar, 1497-1897, compiled by Sara Mickle and Mary Agnes FitzGibbon and about to be published by Wm. Briggs. It has twelve calendar pages with events from Canadian history for each day in the year and numerous illustrations and portraits, including full-page portraits of Champlain, Frontenac, Wolfe and Brock.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. have in preparation a new work by Andrew Lang, which, although not a novel, has in it all the materials of romance. It is entitled "Pickie the Spy. Disclosing the Treasures of A. M., Esq., of G. —; also of James Macgregor, and Macallester, an Irishman. With the Secret Amours and Misfortunes of H. R. H. Charles P. — of W. —. Drawn from the Cabinets of the late Elector of Hanover, and of their French and Prussian Majesties."

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Mr. Justice Gwynne, of the Supreme Court of Canada, has returned from his trip abroad.

Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, paid our sanctum a call on Monday last.

Mr. W. L. M. King, B.A., LL.D., formerly of the Globe staff, has been appointed to a fellowship in the University of Chicago.

Mr. J. H. Long, M.A., formerly of Hamilton, and an occasional contributor in prose and verse to THE WEEK, is now editor of the Windsor Review, which he has greatly improved.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has for many months been gathering material for his romance, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," which is to be the leading serial of The Century during the coming year.

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One Case in Which the Exposure brought on La Grippe and Serious After Troubles—How the Victim Secured Renewed Health.

From the Brockville Recorder.

Rockport is but a small hamlet, but it has achieved a wide reputation owing to the fact that it is situated in the very heart of the far-famed Thousand Islands, and for this reason attracts during the summer months hundreds of pleasure seekers. Among the residents of the village none is better known than Wilson A. Root. During the summer months he follows the occupation of an oarsman, and none knows better than he the haunts of the gamey bass and pickerel. In the winter and spring months Mr. Root follows the occupation of trapping and this pursuit requires one to be out in all sorts of weather, and in the water frequently at a time of the year when the water is none too warm. As a result of a wetting Mr. Root took a severe cold which developed into la grippe, which took such a firm hold upon his system that for a time he was unable to leave the house. His kidneys became affected, and he suffered from severe pains across the back. There was a feeling of continuous tiredness, which no amount of rest or sleep seemed to relieve. The appetite was fickle, and there was an indisposition to exertion or work. A number of remedies were tried, one after the other, but without any beneficial results. At this juncture a friend strongly advised that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills be given a trial. They had cured thousands of others, and why not he? Acting on his friend's suggestion, Mr. Root procured a single box of the Pink Pills, and before all were used felt an improvement. This encouraged him to persevere with the treatment, and after the use of a few more boxes of the pills Mr. Root found his health fully restored, all the pains and aches had disappeared and with their disappearance came renewed strength and activity. Mr. Root says: "I firmly believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to be unsurpassed as a medicine, and I advise any who are ailing to give it a fair and honest trial."

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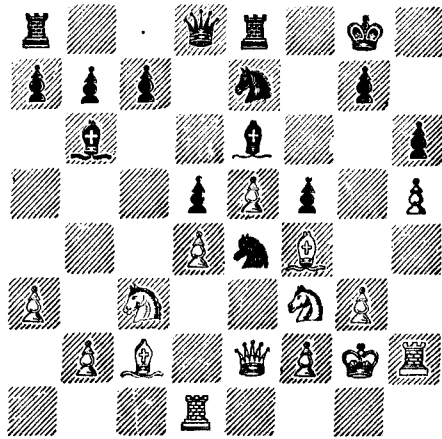
The frontispiece of the October Review of Reviews is a portrait of Sir Joseph Lister, the eminent British surgeon, whose discovery of the value of antiseptics has so revolutionized the modern surgical methods, and who was honoured, last year, by election to the presidency of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Another interesting picture is a photograph of Mr. Gladstone and Li Hung Chang. The Review of Reviews continues its record of the Presidential campaign. Every noteworthy phase of the canvass is fully presented. Apropos of the approaching sesquicentennial anniversary of Princeton University, is an illustrated article by Winthrop More Daniels on "Princeton After One Hundred and Fifty Years." The Baron de Coubertin contributes a study of the late Jules Simon, the great French statesman and author.

Chess

A well-contested game in the tenth round at Nuremberg:—

Albin	Steinitz	Game	754
1 P K4	P K4	BD	GE
2 Kt KE3	Kt QB3	SM	rx
3 B Kt5	B B4	Jo	Rw
3... considered unsound			
4 P B3	Kt B3	tu	ZP
4... Q K2, 5 Castle, P B3, 6 P Q4!			
5 P Q4	P xP	24	E4
6 P K5	Kt K5	DE	PD
7 P xP	B Kt5 ch	u4	wnt
8 rather doubtful expedient			
8 K B1	Q K2	AJ	8G
9 both offensive and defective			
9 Q B2	P B4	lt	QO
10 threatening Kt Kt5, etc.			
10 P KR4	B R4	2244	ne
10... intending Kt Kt5 probably			
11 prevents Q Kt5, etc.			
11 P QR3	B Kt3	bc	co
12 B K3	Castle	sC	HZ
12... rather dangerous perhaps			
13 B B4 ch	K R1	ov†	Z88
14 P R5	Q K1	4455	GH
14... anticipating 15 Kt R4 and 16 Kt Kt6 ch			
15 Q K2	Kt K2	tB	xG
15... necessary and effective			
16 Kt B3	P Q3	ju	76
17 B B4	B Q2	CN	27
18 R K1	B f3	aA	7x
19 P KKt3, KtKt, 20 PAKt, BxKt, 21 QB3			
19 R R2	R Q1	1122	h8
20 with an eye on Kt at K5			
20... KKt3	P Q4	TU	65
21 B Q3	K Kt1	v3	88%
22 K Kt2	B Q2	JT	x7
23 B B2	B K3	3t	7F
24 R Q1	P KR3	A1	7766
24... prevents 25 KtKt, and 25 Kt Kt5			

(r2qr1k1, ppp1n1p1, 1b2b2p, spPp1P.

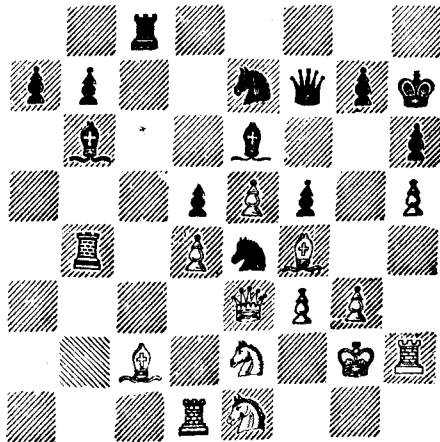


3PnB2, PIN2NPI, 1PBIQPKR, 3R4)

25 Q K3	K R2	BC	Z77
26 B R4	Q B2	td	HQ
27 Kt K2	P B4	uB	yw
28 P QKt4	P xKtP	kn	wn
29 P xP	R B1	cn	8z
30 Kt K1	R B5	MA	zv
31 P B3	R xKtP	KM	vn
32 B B2	R QB1	dt	Rz

32... Kt Kt4 also loses

(2r5, pp2nqpk, 1b2b2p, 3pPp1P..



1r1PnB2, 4QPPI, 2BINIKR, 3RN3)

33 P xKt, QxP, and 34... Kt Q4			
33 P Kt4	R K7	UV	nk
34 Q B1	R R9	Cs	kb
35 Q Kt1	QR xB	sj	bt

35... seems to be forced
Black resigned on 49th move.

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Periodicals.

Among its many attractive features, the October Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, presents the opening chapters of Ian MacLaren's new story, "The Minister of St. Bede's," Ignace Paderewski's composition for the piano, a minuet—"Menuet Moderne;" and Albert Lynch's "American Girl"—a characterization of young American womanhood, by the famous French artist—which is shown on the cover. Of interest also is Hamlin Garland's article on the cliff dwellers of the southwest under the caption of "The Most Mysterious People in America." Ex-President Harrison's paper deals with the Secretaries of the Navy and of the Interior, and pays high tribute to the officers and seamen of the Navy. Dr. Parkhurst discusses "The Young Man at Play," emphasizing the value of healthful diversion "A Boy's Bookshelf," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, names and comments upon the best one hundred books, by American authors, for boys

Among the contents of the October Century are several articles bearing upon topics now prominently before the public. "A Study of Mental Epidemics," by Boris Sidis, is a scientific paper of interest. Another article of immediate interest is a paper on John P. Hale, "A Presidential Candidate of 1852," by his associate on the Free-Soil ticket, the Hon. Geo. W. Julian. A paper "About French Children," their education, training, manners, and nature, by Th. Bentzon (Mme. Blanc), is illustrated by Boutet de Monvel. Prof. Sloane brings his "Life of Napoleon" to a conclusion in a chapter entitled "The Eclipse of Napoleon's Glory," including pictures on the battle of Waterloo and the exile to St. Helena, and to which is appended a portrait of the author by the French artist Paul Leroy. Mrs. Humphry Ward's story, "Sir George Tressady," is also finished, and likewise Mr. Howell's novelette, "An Open-Eyed Conspiracy." The short stories are: "A Little Fool," by Agnes Blake Poor, and "Sonny 'Keeping Company,'" by Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart. The poems of the number are contributed by Clinton Scollard, Julie M. Lippman, R. U. Johnson, R. W. Gilder, and in "Lighter Vein," by A. W. Colton, G. O. Percy, Robert Bridges, Irene N. McKay, and H. G. Paine

An able article on the subject of "Dr. Jameson's Raid and the Trial at Bar," by Mr. Edward Dicey, C.B., commences the September issue of The Fortnightly Review, in which the writer points out that there are various aspects of the Trial at Bar hardly justifying the general approval with which its result has been received. He also writes: "It was a great mistake that Dr. Jameson and his fellow prisoners were not sentenced on the conviction to be imprisoned as first-class misdemeanants. It was a still graver mistake that the judges by whom the sentence was passed, should be made to appear as if they objected to its mitigation. It was the gravest mistake of all that these unfortunate gentlemen should have been needlessly subjected to the ignominy of being treated for four-and-twenty hours as common criminals, and should only owe their release from the status of criminals, not to the recommendation of the judges by whom they were tried, but to an act of grace on the part of the Crown"; and in conclusion expresses a hope that none of his remarks will be considered so intended to throw doubt on the impartiality of the tribunal. Other papers in the number are: "Edmund De Goncourt," by Yetta Blaze de Bary; "Italy," comprising a paper by Ouida entitled "The Marquis di Rudini and Italian Politics," and another under the caption of "The Italians in Africa," by J. Theodore Bent; "A Modern View of Jesus Christ," by John Beattie Crozier; "Some Notes on Poetry for Children," by E. V. Lucas; "The Present Evolution of Man" by Prof. E. Ray Lankester; "Ireland as a Field for Tourists," by John A. Steuart; "The Humanities of Diet," which is a most interesting essay written from a vegetarian point of view, by H. S. Salt; "The Schoolmaster at St. Stephens," an appreciative article by J. and E. R. Pennel upon "John Everett Millais," and "The Cretan Question," in which the author urges the constitution of one or two large Christian states—a Greek or a Slav, or both

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Periodicals.

In the October Harper's an engraved portrait of "The Author of 'The Martian'" stands as frontispiece, and a generous instalment of Mr. Du Maurier's new novel, with five characteristic drawings by the author are given. Other features of the number are: An illustrated paper entitled "The Blue Quail of the Cactus," by Frederic Remington; "The Hypnotist," a story by Octave Thanet, with four illustrations by A. B. Frost; "Electricity," with twenty-four illustrations; "Some American Crickets," by Samuel H. Scudder, with nine illustrations by L. J. Bridgman; etc. As usual in this ever popular magazine, the illustrations are excellent as well as numerous.

The Atlantic Monthly for October is one of the most important issues of the year. There is the usually fine literary flavour to the contents, and this is supplemented by timely papers on political, scientific, and historical subjects; but the feature which will attract the widest attention is an innovation. A new department is opened having the attractive title, "Men and Letters," to which the best writers will contribute short signed articles on literary subjects, reminiscences, suggestions, criticisms and the like. The department is opened this month by W. D. Howells with a paper reminiscent of his days as editor of the Atlantic. He is followed by John G. Burroughs on "The Poet and the Modern," and W. P. Trent, on reading the 50th volume of Balzac.

The October Arena is devoted largely to the silver question on which it has all along taken a pronounced position in favour of the white metal; but there are a number of articles on other important, if less engrossing subjects. One of these, of peculiar interest to Canadians, is "How Prince Edward Island Settled its Land Question," by J. H. Hastam. Wm. F. Howe Tolman, Ph.D., writes on "Municipal Reform;" Sophia McClelland on "The Question of Genius," and John F. Clark on "Soul Evolution." An article that will surely attract attention is entitled "Are Our Christian Missionaries in India Frauds?" by Rev. J. H. Mueller. There is a sketch entitled "Three Travellers," and a liberal instalment of the serial "Between Two Worlds."

"The Present Situation of Sunday Opening," according to Mr. Frederic Peake, who writes under this caption in the September number of The Westminster Review, is not such a success as was at first believed. Mr. Peake concludes his able paper with the following remarks: "The perusal of the additional papers in the June and July number of the Westminster Review, after making considerable allowance for the intoxication of a momentary success, should suffice to convince thoughtful observers of modern tendencies among all classes, that it is not only the religious observance of the Lord's day which is at stake, but the preservation of the mental and physical repose of that true Sabbath, which is becoming more and more a necessity for the overstrained faculties of present-day workers. It may be permitted, perhaps, to one among the crowd to suggest that a recognition of the religious sanction of the day can alone preserve it from the craving after pleasure and the greed of gain; and that a careful religious use of the day can alone secure from it that fulness of rest which it was meant to bestow." Other notable papers in the issue are: "The Foreigner," by C. D. Farquharson; a powerful, though brief article entitled "A Survey of Events;" "A Last Reminiscence of Sir Joseph Farnby," a graceful essay by Emily S. Judge; "The Ethics of Statecraft," by Horace Seal; "German and English Interests in Samoa," by J. F. Rose Soley; "Imperative Free Trade," by Robert Ewen; "Latter-day Conservatism in Scotland," by W. M. Ramsay; "Dante Gabriel Rossetti," by E. G. Wheelwright; "The Economics of Rating," by George Croser; "Should Canvassing at Parliamentary Elections be Abolished?" by Lewis Emery; "Mosquitoes and their Enemies," a manual; "Mosquitoes and a brief reply to the by Lawrence Irwell and a brief reply to the recent attacks made against Pitman's short-hand by a Mr. Johnstone and others, which attacks are clearly refuted by Isaac Pitman & Sons.



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Scientific and Sanitary.

Dr. Max Wolf discovered, at Heidelberg, on the evening of September 7th, four new minor planets; he had discovered one on September 3rd, and their number now amounts to about 420.—*Science*.

Pasteur's statue is soon to be placed in the market-place at Alais, France, to commemorate his discovery of the remedies for diseases of the silkworm. It was at Alais that this work was done by the savant.

The method of nickeling wood has been devised by the German chemist, Langbein, the wood being covered by a thin coating of metal by either a dry or wet process. As Canada is about the only country in which nickel is now found, this new discovery should add to the ever increasing demand for this metal.

Those who seldom taste fruit take to it as an occasional thing with some avidity, but it seems that an education is often necessary to adapt the constitution to use it as a diet. Though Canada is now a great fruit-producing and fruit-exporting country, Canadians are not on the whole a fruit-eating people. They probably eat too much meat and too little fruit.

"In the light of modern inoculation by the injection of blood from the innumerate, it has been suggested," says *The Medical News*, "That it may be possible to protect African explorers by blood from the healthy natives. In the case of Stanley, it is known that he submitted to the transfusion of native blood some fifty times in the practice of the rite of blood-brotherhood, and it is not impossible that to this was due his exemption from the fatal fevers of that climate."

"Alex. Millveigh, of Dromore, Ireland, has invented a process for imparting a silky finish to fabrics of vegetable origin, such as cotton, linen, etc.," says *The Textile Record*, "It is a composition prepared by boiling flaxseed and Iceland moss, and mixing same together in the proportion of one quart of the boiled preparation of flaxseed to one pint of the boiled preparation of Iceland moss, to which, when mixed as above, is added one ounce of white vegetable wax, and one-half ounce of spermaceti dissolved in boiling water."

"Near the top of Mount Washington, in New Hampshire," says *The Observer*, "lives a little colony of very cold-loving and mountainous butterflies which never descended below 2,000 feet from the wind-swept summit. Except just there, there are no more of their sort anywhere about; and as far as the butterflies themselves are aware, no others of their species exist on earth; they never have seen a single one of their kind save of their own colony. A writer on 'high life' in *The Cornhill Magazine* says that this little colony of chilly insects was stranded on Mount Washington at the end of the Glacial Period some odd thousands of years ago, and the butterflies dwelt there ever since, generation following generation."

Another popular illusion has been demolished by the publication of the report of the investigations of the International Congress at Bale upon the alcohol question. Instead of Germany and England being at the head of the list of alcohol-consuming countries they tie for fifth place with an average consumption of nine quarts per head of the population, France heading the list with thirteen quarts per head, Switzerland, Belgium and Italy are equal seconds with ten quarts each per head. Sweden is sixth with four quarts, Norway seventh, while Canadians may be congratulated upon the appearance of the Dominion at the foot of the table with an average consumption of two quarts per head of the population. This new apportionment is arrived at by bringing all drink to a common standard according to the amount of alcohol they contain, which show that wine is responsible for three times the amount of alcohol contained in beer; therefore, though Englishmen and Germans drink more in volume, they absorb less of the spirituous element than the other wine-consuming countries.—*Montreal Gazette*.

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NOTES ON RECENT FICTION: "Camilla," "Theron Ware," etc. C. & P.

BOOK INKLINGS.

NOTES AND NEWS: Merging of "Magazine of Poetry" in "Poet-Lore."—London Literaria: The Carlyle Catalogue and Shakespeare Memorial, etc. W. G. K.—Style according to Spencer and Browning. Dr. G. A. Neff.—Philosophy and Poetry Again. Norman Haygood.

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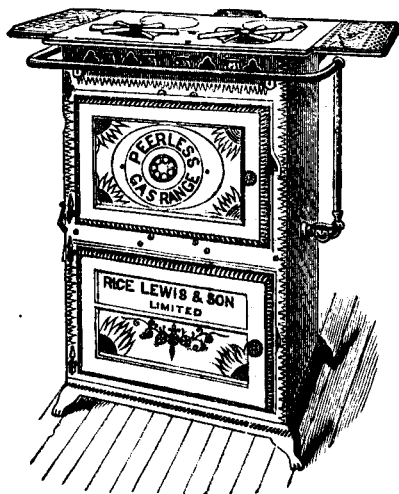
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