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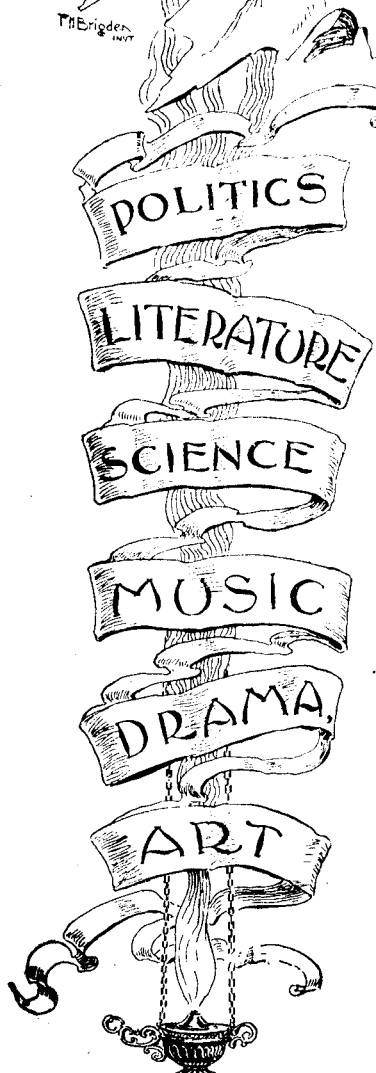
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THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, December 13th, 1895.

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Current Topics.

"The Cost of Liberty." Principal Grant's series of articles on "The Cost and Profit of Liberty" will be resumed in our issue of December 27th. This series has attracted, as we expected, a large measure of attention throughout Canada. The Attorney-General of Nova Scotia has sent us a paper on Imperial Unity, in which he takes as his text the articles of Principal Grant. It will appear in our next number.

Mr. Wallace Resigns. The most interesting point in the political news of the current week is the resignation of Mr. Clarke Wallace, M.P., as Controller of Customs. Mr. Wallace's decision will be received by the country, and perhaps by his own party, with mingled feelings. The announcement was made in the evening papers of Wednesday—probably too late to effect appreciably yesterday's bye-election in North Ontario, the result of which is still unknown as we go to press. The friends of Mr. Wallace ascribe his delay in resigning to the fact that "negotiations for a peaceful settlement of the controversy over the school question were pending until a few days ago. But these negotiations are now finally off, and Mr. Wallace has determined to sever his connection with the Government that is committed to a policy of coercion, and take his place among those who are fighting the battle of Manitoba." The Orange Sentinel, of yesterday, warmly congratulated Mr. Wallace on the decisive step he has taken, and pledges him its utmost support. The Sentinel adds that victory is now assured for the Prairie Province "in the struggle to maintain the little red schoolhouse." Mr. Wallace will retain his seat in Parliament and will take an active part in the Cardwell election, opposing, it is said, the Government candidate. It is hinted that he may ally himself with Mr. McCarthy. This would be a highly interesting alliance, but as Mr. Wallace says he has not as yet given any thought to his future course it is rather premature to speculate on the results of such a combination. Yesterday's papers were full of the resignation of the Controller and what various prominent men thought of his action and its results. The Liberals express surprise that he has remained in office as long as he has; the Conservatives are equally surprised that having remained till now he did not remain altogether, or at least until the Government was actually forced to take decisive steps. For our own part we consider that if Mr. Wallace had resigned when the Government first announced its intention of introducing remedial legislation the ex-Controller would have occupied a much more dignified and independent position than he does to-day.

Mr. McCarthy is Pleased.

Whilst addressing a large public meeting at Bracebridge on Wednesday evening in support of the candidature of Mr. Brandon, the standard bearer of the Patrons, Mr. D'Alton McCarthy read a telegram announcing Mr. Wallace's resignation. Mr. McCarthy expressed great pleasure at the news and withdrew certain criticisms he had previously passed upon the ex-Controller. "The air is gradually clearing," remarked the leader of the Third Party; "the crisis is approaching; the first desertion, and an important desertion it is, has taken place. If I wanted any justification for my course from the first day the Manitoba School Question was brought up on the floor of Parliament until this moment, I have got it in this telegram here to-night." Mr. McCarthy added that he could not imagine anything over which the angels would weep more than the sight of two Orange Grand Masters carrying out the behests of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Quebec.

The National Policy

It is easy to criticise a policy; it is difficult to construct one. It is still more difficult to construct one that may prove acceptable to a majority in a country of such peculiar conditions and diverse interests as the Dominion of Canada. In the National Policy the Conservatives accomplished this great task, and since its adoption by the party the Policy has more than once been confirmed by a general election. It is true that in several respects the National Policy differs from the original measure, but this is to be expected. It is essentially to-day what it was seventeen years ago. We have as yet no certain means of knowing whether or not it stands as high in popular estimation as it did. There is some reason to believe that it does not, but the Ottawa Government evidently believes it does, as the ministers are a unit in desiring it to be the chief issue of the coming elections, bye and general. They are probably in a better position to judge of the feeling of the country in the matter than their political opponents, who as yet appear to be not quite united on their tariff policy. So far as we can judge the Liberals desire a tariff for revenue only, but have no intention, if returned to power, of making any sudden change. They would, it is said, accomplish their purpose by slow and well-considered steps. But there is an element of uncertainty about this method of procedure, especially as it is known that advanced free traders will have a voice in deciding the length and the rapidity of the steps. It would be better for the Liberals to state plainly and definitely how far they intend to go and how long they expect to be in getting there. Commercial people dread the unknown and the uncertain. The National Policy may be the failure some people claim it to be, it may even be "played out" as the Liberals state, but the nation knows what it is, knows its good points and its bad, and we believe that so long as there is the present element of uncertainty about the trade policy of the Liberals they cannot hope to drive their long-installed opponents from power.

Our Public Men.

Public men have a great deal to contend against. They are flattered and magnified by the press of their own party and abused and depreciated by the press of the other party. Men who read the papers of one side only—and their number is large—get such crooked views of public men and affairs that he who attempts to make them see straight attempts a task as impossible as it is thankless. On the other hand those who determine to read both Government and Opposition journals are apt to wax cynical and to believe the statements of neither side. In any event the public man suffers, and nothing he does or says is estimated at its real worth or significance. We believe that the majority of our public men desire nothing more than fairplay. They suffer from misrepresentation to a greater extent than any other class in the community. Especially is this the case with men in office. Their position is difficult enough without the base interpretation which is too often placed upon their words and deeds. Nothing can be more cruel, nothing can be more harmful to the people, than the incessant implication of unworthy or interested motives on the part of those to whose care is committed the governance of the country. For this reason THE WEEK makes it its especial aim to consider impartially acts of Ministers of State, be they Federal or Provincial, Liberal or Conservative and not to take for granted that any charge is necessarily true because it is made. It is only fair to take for granted that the different Governments are doing the best they can for the welfare of the country. We may think they are not devoting enough attention to some matters of national importance, to which we refer elsewhere, but there ought to be the least possible display of mere partisan fault finding.

Lord Salisbury Misrepresented.

It will be remembered that the newspapers of November 28th contained a cable despatch giving a brief résumé of Lord Salisbury's speech to the important deputation from the Wesleyan Conference which waited upon the Prime Minister the previous day on the subject of national primary education. This despatch made it appear that Lord Salisbury received the deputation in a cold and haughty way, and spoke roughly to its members, after the manner of Joseph to his brethren, but from distinctly other motives. We can find no trace of all this in the full reports of the proceedings which appear in The Times of November 29th. On the contrary, we find, as we expected to find, every consideration displayed for the opinions and wishes of the deputation. Lord Salisbury said that he agreed almost entirely with those who had spoken as to the grievance which exists—that where there is a considerable number of Nonconformist children, they may be in such a position that they must have either a religious teaching which they do not believe or no religious teaching at all. He had always considered it "a very serious one," and would be glad to see any means adopted to remedy "this most lamentable state of things." As a possible and alternative remedy Lord Salisbury would encourage the establishment of voluntary denominational schools by Nonconformists, and would give them a full measure of public assistance. But the proposal of the Bishop of Bath and Wells is to be preferred. He suggests that where no other school accommodation exists except the Church school, Nonconformist ministers or teachers, duly qualified, should be granted admission, under proper regulation, to the Church school and be allowed to give religious instruction in a separate class room or other available building to the pupils entered as belonging to their own denomination. Lord Salisbury is right in saying that this question of religious instruction in schools is one of the most difficult problems which ever beset any community.

Britain in the East.

The latest speech of Lord Roberts, as reported to the New York Sun, ought, to wake up the English people and all and sundry who are connected with them if they can be waked up. General Roberts is not an alarmist and he never plays to the gallery. What he says is this: "If England intends to maintain her commercial supremacy in the East she must be prepared for events even more startling and unexpected than those which have occurred during the past twelve months." He pointed his remarks by urging the English people not only to look after their navy but to keep their army ready for action. He believes, as all far-seeing watchers of current events believe, that India is threatened. The readers of a Canadian journal may ask: "Well, what then? What have we got to do with that?" The answer is, when India is threatened Canada is threatened. When England stands solitary and at bay Canada, Australia, The Cape, New Zealand must all look out for trouble. What then is Canada's duty? In these columns we have struck no uncertain note. What we have written has been sent forth under a deep sense of responsibility and was based upon reliable information. We repeat what we have said already. The times are more than critical, and Canadians cannot prepare too soon for any emergency.

Canadian Books.

A considerable amount of attention in the literary circles of Great Britain and the United States is being bestowed at present upon our land. The question of Canadian copyright and the visit of Mr. Hall Caine to this country have brought into prominence the fact that we have authors and publishers of our own, producing work that is worthy the name of literature and putting it before the public in attractive form—a fact of which many educated Anglo-Saxons appear to have been deeply ignorant. A very pretty number of novels and short stories have lately had the great Dominion for their scenes of action. In illustration of this we need only mention the work of such distinguished Canadian authors as Gilbert Parker, Robert Barr, Miss Dougall, and John Mackie. Their books, however, have, for the most part, been published in England. Still, our own publishing houses have been gradually winning more recognition. We have received from the publisher, William Briggs, a copy of "Old Man Savarin, and Other Stories," which has been printed and bound in a style quite equal to the best London and New York publishing houses. Mr. Thomson's now widely-known collection of stories was reviewed in THE WEEK by Mr. Archibald Lampman immediately on its publication. The author's gifts are many. His style is excellent and his work racy of the soil. The best of the stories have Canada for their setting, and the pictures of the "Waterloo Veteran," of "Old Man Savarin" and of "Great Godfrey's Lament," leave a clear-cut impression on the mind. Such books flatter our national pride, and, like Oliver Twist, we ask for more. Amongst other books which deserve special mention and which have been published recently in Toronto, are "Etchings from a Parsonage Verandah," "Forest, Lake, and Prairie" and "Pearls and Pebbles." "Kim Biler" comes to us from British Columbia—a notable novel which we reviewed the other day. Dr. Bourinot's last book is a very marked success from every point of view. Indeed, the literary activity of the Dominion is becoming conspicuous. In theology, history, poetry, science, and in contributions to periodicals, Canadians are winning a coveted position. There are many chapters in our national history and many features in our national life which appeal to the imagination and make of the Dominion a happy hunt-

ing ground for the writer of fiction. It is fitting that these characteristics should be presented to the world by Canadian authors and through the medium of Canadian publishers.

Mr. Goldwin Smith
and the Old
Testament

In the current number of the North American Review Mr. Goldwin Smith's name appears under an article entitled "Christianity's Millstone." This article will be very differently received in different quarters. It starts from the assumption that the Christian world still holds to the verbal infallibility of Holy Scripture. It then enumerates an immense number of religious and moral difficulties against such a position. No Christian scholar of note to-day holds the doctrine of verbal inspiration. But doubtless Mr. Goldwin Smith is not wrong in supposing that many Christians do. Such being the case, this article ought to have much the same kind of effect as Colonel Ingersoll's work, which helped to destroy the caricature of Christianity which was popularly known as Calvinism. We hope Mr. Goldwin Smith's recent utterance may help to clear the ground of the now discredited, and, in educated circles, discarded, theory of verbal inspiration. And, no doubt—as the title of his article implies—this was the intention of the writer.

Mr. Goldwin Smith
and Lux Mundi.

By the way, Mr. Goldwin Smith falls foul of the editors of Lux Mundi. He completely misunderstands and consequently misrepresents their position. If Mr. Goldwin Smith is going to use the results of Old Testament criticism to pull down old positions, he ought in all fairness to have made himself sufficiently acquainted with the new learning to point out that there is a new and truer view of inspiration which recognizes all the difficulties to which he has called popular attention, and deals with them, yet, at the same time, firmly maintains the inspiration of the Old Testament. If Mr. Goldwin Smith is unaware of this, he forfeits his right to deal with the subject. If he is not unaware of it he has no justification for thus wantonly adding to the religious unrest of many minds.

Higher Criticism
and the Multitude.

What right has any man to undermine a people's religious convictions and give no sign that these convictions may be true though improperly based? Mr. Goldwin Smith's article while it seems to upset the religious value of the Old Testament, in reality only upsets a human view of the *mode* of its inspiration. He must know that such an article may do untold injury to many a man's faith. If in so purely scientific a matter as astronomical knowledge the Copernican theory did not supersede the Ptolemaic view without a bitter struggle, what is to be expected when a religious world is suddenly called upon to resign an infallible Bible? It is, therefore, not merely a blunder but unpardonable cruelty to expose to men the impossibilities of their cherished theory before they are ripe for the newer and truer theory which will enable them to hold substantially the same religious convictions as before. That men are not yet ripe for a complete revolution in their view as to *how* God inspires his prophets is notably shown in this latest incursion of Mr. Goldwin Smith into the realm of theological thought. Mr. Goldwin Smith shows a complete grasp of the facts which some time since led the editors of Lux Mundi to discard the old-fashioned theory of verbal infallibility. He fails entirely to grasp the new view of the best Christian scholars of our day, which takes account of the difficulties in the Old Testament without giving the *impression* that it is time the Old Testament was discarded.

The Political Situation.

AT a time like the present, when bye-elections call for an expression of opinion and a declaration of policy from the outs and the ins, respectively, it is the duty of every intelligent member of the community to try and form a reasonable opinion. The day for strict allegiance to party lines is, we believe, drawing to a close. Older men, who have been brought up in the habits of party discipline, find it difficult to do justice to the motives or arguments of political opponents, but the younger men are, in many cases, exceedingly desirous of forming an untrammelled opinion on the matters now being discussed.

The sole issue, apparently, at the next Session will be that of the Roman Catholic Separate Schools in Manitoba. That issue at present offers itself in this way. The Roman Catholics complain that their rights and privileges have been interfered with by Provincial legislation in Manitoba. The Privy Council have decided that they have a grievance; the Dominion Government have promised to remedy that grievance, but before undertaking to do it themselves they have stated that they prefer that the Provincial Legislature, who passed the laws in question, should either repeal or amend them. The latter Legislature has, so far, declined to do either, and the Dominion Government have now to act upon the promise they made. While Protestants, as a general rule, deplore the determination of their Roman Catholic fellow subjects to insist upon Separate Schools, the larger majority feel that it would be impolitic as well as unjust to coerce them into attending schools to which they object, and we doubt very much whether the fanatical denunciations of the extreme ultra-Protestants find sympathy with the large majority of electors. It does seem unfair to insist upon the members of that creed being compelled to pay double rates, that is, in support of Public Schools, which they do not approve of, and at the same time support schools which their Church requires them to attend. It is a serious concession for the country to be obliged to make, and if it could be avoided the large majority would gladly not have to make it, but, as it is a question of faith and not merely of practice, we must bow to the situation. If, in the end, the agitation leads to some general scheme whereby religion shall be taught in State-supported schools it will not have been entirely thrown away.

But what strikes us as the most serious feature in the political situation is this. While the whole country is being upset and worried by the constant and heated partisan discussion of a question which really interests very few people, the material interests of the Dominion are seriously prejudiced. In the first place, instead of the whole united force of the Canadian people being devoted to the development of the Dominion, bad feeling is being engendered and race and creed distinctions are being developed, which prevent united action in any direction. If Canadians are to create and maintain a country of their own, it must be by united effort, and it is preposterous that a question of whether five or six thousand children should or should not be educated in schools by themselves, should be allowed to turn the whole country upside down. It is time for common sense and moderation to be once more called into play, and the mischief-makers, and discontented and dissatisfied politicians who have raised this question, must be taught their proper place.

A further difficulty stares us in the face: the trade relations of the country may be altered by a vote on a collateral issue. Are the people prepared to allow those trade relations question to be decided or disposed of by a side issue? We believe not, and we hope to see yet a sense of

justice and of moderation and fair play exert a strong effort to put this vexed question of Separate Schools into the limbo of dead and forgotten issues. There are so many much more serious matters to unite about that we must not allow our national strength and national good feeling to be dissipated in ungenerous sectarian disputes. If the energies and abilities of our people need exercise let our political leaders take up the question of the development of the North-West. How shall our millions of acres be brought into the market? How can our thousands of inhabitants be made millions? How can we put our militia force into proper condition? How are we to induce the English people to divert their investments from rotten South American securities into good Canadian bonds and mortgages? The English financial papers are openly declaring that English investments are leaving the United States, and they are looking for other fields in which to place their capital. We want that capital here badly. Every day this mischievous Separate School agitation is kept up damages our chances of getting any investment whatever made here. Our enemies take advantage of our dissensions—they even fan the flame. Candid friends who damn us with faint praise now point in the English papers to these troubles, and prophesy our inability to settle them. We suffer, therefore, very much financially, and will suffer much more without any counterbalancing advantage unless a period is at once put to the hypocritical made-to-order fervour of demagogic agitation. We appeal to business men, and men who have something to lose to interfere before it is too late and insist that their representatives give this question an immediate quietus.

* * *

Alexandre Dumas, Fils.

THE intimate friends of Alexandre Dumas, fils, were not ignorant of his failing brain-health, but were not prepared for his relatively sudden death. He was a natural child that his father legally recognized, so was legitimized. His mother was a sempstress and had a work-room attached to her residence, known to-day as No. 1. Place Boieldieu. That is the house where he was born and the municipality is preparing the customary mural slab, in black marble and gilt letters to record the birthplace of the deceased celebrity—"29th July, 1824." Dumas was sent to the ordinary preparatory schools and passed his holiday Thursdays with his mother; his father did not take any marked interest in him as a lad; after quitting college he shared the Bohemian life of his father. In 1845 he published his first volume of boyish poetry; "forty copies were struck off, and were sold." In 1865 he married the Russian princess Narischkine, who adored his genius, as did the Russian Madame Hauska that of Balzac. By this marriage he had two daughters, both married, but one is a *divorcée*. His wife died in April last. Six months later Dumas wed the daughter—a *divorcée*—of Régnier, the actor. She has been left a widow—her experiences of married life must be sad—very early.

Although he had a splendid town house, crowded like a museum—and so lacking taste—with *objets d'art*, he preferred his Villa Champflour, at Marly, contiguous to the palatial residence of Sardou. It is an old, two-storey house, but has a splendid park overlooking Bongirai, that Baden-Baden of France, and close to Paris. Some very old trees are in the park; there is a bench of some historical interest in the garden, that on which Madame de Staël stood and made a solemn oath to eternally love the assassin of Gustavus III. One day M. de Leuren, the director of Opéra Comique, a post he obtained through the influence of Dumas père, wrote to the latter's son to call on him. Complied with, M. de Leuren, handed him a bunch of keys, requested him to open a drawer, and to read his will. The document leagued to him the Villa Champflour, and 10,000 frs. a year to keep it up. Dumas fils protested against the generosity, but like the lady, vowing he would never consent, consented. The death chamber is plainly furnished, with family portraits and busts of his daughters. The bed, in citron wood, and the same used by his father, and on which

he died also, is very small. Thereupon reposed the body of the great dramatist; arms folded across his heart, his favourite attitude in life; naked feet, and his working costume—a wide pair of pantaloons and a white smock. And so he was interred. According to his will, no honours or oraisons will be delivered over his bier; no religious ceremony celebrated; he wants no crypt in the Panthéon, only a simple tomb in the cemetery of Père Lachaise or Montmartre.

He has left his wealth to his widow and two daughters, share and share alike; his splendid portrait by Meissonier, he bequeaths to the Louvre; but though reported to be charitable he has forgotten the, "Pray remember the poor." In the midst of eulogiums at boiling point, it is difficult to handle the personal character of Dumas; but as nothing should be extenuated, or aught set down in malice, outside his set, he was not a popular man. He had a jealous disposition and a hardness of character that displeased. His quarrels with all his play-collaborators are historical. He claimed to be the only man who understood the nature of woman; he alone could tame her. Yet, it was well known that if a favour was to be won from Dumas, the applicant should be prepared to secure the good opinion of Madame at first. Dumas was a passionate believer in chiromancy, and was the patron of the daughter of Desbarolles the great authority on palmistry. Recently Dumas called on the, now professional, lady; he complained that the central of the three large lines of his hand "did not go well"; that was "the line of the head," as it is called; "I feel some misfortune will arrive at the indicated side of my head." This was two months ago. Now, the eleven doctors called into consultation, have not been able to precise the malady Dumas died of, save that something was wrong with the brain. His valet is down with typhoid fever since several days. Dumas said he would like to catch that disease in order to experience the pleasure of convalescence.

As a playwright, Dumas fils will live—his romances do not count—just as will his father, that he always alluded to as the "Grand Dumas," also go down to posterity as a novelist; generations unborn will devour *Monte Cristo* and the *Trois Mousquetaires*. In point of work Dumas fils points a moral; he laboured as a galley slave over his productions; never did he "scamp" a line. His words, like his thoughts, were *accouchements*. For a twelvemonth he would write in his head the drama he would transcribe in three weeks, and if not satisfied with an act, or the entire work, would coolly set about rewriting all. Managers had to snatch his plays to stop that Penelope industry. *Denise* was the piece that caused him most thought. This labour was exhausting, for the social types created by Dumas were the result of profound observation and drafts on his inner consciousness. He was justly styled the father of contemporary drama; he revolutionized the stage: he fabricated new and original moulds for it, and showed how "casts" were to be made.

Like Byron, Dumas fils went to bed and awoke in the morning to find himself famous. After the first representation, February 2, 1852, *Dame aux Camélias*, he was a celebrity. He never surpassed that *chef d'œuvre*. His last piece was *Francillon*, produced in January, 1887. He has left three incomplete dramas, with directions never to be represented. Indeed Dumas was conscious of the setting of his genius and feared to risk a failure. For Dumas the character of woman was his specialty; she was either a fallen angel or a devil. For "Marguerite Gauthier" (*Dame aux Camélias*) he claimed a Magdalene pity—for "she loved much"; for the wife whose chastity had been ruined by a profligate tempter, he demanded the pardon of "the woman taken in adultery;" for the spouse with angel mask and demoniac temperament—"kill her." From around these types, Dumas extracted his characters. He claimed to be a psychologist, a "soul doctor," the director of the consciences of both sexes—for man, as well as woman, came under his lash; or, rather, formed the subject of his theme, for the dramatist only composed those that provoked and forced attention solely among the middle and upper classes. He was unknown to the populace—but not so his father.

Was Dumas fils a moralist? Whether intentionally or not, he has exercised a deleterious influence on society. His first aim undoubtedly was to secure a good subject for the stage; to be dashed off in three acts, in sparkling dialogue and rapid action; and if a moral result flows from his san-

guinary logic, well and good. And his philosophy? He simply had none. He scourged the brutal elements in the characters of both sexes like a confessor of the Middle Ages.

Victuri Salutamus.

Behold the young men, Canada,
In thy arena throng,
They turn to thee their dawn-lit eyes,—
How brave they are and strong!

They bear no blades with lethal power:
The swishing scythe they swing,
The rustling, fragrant hay in mounds
With tangled spears they fling.

With hew and hack among the pines
Their battle-axes sound,
Till dark Goliath topples o'er
Crash-crashing to the ground.

The plough's bright javelin they thrust
Through brown sweet-smelling earth,
War arrows make their harrow-points,
And bent bows have no worth.

The stealthy daggers they have crossed,
Vine-clusters thus to clip;
Their tridents search the streams, their nets
No more with man's blood drip.

Hear them salute thee, Canada,
The air is rent with cheers;
No slaughterers of men are these,
But true-heart pioneers!

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

The Socialism of To-day.—II.

BY HAMPDEN BURNHAM, M.A.

In "Man vs. the State," Mr. Spencer sums up his ideas of socialism and individualism as follows: "As I heard," he says, "remarked by a distinguished professor, whose studies give ample means of judging. 'When once you begin to interfere with the order of Nature there is no knowing where the result will end.' And if [Mr. Spencer continues] this is true of that subhuman order of Nature to which he referred still more is it true of that order of Nature existing in the social arrangements produced by aggregated human beings." In this connection it would seem as if we might reasonably ask why the extraneous power of interfering with nature was conferred upon man unless there be some higher than a natural reason.

The Greek state was founded upon the supposed presence of the chivalry of self-sacrifice in every breast. Each one who had attained the dignity of citizenship was expected to die for the good of all when occasion offered whether as a matter of fact he wished to do so or not. Thus apparently there was more of altruism in the people of ancient Greece than in the people of the present day. Though, without doubt, the ideal life is that of self-sacrifice, yet it is only so where self is sacrificed voluntarily by self. To compel the sacrifice of self by means of political systems is to rule with a despotism little less than that of the king of Dahomey.

Law has been called the declaration of custom. As such it must be co-existent with custom, ceasing when the custom dies out. It will be observed how different this is from the moral law which is not local but universal. A sense of duty, for example, is universal. No where is it thought right to wilfully deceive though it may be considered permissible. To say that the idea of duty is the idea that if we do not do in a large way what we find expedient in a small way the whole system of mutual understanding may fall to the ground, and so imperil our interests is to deprive duty of its real meaning in our minds. The man who has a conscientious sense of duty is prepared to face the loss of everything and the destruction even of the world to obey his sense of allegiance to the ideal. Of ideals there can be but one supreme one, a supreme Being. From this ideal the reaction of the moral sense comes. Conformity to the moral ideal and to nature conduces most to their realization, when made in harmony. This necessitates the preservation of individuality as a first consideration, and this, I venture to say, is the true doctrine of *laissez-faire*. Not the blind

fatalism of a narrow interpretation of evolution whereby men cry *laissez aller*.

To deny *à priori* moral grounds, or to maintain that moral sanctions arise from utilitarian sanctions, is to found human relations, in the last analysis, upon force. Under such a condition we should expect a return to first principles as the completion of a cycle. The ideal man, under such conditions, is the strong man. But the movement of mankind is in accordance with an acknowledged tendency or striving to the ideal. "And Green," says Mr. Ritchie (Prin. of State-Int.), "argues that the self is other than a mere series of feelings just because it is what renders possible the consciousness of a series of feelings: the self-consciousness which is manifested in them must yet be other than they; for as J. S. Mill himself had seen it was a 'paradox' that what is only a series of feelings should be aware of itself as a series. In this fact of self-consciousness, discovered by examination of mental phenomena, Green finds the metaphysical basis of ethics; on the other side, the interpretation of self-realization, as the realization of a common good, is what makes the connection between ethics and politics. Thus, Mr. Ritchie continues, the practical tests which Green applies to determine the rightness of any proposed course of conduct, either for the individual or for the State, seem to coincide with those which would be proposed by the utilitarian." This limits self, it would seem, to self-consciousness. The same reasoning would confine all phenomena to our realization of them. Whereas we know that almost the first thing we apprehend is the dependence of self upon something beyond our realization. It is also to say that the objective is limited by the subjective as some contend and that the universe is limited by our ideas of it. This, however, is hardly satisfactory. It seems moreover impossible to suppose that our conscious suffering is merely a process of nature in the course of a system of physical evolution. That it is a process in the evolution of spiritual man, is, however, both supposable and apparent. The maintaining of the theory of utility in its entirety seems inevitably to deny a settled criterion of judgment. For the selection of the greatest happiness for the greatest number is impossible where the experiences and requirements of men are unlimited in extent and variety. "And he (Green)," says Mr. Ritchie, "considered the Hegelian attempt to read off the whole secret of the universe, to fill up the whole contents of the eternal self-consciousness premature and overhasty."

In leading up to the discussion of the social individual we shall begin with Woman.

With regard to Woman it may be said that, as the life of the species requires and supposes the contemporaneous existence of man and woman, it is proper to consider her as identical with man. There relations are by nature those of complete communion, each sacrificing and providing for the other. To deny woman her independent theoretical position as an independent individual member of society is a piece of unwarrantable assumption. She is morally equally responsible with man and physically even more so. It is only fit that while she realizes in herself the final consummation of nature her mate should assist her in procuring food. Is the procuring of food his concern only? If so the commercial and political relations of life are for him alone to determine. None the less does nature accord to the female the glory of the mightier achievements, nor, indeed, does nature deny to her the right to sustain herself by procuring food.

Social relations are of a different kind. As the persistence of the species depends upon the last man and woman left alive and capable, the needs of the species in general are for that reason subordinate to the needs of a single pair. The individuals of a pair must agree upon a satisfactory *modus vivendi* to permit of reproduction, but there is no natural obligation that pairs should agree with each other. Agreements between pairs are artificial and therefore it is better to take a pair as the primal component of society. It is true that it is usually considered that everything tends to the preservation of the type. "So careless of the single life" as Tennyson puts it. Yet it must be supposed that nature strove originally to preserve the first pair, and that, therefore, it would still be, if necessary, her first consideration. It would seem, indeed, if one may venture to say so, as if she were not careless but careful of the single life. The "type" is evidently the individual, not the race. But just as physical conditions soften the struggle leading

up to the survival of the fittest, so may improved social conditions make the natural selection more like a natural resignation and less like a perpetual strife.

When the second pair came in contact with the first an understanding or contract was had, vague and perhaps merely implied as to its terms, but nevertheless an agreement. The determination in the minds of the two pairs of their future relations was the contract to be sooner or later made definite. What is this agreement? Is it reformable? Shall it be reformed? From this on let us take man to represent the individual pair, and being, of the two, perhaps the easier to handle. There was a time when sparseness of population made it possible for the parties to this agreement to neglect its provisions. That time is long past. The mutual relations of men require the most careful and sympathetic attention.

There are some who draw a distinction between man as an individual and as a member of society. In the one case he is considered, apparently, as a mere physical entity, in the other as a being for the first time endowed "with rights and liberties." But man in his physical condition is the same person in the State as out of it, and beyond his physical condition the State can not control him. It is contended by Mr. Ritchie, the distinguished author of "Darwinism and Politics," that "the individual apart from all relations to a community is a negation." And again he remarks, "The individual is thought of, at least spoken of, as if he had a meaning or significance apart from his surroundings and apart from his relations to the community of which he is a member." Surely to regard in this way the individual as a part of the State, as one would regard the arm as part of the human body, is a confusion of ideas. In opposition to Plato, Herbert Spencer holds that the individual in the State is not like a part of the human body to that body, because in the body there is a central sensorium, whilst in the State there is none. "Society," he says, "exists for the benefit of its members and not its members for the benefit of society." (Prin. of Sociology). But Mr. Spencer, it is said, does not mean an organism, as it is usually understood, but something less, as when he speaks of individuals as "bodies dispersed through an undifferentiated jelly." Nor does this after all differ much from Hobbes's theory of society which was that of voluntary combination.

Then again Mr. Ritchie, by way of still further supporting his definition of the individual, in quoting from Prof. Jevons's work, "The State in Relation to Labour," says: "The modern English citizen, who lives under the burden of the revised edition of the statutes, not to speak of innumerable municipal, railroad, sanitary and other by-laws, is, after all, an infinitely freer as well as noble being than the savage who is always under the despotism of physical want." Spinoza and Bagehot are also laid under contribution by him to prove that man is more free in the State than in solitude. In reply to this one can only say that man may be better for living in the State, but certainly he is not freer if freedom means exemption from the constraint of his fellowmen. And as to his being freer, because not under the despotism of physical want, one may assert that, comparing the bounty of nature in solitude and her bounty under the laws of society, the average man would fare better in solitude than he does under the State. Bountiful harvests under the State do not affect the condition of the average man in the same direct and instantaneous way. The juggling of middlemen and grain gamblers absorbs all that there is of bounty, which, in truth, ultimately turns up as capital in the hands of the capitalist. Freedom, I take it, is that condition in which a man does as he pleases, whether for good or evil, and the perfectly free man, free from physical ills and mental infirmities, as from physical constraint, assumes the maximum of moral responsibility. The State should not be considered as an organic or quasi-organic body, but as a number of free individuals and government in that State the sum of delegated protective privileges. The individual, then (including his wife), has, I assume, a moral right to his status, although, in his social relations, he can be dealt with in his physical capacity only. Enough to eat, enough to drink, and enough to wear are the proper subjects of social consideration. All else depends upon the moral desire for improvement in each one. And I submit that under these conditions there can be, properly speaking, no distinction drawn between man's existence as a member of society and

his existence as an independent individual entity. I will finish by drawing your attention to the present system.

Mr. Herbert Spencer: By One Who Does Not Know Him.

THE Review of Reviews gives, as the "Character Sketch of the Month," "Mr. Herbert Spencer, by one who knows him." This is a very readable sketch, which, on account of the cosmopolitan character of the journal, will bring Mr. Spencer's name and philosophy prominently before the world. Some people may think that, however appropriate it may be at any time to review Mr. Spencer and his works, he does not need greater prominence than he has already attained. He has been one of the leading figures in the world of science and philosophy for more than forty years. Fichte in the height of his career found in his native land a fully equipped university where his name was unknown, and it may be that, even in these days of newspapers, reviews, and controversial sermons, there are intelligent people in the English-speaking world who know nothing about Mr. Spencer, the great English philosopher. Those, however, who have read the leading reviews during the last quarter of a century must have sometimes felt that Mr. Spencer was always with them, either in his proper person or by means of some worshippers or critic. Mr. Spencer has attempted a gigantic task, he has toiled earnestly, and we must all rejoice that he conquered financial difficulties which would have crushed many men, and has come to a position of great honour and influence. There are two things of which Englishmen may be especially proud as they read this sketch, the fact that he has shown such heroic self-denial and patient courage in following out his great life-purpose, and the view that he takes of philosophy as "unified knowledge" by means of which man seeks to solve the mystery of the universe. Dr. Fairbairn, one of the keenest of Mr. Spencer's critics, says: "In many respects its constructive and comprehensive character entitles it to admiration and praise." Whatever then may be the final judgment as to Mr. Spencer's contributions to philosophy he has had the pleasure of seeing his system become a great power in quickening and guiding thought. The recognition for which Spinoza had to wait almost two centuries has come to Mr. Spencer in the course of a single generation.

There are a great many questions raised by this article that cannot be discussed in the short space at our disposal. Whether Mr. Spencer was better or worse because he did not study Greek it is not for us to say, but there are some competent judges who think that a more thorough study of Greek philosophy would have been helpful to him. Two remarks only would we make on the character sketch, first it states emphatically that even evolutionary philosophy cannot be made popular, and second, it completely ignores all criticisms of Mr. Spencer. The writer tells us that Mr. Spencer is very much in the position of Hegel whose system could not be expressed "*ni succinctement ni en Français*," and when the general reader faces this definition of evolution he will probably be of the same opinion: "Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion; during which the matter passes from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation."

We are informed that if we wish "to get any real good from this great life" we "must read the synthetic philosophy through, tearfully and prayerfully, many times over." And this is the encouraging prospect, to "find our whole social, moral, religious, and political world turned topsy-turvy before our very eyes, and be compelled to *think* whether we like it or lump it." All this is no doubt very interesting, but it simply comes to this that Mr. Spencer's philosophy is not for popular consumption, and that it will need to be thoroughly examined by those who think whether they are compelled or not.

There is no mention of criticism in the article, though we are told that "in the recognition of an unknown and forever unknowable Reality underlying phenomena," Mr. Spencer sees the one possible reconciliation between Science and Religion. But, in the next sentence, "dishonest or incompetent religious thinkers" are reproved for considering

this unknowable in the light of a God. For has not Mr. Spencer meant, according to this authority, "to crush" the idea of God by his criticisms of it, and "to crush" religion by his explanations of it. It is fortunate for us that we may still take from the universe what we are capable of appropriating and are not ruled altogether by any system of philosophy. It is good for us also that the critics have paid considerable attention to Mr. Spencer and that there have been many in this class who have been neither "dishonest nor incompetent." As to the consistency of the synthetic philosophy Dr. Fairbairn tells us that "it is at once an empirical Idealism, a transfigured Realism, and an agnostic transcendentalism." As to the data of ethics Mr. Wace says: "It proceeds by immense and arbitrary assumptions respecting the scope of human life, and its primary principle is reached by a logical fallacy. This principle on being worked out, proves so inapplicable that by the author's own confession 'throughout a large part of life' it must be 'entirely set aside,' and we are invited to fall back upon those primary intuitions of equity which are acknowledged to be everywhere operative and intelligible." As to its effect on religion, Mr. F. Harrison, as the champion of "Humanity," says: "The heart of man cannot love protoplasm, or feel enthusiastic devotion to the idea of the survival of the fittest." Mr. Mallock will prove to us that on the moral principles which are logically deducible from Mr. Spencer's philosophy life is *not* worth living; while many of our ablest scholars show that Mr. Spencer's theory as to the origin and growth of religion is inadequate to explain the facts upon which it professes to be based. All this proves that even in the "synthetic philosophy" we have not reached finality, and that criticism has a great work of threshing and winnowing still to do before the question can be settled as to Mr. Spencer's real and permanent contribution to the thought of this nineteenth century, "for the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."

"Rejoice that man is hurled
From change to change unceasingly
His soul's wings never furled."

Strathroy, Dec. 7th, 1895.

W. G. JORDAN.

Parisian Affairs.

THE publication of the official list of the *Chequards*, as the recipients of Panama money are nicknamed, has produced a tremendous sensation. For many it must be painful reading. And the Arton list of the famous 104 is to be published; this refers exclusively to legislators. Then the high Eiffel profits of contractors will be brought under the Search Light. To order a clean breast of the cushioned corruptions was a master stroke on the part of the Bourgeois ministry. They have annihilated the Opportunist party that refused to cleanse the Augean stable, and hence, why the nation backs the radical cabinet, and the reforms so sweepingly being made in the public offices. It is refreshing to witness the velocity at which parliamentary business is being executed; printing one hundred visiting cards *a la minute*, the staple industry at present, is surpassed. The great explosion of pentup indignation at the manner the Panama scandals were cloaked will burst forth when the famous Arton arrives from London to take the seat prepared for him in the dock.

The Sultan has so far displayed wisdom, by according to the six powers, their request to have an additional guardship lying to before Constantinople. But what a favourable impression he could have created had he conceded it at once. A kind of faint confidence might have been felt in his Majesty's judgment. What will be the next move of the powers, for they must complete their work? No one believes the anarchy in Asia Minor to be terminated. So long as a single live ember remains, conflagrations and explosions must be anticipated, and precautions taken to resist. Two questions are now on their trial in Turkey; the replacement of Abdul-Hamid or the dismemberment of the Empire he has conducted to ruin.

The Admiral Gervais affair becomes more and more a war of party. There are some would have him cashiered at once—*pour encourager les autres*; there are, on the other hand, some who would promote him, and so demonstrate the leading of his squadron on a sand bank where four ships

stuck, was an accident beyond human control. The Government has ordered, in a word, a court martial, where admirals will fix the technical responsibility. Till then, land lubbers might cease demanding the Admiral's head. One journal printed that the sailors viewed with "satisfaction" the trial of Admiral Gervais; next day it announced it was "stupefaction" that ought to have been printed. The imps in the office ought to read the "apology for Satan" that has just appeared.

Paris, Nov. 30, 1895.

Pew and Pulpit in Toronto.—XXI.

AT ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

THE slender and elegant spire of St. George's Church is the crowning manifestation of that quality of tastefulness that pervades the building. Its gentility—using the word in its best sense—is a gentility that is not by any means dependent on, or the result of, very lavish expenditure. No one, not even the most effusive reporter, would speak of St. George's as "a noble edifice." It is rather an exemplification of the capacity of good taste for making the best of things. Outwardly, the church, with the exception of its spire, is rather bare and commonplace. It is a brick building, the bricks of which look somewhat smoky and begrimed, and, to begin with, brick churches never look so well as stone, especially churches of a yellowish white colour. The architects have shown us in recent years how the Gothic spirit can be put into even brick buildings, but St. George's was built at a transition period, and looks somewhat as though it were designed by a very proper though somewhat antique schoolmistress. The newness of it has departed and it has a middle-aged look which has not developed into the venerableness of real antiquity. It stands in a quiet spot, near the top of John Street, and a stone's throw from the charming demesne where the Sage of Toronto writes elegantly with acidulated ink about politics, history, beliefs, and poetry. There are in the neighbourhood tall trees, and there might be rooks, at the proper season. The roar of Queen Street is sufficiently far away, and the sound of the street-car vexes not, even on week days.

As is quite fitting, the church named after the patron saint of England is the most English of the Anglican Toronto churches. There is a sedate respectability and moderation about it that are essentially English. Entering its somewhat narrow portal you find yourself in a pleasant oblong interior with two rows of tall clustered pillars reaching to the roof and painted a sort of terra-cotta colour. There is a main aisle and side aisles. On Sunday morning most of the light came through the southern windows where the sun was bright, producing wonderfully pleasing effects of illumination, shade, and colour. Only enough light to show the paintings on it, came through the east window over the altar. This is a handsome Gothic window of four bays, representing the four Evangelists. It must have been costly. Beneath this, the wall above the altar was draped with an amber curtain. The altar-draping itself was dark in colour, and embroidered, and on the super altar was a polished brass cross; on either side of the cross a vase of flowers. There is no chancel proper, the altar stands in a slight recess formed by the organ, in the south-eastern corner, and a small vestry, in the other, so that the choir pews on either side extend somewhat into the nave of the church. There is nothing violent in the way of decorations or inscriptions, all is quiet and tasteful. There are several other pictured windows beside the eastern one, and the pewing is of varnished pine, showing the natural colour of the wood. Some little distance from the chancel there are south and north transepts of a rudimentary character, wherein are small galleries, each forming a roomy pew, rather high up, where the occupants sit in an elevated, cherubic fashion and look down at the people on the floor, much as they would gaze from a second story window at a procession. These pews must be invaluable for family parties when the children are young, and on the whole they are the quaintest arrangements I have met with in my wanderings amongst the aisles of Toronto. The only other gallery is a comparatively small one over the western entrance such as in some churches is used for the organ. The roof of the church is unimpressive. There is no clerestory, the ceiling is in one line from eaves to ridge. The pulpit is a simple but artistic piece of joinery in hard-

wood. From the roof two chaste, satisfactory and ecclesiastical gaseliers hang, of plain polished brass. From end to end of the church there is nothing to offend the taste. The tone of everything is quiet and cultured. So is the congregation. An atmosphere of frank and simple gentility is over all. It is a church where one may worship and be at peace.

The service is all of a piece with this interior. You hear the concluding amen of the preliminary prayer of the choir in the vestry, and presently they file in, chanting a processional, a dozen men and the same number of boys in surplices. There are, already seated, about ten women choristers, five on the "decani" and five on the "cantoris" side at the rear of the seats occupied by the surpliced choir. When the choir and clergy are placed the service is begun by Rev. Canon Cayley, the rector, a good natured looking clergyman getting up in years, with a countenance bespeaking much common sense and perhaps a certain dry humour. There is something, too, a little judicial about the look of his eye; whether it is the formation of his eyelids—those tale-telling little areas—or not I cannot tell, but I have seen more than one judge with just that look in odd little courts in old London. His head is of a good shape—well balanced—his voice pleasant and sincere. He has the crowning graces of humility and unostentatious reality, and these always give a certain dignity. He intones the service in a rather low key. It is ecclesiastical as it should be, but not ultra-ecclesiastical. There is nothing about it to weary you even if you hear it every Sunday. Opposite Mr. Cayley sits Rev. Mr. Lowe, the curate. He is a bright, earnest, young man. He wears spectacles, has a face that is clearly cut, and a nose that betokens intelligent inquiry. The visitor must needs feel very kindly towards him, he is so earnest, so transparently frank, and so quietly energetic. He is a clergyman of the sort that has ideals and aspirations and is at the same time, in common parlance, "all there," in which he is so very different from some curates I have seen. There is a Christian manliness about him, combined with modesty and ability of a rare order. When he preaches a child can understand him, while a man can profit by what he says.

The responses to the liturgy are uttered by the congregation, in unison, in a low monotone, with reverent earnestness. Those to the Psalms are said, not sung. The eastward position is assumed by the choir and clergy at the recital of the creeds. I was very much pleased with the singing which is full of restraint, good taste and sympathetic, but not maudlin feeling. Mr. Phillips, the organist and choir master, may be congratulated on the excellent results of his very earnest and intelligent work. Judging from what I heard on Sunday I think he must have arrived at a very correct estimate as to what church music should be. I commend the choral and organ work at St. George's as a pattern to choirs. Go there my solo-singing friends and remember that a church is not a concert room, and that you disturb the unities there by looking as though you were singing to a crowd in evening dress, with flowers in the hair of the *decolleté* women and a critical expression on the face of the men. A church service is not a concert, and cannot be made so with propriety and good taste, let alone those traditions of what is ecclesiastical, which we do well to preserve, no matter how many churches choose to run themselves after the manner of a circus. Therefore, when you sing a solo do it not as the music room people do, to be seen of men. Do it rather as one of the band of singers with which you are connected and as part of the choral service which they are rendering. All other solo singing in churches is out of taste, anomalous, unpleasant, nay, in some respects, detestable.

The singing on Sunday morning was confined to the hymns and chants. The selection of hymns used is not "Ancient and Modern," but the "Church Hymns" of the S. P. C. K. In the evening that fine anthem, "Awake, Thou That Sleepest," was beautifully sung in that part of the service "where followeth the anthem." With regard to the entire musical arrangements at this church it may be said that they evince a chastened and refined taste. You escape from the idea that possesses you at some churches, that the choristers are members of a brass band, and that one or more of them have been accustomed to beating the big drum, and beating it hard.

The sermon on Sunday morning was preached by Rev. Mr. Lowe. He has a good pulpit manner, which, though not conventionally churchy does not run to an objectionable ex-

treme on the side of familiarity. He is manifestly interested in his congregation, preaches apparently with few or no notes, and is listened to from beginning to end. There are no mannerisms about his mode of discourse. His sermon is a simple, almost colloquial, appeal to the best that is in his hearers. On Sunday morning he spoke on the subject of the coming judgment and of the necessity of preparing for it. There was little that was conventionally oratorical about it, but it was an earnest, straightforward, sympathetic utterance that went straight to its mark and was calculated to benefit his congregation no matter what their particular shade of belief might be.

During the progress of the service the sun had journeyed westward a little and a change had come over the *chiaroscuro* of the altar and its surroundings. The service and the sermon seemed to bring the congregation to a worshipful quiet, so that the roar and rush of the past week slipped away to a great distance. The offertory was taken during the singing of a hymn, dutifully received by one of the officiating clergymen and placed in the large brass alms-dish on the altar. After the concluding prayer Canon Cayley knelt for a moment before the altar, the curate kneeling a little to the right. Then the rector rose and gave the benediction; there was a slight interval, and he announced the concluding hymn, which, before it came to the last verse, became a processional for the choir. When the choristers and clergy had left the church the congregation knelt for a short space, and presently the echoing response of the concluding prayer of the choir—partly said, partly sung—was heard and we rose from our knees to come away. I do not wonder that there is a good congregation at St. George's. It presents to my mind a very high ideal of what the service of the Anglican Church should be. A compromise between the high and the low no doubt, but a compromise that commends it to the average Anglican church-goer in a very effective way. The service is not attractive in a theatrical manner. Some people who go to church to be excited might count it dull. But, to my mind, the root of the matter—a sincere and devout worship—seemed to be there, and the ceremonial was its fitting accompaniment and vehicle.

In the evening I went again to St. George's and heard the Rev. Provost Welch, of Trinity University. He gives one the impression of a senior among young men, and has a face of profound gravity, with a hint of the sacerdotal in its expression. His head is of the shape that one associates with intellect and force; he looks like a man who would have very definite opinions and be unalterably firm in his adherence to them, a self-contained man whose mastery of himself will be likely to fit him to rule others, one who holds no dalliance with the shiftiness of worldly policy. His pulpit manner is somewhat cold and unimpassioned; if he has the dramatic or histrionic quality, which, I should doubt, he does not exhibit it there. You cannot fancy him on the stump, or swaying a popular audience from the vantage ground of a platform. In the pulpit he occupies with dignity the position of a teacher, whose business it is to teach, not to amuse, not to coax, not to submit a case like an advocate, not to tickle the ears of his audience with nicely turned sentences. He takes higher ground than that, calmly, and as of right, by virtue of his office, the dignity of which he eminently supports. No one would take him for anything else than an Englishman. His sermon on Sunday evening was a clear statement of the attitude of the Anglican Church toward Holy Scripture. He deprecated the idea that clergymen were afraid to meet the critical difficulties and obstacles to a belief in the Bible. In answer to a question: "Why do I believe the Bible?" he said that we believe it, first, because we are Christians; secondly, because the Church, which is older than the Bible, places it in our hands, and, third, because of its message about itself. The sermon was notable for its lucidity and for its avoidance of the controversial. It did not introduce a number of difficulties for the purpose of knocking them down. The preacher recognized that you cannot have a fair debate where there is only one speaker, and he apparently dissents from the belief that the pulpit can be desirably turned into a sort of amateur forum where the preacher takes first one side of the question and then the other. There was a good deal of force in the Provost's statement of the case from his point of view, and however men may think of the subject, it is a distinct advantage to have such a clear statement of the ecclesiastical position as he gave.

Music and the Drama.

WHAT seems to me an extraordinary thing, is that music publishers will continue issuing new editions of standard piano music, studies, etc., with those curved lines which ought to be drawn most carefully to indicate the phrasing, but which are scrawled over the page in a manner at once meaningless and confusing. How musicians of to-day can be so ignorant as to the real meaning of slurs and curved lines placed over passages, is, to say the least, strange. It can be readily understood how the custom of using curved lines became the fashion, as originally they indicated that the notes over which they were placed should be played very smoothly (*legato*), and so performers and composers were more careful to suggest an even *legato* style, than to express well defined musical ideas (phrases). But now every student knows that passages not marked otherwise are intended to be played smooth and connected, and so the curved lines in this respect are useless. Until some other or better scheme is universally employed to show the phrases and subdivisions of a composition, in order to make it musically intelligible, the curved lines should be drawn by a perfectly educated musician, that there need be no mistake or doubt as to the proper delivery in performance. The lines which gracefully adorn a page of music are the only means known to the amateur, not able to analyze and feel correctly the music he performs, to mark the separation of musical ideas, and so it is a usual thing to hear the most ridiculous phrasing, and often a total lack of unity and symmetry. In looking over some new studies the other day, bearing the imprint of a well-known publishing house, the editing, if editing it can be called, had been very carelessly done. Every measure had its own curved line neatly placed without reason or sense, and old-fashioned, stupid fingering set down to follow. It might be well for music publishers to remember that educated teachers and artists of to-day will not use such editions if others can be procured, and it is certainly false economy to issue them without having artistic supervision, as regards the important points, phrasing and fingering, etc. The latter, too, should be foreign (1, 2, 3, 4, 5), for every year the so-called English method is becoming more and more antiquated and less used, and soon will, I hope, be only an aggravating remembrance.

Mr. J. Humfrey Anger recently sent me three pretty Christmas carols for four part chorus and solo voices, issued in neat form, for ten cents, by the publishing house of Whaley, Royce & Co. Choirs will find all three, "The Light of Christmas Morning," "Peaceful Night" and "Glad Tidings to all Men," musical and interesting, and, coming as they do at this season, will be especially appreciated.

I could not go to Mr. and Mrs. Klingenfeld's Annual Recital in St. George's Hall last week, but I am told the affair was most enjoyable. My informant tells me that Mr. Klingenfeld has never appeared here when he played better, or so well, and that Mrs. Klingenfeld's songs were much admired. The Klingenfeld String Quartette also made an excellent impression, and I hope will receive the encouragement it deserves.

Mr. W. H. Hewlett, who has been organist of Carlton Street Methodist Church for the past five years, and a very talented and ambitious young musician, has accepted a similar position in the Dundas Street Methodist Church, London. His engagement begins there early in February.

The beautiful little galleries that are the results of the alterations at Messrs. Roberts & Son, in King St., are very tempting places for an art-lover to visit, and some of the pictures now hanging there are very charming. One of the most striking is Wyly Grier's very fine portrait of Chief Justice Meredith, a piece of manly vigorous portraiture in which one may well delight. I am not quite sure about the Justice's left hand, but I think that it is the only feature of the picture that is open to criticism. As a whole it is easy and free in attitude and gives the very habit of the man as he lives. It is a portrait that will be prized for centuries.

Mr. V. P. Hunt has been appointed organist and choir master of Central Presbyterian Church, and will begin his duties in January.

Mr. J. Humfrey Anger has accepted the position of conductor of the Philharmonic Society, left vacant by Mr. F. H. Torrington's resignation.

W. O. FORSYTH.

The Harris Orchestral Club of Hamilton will give a concert in that city next Tuesday evening. This organization, one of the oldest and most successful of the amateur orchestras in Canada, is now entering upon its ninth season and is fortunate in having behind it a record of uninterrupted prosperity, both artistic and financial. Under the able leadership of Mr. C. L. M. Harris, Mus. Bac., the Club is doing good work in the cause of music, and it is justly entitled to the support it receives from the citizens of Hamilton. The membership at present numbers forty-three, and the orchestra is remarkably well balanced, every instrument usually required for orchestral music being represented. The most important compositions to be given at the coming concert are: Three movements from Mendelssohn's beautiful "Scotch" symphony, the prelude to Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel," and the well-known Andante with variations from the Kaiser Quartette by Haydn (for strings only). The programmes given by the Club, though by no means severe, always contain, as in the present instance, a certain amount of classical music, so that the concerts are worthy of the attention of every lover of music. For the sake of variety it is customary for one or two soloists (usually vocalists) to be engaged for each concert, but the orchestral numbers always form the larger part of the programme. These are rendered in an earnest and spirited style, and with an attention to light and shade which is very praiseworthy. Of course it would be easy to point out imperfections, but, having heard Seidl's orchestra make mad scrambles after chords which should have sounded like strokes of a hammer, and having frequently heard slight faults in attack and intonation when listening to so great an orchestra as the Boston Symphony, I am not inclined to dilate on the defects of the Hamilton organization. It is sufficient to say that the standard reached is creditable to the members and to the conductor. A few words in regard to the finances of the Club may be of interest. There has never been a subscription list, and yet no season has ever closed with a deficit. The members play as amateurs, that is, without the promise of any fee, though a part of the surplus (think of a surplus in such an organization!) has sometimes been divided among the players, the balance being given to charitable institutions. The price of admission to the concerts has been kept at the low figure of twenty-five cents, every purchaser of a ticket having the right to reserve a seat without extra charge. Formerly most of the tickets were sold by the members themselves, but as the popularity of the Club has increased the proportion sold at the music stores has become quite large, being now about fifty per cent. It is a pleasure to record the success which has crowned the efforts of this Club and it is hoped that other cities in Canada will profit by the object lesson which Hamilton is giving.

The usual monthly organ recital drew a select audience to All Saints' Church last Saturday afternoon. The programme presented by Mr. Fairclough contained a Tocatta and Fugue in D minor (Book IV., No. 4) by Bach; Mendelssohn's Sonata No. 5, in D major; a dainty Pastorale in E by E. H. Lemare; a Concert Overture for the organ by J. Humfrey Anger, and other numbers. In the performance of these Mr. Fairclough displayed his usual good taste and skill, the charming variety of his registration being particularly noticeable. Mr. Anger's overture proved to be a dignified and scholarly work, in which the principal themes are strongly contrasted, the first being almost military in character (suggesting, in its commencement, the opening of Beethoven's fifth symphony), while the second is hymn-like and full of repose. These themes are treated with considerable ingenuity, and the overture is worked up to an effective ending. Mr. Frank Burt was the vocalist, his solos being "It is enough" from "Elijah," and "Pro Peccatis" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater."

C. E. SAUNDERS.

A concert given on Thursday evening at West Association Hall, under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. Ladies' Auxiliary and by members of the Metropolitan School of Music faculty, was largely attended by an audience whose

appreciation of the capital bill of fare presented was abundantly manifested throughout. In view of the number of those participating in the programme, space will not admit of individual comment. But as to the general excellence of performance no uncertain praise is merited, and the Metropolitan has reason for self-congratulation in its possession of teachers who, as executants, may be worthily styled artists. A feature calling for particular mention was the re-entré before the public, as a pianist, of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, music director of the School. Mr. Forsyth gave a fine and brilliant interpretation of Liszt's "Valse Impromptu" and Saint Saens' "Swan Song." The salient features of both numbers were splendidly brought out, while a pure and beautiful expression gratified those who looked higher than excellent, technical skill. In short, Mr. Forsyth offered his audience an example of genuine, artistic pianoforte playing which was delightful to listen to. The Klengenfeld String Quartette, first heard in this concert, leaped instantly into favour and fully justified expectations. It is hardly necessary, however, to enter upon details regarding the work of the club, as mention has already been made to their formal debut a week ago. The members are: Messrs. H. Klengenfeld, 1st violin; Chas. Wagner, 2nd violin; H. Telgmann, viola, and Paul Hahn, cello. The other contributors to the evening's enjoyment were: Mr. Walter H. Robinson, tenor; Miss Minnie F. Hessin, contralto; Miss A. M. Helmer, pianist, who on short notice performed Liszt's "Love's Dream, No. 3," very brilliantly. Mr. A. B. Jury, baritone; Mr. Paul Hahn, cellist; Mrs. A. B. Jury, soprano; Miss A. Lea, reader; Mrs. Klengenfeld mezzo-soprano, and Miss Ruby E. Preston, Mus. Bac. pianiste, who played the Schubert "Tausig Military March" admirably.

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Art Notes.

LITTLE can be said of Leighton's frescoes that is not in praise of them. He is essentially a decorator. His knowledge of formal composition, his predilection for beautiful form, his Grecian spirit, all combine to make him a master of the art of mural decoration. But his easel pictures are not entirely faultless. He elects for his subject some lovely heroine of Greece, he habitates her in a semi-transparent, clinging drapery, he places her beside a marble bath situated in a grove of pillars, and he paints her with a porcelain smoothness, a waxen prettiness which is disappointing in the work of so gifted a master. Sometime he chooses a pretty model and paints her profile, in delicate pinks and ambers, against a purple or green background; but again prettiness predominates. There is seldom any real grandeur of type in these waxen beauties of his; and still more rarely is there much force in the manner of painting. He offends just as Cabanel offends; neither of them rise much above the artistic level of the *bon-bon* box.

Leighton's portraits, too, are not absolutely unimpeachable. He is not a keen searcher for character; and departures from classic ideals are, in his eyes, not interesting points to note, but defects to deplore. Landscape pure and simple I think he never gives us; but he has a rare faculty for a large and nobly coloured generalization of the landscapes which form the backgrounds of his figure pieces. His fields are golden with ripening corn; his hills are a royal purple; and the sea a splendid plane of green and violet. Architecture he treats in a broad manner, and he is especially fond of pillars with fluted columns and Ionic capitals. A bath, a fountain, a stairway all come easily from his brush; in fact it is the easy sureness of his method of putting in these things that makes them pleasant to the eye. His co-classicist, Poynter, is dreadfully conscientious in his way of putting in the accessories of a Grecian picture; and it is refreshing to turn from this plodding pedantry to the suave generalizations of Leighton.

But with all their beauty of arrangement, their delicately refined taste, their learning, knowledge of form, charm of colour, and harmony of line and movement, they are a little wanting in depth—in real inspiration. They seem to come from the head and the hand rather than from the heart. A purely decorative treatment of a theme, without some deep human interest either vigorously displayed or subtly underlying the work is not wont to excite in the spectator any very warm enthusiasm, and he leaves the pic-

ture with as little regret as he would feel in quitting a prettily painted ante-chamber or a well upholstered drawing-room.

But if Leighton is not always a forcible or deeply imaginative painter of easel pictures his few excursions into the field of sculpture have entitled him to a place amongst the English masters of the art; but space forbids my touching on this branch of his industry of which more anon.

E. WYLY GRIER.

On Saturday last a great many people took advantage of the special arrangement by which most of the Toronto studios were thrown open to the public. The suggestion that it should be a monthly event seems to meet with much favour and there is no doubt that it would do a great deal towards creating a deeper interest in art amongst those who have few opportunities of seeing good work. At present there is not very much new work to be seen in the studios as part of it has been sent away on exhibition, but there are a great many studies and sketches made during the summer months which are full of suggestion and possibilities. Miss Ford has several landscapes, some of which were intended to be enlarged for mural decoration. On an easel in her studio was a charming sketch for a portrait of a child sitting in a careless and natural attitude in a chair. Mr. Dickson Patterson has many portraits on exhibition, most of which have been noticed before, with the exception of a good portrait study of Mr. Homer Watson and several heart studies. Mr. Wyly Grier is at work on a large portrait of the late Mr. FitzGibbon in the dress of a mason, the face being taken from an old painting. There was also a very lifelike portrait of Mr. George Gooderham, and one of a little girl holding a bird cage. An unfinished composition "The Pastoral Symphony" was also on view.

A very interesting collection of pictures has been on view at Roberts' Art Gallery, which has lately been enlarged. The first room contains a number of foreign paintings, besides many by local artists. Amongst the former "A Connoisseur," by Lamphier; "Pillage Prohibited," by Hillingford; "Street Scene," by de Stephani. "The Drover," by John Macpherson, and "A Path Through the Woods," by Teend Scuig are especially worthy of mention. Mr. Reid has been taking up a new branch of work this summer, and shows a group of small and clever pastel sketches. Mr. Reid has contributed several flower studies: one of them a study of field daisies in a blue bowl being much admired by lovers of flowers. Mr. Grier's portrait of Chief Justice Meredith was of general interest and has lately been removed to its place in Osgoode Hall. Mr. Foster exhibited a portrait of the Hon. John Beverley Robinson, and there was also a head study by Mr. Challoner. Mr. O'Brien's "Cape Gaspe" is full of atmosphere.

The second room in Roberts' gallery is entirely devoted to the annual exhibition of the Art League which opened on Saturday last; it includes the original and printed designs and illustrations for books, magazines and calendars, in pen and ink, charcoal and colour, by C. W. Jeffereys, R. W. Crouch, Howard and others, all being extremely clever and artistic. Mr. Jeffereys has also two very good charcoal studies of a head and a watercolour of the "Washington Arch." Mr. Kelly has a number of small watercolour sketches of Bermuda which are broad and good in colour.

* * *

In Forest Depths.

"And nature's verdant charms re-call
The mildness of the soul." *Lighth Hunt.*

How calm the soul! Where far from human sound,
Lonely and still—with silent trees around,
Whose leafy boughs exclude the sun's hot rays—
Save when the wind a jealous care displays
For some sweet nook, with wild flow'rs thickly spread,
And waves aside the verdant arms o'erhead—
Letting the warm light tint the blossoms fair,
That fill with fragrance all the moving air,—
Oblivious all! the cares our lives possess—
Charm'd by the spirit of the forests loneliness.

R. W. G.

A Canadian Hero.*

THE hero is Gerge Leslie Mackay, for twenty-three years a missionary from Canada to Formosa. His grandfather fought at Waterloo. His father and mother emigrated from the Highlands of Scotland in 1870 and settled in Zorra, where they fought with forest and swamp as bravely as grandfather had fought in the cockpit of Europe. George, the youngest of six children, born in 1844, has fought all his life, as bravely as his sires, against foes more deadly than they had to face, and he is as full of fight and as ready for it as ever. Thousands of us have heard him, when he was home on furlough; and the electric current which springs from every flaming soul kept us hanging on his lips, as long as he chose to speak. Now, we have the record of his marvellous life-work; and I would advise every young Canadian, who was ever tempted to ask whether life is worth living or whether there are any heights still unscaled, to read it at once, and then to read it over and over again, until its lesson sinks down into his heart. The lesson is not that he should become a foreign missionary. Mackay himself repudiates that. "It is not for me," he says, "it is not for any foreign missionary to look loftily on the ministry at home, or think of them as less loyal, unselfish and true." "Not our field, but our faithfulness matters." Neither is it that he should become a clergyman. Nothing is more remarkable in Mackay's history than this, that though a man of intense nature and all-absorbing passion for saving men from sin, by bringing them to the Cross of Christ, he is always ready to recognize the claims of law, of government of custom, of industry, of commerce, of science, in a word, of every department of life and thought. He calls nothing common and unclean which God has cleansed. He refuses to recognize the mediæval distinction between sacred and secular, or the modern "chasm between the missionaries and the other foreigners in the cities and port towns of China and India," and, we may add, of every other civilized non-Christian country. "There may be such a chasm in some places," he says, "but, if so, it has probably been dug by both parties." Captains and other officers of men-of-war, representatives of the great foreign business firms, Consuls, Commissioners of Customs, hospital and other physicians and scientific travellers were his personal friends; and on the eve of his departure for Canada in 1893, the entire resident and transient foreign community of Tamsui presented him with an address, engrossed on silk, testifying to "the great and noble work" he had done, and accompanied with a magnificent telescope. "The good feeling between natives and foreigners," they declare, "is due to you." Again: "You have been a standing symbol and example to us of faith in the Unseen." And, therefore, "individually, and as a community, we wish to express our appreciation and our gratitude." No; the lesson which this record teaches is that faith is all that is needed to make any man a hero. But then faith means, not assent to formulas, but union to the living God. Seek that first, and he that seeks finds, and then all things shall be added unto you.

The book is—with perhaps one exception—admirably edited, and the editing must have been a most difficult task. Cæsar could describe his campaigns as well as conduct them, but few great generals have had Cæsar's literary gifts. The knowledge of this has made me entertain a suspicious feeling when I come across eloquent letters from, or touching autobiographies of, missionaries. In India there is a classification of "the letter writing and the working missionaries," which is considered to indicate an actual division with approximate accuracy. Now, Mackay was never worth much as a letter-writing missionary. He would state a fact, when he had anything to state which he considered the Church should know, but instead of gushing over it he would just give an emphatic Hallelujah or a snort, according as the one or the other was required, and then shut down on the subject. But being a man of true genius, he possesses an infinite capacity of taking pains. He masters every detail of whatever he believes it his duty to do, and—far from thinking that all should be plain sailing when the greatest work on earth is undertaken—he never dreams of being discouraged by flood or fire or filth or fury. That is all in the day's work, and

* "From Far Formosa: The Island, its People and Missions." By George Leslie Mackay, D.D. Edited by Rev. J. A. Macdonald. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company.

the length of the working day is never regulated for him by bell or clock. Having to study languages, print books, build churches, schools, and a college, in a climate, too, which soon exposes bad work, and without architect, overseer, or foreman to assist, he was obliged to be accurate to a degree on pain of ignominious failure. Hence he kept records and journals in which he jotted down his doings and sufferings and other experiences, and incidentally etched pictures which are as clearly defined as if nitric acid had been used instead of ink. All this "mass of literary material, notes, observations, extracts from diaries, and reports, studies in science, fragments of description, sketches of character," he put into the hands of the Rev. J. A. McDonald, of St. Thomas, and wisely laid upon him the responsibility of organizing it into form and life. Not that Mackay then washed his hands of the work. That is not his way. His holiday would be hard work for most men. "Every scrap of material," says the editor, "was read and studied under the author's eye, annotations were made at his dictation, and the plan of classification and arrangement received his cordial approval. As the work progressed, and the gaps in the story became apparent, additional matter was obtained, and nearly all of the manuscript in its final form was revised by him." The result is the most truthful and fascinating story of missionary enterprise that I have ever read. One exception I alluded to, and that is the interjecting of a great deal of information concerning the geology and natural history of Formosa into the story of Mackay's life. Of course it is all true, and perhaps Mackay may have a poor opinion of people who do not find it interesting reading, when he had to learn it with such incredible pains. But what interests us is not Formosa but Mackay, or Formosa only in its relation to him; and in future editions, much of chapters five to nine might be thrown into an appendix, where those who feel so inclined may study it at leisure. At present we rather resent its intrusion, as it keeps us from the man; yet we are unwilling to skip it wholly, not knowing how much may be necessary to the right understanding of the succeeding chapters.

I had marked a number of passages to quote, but quotations would not do justice to author or editor unless entire chapters, such as "How Bang-kah was Taken," or "Native Workers for Native Women," were taken bodily from the book. We get extraordinarily vivid pictures of Chinese life; of their highly developed yet bizarre civilization; of their cohesiveness and conservatism, sanctified in their case by ancestral worship as in India by the system of caste. Fancy Mackay showing, to the infuriated head men of the city of Bang-kah, as his credentials, a Bible in one hand and a forceps for extracting teeth in the other hand! What other country in the world could that apply to save China! But, by far the most vivid picture that we get is that which is unconsciously drawn of "the black-bearded barbarian" himself; a combination of highland enthusiasm and contempt of death, with a positively statesmanlike estimate of the difficulties in the way, as well as a true gentleman's regard for the courtesies of life and the feelings of other people, save where other people stand in the way of the Lord's work. God bless and continue prosper the hero of Zorra!

G. M. GRANT.

* * *
Vikings of To-day.*

THIS handsome volume, with its neat binding and its numerous illustrations, will attract many readers.

It is a thrilling story of noble work nobly done, a record of medical and missionary labours performed amidst difficulties and dangers that would daunt any ordinary man. Dr. Grenfell is no ordinary doctor; a young enthusiast, a trained athlete, a splendid sailor, with a full master's certificate from the English Board of Trade; he combines in himself two characters rarely met with, skilled as a physician, an enthusiastic devotion to his profession and the most ardent missionary zeal, a never-flagging enthusiasm in the sacred cause of the Master to whose service he has devoted all his youthful energy and rare talents.

In the head of the Deep Sea Mission to Labrador we have no flighty, ignorant enthusiast, but a man of trained intellect, of exceptional skill as a surgeon, who has devoted himself for the past three years to the arduous work of min-

* "Vikings of To-day: or Life and Medical Work Amongst the Fishermen of Labrador." By Wilfred T. Grenfell, M.R.C.S.E.

istering to the sick and afflicted in dreary Labrador. The condition of the poor white men who inhabit this long stretch of coast is about as dull an existence as can well be imagined. For seven months of the year they are cut off from all communication with the outside world of civilization, with few exceptions they are all very poor, and absolute starvation stares them in the face when seals or salmon fail and the erratic cod affords them no harvest of the sea. Stray teachers and missionaries visit them, but the people are so poor, the distance so enormous, the population so scattered that very little can be done for them. This philanthropic movement to send the English Deep Sea Mission to fishermen amongst these poor settlers is deserving of all praise. Already three hospitals have been established at Battle Harbour, Indian Harbour and Rigoulette. This year Dr. Grenfell and his associate, Dr. Robinson, have been up and down the coast all summer attending to the sick amongst this large stationary and floating population. Through the generosity of Sir Donald A. Smith a small steamer, appropriately named the "Sir Donald," takes him up and down the coast on his mission of mercy.

We have said so much about the doctor that very little space is left us to speak of his work; it is a very interesting little book. He began his story with rather an ancient story about the English judge who asks the counsel in a case, "Where is Labrador?" and the reply back was, "In Tub Harbour, my Lord." The real story is better than this. Some years ago an English vessel, called the "Highflyer," was wrecked near Tub Harbour, Labrador. In the action against her underwriters the judge asked anxiously of counsel, "Where is Tub Harbour?" "At Labrador, my Lord," was the prompt reply. "But where is Labrador?" said the puzzled judge. This was a poser. The eminent Q.C., however, replied: "In the same locality as Tub Harbour, my Lord." We laugh at Englishmen for their ignorance of American geography, but most Americans and Canadians know just as little about English localities. The geography, geology, topography, natural history and especially the fisheries of Labrador are graphically described in the doctor's book. The text is very much assisted by admirable photographs. This past year Grenfell has been further afield in the extreme northern part of the peninsula, and his log and his picture will be found of vivid interest. We presume these will be inserted in the next edition of his work.

D. W. PROWSE.

St. John, Nfd., Nov. 18th, 1895.

The Brotherhood of Mankind.*

HERE is a book of very unusual interest on one of the greatest of subjects. Indeed there is no subject greater, if it is taken with its necessary implication of the Fatherhood of God. Mr. Crawford holds that the human race is steadily progressing toward a united brotherhood. He will admit that the progress is not absolutely uniform; but still, like the rising tide, which has many recoils, the level is steadily getting to be higher.

The theme is handled in the historical method—always the best when it is possible—and the scope of the inquiry is as wide as the race. Beginning with an introduction on the important subject of development—once scouted, now universally victorious—the author takes up brotherhood before Christ and the unity of man, and then proceeds to consider the position of the Lord Jesus in relation to this subject, treating of His Theology, His ethical principle, and His authority. From this the writer passes on to consider brotherhood in the epistles and various other subjects connected with this. He then takes up the subject as illustrated in the Christian Church—of the first times, of the middle ages, since the Reformation. His endeavour, as he says, is to identify the idea of brotherhood with the teaching of Christ and the general growth of the church. "It appears as the central spirit of Christianity. It underlies all the doctrines of the church, and unfolds the earthly meaning of the Incarnation."

* "The Brotherhood of Mankind: A Study Towards a Christian Philosophy of History." By Rev. J. H. Crawford, M.A. Price 5s. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell & Co. 1895.

We have not often read a book on so familiar a theme with so deep interest. Of course, there is nothing new here. Almost any proposition contained in the volume would, by itself, be accepted as a truism; and yet there is a vividness and a freshness of presentation which gives to the reader the sense of novelty.

We had marked so many passages for quotation that we must exercise self-denial, and give but one. At the same time, this in itself is a striking testimony to the interest of the volume; and we can promise the reader of average intelligence, if he has any interest whatever in human progress, that he will find no dull pages in this book. The passage we select is one which shows the wonderful change which has come over our modes of thought in recent times.

Speaking of theories of the church, he says:—"The theory of the invisible church which came into prominence with the Reformation, and whose ablest expounder in recent times in Neander, has lost practical force, though it still underlies much of Protestant dogmatics. It is extending its meaning, however, in the direction which Zwingli pointed out, to embrace all good men of all creeds; and begins to correspond almost exactly to what the Roman theologians call the soul of the church. Still, such a conception is too far removed from actual life to be of much real service to men; and most thinkers see the need for making objective the results of Christianity."

* * *

Commentary on Judges.*

MANY readers of THE WEEK will remember the welcome which we accorded to Dr. Driver's admirable commentary on Deuteronomy, and the recommendation we gave to the International Critical Commentary of which it was the first volume published. We have now a second volume of the same series, on the Book of Judges, by the Professor of Hebrew at Andover, and a somewhat careful examination of the volume enables us to say that it is worthy of a place beside Dr. Driver's work.

As regards the introduction to the Commentary, there can be no doubt that the ordinary reader of the Bible, who holds the traditional notions on the origin of the Scriptures, will receive something of a shock at what seems the apparently free and easy manner in which this book is reconstructed, and its parts assigned to different periods. They will find, however, no lack of reverence in the manner of the critic, nor much that is really disturbing in his conclusions. Some of those we are disposed to accept, as, for example, the independent origin of the introduction to the book, which evidently does not come from the same hand as the greater part of the book. In regard to many of the details of the criticism we feel that we cannot off-hand decide whether to follow our critic or not; but at least he gives us ample material for the formation of a judgment, and never dogmatizes.

As regards the exposition of the book, we can hardly imagine anything better. Let any one take, as a sample, the commentary on the fourth chapter, giving an historical account of the overthrow of Sisera, and the fifth chapter, where the same event is celebrated in song by Deborah, and he will see with what admirable scholarship, learning, and carefulness, the qualities and contents of the two documents are brought out. Nothing is lacking and nothing is superfluous. Indeed, all is so well done that we almost think we must have made a slip when we believe that we have detected one in the commentator. In his introductory note to Chap. IV., on p. 110, he says that the story of Sisera in Chap. IV. gives a number of details not found in Chap. V., and among these he mentions "Barak's father's name, Abinoam." But surely this is an oversight. Not only is that name mentioned in the preface, which, however, is not part of the song, but in the song itself, at v. 12: "Arise, Barak, and lead thy captivity captive, thou son of Abinoam." It is possible that we have overlooked something that would have explained this. At any rate, the volume is of first rate excellence; and it will be wise and kind if faithful laymen will see that their pastors are provided with copies of these volumes as they appear.

* "Commentary on Judges." By Rev. J. F. Moore, D.D. Price 12s. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell & Co. 1895.

Recent Fiction.*

QUITE a charming story of American life is the first on our list. "The Wise Woman," though not the heroine, is a delightful character and she dominates the whole book. The first scene and a number of subsequent ones are laid at a seaside resort, Pokonet, but it largely pictures the life of the upper class in a suburban part of New York. The main characters, which are clearly and firmly drawn, not by description but by their own conversations, are Kitty Ormond, a bright, loveable girl, her sister Madeleine, pretty but vain, and inclined to think that her mother, brother and sister exist for her benefit alone; Fritz and Marguerite Sheldon who are rising from a lower social circle and who keep house together; and the wise woman herself, an old friend of the Ormond family, who takes up the Sheldons on discovering their worth in true fairy god-mother style. The way she brings them into the most fashionable society of the place is capitally told. The story deals with the way Kate Ormond and Fritz Sheldon are drawn to each other, much to Mrs. Ormond's indignation, for she considers Fritz no match for any of her family. In her case there is a satire after the manner of Thackeray on the social views of many American mothers. Marguerite and the nephew of the Wise Woman fall in love and it is hinted that the pretty Madeleine will soon get over a disappointment. The book is perhaps spun out a little too long, but is nevertheless interesting and brightly written from start to finish.

"A White Umbrella" is a seaside idyll, dealing with a couple of weeks spent at an English seaside town, where a young widow with literary tastes and an impressionist artist have by chance been thrown together on a visit. Some of the word painting of the scenes is very well done and there are a couple of satirical descriptions of the impressionist style which will be enjoyed by any Philistines who have been puzzled by crude specimens of that class of work. (We must mention that the author squares himself with that school of artists in the end):—

She looked at the canvas on the easel. It was washed all over with various shades of grey, in a streaky way, preparatory, she supposed, to beginning a picture. "What is this going to be?" she hazarded.

"Oh, that's finished. I shall not be able to do any more to it. It's just a little sketch of the shore and sea."

She looked at it incredulously, and then glanced at him, wondering if it was a joke; but he looked quite serious. "Where's the fishing boat?" she asked, for the sake of saying something.

"It wasn't there when I painted it. But I'll put it in," he said eagerly, and picking up his palette and brushes, without sitting down, he glanced at his canvas and then at the boat, which was now drawn on to the shore, and with his brush made a dab of a darker grey, with a few spots near it, in the middle of his canvas, and said "There!" much in the voice in which one says it to a child who has asked one to draw something.

"I believe," she said at last, "that impressionism is merely a thing of the imagination." ("Of course it is" he interpolated.) "A form of hysteria. You imagine you see all sorts of things on your canvas that really exist only in your own brain. I believe that y dint of telling me they were there and pointing them out, you would mesmerize me, so to speak, so that I should begin to see them to . . . What you are painting now conveys absolutely no meaning to me. It is quite as intelligible upside down as it is the right way up. But I have no doubt that if I gazed long enough, my imagination would supply a meaning."

We hardly think our former Governor-General has added to his reputation as a literary man by this work, "From Shadow to Sunlight." In future ages, if it were to be discovered after being lost, it could plausably be argued

* "The Wise Woman." By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895. Price \$1.25.

"A White Umbrella," and other stories. By the author of "Soul-shapes." Pseudonym Library. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. 1895.

"From Shadow to Sunlight." By the Marquis of Lorne. The Acme Library. Westminster: A Constable & Co. 1895.

"Sir Quixote of the Moors" By John Buchan. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Buckram Series. 1895.

"The Despotie Lady." By W. E. Norris. Methuen's Colonial Library. London: Methuen & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"The House of the Wolf." By Stanley Weyman. New Edition. Longman's Colonial Library. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

that several hands took part in its composition. It is broken in half, the first scene being laid in Scotland, the rest on the Pacific coast after an interval of some years. Moreover the heroine, an American girl, Mary Wincott, is at first usually spoken of as "Miss Mary," but when we become on more familiar terms, the author names her boldly "Mary" without the prefix. The pruning knife might have been applied throughout with advantage, and the style at times is rather pedantic and aggravating. The tale centres on a man who alienated his friends by becoming a Jesuit, and then excited the hostility of this body by recanting without letting his former friends know he had done so.

"Sir Quixote of the Moors," one of the nicely bound Buckram series, is thrown into the shape of a narrative, written by a Frenchman, the Sieur de Rohaine, concerning some early adventures of his in Scotland during the time the Covenanters were being persecuted after the Restoration. He is supposed to be placed in a delicate situation, being left in charge of a house and a girl engaged to a man who had shown him great kindness, while this man goes into hiding with the girl's father to escape certain imprisonment and probable death. After a time these two fall in love. The denouement is well told and the interest in the story is sustained throughout.

We can safely recommend "The Despotie Lady and Other Stories" as a thoroughly enjoyable book. Some of them have already appeared in magazines. All of them are very readable and several extremely amusing, especially "A Three-Bottle Comedy," in which three bottles of various sorts of medicine lose their owners and get mixed up before being restored. The first story is the best, however. Eric Langdale falls in love with Miss Maunsell, whose mother objects to him, and his second interview with them is as follows:—

Lady Maunsell responded to his salutation by a blood-curdling stare. "How do you do?" said the redoubtable lady at length in her deep voice. "Who are you?" Eric seated himself at her elbow and smilingly reminded her that he had the very great pleasure of meeting her, not long since, at a concert. "Oh!" she returned shortly. "Yes; I think I remember. A poet, are you not?"

"I am not sure that I ought to have the audacity to call myself so," the young man replied; "but I certainly have written a few rhymes. I hope you don't dislike poetry." "I dislike poets," Lady Maunsell declared. "Poets are, as a rule, idle, irreligious and licentious."

"Oh, but not quite all of them!" pleaded Eric. "There was Milton, you know." "I presume that you are not Milton." (Here Lady Maunsell suggests that he turn his attention to hymns, Eric catches Bertha's eyes, sees her smile, and cannot help a laugh.)

"Well, Mr. —, I didn't quite catch your name——." "Langdale," said Eric indistinctly, still struggling with his untimely merriment. "Longtail. Well, Mr. Longtail, you have not yet told us what it is you want." "I—I don't want anything," answered Eric, sobered and dismayed; "I only looked in for the pleasure of—er—renewing acquaintance with you."

Eric promptly gets his dismissal for the time, but his companion, Peter Garnett, fares better by retaliating on the lady when introduced later on by Eric at Wiesbaden, whither Mr. Garnett and Lady Maunsell have both repaired for treatment:

"I'm taking care of a friend of mine who suffers from gout," Eric explained with suspicious haste. "May I introduce him?" Peter took off his hat and Lady Maunsell remarked sternly: "You are a young man to have been attacked by gout. But I dare say you have brought it on yourself." "Thank you, same to you!" answered Peter with prompt asperity. "I have no doubt that we should both have been better if we had exercised more prudence; but that isn't a thought that will bear dwelling upon." "We can never," said Lady Maunsell, "dwell too much or too long upon thoughts which may lead us to repent of past follies. I speak of you, not of myself; for I have touched neither wine nor spirits for many years past." "Ah, well; I have," said Peter; "I have touched them in moderation, and I shall probably continue to touch them—likewise in moderation—until the end of the chapter. Especially since you are such a discouraging example of the results of total abstinence. To be sure eating too much is quite as likely to bring on gout as drinking too much. Perhaps you habitually overeat yourself."

The interviews between Eric's father and Lady Maunsell are also very well done and the idea which forms the plot of the story is far from commonplace.

"The House of the Wolf" is one of Stanley Weyman's best stories. Though by no means equal to the "The Gentleman of France," is still very well worth being published in this cheaper and well printed edition. It first appeared in 1890, went through several editions, and in 1894 alone was reprinted five times. The description of Paris during the massacre of St. Bartholomew makes one thankful not to have been present in person on that occasion.

Letters to the Editor.

THE FRIENDLINESS OF UNCLE SAM.

SIR,—As a loyal, though at present expatriated, Canadian I have read with keen interest and varied feelings the different articles and letters in your columns which bear upon the relations between Canada and the United States. Your article entitled "Delenda est—Carthago" was to me painful in the extreme, as being unworthy of that calm and judicial position which THE WEEK has always aimed to hold. And some of the letters which have since appeared have seemed to me equally unwise. In the first place I believe that Canadian sentiment as regards the United States is based upon an incorrect apprehension of the facts of the case. I have reason seriously to doubt, if not altogether to deny, the existence of any widespread desire on the part of the American people to annex Canada. After a residence of more than a year in the great inter-oceanic metropolis of this great country, and after coming into contact with many people throughout the State of Illinois and talking freely with them about international questions, I have failed to detect any great amount of that hatred of England with which the people of this country are credited. They are the same, to all intents and purposes as the Canadians are, and Canadians readily find a welcome and a home amongst them. Not many months ago one of the leading Chicago dailies issued a circular of queries to leading representatives of all the States of the union asking for their opinions regarding the annexation of Canada. Their replies were published in full. Speaking from memory, I do not think that more than half a dozen of these representative men favoured the annexation of Canada, and not one of them would be willing to employ violence in bringing it about. The very small number who spoke favourably of the project made the willingness of the Canadian people an essential condition. I have read with care the Chicago journals for more than a year and I have seen in none of them expressions of antipathy or suspicion of England or Canada to be compared with those which have lately appeared in your columns regarding the American union. A correspondent in your last issue affirms his belief that the policy of the administration of the United States is persistently and unalterably hostile to England and bent upon the annexation of Canada. Apart from the reckless assertions of such jingo writers I have seen no evidence in support of the statement. The Munroe doctrine, which was promulgated at the suggestion of an English statesman, affirms that the United States will not tolerate the extension of the dominions of any European power upon this continent by violence. It is a perfectly reasonable position to take and is backed by the universal sentiment of the American people. They object to having this continent made the arena for the game of grab which the European powers have been playing in every other part of the world. And if we study the history of India, and the present condition of Africa, of Turkey and of China we ought to be thankful that there is a great power upon this continent which has determined that the disgraceful conflicts of European earth-grabbers shall cease as far as the two Americas are concerned. But this much-decried Munroe doctrine has another element. It declares that the United States did not and does not seek to interfere with any possessions in this country owned or controlled by European powers at the time of its promulgation. According to this doctrine, which, as far as I am aware is the only policy that can be credited to the administration, there is a more or less express guarantee on the part of the United States Government that the portions of this continent now controlled by European states shall not be interfered with.

But, in the second place, suppose there were a desire amongst the people and a governmental policy looking towards the extension of United States territory so as to comprehend the whole continent. I cannot see that this should justify the jingo articles and letters which have appeared in your columns. It is not for the subjects of the British Empire which has annexed more alien territory throughout the world than any other empire the world has ever seen, sometimes by fair means and sometimes by foul,—it is not for them to employ the language of denunciation against the United States for doing the same thing. The people of the United States have simply sought to further their own interests as a nation; they are perfectly right to do so. The

people of Great Britain do the same; and so do the Canadians. If the United States Government is building armoured ships to protect the national commerce and expatriated citizens, what reason have the Canadians to complain? Let them take all needful means to protect their own interests, without indulging in causeless hostility against a neighbouring friendly people.

It is of immense international importance that the two peoples, allied in blood and inhabiting the same continent, should continue to hold friendly relations with one another; and I fail utterly to see the necessity, near or remote, of what has been called, in your columns, the inevitable conflict. I believe that, under wise and reasonable guidance, the two peoples of this North American continent, instead of imbruing their hands in one another's blood for the possession of a portion of old mother earth, may be brought together in a harmonious comity, with an international tribunal for the adjustment of differences and a common purpose for the amelioration of the condition of humanity. To effect such a harmony should be at least the desire and the effort of those upon either side of the boundary who have the welfare of this great continent at heart.

ROBERT JARDINE.

Chicago, Ill.

THE RIGHTS OF READERS.

SIR,—We have heard and seen much of late in connection with copyright matters of the rights of authors and of publishers. Will you allow me to suggest, as a theme for discussion, "the rights of readers and subscribers." Has the subscriber to and the reader of newspapers and periodicals any rights at all? Is there any justification for his complaining that he is being daily and weekly deceived and cheated by being insidiously led on to the reading of paragraphs and whole columns of patent medicine quackery? Is there no law, written or unwritten, that will protect the reader against black pills, rank cigars, and cheap shoes? Is there no moral law that will step in to prevent the managers of the press from stealing our time and spoiling our tempers? In all seriousness, Mr. Editor, has not the subscriber and reader some rights in this matter that can be enforced?

By the way, THE WEEK is so well written and so well filled with information as to our country that many will desire to bind it, but why force subscribers to preserve such undesirable material as covered two full pages of last issue? The question narrows itself down to this: the rights of the readers *vs.* the monopoly of the advertiser.

J.

THE HYAMS' TRIAL.

SIR,—Your leader headed "The Hyams' Case," which appeared in the 6th inst., will please all those who admire a masculine style of writing, when combined with moral courage and fairness; a combination which is comparatively rare now-a-days. I don't remember anything of its sort so well written during the last eighteen years.

There has been a want in Canada of a literary-political weekly, fully equipped, and ably contributed to, which would skilfully pose facts, and fearlessly speak the truth. Numbers of intelligent readers are tired of reading the prophesyings of smooth things, or loose statements which are so often to be met with.

If THE WEEK perseveres in thus fearlessly following the poet's word, "nothing extenuating nor setting down aught in malice," it will achieve a great commercial success, and will also largely assist in rightly guiding the aspirations of the rising generation.

You truly say: "The duty of the court is not only to protect a theoretically innocent man, but also to protect society . . . and if any member of a court . . . considers it necessary to throw around a prisoner, charged with murder, such an aegis of protection, that under no circumstances could that prisoner be convicted, he does not know his duty."

The crown witnesses proved that Dallas and Harry Hyams stated that they were both in the building when Wells was killed; and Harry informed one witness that Dallas and Wells were doing something with the hoist, and that Dallas let the 200 lb. weight slip, thus killing Wells. "Hyams' Jury" will henceforth be a standard expression. What took place during the trial exactly sustains my allegations in THE WEEK for Nov. 22. FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

FAVORITE Books of the SEASON

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Periodicals.

The December Century contains some very interesting essays, stories, and sketches. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel is continued, and F. Hopkinson Smith begins a new serial, "Tom Grogan." Mr. Smith is so well known to readers of the Century as the author of "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," that this new novel of his is sure to be followed with interest by his many admirers. Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" is continued, and in this paper the writer discusses Trafalgar, Austerlitz, the New Map of Europe, and the Business of Emperor. There is an interesting article on the passion play at Vorder-Thiersee. Among other contributors to the Christmas Century we notice Frank R. Stockton, Rudyard Kipling, and Edith M. Thomas.

The complete novel in this month's Lippincott's is by Mary E. Stickney, and is entitled "The Old Silver Trail." The story is a narrative of mining life in Colorado, the action turning on a law-suit between Colonel Meredith and Harvey Neil, the hero, owners of rival mines. The story, likewise the law-suit, ends in a compromise that is quite satisfactory to those chiefly concerned. Alvan F. Sanborn writes about English life during the fourteenth century, a century which may be taken as typical of the Middle Ages. W. C. Flam writes about wild turkey shooting in Central Virginia. Lawrence Irwell contributes a brief paper on Orchids. An interesting article is "Japanese Sword Love," by Lyman Horace Weeks. T. J. de la Hunt tells the reader about athletic sports in ancient times, dealing more especially with the Olympian games. Calvin D. Wilson discusses "Meats." In addition to the foregoing articles the December Lippincott's contains several interesting short stories.

The Atlantic Monthly contains, as usual, some very good reading. The number opens with a continuation of Mr. Gilbert Parker's serial story, followed by a Christmas Carol by Josephine Peabody. "A New England Woodpile" is the title of a brief study by Rowland E. Robinson. Miss L. Douglass contributes a story called "Witchcraft." John Fisher in "The Starving Time in Old Virginia" gives the reader an historical sketch. "The End of the Terror" is a narrative by Robert Wilson, purporting to be an account of the destruction of the pirate schooner, *Terror*, in the year 1719. Another historical paper is contributed by W. F. Wilson, who writes about the defeat of the Spanish Armada. "Dorothy" is an Italian sketch written by Harriet Lewis Bradley. Other contributed articles to the December Atlantic are: "Some Reminiscences of Eastern Europe," "An Idler on Missionary Bridge," "Notes from a Traveling Diary," and "Truth and the White Lie," from the pen of Edith M. Thomas.

The Review of Reviews presents a goodly array of contents this month. The Cartoon in Politics is especially good, the story of the recent political campaign being told in outline, illustrated by some thirty reproductions of cartoons. John Sherman's story of his own career is reviewed by E. Benjamin Andrews. This article is a review of the autobiography "John Sherman's Recollections of Forty Years in the House, Senate, and Cabinet." S. Po-ka-gon, an educated chief of the Potawatamies, gives some views of "An Indian on the Problems of his Race." The writer deals with the subject of Indian Territory and Indian Reservations, and in speaking of the latter says that, though economical for the United States, the system is a bad one for the Indian race, as it kills energy and begets idleness, the mother of vice. He then offers some suggestions towards making reforms in the system at present in vogue. William L. Scruggs writes about "The Venezuelan Question." There is a splendid character sketch of Mr. Herbert Spencer, fronted by an excellent photo-gravure of the philosopher and scientist. These are the leading features of the magazine, which is completed by its regular departments: The Progress of the World, Record of Daily Events, The New Books, Leading Articles of the Month, Periodicals Reviewed, and Contents of Periodicals.

OTHER . . . CONSIDERATIONS.



The measure of cheapness is not how little you pay, but what you have gotten—how much of quality, and how much of quantity. Money saved is money made.

But there is this difference about it. Money made—"you work for"; money saved—you don't: but somebody else does.

It is now the season of the year when old suits or overcoats will not do. When new stylish garments must be purchased, and of course everybody is looking about for the place where the best and the most stylish goods may be bought for the minimum of expenditure.

Therefore we say this is the place. Do not let low prices make you think of "cheap goods." Every article in our stock is selected intelligently and carefully because of its betterness.

As fragrant as flowers is a good name well won, and a reputation for trustworthiness in business is better than great riches. Our desire to win the confidence of our customers is as great as our desire to do business with them.

We believe in our goods because we manufacture them ourselves. We mean that you shall believe in them.

"See and judge for yourself."

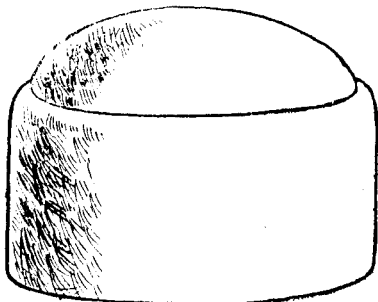


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Personal.

We are glad to state that Professor Clark, of Trinity University, has recovered from his recent illness and is again able to fulfil his many and important engagements.

We regret to learn of the serious illness of Colonel Fred. Denison, M.P., who has just undergone a surgical operation which proved unsuccessful. Whilst there appears to be no immediate danger his case is considered a very serious one indeed.

Mr. Robert Hamilton, of Quebec has made the generous offer of \$20,000 to the authorities of Bishop's University, to be equally divided between the endowment funds of the college and school on condition that the Jubilee Funds amount, by July 31st, 1896, to \$10,000 of bona fide subscriptions. The authorities have gladly and gratefully accepted Mr. Hamilton's offer and have every hope of successfully meeting the condition imposed.

George Augustus Sala, the English journalist, died at Brighton on Sunday last. Mr. Sala, who was born in London in 1828, began life with a view of following art for a profession, but soon turned to journalism, becoming a constant contributor to Household Words. He was the founder and first editor of Temple Bar. In 1863 he was special correspondent in the United States to the Daily Telegraph. Probably no journalist has had so many and so varied assignments as Mr. Sala. France, Russia, Italy, Spain, all were visited by him at various times in the capacity of correspondent for the Daily Telegraph. Mr. Sala was a facile writer and author of a number of works.

* * *

Literary Notes.

The Canadian Almanac is now in its forty-ninth year, and has just been published by The Copp Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto. In addition to its regular departments, it contains an article by Dr. Bourinot on "Forms of Government Throughout the World." This article is very interesting. It describes in brief how every province, state and country in the world is governed, adding also statistics of population and area. There is also an article by Mr. E. M. Chadwick on "The Canadian Flag," illustrated by coloured lithographs. The Almanac consists of some three hundred pages, is full of interesting and valuable information, and is very cheap, the price being but twenty cents.

The announcement of The Methodist Magazine for 1896 is an attractive one. It is now amalgamated with The Canadian Methodist Review under the combined title of The Methodist Magazine and Review, and will be one fourth larger than formerly. The magazine will contain patriotic articles, papers on Scriptural subjects, character-studies of men and women who have moulded history, sketches of social and moral reform, and papers on popular science. One of the features of the coming year will be the several serial stories by Amelia E. Barr and other authors. Thus the magazine will furnish pleasant reading for all classes.

Messrs. Wm. Tyrrel & Co., Toronto, are publishing a booklet entitled "Heartsease Hymns and Some Other Verses," by Mr. Wm. P. McKenzie. The printing will be neat and the cover artistic, the work of a new and original artist. The little book should be ready by Christmas. It is about the size of the "Song of Trust," published in 1887, and, like it, containing twenty-one separate poems

Macmillan & Co., announce an important work on the big game of South Africa by John Guille Millais, F.Z.S., author of "Game Birds and Shooting Sketches. It is entitled "A Breath from the Veldt," and the object of the author has been to supplement from personal observation what is already known of the animals he came across during a recent tour in South Africa and to present a true picture of the life in that country.

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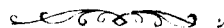
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That a sound mind in a sound body is one of the best and greatest gifts of a kind Providence no one will deny. Mankind in all ages have sought to obtain the elixir of life, have haunted for some means of prolonging health, vigor and vitality—have, in fact, hoped that they might find

"Some blithe wine
Or bright elixir, peerless, they could drink
And so become immortal."

But while man can hardly hope to attain that coveted prize this side of the eternal world, yet it is evident to all who give the subject any consideration, that modern science, skill and education in the treatment of the ills that flesh is heir to, have worked wonders in restoring the human body to its original "form divine," and is relieving many sufferers from untold misery, bringing them back to health and happiness, and giving them a feeling that life is indeed worth living. A case in point, in our own town, having reached the ears of a reporter of the Chronicle the scribe determined to satisfy his curiosity by calling on the party who had such a happy experience and investigate for himself. He called at the boot and shoe shop of Mr. John Toull, King street west, and on entering the building the reporter found "Father Toull," as he is familiarly known in town, busily at work on a pair of shoes for one of his many customers, at the same time humming over to himself the tune of a cherished hymn, for, by the way, in his younger days Mr. Toull was considered a good local preacher among the Methodists of this section and frequently filled the pulpits of some of our local churches in the pastor's absence, and he still loves to sing, preach, or expostulate on some scripture theme or favourite hymn. The reporter was cordially received, and on making known his business, the old man's countenance brightened and his eyes sparkled with delight. It was interesting to note the fervency with

which he volunteered, as he said, for the sake of humanity, to tell what he could of his case, and we will let it be told in his own words. He said:—"For twenty years I was subject to heart trouble and could get no relief, although I had tried almost everything that kind friends had recommended to me. My family physician would sometimes give me some medicine that would help me for a short time, but without permanent benefit. He told me I might drop dead at any moment, and I tell you I expected to do so on many occasions. I had heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when they first came out, but I had used so many remedies that I just about lost faith in everything of that kind, and had become



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resigned to my fate. However, I came in contact with so many that had used Pink Pills, and who assured me that they had been benefitted by their use, that at last I decided to give them a trial also, and several years ago I commenced taking them. I continued their use until I had taken eight boxes, and I am now happy to say that I have never had a symptom of the disease since, and I am convinced that, by the blessing of God, Pink Pills cured me. I might also say that last fall I was attacked with rheumatism, which became so bad that I could scarcely walk from my work to the house, and for a long time I could not get out to church. I tried a number of things recommended to me, but received no good from their use, so I said to myself one day, Pink Pills did me so much good before for my heart trouble, I'll try them again, so I gave them another fair trial, with the result that the rheumatism has all gone out of my bones, and I have not been troubled with it since. Everyone," said the old man, as he waxed warm over the thought of his happy experience, "who knows old Father Toull, knows that what he tells is the truth." After thanking Mr. Toull for his kindness and courtesy, the reporter left the shop with the same opinion as to the truth of his statements, and impressed with the belief that from his rugged hearty appearance and cheerful disposition, the old gentleman is still good for many years of a healthful, contented life.

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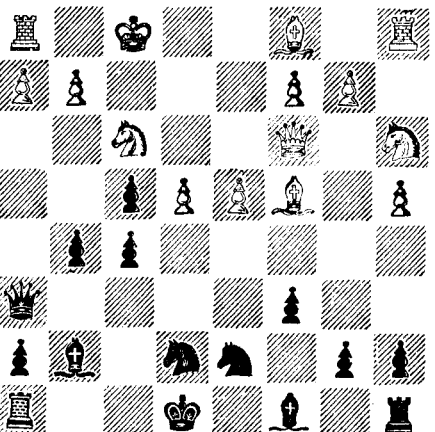
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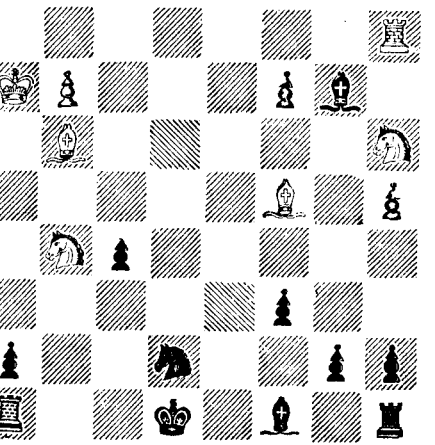
The champion of England loses game 718 to *Mephisto*, thus:

Blackburne	Gunsberg	White	Black
1 P K4	P K4	2244	7755
2 P KB4	P xP	BD	55D
3 B B4	P Q4	An	yw
3...Steinitz prefers K KtB3.			
4 R xP	Q R5 ch	nw	zV
5 K B1	P KKt4	11a	QO
6 Winawer vs English at Paris, 1878,			
6 Q B3	P Q 3	sC	qP
6...not good as hampering Q Kt.			
7 usually P KKt3.			
7 Q B3	P B3	Cm	GF
7...offering P for development.			
8 B xKt, R xB, 9 Q xP is better			
8 KtB3	QR3	JC	VX
9 P Q4	Kt K2	tv	R77
10 B B4	Kt Q2	wn	hy
11 inconsistent and incomprehensible.			
11 P QR4	B Kt2	24	HQ
12 anything for diversion.			
12 Kt R3	P KB4	a3	FE
12... Q Kt3, 13 B Q3... 14 Kt B4.			

(R1K2B1R, FP3PPI, 2N2Q1N, 2pPPB1P.



13 P R4! ... 15 Kt Q3! ... 16 Kt Q6.
 13 P R4 Kt B3 TV yF
 13...only move: but a good one
 14 Kt xP Kt xP CO F44
 15 Kt xKt? P xKt strong for black.
 15 Q Q3 Kt K6 ch mu 44M+
 16 K Kt1 Kt xR AJ MS
 17 B xP Q xP jD XV
 18 Q K3 Kt Kt6 u33 SM!
 18...good move, retaining exchange.
 19 B xKt Q xP DM Vv
 20 Q xQ B xQ ch 33v Qv+
 21 K R2 Bx P JT vb
 (7R, KP3Pb1, 1B5n, 5B1P.



!Np5, 5p2, p2n2pp, r2k1b1r)
 22 desperate but ingenious.
 22 R Q1 R -1 Is ZH
 22... BxKt? 23 BB7ch, Kt1. 24 RQ8ch, Kt2, 25 RxR
 23 B Q6 B B3 Ux bF
 24 Kt R3 P B5 OU ED
 25 Kt xP B Kt5 UD rN
 26 R Q3 R Q1 su Sz
 27 P Kt3 B Kt4 KM FO
 27... R xB, ... 28... B K4.
 23 Kt K6 B xKt D66 N66
 28... R xB... 29... R xKt.
 29 B xB R B3 n66 HF
 30 nothing of any avail now.
 30 B xKt R R3 ch x77 FX+
 31 K Kt2 B xB TK O77
 32 R K3 B xKt u33 773
 (9K3P3P1R3b7P8r2B1p2p5pp3kr3) winning.

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8 (h) r (z) 88 (H) R (Z)
 (7) g (q) y (77) G (Q) Y
 6 (f) p (x) 66 (F) P (X)
 (5) e (o) w (55) E (O) W
 4 (d) n (v) 44 (D) N (V)
 (3) c (m) u (33) C (M) U
 2 (b) k (t) 22 (B) K (T)
 (1) a (j) s (11) A (J) S
 SOLUTION OF PROBLEM.
 716,—Q R7. Drawer 584, Port Hope.

Publications Received.

- Charles Kingsley. Two Years Ago. (Pocket Edition). New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Frank Barrett. A Set of Rogues. (Colonial Library). New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Richard Price. Winifred Mount. (Colonial Library). New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Arthur Paterson. A Son of the Plains. (Colonial Library). New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Rolf Bolderwood. The Crooked Stick. (Colonial Library). New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Mrs. I. K. Spender. The Wooing of Doris. (Colonial Library). New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- E. M. Stooke. Not Exactly. (Colonial Library). New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- James Chalmers. The Renegade. (Colonial Library). New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Flora Anne Steel. Red Rowans. (Colonial Library). New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Andrew Lang. A Monk of Fife. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
- Thos. Hardy. Two on a Tower. (Colonial Library). New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Egerton Castle. The Light of Searthey. London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- G. A. Henty. A Woman of the Commune. London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- F. W. Farrar. Gathering Clouds. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
- Wm. Kingsford, LL.D. The History of Canada. Vol VIII (1808-1815). Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchinson.
- Elizabeth Westyn Timlow. Cricket. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
- Jas. Greenleaf Crowell, A.B., editor. Macauley's Essay on Milton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
- F. Adolphus. Some Memories of Paris. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- H. Rider Haggard. Joan Haste. (Colonial Edition). London: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Robt. Louis Stevenson. Vailima Letters. 2 vols. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.
- André Laurie. Translation by Laura E. Kendall. Schoolboy Days in Japan. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
- W. H. Withrow. Barbara Heck. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Laura E. Richards. Hildegard's Neighbours. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
- Mary Hallock Foote. The Cup of Trembling. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co.

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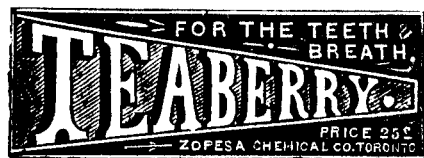
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D. Blackley, 80 Bay Street, Toronto, and 17 King Street West, Hamilton.
Henry Barber & Co., Accountants and Assignees, 18 Wellington Street East.
- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.
Beaumont Jarvis, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.
J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street.
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.
Selby & Co. Kindergarten and School supplies. 23 Richmond Street West.
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.
Rowsell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
Hunter Rose Printing Company Limited.
- Bookbinders** { The Brown Brothers, Limited, Bookbinders and Stationers, 64-68 King Street East.
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R. Simpson, Nos. 170, 72, 74, 76, 78 Yonge Street and 103 Queen Street.
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The Campbell Furniture Co. Jolliffe's old stand, 585 to 591 Queen West. All lines complete.
- Financial** { Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Company, Toronto Street. J. Herbert Mason, President.
The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK.
The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.
London & Canadian Loan & Agency Company, Ltd. J. F. Kirk, Manager. 99 and 103 Bay St.
J. C. McGee, 5 Toronto St. Debentures bought and sold. Loans on mortgages at current rates.
- Grocers** { Caldwell & Hodgins, Corner John and Queen Streets.
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