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ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1880.

GORDON'S 'MOUNTAIN AND PRAIRIE.*'

BY PRINCIPAL GRANT, D.D.

OUR North-west is a fruitful mother of authors. Her vast plains, billowing away to unknown horizons, give to the traveller an inspiration there is no resisting, and in spite of enemies, he must write a book. So was it in the days of the Verendryes, and of those equally gallant Highlanders—many of them broken chiefs and men from Culloden—who founded the North-West Company. So is it in our day. Milton and Cheadle, Hind, Butler, the Earls of Southesk and Dunraven, Horetzky, Dawson, and a multitudinous host who have been content to figure in newspapers, pamphlets, reports, or blue books, have told the story of the 'Great Lone Land' over and over, dwelling lovingly on every detail of what they saw, and how they lived, while trapping, travelling, and camping. There is a wonderful charm in the free life of forest and prairie, where a few words with an In-

dian guide take the place of newspapers, telegrams, and the tattle of society;—a charm of which, to judge by the circulation of the books describing the life, even readers at home get some faint flavour. For, though we ought by this time to be somewhat tired of the North-West, each new work about it is eagerly bought, even by a Canadian public that is not given to buying books. 'Mountain and Prairie,' just published by the Dawsons of Montreal, is therefore sure of a welcome. It is entitled to a special welcome because of its own merits, the trustworthiness of the author, and the absorbing political interest connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Mr. Gordon travelled over much of the old and some new ground. He writes naturally, without exaggeration of language and sentiment, and without invention of thrilling incidents. He almost apologizes for not having been scalped, or at least scared, by the Indians. He has not even killed 'a grizzly,' for the edification of his readers, nor filled a single chapter with minute descriptions of how his dog

* *Mountain and Prairie*: a Journey from Victoria to Winnipeg, via Peace River Pass, by the Rev. Daniel M. Gordon, B.D., Ottawa. Montreal: Dawson Bros.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1880.

looked while eating, sleeping, or skulking, and how his horse gazed upon him with unutterable poems in his large eyes, when drowning. We accompany him from point to point of his journey, feeling instinctively all the time that we are in the company of a reliable narrator, and a man so genial and ready of resource, that we would like nothing better than to camp with him. Like every one else who knows anything of the North-West, he has faith in its future; but he neither belittles the difficulties in the way, nor shuts his eyes to unpleasant facts. Enthusiasts about the great Peace River country will be annoyed that he gives his own experience instead of confining himself to theirs, and that he is content to say concerning the vast plateau with its millions of acres yet unbroken by the plough, that *probably* wheat will be a safe crop, inasmuch as it is cultivated on the river flats, whose elevation is 800 feet less; and they will simply not believe him, or insinuate that he has some sinister end in view, when he mentions that the wheat at the Mission adjoining Dunvegan and at Hudson's Hope were hopelessly injured by the frost last August. All the same, we are thankful to get the facts. Reasonable beings can be trusted to make their own deductions.

Mr. Gordon accompanied the party sent last year to examine Northern British Columbia, and the Peace River and Pine River Passes, leading from the Rocky Mountains to the prairies on this side. The party consisted of Messrs. Cambie and Macleod, of the Railway Engineering Staff, and Dr. G. M. Dawson, of the Geological Survey, whose notes on the general character of districts visited by him, as well as on his special department of their geology and natural history, are always valuable. Mr. Gordon's book is chiefly a record of the impressions made on him from day to day as he travelled from the Pacific coast to the Peace River country, and thence on

the home-stretch to the Saskatchewan and Red Rivers. The illustrations are from photographs by Dr. Dawson and Messrs. Selwyn and Horetzky, and the maps from the most recent in the Departments of the Canada Pacific Railway, and of the Interior. These features may be considered essential to a book of travels. They certainly add greatly to its value, and make it attractive to all classes of readers.

My present purpose, however, is not to review or give extracts from 'Mountain and Prairie.' Books of its class can be judged of from extracts only as a house can be judged from a specimen brick. He that would form a correct idea of book or house must inspect the whole for himself. I would merely refer in passing to the description of what is, perhaps, the most successful mission to the Indians in the world, Mr. Duncan's at Metla Katlah, and at the same time take the liberty of advising all who are interested in our Indians on this side of the Rocky Mountains, to read the Hon. Alexander Morris's recently-published work, 'The Treaties of Canada with the Indians of Manitoba, the North-West Territories, and Keewatin.' In this paper I intend to refer only to two subjects suggested by Mr. Gordon's book, which are now occupying men's minds, and which, if I mistake not, are likely to occupy them still more in the immediate future. I refer to the Chinese question, and more particularly to our Pacific Railway problem, involving such points as the proper Pacific terminus, the expediency of beginning construction so soon on the Pacific slope, and the best route from the Saskatchewan to the Rocky Mountains.

The first of these questions has risen into continental importance this summer by the two great political parties in the United States elevating it to the dignity of a plank in their Presidential platforms. This tribute to their good cause must be gratifying to the hoodlums of the Pacific coast-

The other question is of more immediate interest to Canadians. It involves, in one way or another, all the issues now before us as a people, issues so great that our very existence is bound up with their determination. Such a question should surely be discussed on its merits, and as much as possible apart from political or party interests. Every man who has an intelligent opinion should express it calmly, if it be in him to speak calmly. If not, why then let him speak or write in the best way he can.

The Chinese question is a comparatively small one, so far as Canada is concerned. All the more shame to us, that an uncertain sound was given on the subject at the outset; and that one or two agitators, who pose as friends of the working man, were allowed to fancy that the idea of excluding Chinamen from our shores could be entertained for a moment by our House of Commons. In the United States, the agitation is formidable, though, even there, it is more formidable in appearance than in reality. However, as mere politicians never see beneath the surface, there is some excuse for them if they think that a tub must be thrown to the whale, when the whale takes the shape of the great States of California and Oregon. And so Republican vies with Democrat in courting Kearneyism even when Kearneyism is getting shorn of its locks. We could not expect anything else than an anti-Chinese policy from the Democratic party. Not having fugitive negroes to hunt, it naturally takes to hunting Mongolians. And when a man like Senator Bayard based his opposition to Chinese immigration upon patriotism and a philosophy of history, how can we blame the rank and file for taking up the cry more loudly than before, of 'the Chinese must go,' or 'no more Chinese must come.' Who could blame a degree for buying slaves, when the ablest Presbyterian clergyman in New Orleans defended in pulpits and church courts the divine right of slavery, with

power and even with passion! But we expected something very different from the Republican party. It had taken its stand on human rights. Under that sign it marched to victory. And now it seeks, and will seek in vain, to conjure with the spells of its beaten foe. Its position towards the Chinese, combined with those proud boasts of what it did for the slave, with which the platform opens, is another illustration of the truth that a political party is apt to exhaust its strength in doing one great work. That done, its mission is fulfilled, and,—like the Corn law league—it should dissolve. If it determines to maintain its organization, it ossifies. Corruption follows, and then—the sooner the better—death and burial. However, as I have said, United States politicians may plead that they are under a strong temptation to speak ambiguously or immorally on the Chinese question. Canadian politicians can hardly plead even that. Everything is to be said in favour of bringing more Chinese into Canada. Nothing in favour of expelling those who are already in. And the anti-Chinese party with us is scarcely more influential than the tailors of Tooley Street in Great Britain.

The Chinamen in British Columbia are, as a class, 'sober, diligent, frugal and trustworthy.' My experience was the same as Mr. Gordon's. I never saw better servants, and only wish that I could have induced one to come east with me. They get good wages, and are quite willing to take all that they can get. They have no decided preference for a low wage. It must be admitted that, instead of spending their money on brandy and soda, or calling for tubs of champagne, in which to wash their feet, like the jolly miners who were welcomed so cordially into the Province, and who have left it much as they found it, Chinamen save as much as possible to take home to their parents and children, or as a provision for old age. Such patriotism, filial piety, and forethought, I have heard

indignantly denounced. 'They are objected to,' says Mr. Gordon, 'by the saloon-keeper,' who gets no custom from them; by the indolent, whom they prevent from exacting exorbitant wages for a minimum of work; by agitators, who try to win the favour of the white working-man, and by others who are more or less influenced by those objectors. And yet, remove the Chinamen, and you disturb every industry in British Columbia; exclude their future immigration, and you increase the cost of working your future factories.' Yes, exclude them, and your factories will be 'future' for a long time. If there is one thing that British Columbia needs more than anything else in the world, it is abundance of labour. It has physical difficulties of no ordinary kind to contend with; torrents roaring for miles through gloomy canyons, seas of mountains, magnificent distances. There is no hope of its resources being developed unless abundant capital flows in; and capital will keep away while cheap labour is excluded or threatened. Can capitalists who have to pay mechanics \$5 a day compete with those who pay \$2?

The anti-Chinese cry anywhere is absurdly and fundamentally opposed to human rights; but the absurdity waxes to the zenith when we consider the very small white population of the very big Province, and the fact that those few whites are themselves comparatively recent immigrants. There are about 30,000 Indians, 10,000 whites and 5,000 Chinamen in British Columbia. There would be some show of reason in the aboriginal inhabitants saying to the others, 'you white and yellow strangers must go.' But though the red man beholds his favourite fishing grounds seized and the very graves of his forefathers grudged to him, he gives all the children of the Great Spirit kindly welcome. It is a party among the recently arrived whites that steps forward with the cry, 'this country is

ours; we cannot compete with the Chinese; the Chinese must go.' On what ground must they go? 'They are immoral,' it is piously answered. Why then do you not pass laws to exclude immoral people of every nationality? 'They work more cheaply than we.' But, though working men in former days smashed improved machinery on that ground, they do not dream of doing so now. Give then the Chinaman the same toleration that you extend to machinery. Do not smash him. Machinery is just what British Columbia needs. 'They pay in very little to the Government in the shape of taxes.' Lower Canadians have been accused of this same crime against Her Majesty's Exchequer. But both Chinamen and French Canadians pay more taxes than machinery at any rate. 'They will not become naturalized.' Do Englishmen, who go to China to seek their fortune, take out letters of naturalization there? Besides, what inducements do you hold out to tempt them to take such a step? 'They associate closely together and so control the market.' Is clannishness a crime, and rigging the market a Mongolian invention? 'They do not bring their wives with them.' If the men are insulted is it any wonder that they are slow to bring their women. I am almost ashamed to argue the question. One word on it ought to be enough. By what *right* do we propose to exclude from Canada men of any country who come offering to do honest work for us? Of all people in the world, how can we who believe in the unity of the race and the love of God for humanity listen with patience to such talk? And, with regard to what people can we entertain it with so little decency as with regard to the Chinese, who—to begin with—asked only to be let alone, and on whom we forced ourselves in the name of the rights of man. If the game of exclusion is to be played, the Chinese will be delighted. They have no doubt that they can get on better without us than

we without them. And they have only to stop giving us tea to bring us to our knees.

As to the phases of the Pacific Railway question which I have indicated, Mr. Gordon has come to the conclusion that Edmonton is a necessary objective point on the main line; and the most direct course from Edmonton is by the Yellow Head Pass, and thence by the Thompson and Fraser Rivers to Burrard Inlet. He is thus substantially at one with the present and former Governments in their location of the line and selection of the terminus; and though he says nothing on the expediency of beginning construction on the Pacific slope this year, it is clear that if the right route has been adopted, commencing now in the mountains may be premature but cannot be fatal. But, if Edmonton is not a necessary objective point, and if the northern route leading to Port Simpson be the one to which opinion is gravitating, then the ten millions of dollars we have undertaken to spend between Yale and Kamloops might just as well be thrown into the sea. What then should we do, instead, it may be asked? Do? We should do nothing towards building a mile of the line in British Columbia until at any rate there is practical unanimity among competent authorities as to whether it should go to Burrard Inlet or Port Simpson. We should on no account take a possibly fatal leap in the dark. Is it asking too much to plead for delay till some responsible engineer can tell us positively whether the northern or southern line is the right one, or is it now too late to ask? Formerly I asked in various public ways for a good deal more. Again and again I have maintained that we should not begin construction on the Pacific slope until we had from a million to a million and a half people in the North-West. That may have been an extravagant contention on my part. I do not think it was. It seems to me an eminently reasonable position to take, and a rough test that the people gen-

erally could understand as readily as experts.

Governments, however, are wiser than the people, and members of the House of Commons are more powerful than King Canute. They believe that they have only to vote millions, and that of course the millions will be forthcoming. This is not to be wondered at. But that a particular route and terminus for the Pacific Railway should be adopted by successive Orders in Council before the Chief Engineer, or any other engineer, or competent authority, would venture to say which of the two great competing routes was the right one, seems to me so wonderful that I am inclined to question my own sanity. For, of course, I cannot think of questioning the sanity of twenty or thirty Cabinet Ministers.

Mistakes are made in connection with every great undertaking. That is a matter of course. No one need wonder therefore that mistakes—some of them diplomatic, others engineering—have been made in connection with the Pacific Railway. As practical men, too, we have to look at recent, rather than at ancient, mistakes. Surely then the two mistakes for which least excuse can be offered were committed, (1) when an Order in Council was passed in July, 1878, adopting the Burrard Inlet route; (2) when another Order in Council was passed, in October, 1879, endorsing that decision. The route adopted may turn out to be the right one; but neither Government had the necessary data to decide a question involving issues of such magnitude. Consequently, no matter what the pressure in each case, the action was immoral. Political necessity is pleaded in justification. That is, we were politically compelled to take a step that might lead to an irretrievable loss of at least ten millions to begin with. Had we really drifted into so preposterous a position? The British Columbians, we are told, were resolved to have justice; resolved, that is, to

have performance instead of promises. They had been tantalized too long. They had come to believe that promises about the railway were made only to be broken, and they were determined to have a bit of railway somewhere, though it should cost the life of the Dominion. What was life without the railway? No doubt political British Columbia took this tone, and exerted pressure, and even used threats. But surely we are allowed to examine their position, and in doing so we are to assume that the people of British Columbia have the same kind of common sense that people elsewhere have. Now, in the name of common sense, what benefit are the bulk of the people of Vancouver's Island and of British Columbia to get from a railway beginning at an insignificant village in the heart of the mountains of the mainland, then winding away from them for an hundred miles or so, and ending nowhere; costing about \$100,000 per mile; with a total population of two or three hundred souls along the whole hundred miles, and with no population, and no hope of population beyond? Certainly, no benefit, it will be answered at once, unless the hundred miles in question be a necessary part of the main line. But, if no competent authority ventures to say that the main line should take this route; if the Chief Engineer says, 'I am not in a position to decide, for it may be found in the course of a year or two that the main line should go hundreds of miles to the north'—what then? I would like an average British Columbian to give a reply. In his absence I may—with submission—suggest what might have been done.

The state of the case being as I have described it, could not a Cabinet Minister have been found in one Government or the other, wise enough and bold enough to have assembled the British Columbia representatives in some tea-room and have discoursed to them substantially as follows:—

'Gentlemen, we all—you as well as I—are anxious to preserve this Confederacy of ours; we know too that its various parts must be linked and welded together with iron; that organic filaments will weave themselves round those long iron rails, and make us truly one people; but look calmly and as practical men at the present position. Here we have Marcus Smith contending vehemently against this Burrard Inlet route; men like Selwyn, Horetzky, and others, declaring that we should cross the Saskatchewan, below Prince Albert, make direct for Peace River, and thence to the Pacific by the Pine River Pass; and above all, our Engineer-in-Chief repeatedly asserting that the facts under his hand do not yet warrant him giving a decided opinion, and therefore counselling delay. No sane man then will venture to say that it is clear that the main line should go to Burrard Inlet. If we adopt a route in ignorance, and it turns out that it is a wrong route, we shall not only have thrown away ten millions, but we shall have thrown away for ever all hope of getting a Canada Pacific Railway; for no Government would ever try it again, after such a gigantic blunder had been committed. Therefore, would it not be better all round for us to give you the interest of the ten millions for additional judges, dry-docks, wet-docks, dykes, pumping machinery, branch roads, subsidies to steamers, or anything else under the sun likely to benefit all Canada, and particularly your intelligent constituents, until we get more light, and are clearly and unmistakably in a position to commence construction?' If the representatives saw in some such proposal as this, only a snake in the grass, a cunning scheme to induce them to consent to further delay, and very likely they would, when the Victorians would not change a letter of the inscription on their arch at Lord Dufferin's request, and make it 'Carnarvon terms or Reparation,' instead of 'Carnarvon terms or Separation.'

tion,' what then? Would it have been quite impossible for our hypothetical Cabinet Minister to have said, 'very well, gentlemen, we shall employ or allow you to employ the most skilled actuary in Canada. Let him make out a statement, showing the direct and indirect damages you have sustained by Confederation, and we shall pay the bill, and allow your Local House to spend the money. That, or anything else in reason, or a little out of reason, we are willing to do. But a leap in the dark that may imperil our national existence we will not take.' All this may have been politically impossible. I do not profess to be acquainted with how now to do things. But I submit that by some such straightforward proposals, British Columbia—if not the representatives—could have been satisfied. If not, the Dominion Government would have shown that they were resolved to do justly, generously, and wisely, but not madly. Standing on that ground, reasonable beings would stand beside them. And it would have mattered little whether there were a few score irreconcilables or not.

The foregoing argument is based on the fact that no competent engineer or observer, who has seen both Southern and Northern British Columbia, has—so far as known to me—declared absolutely in favour of the Burrard Inlet route. Many will think this incredible, but let there be no mistake on this point. The late Engineer-in-Chief always urged delay, on the grounds that neither British Columbia nor the Prairie country on this side was sufficiently known, and that the consequences of a mistake in the location of the main line would be deplorable. In his Report for the year ending, April 5th, 1879, he says: 'During the last Session of Parliament, I was called upon to express my views with regard to the question of a terminus on the Pacific Coast, and the location of the western end of the line. I submitted the opinion that it would be desirable

to gain full and complete information regarding a northern route by Peace or Pine River, and the vast territory through which a northern route has been proposed, with respect to which little is now known. The Government, however, deemed it essential that construction should commence without further delay in British Columbia, and I was directed to state the route, which, under the circumstances, I would advise should be placed under contract. Accordingly, I recommended that if no postponement for further examination could be admitted, and if the immediate commencement of the Railway was imperative, that the choice should fall on the route by the rivers Thomson and Fraser to Burrard Inlet.' In other words, Mr. Fleming said, the Northern route has not been examined yet, and it should be examined before a decision is come to; but of all the routes proposed in Central and Southern British Columbia the Burrard Inlet is the best. He was right. Bute Inlet was the worst and Burrard Inlet the best. But the Northern route might be far better. He asked for delay, but delay could not be granted. A change of Administration took place, and the Chief Engineer again pleaded for delay. His plea was listened to, and the expedition which Mr. Gordon accompanied was sent, in the spring of 1879, to examine the unexplored regions on the coast, in the mountains, and along the Peace River. So great was the eagerness to have no unnecessary delay, that a synopsis of their reports was telegraphed, in September, to the Chief Engineer; and he, having considered it, addressed, on the 30th of September a communication to the Minister of Railways, declaring that enough was now known to justify still further delay. Pointing out that a line leading to Port Simpson would not only accommodate the Peace River country, but that the cost would be considerably less than that of the Burrard Inlet route, he

adds, in language which—coming from a man who is known to weigh every word he utters or writes—is most emphatic: 'There can be no doubt that the examinations made this year, of which partial returns only have as yet been received, go to show that the northern route possesses advantages greater than previously known. From what has been brought to light, I would consider it unwise at this stage to adopt and begin construction on either the Burrard Inlet or Bute Inlet routes.' Notwithstanding this decided opinion, an Order in Council was passed on the 4th of October, re-adopting the Burrard Inlet route. Parliament endorsed the action, and construction has commenced. How many notes of exclamation should be inserted here?

Not to speak of other work of various kinds, in other places, Mr. Sandford Fleming has given us in the Intercolonial Railway a road which it is scant justice to say 'ranks second to none on this continent,' built through a country where nature has interposed almost every conceivable obstacle to the engineer, and built at the cost originally estimated. Every reader of the history knows, too, that the credit for this great achievement cannot be given to the Government Commissioners. Claims connected with the work amounting to several millions, incurred through disregard of his remonstrances, official and unofficial, are still unsettled. He has been offered \$6,000 a-year to adjudicate on these, and rejected the offer. He does not pretend to be a judge, least of all upon matters on which, having expressed strong opinions, he is not qualified to be a jurymen. If ever man deserved well of Canada, Mr. Flem-

ing does. But he never did more faithful public service than when persistently pleading for delay in locating the western end of the Pacific Railway. He is no longer Chief Engineer. Have we so many able and incorruptible public servants that we can afford to let him retire into private life? His right place now is in the House of Commons.

Mr. Gordon would probably ask, if the Railway goes by Peace River, do you not sacrifice Edmonton and the Bow River country? Not at all, in my opinion. A branch railway would be constructed from Prince Albert, to run between the two Saskatchewan towards the Bow River. This would be one of the most important feeders of the main line.

I do not advocate the Peace River route. All that I submit is that safety seems to lie that way; that there is no necessity for immediate action; and yet, that we are taking a leap in the dark, and in the opposite direction, and in a country full of precipices, because a few heated gentlemen clamour loudly that 'something must be done.'

I have said my brief say on two of the subjects suggested to me by 'Mountain and Prairie.' Writing about the Railway, I feel tempted to go on with the subject and ask, should a Company or the Government build the road? But perhaps it will be time enough to consider this question when offers are made by a Company. Some readers may accuse me of having wandered far from the book I am reviewing. I have allowed myself to do so, for this article is intended not as a substitute for, but as a guide to, Mr. Gordon's book.

FOURTEEN YEARS AGO.

BY ESPERANCE.

UNRUFFLED lay the moon-lit bay
 When, from the pine-fringed shore,
 We lightly stepped into the boat,
 A merry band of four.
 Our laughter rang upon the air,
 Our words were glad and gay,
 For we were blithe and careless then,
 In youth's brief holiday.
 My sister Grace, and Nell, her friend,
 Together hand in hand,
 With little Willie boy and I,
 Made up the tiny band.
 Wee Willie was but six years old,
 He would be twenty now,
 With black-brown eyes and floating curls
 That swept across the brow.
 We left the darkness of the shore,
 Where, 'neath the water's breast,
 The shadows of the drooping pines
 Lay peacefully at rest.
 The moon was low ; and far ahead,
 Upon the open bay,
 Still wider as it neared the west,
 A shining pathway lay.
 Just where the waters kissed the sky,—
 As white as driven snow,
 And piled as high as winter drifts,
 The clouds lay long and low.
 O'er these the shining pathway climbed,
 A golden belt of light,
 Then, in the azure vault above,
 It disappeared from sight.
 But where it seemed to pierce the sky
 The moon in splendour lay,
 A fitting portal to the courts
 Of everlasting day.
 Wee Willie clasped his little hands,
 And, on his baby face,
 I saw a look of wondering awe,
 The former smiles efface.
 A moment silently he sat
 And did not speak a word,

Nor did he hear us when *we* spoke,
 Or answer if he heard ;
 At last he turned with hands still clasped,
 And pleadingly he said :
 ‘ O please do row us over there !
 Please do, dear brother Ned !
 Because you know—’ He let his hands
 Drop idly on his knees,—
 ‘ It might lead right straight up to Heaven,
 Row quickly, brother, *please* !
 See that *must* be the golden gate,
 And if we’re not too late,
 We might perhaps get in to-night
 And have no more to wait !
 God must have opened wide the gates
 That all who wished might come,
 Perhaps He *knew* how glad we’d be
 To see His lovely home !
 O will it not be nice, dear Grace,
 To sleep in Heaven to-night ?
 It must be such a lovely place,
 For there ’tis always light !
 Row quickly, brother, *quicker*, *please*,
 For I should almost weep
 If after all we were too late
 And found them fast asleep !’
 I could not bear to thwart the child
 Whom best I loved on earth,—
 A charge bequeathed me by the one
 Who left us at his birth,—
 And so I rowed with added speed
 To please and humour him,
 Nor ever hinted to the boy
 How vain his foolish whim
 As every now and then he cried :
 (Did I my speed abate)
 ‘ Row quickly, brother, *quicker*, *please* !
 We surely shall be late !’
 Alas ! poor Willie !—from the west,
 In gold and crimson state,
 The moon dropped slowly to the sea,
 And God had closed the gate.
 How Willie cried ! his little heart
 Seemed breaking in its grief,
 Nor yet could anything I said
 Afford the child relief.
 Nell stooped to part the sunny curls
 And kiss the flushing brow,
 ‘ You *shall* go home, dear Willie, soon,
 So soon, dear, though not now !’
 She only spoke to soothe the child ;
 But Willie was not strong,

E'en from his birth we had not thought
 To keep our darling long,
 And now there flashed across my heart
 A swift rebellious pain,
 'What if the thoughtless words came true,
 And all our care proved vain?'
 A flower upon the water's breast
 Which caught the childish eyes,
 And Willie leaned across the boat
 To grasp the floating prize.
 Too late an arm was stretched to save,
 The lily floated wide,
 And we, without a warning word,
 Were launched into the tide.
 I was the only one could swim,
 One could not rescue three,
 And yet I knew not which to choose,
 For *all* were dear to me!
 But to my mind swift memory brought
 The words of one long dead:
 'My baby-boy I leave to you
 To guard and cherish, Ned!'
 And so I swam to save my boy,
 And caught him in my arm,
 And soon had placed him on the shore
 Beyond the reach of harm,
 But suddenly I felt that strength
 Had left my every limb,
 And for myself I feared not death,
 But still I strove for him!
 My Willie boy! so fair in form
 And with such winning grace,—
 He *must* be rescued—in the world
 To fill some noble place!
 But all in vain my frantic strife,
 Although I fought the wave,
 My little Will and I sank down
 To fill one common grave.
 Ah! so I thought—but ere the day
 Had driven back the night
 I woke and opened wide my eyes,
 Then closed them at the light.
 They nursed me back to life again
 Though I had prayed to die,
 Why *should* I live when all I loved
 Had found a home on high?
 Dear Willie! God had heard his prayer,
 And, though we were too late,
 Had not refused him entrance in,
 Nor made him longer wait!
 One, only, left of that wee band,—
 I *would* that *he* had died,
 And slept together with the rest

Beneath the waveless tide!
 But God knows best! both life and death
 Are His to deal at will,
 And human hearts have only this:
 To suffer and be still!

* * * * *

Why I was saved of all the four
 I shall not know till when,
 Beyond the golden gates of Heaven,
 We four shall meet again!

YORKVILLE.

GOING ON AN EXCURSION.

(*To Ladies only.*)

BY E. A. W.

SOMETIME this summer you, who are the careful and tired mother of a comparatively care-free and untiring family, hear or read of a cheap excursion, which leaves your nearest railway station at an early hour on the morning following, for a not far-distant city, and returns in the evening. You feel very much like going on it, but there are objections to be considered and disposed of. In the first place, all excursions are cheap, and you are in the habit of considering them common. You are naturally, and on principle, averse to cheapness and commonness; but you will not let this aversion stand in the way of your pleasure, especially when you remember that these despised qualities are characteristic of some of the best things on earth. Secondly, of course, you have 'nothing to wear;' but, after musing upon the possibilities of your wardrobe, you discover a suit which will not be too cool for the dewy morning nor too warm for the burning noon, and which will not be strikingly inappropriate for either the farm-waggon, the railway train, the

steamer, or the street-car. Then you think that, after all, perhaps you had better not go; there is so much to be looked after, and the family cannot spare you. But the family, upon being appealed to, assent, with cheerful and not very complimentary alacrity, that they not only can but will gladly spare you, and every one unites in saying that 'you need rest, and you ought to take a day.' Now that it is represented to you as a duty rather than a pleasure, all your objections vanish. The next point is to select a companion for your little journey, and your mind instantly reverts to the one friend who is not very wise, not very brilliant, not very handsome, but whom you are prone to regard in the light of an 'old shoe;' the easy, confident, faithful, affectionate soul, who doesn't know how to give or take offence. This friend's name we will take for granted is Jenny.

In the morning, while dressing, you make up your mind very seriously that you are going to take a pleasure trip, and a pleasure trip it *shall be*. No insect cares shall be permitted to

intrude, no trifling annoyances disturb you. The host of Lilliputian worries, which daily demand entrance at the door of your mind, must be gently but firmly given to understand that you are not at home to them. None of these things shall have power to cheat you out of the genuine holiday spirit, which is to the holiday itself what life is to the body.

The sleepy little youngsters come down stairs just in time to see you off, and I hope you are old-fashioned enough to tell them to 'be good children while mamma is gone.' When they are grown old they may look back upon it with the same half-smiling, half-pathetic feeling with which you recall the days when your mother said that to you before going away.

When you arrive at the depot you are ten minutes before time, but the train is, of course, very much more than that behind time. You are on the point of exclaiming, 'How tiresome!' but, remembering your new resolution, you say, instead, 'How fortunate that we remembered to bring "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl" along with us.' Nevertheless, you have no idea of reading the book. It is nice to have it along in case of need, but the need is not apparent yet. You think what a dreadfully characterless and unsuggestive place a railway station is, and wonder why the people who hover round it and saunter in and out look as if they were made to correspond with it. Jenny tells you that the prettiest railway station she ever was in was the one where she stopped three or four summers ago. It was a common pine-board affair, but it was built apparently in a clearing of the woods, and it was profusely decorated inside with branches of cedar. 'It fairly smelled sweet and just as good as blossomed in the dust,' says Jenny; and then she goes on to tell about a pair of curtains in a parlour she once was in, which were dotted all over with sprigs of cedar, certain to keep fresh for five

weeks anyway, and the effect of which was so cool and pretty. By this time the cars have come, and you are comfortably seated in one of them. You make a little joke about the train being no sooner in than you are in, too, and Jenny, who is looking after the flowers, and the tickets, and the 'Frivolous Girl,' still finds time to smile. That is one of your friend's good points—your little efforts are never thrown away upon her. You now talk about the different dresses in the car with head gear accompanying them, and alternately raise the window to let in the air, and shut it down to keep out the dust. On leaving the car there is a grand scramble for the boat. Everyone is terribly anxious to secure a good seat for 'His Majesty myself.' You protest against it, not verbally, but in actions, which are proverbially known to speak louder than words. In this case, however, they do not speak long enough to be heeded. It is impossible to *stand* on your dignity when the crowd behind are pushing you on, and the crowd in front are given to making sudden lurches and pushing you back. You feel heated and disgusted, but in the midst of it all, you are conscious of Jenny's eyes, blue, cool, smiling, surveying the scene with tranquil amusement, and then you suddenly remember which of you it was that made a determination not to be troubled by trifles.

After the hurry is over everyone discovers that there was not the slightest need to hurry. It is breezy and cool, and delightful on the boat. Presently the band on the upper deck let on a little music, and then as suddenly shut it off again. This by way of celebrating—economically—your departure from land. For all practical purposes, Lake Ontario might *not* just as well be the Atlantic Ocean, but for all unpractical purposes, it might just as well be. It is possible on either body of water to watch the land recede from view, or to speak prosaically, to

watch the land staying just where it was before, and know that you are receding from it. The surging waters, the free pure winds, the larger sky—these are not of earth—they belong to the lake and the ocean.

You will observe that though there are seats and to spare on the steamer, some restless spirits will persist in walking to and fro, among them one or two whom you have noticed several times before on the train, and in different parts of the boat, and whom you will very probably see many times again in the city, and on your way home. There is no reason for this rule of repetition in the meeting of strangers, but there is seldom an exception to it. About the middle of your voyage, the band deals out a little more music—with a frugal hand—and again when the spires of the city come into view, there is the sound of minstrelsy, and a suggestion of parsimony in its production. Everyone goes to the forward part of the vessel, and bends an attentive ear to the gentleman who is telling his own party the names of the different churches from which the spires arise, and the streets on which they are situated. With a sigh you exchange the dreamy cloud-like motion of the boat for the rattle and clatter of the streets. The sun glares down upon the hard sidewalk, over which the excursionists are poured like a short stream flowing into a never ending river. Then follows the usual routine—a search for a dining-room, a little sight seeing, a little shopping, and lastly, a visit to a friend in a far away street, whom you have not seen for years. She herself opens the door for you, and utters a long drawn, 'Why-y-y!' of amazed pleasure before she fully recognises you, and realizes that you are there. Then there are embracings and exclamations, and a thousand questions asked and answered. She is wrapped in wonder at your sudden appearance, until you explain that you came over on the excursion, when she seems to consider

it natural enough. She is determined that you shall partake of an early tea. Jenny telegraphs to you that there is no time. You falter out—'There is no time!' but your hostess laughs at both of you. She speaks of time as though it were synonymous with eternity. You will mortally offend her if you go, and you will be in mortal fear of missing the boat if you stay. Of the two evils you choose the latter. Your visit is rather a warm, hurried and exciting affair, but you had a lovely time notwithstanding. You acknowledge that to yourself as you drift towards home over the still waters in the heavenly moonlight. In spite of being tired out, you are absorbing enjoyment now. Everyone else is tired too, but they do not all look happy. Some of them look resigned—and there are others who look unresigned. These last are doubtless poor rich people who are so accustomed to the lap of luxury that a moonlit sail on a smooth lake seems rough by comparison. You pity them from the bottom of your heart. Some of the more vivacious try to sing, but the attempt dies a natural and painless death.

When you reach home it is very late, and you firmly believe that there is a separate ache in every bone in your body. But that wholesome sleep-compelling weariness is in itself a novel sensation. You sit down in a rocking-chair and draw off your gloves, and lean back, and talk for quite a long time to your husband, whose paper dropped unheeded to the floor at the beginning of your narrative. You need not be surprised because he looks at you so often and seems so interested and attentive, because, as you know, it is a long, long time since he has seen you looking so tranquil, and talking so brightly, and sitting down to rest, without any fidgety fancy work in your fingers. I do not think you will regret having done such a very common thing as going on a cheap excursion.

THE ASYLUMS, PRISONS, AND PUBLIC CHARITIES OF ONTARIO, AND THEIR SYSTEM OF MANAGEMENT.*

BY JOHN W. LANGMUIR,

Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities for Ontario.

IN these years of advanced civilization, the moral and material standing of a nation or community is judged and determined by well-defined standards. If the morality of a community is low and vitiated, it follows that its religion is not that having the impress and approval of the Divine Master, whose whole earthly life and teaching were devoted to the elevation of fallen humanity. Or, looking at the converse of the proposition, if a country is possessed of a sound and effective system of education, we look for and generally find wide-spread intelligence, a large degree of social culture, and a marked development in all things pertaining to the arts and sciences; and if, with wide-spread intelligence and unblemished morality, a nation is also blessed with large material resources, and its people are skilful and enterprising, we almost invariably find national greatness, together with the largest degree of comfort and contentment that such a condition of things secures.

There are also equally unailing tests by which the status of a nation in the scale of civilized humanity can be determined; and none is more certain than that afforded by an examination of the system designed by a country to supply the needs of its moral, mental, and physical defectives, and of its dependant classes generally. If a state, blessed with large national resources

and other advantages of a material character, neglects to make proper and sufficient provision for its afflicted and offending classes it assuredly will, to the extent of such neglect, occupy an inferior position in the scale of civilized humanity; and the more wealthy and powerful such a defaulting nation is, the greater will be the national shame attaching to such neglect. It is the solemn duty of the state, by some organization or other, to provide for her insane, her indigent orphans, and her homeless sick, and to care for those who have been so afflicted as to be unable to care for themselves. Moreover, with regard to offenders against the law, if for no higher object than that of public economy, it is in the direct interest of a community that they should be graded and classified in a properly devised system of prisons and reformatories.

Of all the vexed problems in social science, the one involving the care of the criminal and dependant classes, and relating to the systems of managing the prisons, asylums, and public charities designed for their accommodation, is, perhaps, the most intricate and the most difficult to solve. Apart from the financial and social difficulties which must always surround the question, the extreme sensitiveness of public opinion in respect to all matters relating to the care and custody of the classes coming within the scope of charitable and correctional systems, while being one of the greatest safeguards against improper treatment or

*A paper read before the National Conference of Charities and Correction, at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 1st July, 1880.

maladministration, is at the same time one of the chief elements of danger that has to be guarded against.

That the inmates of our prisons and reformatories must be deprived of their liberty, and for the time being subjected to disciplinary control ; that the insane in our asylums must be carefully watched and needfully restrained ; and that the helpless poor in our refuges, and the orphans and abandoned waifs in our benevolent institutions must be subjected to wholesome rules and regulations, renders the care of these classes, under such conditions, a work involving the most delicate and careful management, and requiring, in its performance, the highest order of talent and executive ability. Moreover, even with these indispensable qualities, the honest and faithful administrators of a charitable and corrective system, and the executive heads of the institutions and organizations attached thereto, will always find cause for constant anxiety, continued watchfulness, and the exercise of the largest amount of discretion and well-directed zeal.

Having regard, therefore, to the difficult and delicate surroundings which must always attach to the care of the offending and dependant classes, it follows that the systems intended to supply their needs should, in the first instance, be devised with the greatest care, and should afterwards absorb all that is good in any other system which has stood a practical test.

It is neither the object nor the intention of the writer to enter into a critical comparison of the respective charitable and correctional systems in existence in the various civilized countries of the world ; but rather to furnish a brief outline of that obtaining in the Province of Ontario ; and at the outset it is proper to state the number and character of the institutions coming within the scope of the system to be reviewed.

The correctional, reformatory, and charitable institutions of Ontario com-

prise, in their relations to the Government and to the Provincial system of management, three distinct classes, as follows :—

Firstly.—Institutions erected solely at the expense of the Province, and, when founded and organized, entirely maintained and exclusively controlled by the Provincial Government. The institutions of this class comprise four hospitals for the insane and one asylum for idiots, an institution for the education of the deaf and dumb, an institution for the education of the blind, a central or intermediate prison for male offenders, a reformatory for boys, a reformatory for women, and an industrial refuge for girls, the two last named being now in course of erection.

Secondly.—Gaols erected and maintained jointly by the Government and the various counties of the Province, namely, thirty-seven county gaols, and eight district gaols in unorganized territories, the latter being built and maintained in the first instance by the Province.

Thirdly.—Charitable institutions founded and erected by cities and towns, and by private individuals in a corporate capacity, and which are only partially maintained by the Province, but whose affairs are under the inspectorial supervision of the Government. The institutions of this class comprise twelve general hospitals, fourteen houses of refuge, twenty-one asylums for orphans and neglected and abandoned children, and four magdalen asylums.

These one hundred and seven institutions are all comprised in and form part of the correctional, reformatory, and charitable system of Ontario, and in all their relations to the Province, and in their systems of management, are placed by law under the supervisory control and inspection of a Government official, known as the Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities. In order to convey a correct idea of the system of supervision and inspection, it will be necessary to define, ^{as}

briefly as possible, the duties of this official.

These comprise the statutory inspection three times a year of the asylums for the insane, of the institutions for the deaf and dumb and the blind, and of the prisons and reformatories belonging to the Province; twice a year of all the county gaols; and once a year of all hospitals and charities aided by Government. The designs for new buildings required in all branches of the service have to be prepared under the Inspector's directions, and all the repairs connected with the buildings owned by the Government are under his supervision, as is also their furnishing. Besides the general oversight and control of the maintenance routine of the institutions established by the Province, he has to frame the by-laws and regulations governing their discipline, management, and general economy, and to approve of the by-laws made by corporate bodies for the government of other charities. He is further empowered and required by statute, as a commissioner, to investigate upon oath into all irregularities which may occur in the administration of the affairs of the institutions, or in the conduct of their officials. He is charged with the letting of all contracts for supplies, and with the supervising of the purchase of goods required in the Government institutions, as well as with the monthly audit of the accounts incurred for their maintenance, and of the statements of their revenue. He has also to make an annual audit of the receipts and expenditures of all charities aided by Provincial grants. He has to make enquiry into the cases of all lunatics committed to the county gaols, and to arrange for their removal to the various asylums; and he has to direct the transfer from the county gaols of those prisoners sentenced to the Central Prison. He also has the charge of the estates of lunatics admitted to the asylums, who have no committee

or guardian appointed by the Court of Chancery, and he is effectually empowered to deal with such estates as the statutory committee of such lunatics.

It is hardly necessary to point out that such extensive powers, the chief of which have just been detailed, would not be conferred upon any official without a direct check and partial control being exercised over him by the Government conferring the authority, and this is very simply but most effectively furnished. One of the members of the Ontario Government is the executive head of the Inspector's department, and with him the Inspector is in constant communication, consulting with and advising him respecting all matters pertaining to the institution service. This Cabinet Minister is of necessity a member of the Legislature of the Province. He is, therefore, both as a Cabinet Minister and as a member of the Legislature, together with his colleagues in the Government, directly responsible to the people for the proper administration of the affairs of the institutions referred to. He introduces and takes charge of all legislation required in connection with the public institution money service, and obtains the requisite money appropriations for their maintenance.

Such being the method of supervision and control, we may now proceed to a review of the different branches of the system.

With regard to the correctional and reformatory institutions, it will be noticed that they form five distinct and separate grades, namely:—1st. Common or County Gaols; 2nd. Reformatory School for boys; 3rd. Reformatory School for girls; 4th. Central or Intermediate Prison for men; and 5th. Reformatory for women. In addition to this chain of prisons and reformatories, the Dominion Government maintains, in each of the Provinces, a Penitentiary for such adult convicts as have been sentenced for periods of two years and over. These

six classes of custodial institutions form one of the most complete series of prisons and reformatories that exists in any country, and constitute a system which, with respect to the grading and classification of offenders, is quite up to the highest standard that has yet been advocated by the most advanced reformers in this important branch of social science.

Each county in the Province has a gaol at its capital or county town, which is built and maintained conjointly by the county and the Province. These gaols, although managed by sheriffs and county councils, are largely under the control and supervision of the Government Inspector. That officer frames the regulations with respect to clothing, dietaries, labour, and all questions of internal economy; and when these regulations are approved of, as they have to be, by the Lieutenant Governor in Council, they have the same force as statutory law. Differing from the United States, the sheriff, gaoler, or gaol official is not allowed to have the slightest pecuniary interest in the prison dietaries or supplies, or in anything connected with its financial affairs. As the result of this provision, the average cost of the gaol dietaries is only ten and a half cents per day for each prisoner. If a gaol was faulty in its original construction, as many were, and requires alterations, additions, or repairs, the Inspector, with the consent of the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, has power to order these to be proceeded with, and if the county neglects or refuses to comply with the order, the Government can compel the work to be done by *mandamus*. The good effects of this authority are shown by the fact that all the gaols of the Province, with one or two exceptions, are structurally up to the most approved modern requirements. Notwithstanding this, however, owing to the number of these gaols, their location in all parts of the Province, and for other obvious reasons, it was found impossible to pro-

vide hard labour for the prisoners whose sentences had that condition attached to them. In consequence of this, prisoners were left in almost absolute idleness, a condition of things which, even under a perfect classification, is the greatest cause of demoralization in a common-gaol system, and at once renders these necessary local establishments mere nurseries of crime and vice. To overcome, or to, at any rate, lessen the bad effect of these evils in common-gaol life, the Central Prison was founded and opened in 1874. This prison is an intermediate one between the common gaol and the Dominion Penitentiary, and is for the custody of adult male prisoners who are sentenced to prison under two years; for terms in excess of which, convicts are sentenced to the Penitentiary. Prisoners may be sentenced by the judiciary of the Province direct to the Central Prison, or any prisoner who is under sentence to one of the common gaols and is physically and mentally fitted to perform hard labour, may be transferred to it under the warrant of the Government inspector. The establishment is provided with the means of keeping every person committed to it employed at hard labour, having attached to it, along with other industries, a brick-yard, wherein upwards of one hundred prisoners are kept at work, a broom factory for one hundred more, and a shoe and tailor's shop, where all the boots and shoes and clothing required for the common gaols and all the public institutions of the Province are made. Notwithstanding the short period sentences of the prisoners committed, which, of course, very seriously affects the financial results of the prison labour, the Central Prison is fast approaching a self-sustaining basis. Altogether, after an experience of six years, the Central Prison may be reported to have been entirely successful in all respects in accomplishing the objects of an intermediate prison between the common gaols and

the Penitentiary, and it is now one of the most important links in our prison system.

In regard to the Reformatory for Boys, it is to be regretted that up to a recent period that institution very imperfectly fulfilled its design. During the last session of the Legislature, however, an Act was passed having for its object an entire change in the system, and an appropriation was also voted for alterations in the present structure and the erection of additions thereto. The changes in the administration of its affairs involve the complete reorganization of the institution in respect to discipline, interior economy, and structural arrangement, so that in its future operations the Reformatory may in the most effectual manner perform the great and important work for which it was designed. In short, it is intended that, instead of being a prison, with all the objectionable features and surroundings of such an institution, it shall become a reformatory school, in the most liberal sense of the term, for the education, industrial training, and moral reclamation of juvenile delinquents.

With regard to the reformatories for women and girls, both of these institutions are now being fitted up, and will be ready for the reception of inmates some time during the present month. In the construction of the Reformatory for Women, the most advanced designs have been introduced, so as to obtain as perfect a system of classification as it is possible to have in the various dormitories, shops, work-rooms, and other departments of the institution where the inmates associate. There are twelve distinct corridors or wards in the building, to each of which is attached a separate work-room, and, in addition, the general workshop is divided into two flats and five distinct compartments. Means are provided for serving the meals either separately or in partial association, as may be found

most desirable; and there are also four distinct yards for airing and exercise. In fact, the structural arrangement of the building secures the means for as perfect a classification of the inmates as can be obtained under the partially associated system, and as effective and practical a method of separation, in my opinion, as under the silent or solitary system.

The building to be used for the purposes of the refuge for girls comprises a wing of the reformatory for women, from which it is entirely cut off. For all practical purposes, the disjunction of these two institutions, although they are under the same roof, will be as complete and effective as if they were miles apart. The rooms and other portions of this reformatory are well lighted, airy, and cheerful in appearance, the most distinctive feature of the whole structure being the entire absence of everything of a prison character. There are no cells, iron bars, or gates, and the sleeping rooms are all of the associated character, with space for from five to twelve beds in each.

With respect to that branch of the system relating to the care and treatment of the insane classes, I have already stated that there are in the Province four hospitals for the insane, and one asylum for idiots, the whole having a receiving capacity for two thousand seven hundred patients. All these institutions are entirely maintained and directly controlled by the Government, there being no private asylums whatever in the Province. In the Toronto Asylum, however, two wings are set apart and properly fitted up for the reception of the better class of paying patients.

The asylum structures are all plain but substantial. In providing accommodation for the insane, the largest proportion of whom are drawn from the lower classes, all expensive ornamentation and elaborate structural adornment have been carefully, and I think wisely, avoided. The entire cost

of these asylums, including their furnishings, amounts to \$1,520,730, or a capital cost of \$566 for the structural accommodation of each lunatic. At the London Asylum, where a large quantity of land is attached to the institution, the cottage system for the care of the chronic insane has been in successful operation for five years. The cottages are placed in groups upon the grounds, each group, of which there are three, having accommodation for thirty men and thirty women, which number of patients are looked after by a man and his wife and one attendant. The capital cost of these cottages is equal to \$278 per inmate.

The four asylums for the insane have each certain counties allotted to them from which they receive patients. The sufficiency of the asylum accommodation to meet the requirements is best shown by the fact that while there is accommodation for 2,700, the number now in residence is 2,450, leaving at the present time vacancies for 250. No insane persons whatever are maintained in local houses of refuge, all being in the public asylums referred to.

There are three methods by which lunatics are admitted to the asylums, namely: First. Upon the certificates of three qualified medical practitioners, each stating that he has personally examined the patient, separately from any other medical practitioner, and that he finds such person to be insane, and specifying the facts upon which he has arrived at such conclusion. Second. When a person is committed to one of the common gaols of the Province as being dangerous to be at large, such person may be removed to an asylum upon being certified to be insane by two qualified medical practitioners and the County Judge. Third. If a person be charged with the commission of some offence, and, upon being arraigned, be acquitted by a jury upon the grounds of insanity, the certificate of the court to that effect will

enable the prisoner to be sent to an asylum.

Like the asylums for the insane, the two institutions for the education of the deaf and dumb and of the blind are both maintained and controlled by the Government, the counties of the Province contributing nothing towards their support. The former has a capacity for two hundred and fifty deaf-mutes, and the latter for one hundred and seventy-five blind pupils, about which numbers are now under instruction. Board and education in the institutions are free to all deaf and dumb and blind persons between the ages of seven and twenty one, and indigent orphans are in addition clothed and maintained at the expense of the Province. The period of instruction is seven years, which may in special cases be extended. Besides a literary education, the male youths in the institution for the deaf and dumb are taught the trades of shoe-making, carpentering, and cabinet-making, as well as farming and gardening; while the females are taught dress-making, general sewing, and house work in all its details. At the institution for the blind, the male pupils, in addition to receiving literary and musical instruction, are taught basket and wicker work and cane-seating, and the females the use of the sewing and knitting machines, hand-sewing and knitting, and general fancy work.

Coming now to the last branch of work, namely, hospitals for the treatment of bodily diseases, refuges for the poor, orphanages, &c., only within the last six years has this class of institutions been subject to Government supervision and inspection. Before that time the Legislature annually voted funds in aid of their maintenance, but exercised little or no supervision over the administration of their affairs, leaving that in the hands of the local boards of management. The parliamentary grants in aid of these charities were not then based either upon the work performed,

or upon the number of inmates in the respective institutions, but an arbitrary sum was voted to each. Moreover, many of the structures used were quite unfitted for the purposes of the charities, and in some instances the administration of affairs was of the most lax character, and no proper or uniform method of obtaining tabulated statistical information was employed. To overcome these defects an Act was passed in 1874 to regulate the public aid to hospitals and charitable institutions, and to provide for their Governmental supervision and inspection. Under the provisions of this Act a certain fixed sum per day is paid by the Province for the maintenance of each patient or person admitted, and in order to stimulate and encourage private and municipal subscriptions to these charities, the Province gives, in addition to this fixed allowance, a further sum per day for each inmate, equal in the aggregate to one-fourth of the money received from all other sources than Provincial aid. The workings of this Charity Aid Act have produced the most satisfactory results. New and well-arranged hospitals have been erected, and old ones reconstructed; private subscriptions have been largely augmented; and greatly increased efficiency in management has been obtained in nearly every institution subject to its provisions.

I would now direct attention to a few of what I conceive to be the best features of the system I have been endeavouring to outline. I place first that which is common to the public service throughout Great Britain and her dependencies, namely, the permanent appointment, or, to use the ordinary term, the appointment during good behaviour, of all officers and employes connected with the service. I believe this to be an essential requisite to the faithful and effective performance of official duty; but in no branch of the public service is it so vitally important as in that relating to asylums, prisons, and public

charities. As mentioned in a former part of this paper, the care and treatment of the dependant and offending classes is a work requiring the most delicate and careful management, the detailed routine of which, apart from the various branches requiring professional skill, can only be acquired by close observation and matured experience. Given, on the part of an officer, the requisite ability, combined with a conscientious determination to perform his duty faithfully, and every year's service and experience adds to his value as a public servant. In this way permanency of tenure constitutes a bond between the State and the official, and in the compact I have no hesitation in saying that the State is the decided gainer.

Another point of almost equal importance relates to the supervision and inspection of the public institutions. Direct and sufficient authority is vested in the Government Inspector to deal promptly with all defects, irregularities, and troubles as they arise, no matter whether the defects are of a structural, administrative, or disciplinary character. Other methods of inspection may be equally, and perhaps more, effective, but unless inspectors, commissioners, boards of directors, or other officials or bodies of a like character, are, in addition to their inspectoral and recommendatory powers, clothed with sufficient executive authority to remedy defects and supply deficiencies, it appears to me that the prime requisite of a system is wanting.

The third point I would refer to is the direct association of a member of the Government in the administration of and control over the affairs of all the institutions comprised in the system. Only through this executive association of a Cabinet Minister, which, under a responsible form of Government, is the direct authority of the people, could such ample powers be delegated to the Government Inspector.

The fourth and last point to which I would direct attention is the cost of maintaining the Public Institutions under the Ontario system. The charge upon the Treasury of the Province during the fiscal year ending on the 30th September last, for the maintenance of such of those institutions as are exclusively owned and managed by Government, and the aid granted to hospitals and charitable institutions, were as follows, namely:—

Asylum for the Insane Toronto	\$83,725.22
Asylum for the Insane, London	95,681.74
Asylum for the Insane, Kingston	51,345.85
Asylum for the Insane, Hamilton	37,186.42
Asylum for Idiots, Orillia	18,955.14
Total cost of maintaining asylums	<u>286,894.37</u>
Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville	\$38,589.50
Institution for the Blind, Brantford	29,515.15
Total cost of maintaining Institutions D. & D. & B.	<u>68,104.65</u>
Central Prison, Toronto	67,071.75
Reformatory for Boys, Penetanguishine	28,427.60
Common Gaol maintenance equal to \$122,350.08, about $\frac{1}{3}$ paid by Government	<u>40,784.69</u>
Total cost of maintaining prisons and reformatories	<u>136,284.04</u>
Aid to Hospitals	43,700.83
Aid to Refuges	16,609.19
Aid to Orphan Asylums	13,410.42
Total aid to charities	<u>73,720.44</u>
Total Provincial expenditure	<u>\$565,003.50</u>
Less revenue derived from paying patients in Asylums and from Central Prison labour	<u>\$65,829.42</u>
Net charge upon Provincial Treasury	<u>\$499,174.08</u>

A critical analysis of these figures will, in my opinion, shew that the strictest economy consistent with effective management is observed in the administration of the affairs of public institutions embraced in the system, a result which is largely due to the controlling supervision exercised

by the Inspector's department over all purchases of and contracts for supplies. The daily average population was 2,208, thus making the weekly cost per patient equal to \$2.48. The daily average attendance of pupils at the institution for the deaf and dumb was 215, and the annual cost per pupil was 179.40; and at the institution for the blind the daily average number in residence was 169, and the annual cost per head \$174.20. In the Central Prison the daily average number in custody was 329, and the daily cost for food per prisoner was fourteen cents, and for clothing, salaries, wages, and all other expenses, twenty-five cents, or a total of thirty-nine cents for each prisoner. In the Reformatory for Boys, the daily average population was 208, and the annual cost per head was \$136.24. The daily cost of dietaries in the common gaols was ten and a-half cents per prisoner; and of clothing, salaries, and wages, and all other expenses was thirty-seven and a-half cents per day, or a total of forty-eight cents per day.

No portion of the expenditure of maintaining the Government asylums is borne by the counties, but an annual revenue of about \$30,000 is received from paying patients. I may here state that the cost of asylum maintenance in Ontario is very largely reduced by the products of the farms and gardens attached to the asylums and cultivated by the inmates. During the past year \$30,000 worth of products were taken from the asylum lands, which caused a direct reduction in expenditure to that amount.

I have thus endeavoured to give within the compass of a necessarily brief paper such as the present, an outline of the charitable, reformatory, and prison system of the Province of Ontario, and the results of its working. That the Province is fully alive to the importance of the interests involved in the system is shown by the fact that during the past de-

cade, she has founded and erected at an expense of nearly two and a-half million dollars, three hospitals for the insane, an asylum for idiots, two institutions for the deaf and dumb and the blind, a central or intermediate prison, a reformatory for women, and a refuge for girls, which, along with the institutions established prior to Confederation form one of the most complete, charitable and correctional systems on the continent.

PER TOTAM NOCTEM.

BY CHAS. RITCHIE, MONTREAL.

I AM thy lover true, and seek for thee
 Throughout the deathly silence of the night,
 In time of darkness, half confused by light,
 And plead as if thou still must sheltered be
 From my keen gaze, Love of Eternity.
 My prayers, my tears, my cries, are unto Right
 Till morning heal mine oft-offended sight.

The blushing day, with murmurs of false peace,
 Lithe rivalry and sharpness of a sting,
 That troubleth though the veiled leaders cease
 To scorn my song, and this my wandering
 Comes with her meek fair-shining eloquence
 And the strong-hidden language of the heart
 Fulfilling all things, soothing by pretence
 And wiles we know not either where or whence,
 Save that our wounded souls crave to depart.

The chilly, dawnless season of my youth,
 While I lose thee, a laggard from thy throne,
 A fond creed-worshipper of scornful truth
 Left to the wildness, bitterly alone
 Blesseth but as a mourner from the grave
 Of one beloved, praising his sad God.
 Ah! spotless face of innocence now save,
 Teach me the pathway that thy feet have trod.

For all my deeds and praises of thy name,
 Mine efforts in the brightness of the sun,
 Honours by man bestowed and widening fame,
 Health purchased by dear Nature kind, and now
 All that I think, or breathe, or utter fond
 Hath been as foulness in thy wondrous eyes ;
 Bring forth, O thou most loved, in calmness done
 The prize of Life, the rapture of the skies ;
 Kneel, O my sin-vexed soul, and look beyond—
 In the eternal Heaven can dwell no mysteries.

OLYMPIA MORATA.

BY 'FIDELIS,' KINGSTON.

EVERY tourist who reaches Heidelberg,—from Mark Twain backwards,—visits, as a matter of course, the romantic old Schloss—the crowning glory of the charming hill-girt little city on the Neckar, with its massive relics of mediæval architecture and a life gone by; its picturesque position and delightful view;—its hoary ivy-mantled towers entwined with associations of which not the least interesting are those linked with the history of the noble and beautiful but ill-fated Princess Elizabeth, first of England, then of Baden, and last, though but for a short time, of Bohemia. But few travellers probably find their way to the quiet old university church, lying near the pretty *Aulage* and close to the unpretending group of buildings that compose the university; where, under a plain grey stone, lies the dust of a woman who was almost a contemporary of Elizabeth, as noble as the fair Electress, perhaps more noble in all that constitutes real nobility, and almost as unfortunate in the 'few and evil days' of the life that followed a tranquil and happy girlhood.

One sunny August Sabbath afternoon we had been listening in this cool, quiet *Universitätskirche* to a suggestive sermon from the University preacher, on the text, 'The kingdom of God is within you.' It was appropriate enough, as will be seen from the outline of the life which follows, that, after such a sermon, we should go to seek the monument, of which, years before, we had heard with interest—to the learned lady—Olympia Morata. The name seems, from association, to breathe the aroma of the culture and classical learn-

ing of the age following the Renaissance, when the literatures of Greece and Rome were enthusiastically studied, and their study was by no means restricted to the masculine sex. The old grey stone tablet, with its quiet academic surroundings, seemed to suggest an atmosphere of tranquil study and classic repose, in which a noble intellectual womanhood ripened into rich maturity, out of reach of all disturbing and distracting influences. Very different, however, was the real lot that fell to Olympia, at least during the last five years of her short life; but the real circumstances though far from the ideal contemplative life one could imagine as a fit setting for a thoughtful student, were such as drew out, in no ordinary degree, the faithfulness and devotion of a nature as morally noble and truly feminine as her mind was highly endowed and carefully cultivated.

Olympia Fulvia Morata—her very name having a classic ring—was born at Ferrara in 1528. It was a time when storms were beginning to gather threateningly in the religious and political horizon. New thoughts were waking in men's minds, and the quickened intellect of the Renaissance was beginning to chafe restlessly against the still strong barrier of superstition and ecclesiastical tyranny; and the natural growth of opposing forces was preparing the inevitable conflict that culminated in the Reformation struggle. The father of Olympia, Pellegrino Morata, had come from Mantua to Ferrara as tutor to the brother of Ercole II., the reigning Duke, who belonged to that haughty family of D'Este, whose fair

but haughty Leonora and her tyrannical brother had, some generations before, so disastrously wrecked poor Tasso on his voyage of life. Renée, the reigning Duchess, had been educated with Queen Margaret of Navarre, and was, like her, accomplished in the science and learnings of her time; like her, too, a noted sympathiser with the holders of the 'new opinions' in religion, which were beginning to attract so much attention. Her court became a place of retreat for over bold theologians and suspected literary men. Calvin himself resided there for a time. Clement Marot, the poet, Languet, Amico Paleario, Celio Curione and Peter Martyr, were among those who enjoyed its liberal protection. Professor Morata's views, however, seem to have been rather advanced even for that liberal atmosphere, for we find that he was obliged to leave it for a time in consequence of some published theological writings and to teach for a time at Venice, Vicenza and other places. He was, however, interceded for and permitted to return when his daughter Olympia was about eleven years old. His unsettled life had not prevented his giving due care to her education, for in the following year the Duchess Renée selected Olympia to be the companion in study of her own daughter, the young Anna D'Este. Her proficiency at that time was already remarkable; for a girl of twelve. She could write letters in Latin and translate Boccaccio into the same tongue, had begun the study of Cicero and of elocution, and even of science and philosophy. The atmosphere of a court did not seem to interfere with her pursuit of study. She now attended regularly the university lectures, those of her own father, of Celio Curione and of the celebrated Chilianus under whom she advanced rapidly in Greek. She wrote dialogues in Greek and Latin after Plato and Cicero, and continued to study Cicero, philosophy, and the art of public speaking, which does not seem to have been thought at all out of place as a feminine accom-

plishment. Her father, at all events, took a warm interest in her progress in it, for he writes, at her request, a letter full of judicious advice, in which he tells her that 'pronunciation rather than action is the important point in speaking,' and closes with the exhortation to which all orators should give heed: 'Strive that your speech be made pleasant in the speaking. The seductive power of the Goddess of Persuasion, the suavity of Pericles, the bees on the lips of Plato, the chains of Hercules, the lyres of Orpheus and Amphian, the sweetness of Newton, nay, the grace of Christ Himself was nothing else than a sweet, soothing, cheerful, soft speech, not affected nor elaborate, but beautifully, delicately and subtly harmonised. The greatest orator will change the sound, not only in every sentence according to its sense, but in every word. I, for my part, would rather hold my tongue than speak harshly, inarticulately or unpleasantly.'

At sixteen, Olympia had prosecuted her study of Cicero and of elocution to such good purpose, that, at an age when most boys are only entering college, she was requested to give lectures in the University—a compliment which it would be difficult to match, even in these days of honour to female students. Behold, then, this actual Portia discussing, we may be sure with all due gravity and dignity, the Paradoxes of Cicero, in the halls where were accustomed to lecture the most learned men of the age! If any little growl of discontent arose among the gossips of that day, it has not reached us across the distant roar of turbulent centuries. We are told, on the contrary, that 'there was no notion of rivalry between the sexes, any more than between classes, in the State. All were at liberty to do their best, and they had an audience sufficiently critical to rate whatever was said at its real worth.' If it seem almost incredible that Olympia could at so early an age lecture on Cicero, be-

fore 'a critical' audience, let it be remembered that in those days of comparatively concentrated education, neither boys nor girls were tortured with a dozen 'ologies' and 'isms.' Modern science was not; modern history was in the future. Newspapers and magazines were unknown. There were no ever-changing Paris fashions, prolific in frills, and flounces, and shirrings and other devices contrived for wasting material and time. The school-girl was not being perpetually 'driven,'—now from mathematics to music, now from classics to cooking-classes! So it is not so much to be wondered at if a thoughtful, studious girl of that age should drink somewhat more deeply of the 'Pierian Spring' than her modern representative with all the most approved 'methods' is likely to do. And Olympia was by no means deficient in housewifely arts, as we find from her later history. But people were content to live more simply then, and house-keeping did not absorb so large a portion of a woman's vitality as it does now—in America especially.

For three years more, Olympia, continued to lead her tranquil student life at the Court and University, studying, lecturing, and, we may be sure, diffusing around her the elevating influence which a noble and highly cultivated womanhood must always exert. Her nineteenth year, however, brought unlooked-for changes. Rome was beginning to feel herself threatened by the growth of liberal thought, and the King of France joined with the Pope in urging the Duke of Ferrara to purge his Court of the heretics in whom it was known to abound. Ercole had not the strength of mind to resist the pressure, even though his own wife was a sympathiser with the obnoxious class. Olympia's opinions must have been decided and openly expressed; for she was obliged to leave the Court, and, even in the comparatively humble home where her father was fast failing in health, she

was subjected to a worrying espionage, till she was almost afraid to be seen reading her Bible. In the year following, her father died, and Olympia was left the mainstay of the family, her mother being an invalid, and her three sisters and brother all younger than herself. But Olympia had learned to drink at purer fountains than those of mere earthly pleasure. 'I do not regret,' she writes, 'the short-lived pleasures which I have lost. God had kindled in me a desire to dwell in that heavenly home in which it is more pleasant to abide for one day than a thousand years in the courts of princes.'

But though Olympia's higher resources made her independent of the luxuries of courts, they did not in the least chill the womanly impulses of a warm and loving nature. A certain Dr. Andrea Grunthler, standing apparently in no awe of her erudition, fell in love with Olympia, and Olympia fell as honestly and thoroughly in love with the young German physician as if she had never dreamed of anything else than love and marriage. Soon after their union, when Dr. Grunthler had gone to seek a home where both could breathe more freely, Olympia's passionate devotion finds expression in a letter to the absent one. 'I greatly grieve that you are away from me and will be away so long; for nothing more grievous or more painful could befall me, and I wish, dear husband, that you were with me, so that I could show you more clearly how great is my love for you. You would not believe me if I were to tell you how I long for you; nothing is so hard or difficult that I would not willingly do it to give you pleasure, yet I could bear anything for your sake more easily than your absence.'

In leaving Ferrara, the young husband and wife were entering upon a life in which there was not henceforth to be much repose for either. Olympia took with her her little brother of eight years old, that she might herself

superintend his education. Their first stopping-place was Augsburg, where Dr. Grunthler's recommendation to the Archduke Ferdinand procured him the patronage of Herman of Gutenberg, whose physician he became for a time. Having but little society at Augsburg, Olympia found congenial occupation in translating the Psalms into Greek verse. Dr. Grunthler was subsequently offered a position at Liuz, but declined it in favour of Schweinfurth, where he thought his wife would find greater liberty. It was, besides, his native home, and there the young couple decided to take up their abode. But the spirit of war and turbulence was abroad. Noble 'filibusterers' took advantage of the general confusion to make raids at pleasure to find spoil for themselves and occupation for their troops. One of these noble leaders, Albert Alcibiade, of Brandenburg, entered Franconia at the head of an army and billeted on unhappy Schweinfurth a part of his force. Oppressive exactions, siege, famine, plague, were the consequences to the innocent inhabitants. Numbers of the citizens died, Dr. Grunthler was struck down by the plague, and restored by Olympia's devoted nursing, to find bombs shattering the houses of the city, from which he and Olympia were obliged to take refuge in their wine cellar. Soon after, Albert's army vacated the city, which it could no longer hold, and the Prince Bishop's army of defence entered and pillaged hapless Schweinfurth, as a punishment for having had the invader's force quartered upon it against its will! Olympia and her husband escaped to Hamelberg, where the inhabitants were afraid to allow them to remain for more than four days. At their next stopping place, they were arrested by an officer, under pretext of orders from the Prince Bishop to kill all refugees from Schweinfurth, but were finally set at liberty and found shelter at Rineck, whose Count received them kindly, and sent them on to the Court of Erbach. There they remained

for some time, and the Count eventually procured for Grunthler an appointment in the University of Heidelberg. One of Olympia's first cares, when she found a resting-place for herself, was to seek a servant among the refugees from Schweinfurth. She and her husband had escaped from the burning city with barely their lives, and scarcely even clothing. Her books and manuscripts had been nearly all destroyed, though a few of the latter were, strange to say, rescued from destruction. A number of her friends, however, sent her presents of books to make up for her loss. That she was not likely to indulge in useless repining, we can be sure, not only from her unselfish character, but from the tone of a letter which she had written to a student friend full of wise counsel and sound philosophy. 'Do not,' she says, 'trouble yourself too much for fear lest these sad times interrupt your studies: you will not lose much by that, for there is as much good in securing whatever you have acquired, as in acquiring something new. Even if you go to war, you can find time to read some one book without a teacher, for everything cannot be got from teachers; they can only point out the way to the fountains. I advise you, therefore, to read some one book, to read it again and again, and weigh its meaning, for it is better to know one thing well, than many things moderately.'

At beautiful Heidelberg, then, Olympia, storm-tossed as she had been, found a brief season of rest under the shadow of the magnificent castle, no ruin then, but full of the knightly and martial stir of the Elector's Court. One can imagine with what delight Olympia's cultivated eye would rest upon its stately halls and rich architectural decorations, its beautiful gardens, or the superb view commanded by its broad terrace or *Altan*, while she, doubtless, recalled the still recent history of the unfortunate Princess and Electress Elizabeth, whose noble presence still seemed to

cling around her happiest home. But life had little more to offer to Olympia, either of sweet or bitter, though something of the latter was still to be mingled in her cup. It seemed as if misfortune pursued the refugees. The plague broke out in Heidelberg with all its horrors. Olympia again escaped the plague, but the trials and shocks through which she had passed had undermined her constitution, and she slowly sank under a wasting fever. During its progress she wrote to her old friend Celio Curione, in calm contemplation of her death: 'I commend to your care the Church, that whatever you do may be for her profit. Farewell, most excellent Curio, and when you hear the news of my death, do not grieve, for I know that my life will only begin after death, and I wish to be dissolved and be with Christ.'

Her dying hours were characterised by the same calm repose and dignity, the same realization of the higher unseen life, that had borne her through so many trying scenes. Her husband thus, with a tender eloquence, describes her death: 'When she was almost dying, waking a little out of sleep, I saw her look pleased and smile softly. I went nearer and asked why she smiled so sweetly. "I saw just now," she said, "a quiet place filled with the fairest and clearest light." When she could speak no more through weakness, "Courage," I said, "dear wife; in that fair light you will dwell." Again she smiled, and nodded her head. A little while afterwards she said: "I am quite happy!" When next she spoke, her eyes were already dim. "I can scarcely see you any longer," she said, "but everything seems to me full of the most beautiful flowers." They were her last words. Soon after, as if overcome by sweet sleep, she breathed forth her soul. For many days she had repeated that she wished for nothing but to be dissolved and be with Christ, whose great mercies towards herself she never ceased to

speak of when the disease allowed, saying that He had illumined her with the knowledge of His Word, had weaned her mind from the pleasures of this world, had kindled in her the longing for eternal life. Nor did she hesitate, in all she said, to call herself a child of God. She was asked by a pious man if she had anything on her mind that troubled her. "For all these seven years," she said, "the devil has never ceased to try by all means to draw me from the faith; but now, as though he had shot all his darts, he nowhere appears. I feel nothing else in my mind except utter quiet and the peace of Christ."

So passed away the gifted and learned Olympia Morata, at twenty-five years of age, in the first bloom of womanhood, and after five years of a married life, which, with all its outward trials, seems to have been, in itself, one of entire happiness and mutual trust. Such of her writings as escaped destruction at Schweinfurth were collected by her friend, Celio Curione, and published in a volume dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. It is, however, chiefly in her few remaining letters, that the noble simplicity and wisdom of her character reveal themselves. Here is a passage, which had theologians laid it to heart, might have prevented the schisms and divisions which have worked such havoc in the Christian Church: 'About the Sacraments, I know there is amongst Christians a great controversy, which would easily have been settled long ago, if men had taken as their counsellor, not their own vanity, but Christ's glory and the good of His Church, which is advanced by concord.'

The life of Olympia Morata is worth a dozen treatises on the 'higher education' of woman, illustrating as it does the value of the most thorough mental cultivation, in not merely elevating the character and taste above frivolous and transient pleasures, to those which can give so much nobler and truer satisfaction, to either man

or woman ; but also in giving stimulus and direction to every true womanly impulse, and a more intelligent grasp and wider perspective to the most undoubting Christian faith. There are honest 'female agnostics' no doubt, but Olympia belonged to a higher class of minds and characters than they ; and without relinquishing

one iota of the reason God had given her, could rise in humble and devout aspiration to be further taught by Him concerning those higher mysteries of our being and truest life, which must forever evade and baffle the boldest efforts of the mere intellect of man, but which God has revealed to those who look to Him in love and trust.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

(From the German of Goethe.)

BY G. L. M.

I THINK of thee when the sun's golden glimmer
 O'er the sea streams ;
 I think of thee when o'er its billows shimmer
 The pale moonbeams.

I see thee when, upon the distant highway,
 Clouds of dust arise ;
 The darkest night when the steep narrow pathway
 The wanderer tries.

I hear thee when, with a dull, sullen roaring,
 Billows foam high ;
 In silent woods, when scarce a leaf is stirring,
 Thou still art nigh.

With thee I am, where'er thy wanderings lead thee
 I still am near :
 The sun sinks down, the bright stars beam upon me,—
 Would thou wert here !

ONLY A LETTER.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON, B.A., TRURO, N.S.

A VERY little reflection would show anybody that an exhaustive category of the cases where the difference of a letter has had important results would be impracticable. In the history of many, perhaps of most, nations, religions, and sciences, there have been grave discussions hinging on a single letter of the alphabet; and myriads of disputes have arisen on the same narrow issue among the critics and editors of deceased authors. In their individual lives most people who read and correspond have seen anger or mirth, loss or gain, caused by the omission, addition, or misplacement accidental or designed, of one letter. Clearly there will be no systematic treatise on the subject, until another and more long-lived Bacon is born, who will consider 'all knowledge his province.' A few examples, however, may serve as well as a long lecture to awaken some people, in this careless age, to the folly of despising minute accuracy in speaking or writing.

The change of a letter was directed by Jehovah in order to make Sarai mean 'a princess,' a title befitting the mother of Israel. Other persons have exalted themselves by a letter without any warrant, human or Divine. Many a Smith or Brown has blossomed into a Smyth or Browne, perhaps about the same time that he has bought a carriage or appropriated a crest. Many an Irishman or Frenchman has venerated a plebeian name by the patronymic O' or D'.

'Not Angli but Angeli,' Pope Gregory the Great said the light-haired captives were to be, and the result was

the christianization of Britain, if we are to credit the pretty, but disputed tale. Whether *Petros* was originally written with a capital or small initial letter, whether it should be translated 'Peter' or 'a stone,' is one of the points disputed between Catholics and Protestants in perhaps the most controverted passage of the New Testament. In another verse of the same volume there is a less famous dispute as to whether a word, which in most cases may mean either 'evil' or 'the Evil One,' should begin with a capital or not. Who the person and what the text, I forget; but I remember from my student days that somebody questioned the authority of an utterance of Christ, arguing with some ingenuity that the word 'Christ' in that particular passage was the translation of an error; that the true reading should be *chrestos* (the good or worthy man) and not *Christos*.

It was the difference of a letter between 'God' and 'good,' and of one or more letters between the cognate terms in every Teutonic language, that led Max Müller to dispute the etymological connection of the words. This is the converse of the reasoning of the ranting philologist who, by cutting off one letter after another from the first word, traced a connection between *devil*, *evil*, *vile*, *ill*, and *'I*!—and proved triumphantly that the Tempter's ordinary name was 'the wickedest word in existence!'

The conflict of opinion between the Semi-Arians who maintained the *homoiousia*, or similarity of essence, and their opponents who maintained the *homoousia*, or sameness of essence, of

the Father and the Son, agitated Christendom until the Council of Nice embodied its decision in the Nicene Creed, in which the crucial words were those that are translated 'of one substance with the Father.'

In Mr. Schuyler's 'Peter the Great' a more frivolous quarrel in the Greek Church is alluded to. In the reigns of Peter and his predecessor, people were found willing to suffer martyrdom for such puerile questions as whether the name of Jesus should be pronounced 'Isus' or 'Yisus.'

Every second school boy knows how prominently the digamma figures in the Homeric controversy. This letter, it is argued, still existed, or at least was pronounced, in the supposed time of Homer: otherwise the fact is unexplainable that in his poems a final vowel—contrary to the rule—is rarely elided before the initial vowel of any word which is known to have once begun with a digamma, or which in a kindred language begins with a consonant interchangeable with that letter. But the digamma was obsolete soon after Homer, certainly long before the poems that bear his name were revised by direction of Pisistratus. Therefore, it is reasoned, either they were not an accretion of separate ballads; or, if they were, these ballads must *all* have been written pretty close to the alleged date of Homer. It will be remembered that the letter *s*, appended to the word *it*, was a means of detecting poor Chatterton's literary forgeries; for the form *its* did not exist in Rowley's time.

A British M. P., who despised his *r*'s, was criticising the government in a speech, and alluded to 'the dissentients brought over by its peculiar modes of argument.' His 'brought' sounded so very like 'bought,' that he was promptly called to order, and even when he had explained that he had only said 'brought,' members still doubted his explanation, so exactly did 'bought' appear to fit the passage. The climax in a very ludi-

crous incident was effected by another ill-articulated *r*. A little three-year old boy was taken by his parents for the first time to morning service in an Episcopal Church, in Nova Scotia. They sat in the front seat of the gallery in full view of the people in the nave and aisles, except for the very partial shelter of a railing. After some time, his father noticed the boy sitting while the congregation was kneeling, and fearing that the child would grow tired of the posture, he whispered, 'Kneel down,' and went on with his devotions. Now the child's idea of kneeling happened to be going down on one's hands and knees, as in his favourite game of 'bear.' A few moments afterwards, father and mother were simultaneously startled by seeing their son on all fours, facing the congregation and sometimes grasping a rail, as a bear in a menagerie might grasp the bars of its cage. It only remained for him to growl. At this juncture, unfortunately, came one of the prayers that are prefaced by the formula, 'Let us pray.' 'Let us pray,' read the clergyman. 'Let us play,' little Arthur thought it was. He was pleased at the invitation and growled 'Ow-w-w!' It was not a very loud growl, and it was not very long before his father stopped him; but some members of the congregation heard and saw him.

Another indistinctly sounded letter enabled a western assemblyman of elastic conscience to palm off a mock excuse upon an angry and insulted representative of the people. The latter rose to a point of order, and objected that the speaker had questioned his veracity. 'I never doubted the gentleman's voracity,' explained the offending assemblyman, speaking with equal indistinctness; 'for I believe it is that very voracity which has led him into error!'

A deacon in Maine, who had occasion to call at his pastor's house, noticed that the servant who opened the door looked particularly sulky, and

on entering the study he found the parson sitting moodily with his elbows on the table and his face buried in his hands. 'What's the matter?' asked the deacon, sympathetically. 'Help to pay, and no money to pay with,' muttered the clergyman. At this the deacon left the room and called a meeting of churchwardens, not to increase but to stop the minister's salary. For to his horrified ears, the poor man's moan had sounded, 'H—l to pay!'

Some of the embarrassing positions in which foreigners sometimes find themselves placed, arise from the mispronunciation of single letters. This was the case with the German who mortally offended a young amateur actress by saying she was the *pest*, when he meant to say she was the *best* of the association. This was also the case with Thackeray and Tennyson in Paris, at least, according to one of the 'Anecdotal Photographs' in *Truth*. 'Ne laissez pas sortir le feu,' was Thackeray's instructions, as he went out for a walk without his travelling companion. Now the waiter would doubtless have guessed the meaning of this British French, had not Thackeray pronounced *feu* as exactly like *fou*, that the man carried out his instructions to the letter, turning the key upon the indignant Tennyson, and treating his remonstrances and threats as the mutterings of a madman. What an opportunity to see 'the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling!' The English spinster who fell sick in France, and requested that the *médecin* might remain by her bedside, must have felt rather shocked when she discovered that the difference of meaning between *médecin* and *médecine*, was the same as the difference between 'physician' and 'physic.'

'What am I to do, if she bawls and shoots at me?' asked a Scotch bailiff who was ordered to serve a summons on a noted virago. 'You may shoot her in self-defence,' answered the justice, forgetting that the Scotchman's 'shoot' is the Englishman's 'shout.'

The result would have been homicidal, had not the bailiff been armed with the flint-lock horse-pistol of the period. The piece luckily missed fire, and, before he could recock it, the myrmidon of the law was on his back, 'having his hair parted on both sides,' as he said, describing his discomfiture.

Half of the multitudinous mistakes of compositors are mistakes of a single letter. I have seen a correspondent's 'real friend' represented as a real fiend, by the type-setter; an indolent represented as an insolent character; the bugler as the bungler of the regiment; a girl waiting for her cousin, as wailing for him; an English poet as an English port; a boot-maker as a boat-maker. Most of these were probably harmless, but the last, being in an advertisement, may have put some intending customers to inconvenience. Some years ago the notice, NO CHARGE, instead of NO CHANGE, appeared in one of the advertisements of an industrial exhibition. Some of the simple people who were attracted and disappointed by the announcement, suspected it to be an accident with a purpose; and it certainly, but for the respectability of the management, would have looked uncommonly like ground-bait.

The mishaps and absurdities arising from indistinctly *written* letters, are still more numerous; for it must be remembered that a large proportion of compositors' errors, too, are traceable to careless handwriting. When the Conventicle and Five Mile Acts were in force in England, a young man was seized and sentenced to a short term of imprisonment for conducting a religious meeting. In announcing the news to his mother, a correspondent, either carelessly or ignorantly, omitted to specify the sentence of the Court, but ended his note with a reflection, intended to be soothing: 'He hath been condemned on earth, and lauded in heaven.' The *u* in 'lauded' looked exactly like an *n*; and the poor woman, fancying 'landed in heaven,' was

a gentle euphemism for 'put to death,' fell into a fit, and continued ill until she was relieved by a message from her son. A misunderstanding may occur from misreading even familiar handwriting. A physician, suddenly summoned to visit a paralytic woman, charged his sister-in-law, who happened to be in the house, to inform his wife, who was out. The former, having soon to go to her own home, wrote the following memorandum for her sister on the doctor's slate: 'Tom has gone to see a lonely woman, twenty miles away, on the ——— road. Will likely be away all night.' The doctor's wife took the 'lonely' to be 'lovely,' and spent a night of sleepless jealousy. Next morning she hurried to her sister's for details and sympathy, and got details and raillery.

'If there are no chickens, kill the cock,' wrote a Southern planter, of the olden time, to his overseer. He was returning from Washington with an invalid wife, for whom he wished to provide some chicken broth. The second *c* in the last word looking exactly like an *o*, and there being no chickens available, the order threw the overseer into consternation, which might have ended in his actually killing the *cook*, according to his apparent instructions, had not his master been one of the kindest slave-owners in the State. 'Make the idiot close his month with a stroke,' was the command which an irascible merchant wrote to his confidential clerk, touching a raw apprentice who was temporarily in charge of the books. The recipient of the order mistook 'month' for 'mouth,' and the first time the luckless apprentice ventured to indulge in conversation, literally 'closed his mouth' with a smart slap. During the Irish Rebellion an English subaltern, placed on trial for remissness in defending the barracks under his command against a mob, made an unusual defence. Fearing a local disturbance, he had written to his colonel for instructions, and had been directed to 'keep the place at all

hazards.' The accused officer alleged that he had taken the word 'place' to be 'peace,' and producing the colonel's missive in support of his plea, he was acquitted.

In both writing and conversation the literal errors proceeding from ignorance probably outnumber those proceeding from carelessness. Some of the former are just as amusing, and others just as serious, as any of the latter. A large number of genuine, as opposed to invented, Malapropisms are blunders of a single letter. In different private notes I have seen a professor styled a domino in all gravity and sincerity; a decidedly flippant clergyman styled a reverent gentleman; heavy artillery styled heavy ordinance; a venial styled a venal fault; cannibalism styled anthropophagi; a typographical styled a topographical error; and Acadia (more than once) styled Arcadia. This last reminiscence reminds me that many names of places are distinguished by a single letter, and that ignorance of such distinction must cause considerable worry to post office officials. Putting St. John's for St. John, Kingstown for Kingston, Norristown for Morristown, or Morristown for Moristown, has, doubtless, sent many a letter on a lengthy tour, never to reach its proper destination. In London alone thousands of letters are delayed, if not lost, every month from having no distinct letter, or a wrong letter, affixed to the name of the great metropolis. Some of those who admired and mourned *The Round Table* may recollect how ridiculous a figure a correspondent signing himself 'A Priest of the Holy Catholic Church' once played in its columns. The object of his letter, which the editor must have inserted with malice aforethought, was to criticize the expression, 'Protestantism has failed to be a religion suited to every kind of, even the Aryan, man.' The only effect of his letter was to show that he had confounded the ethnological

term 'Aryan' with the theological term 'Arian!' Other persons seemingly confuse the latter word with the name of a certain Greek musician: at least, one might suppose, from the current New York pronunciation, that the Arion Society's balls are gatherings of Arian heretics!

There are persons whom a simple spelling mistake, sometimes of a single letter, haunts to their grave if it does not prematurely send them there. Among these promises to be the official who in an evil hour wrote that he was 'a bigger man than Grant,' and the lately elected French Academician who, immediately after his election, spelt *Academie* with two final *e*'s in a published letter. Through the persistency of the newspapers these men's 'sin is ever before them.'

A large, but, I fear, an uninteresting, volume could be filled with the simple record of passages in classical authors where critics and commentators have fought long and hotly over a vowel or a consonant. It is true that the alteration of a single word by a single letter may entirely change the meaning of a passage, and that the passage may be one adduced in proof of some important and disputed point. It is further true that much linguistic, antiquarian and historic lore may be garnered from the most trivial discussions of the learned. But in most cases it looks like a waste of ingenuity and pains to expend so much of them on such questions as changing or retaining a letter that can only mend or mar the sense of a single line. Endless disputes about the text certainly increase the difficulties disproportionately to the pleasures of students. Research in quest or in demonstration of a philosophical law affecting a particular letter is, of course, another and far from a frivolous mode of spending time, serving often to establish interesting facts in history or ethnology.

The mispronunciation of one letter in 'shibboleth' brought death to many

thousand Ephraimites. Were the United States at war with Great Britain, there are several words that would distinguish uninformed enemies from friends, by means of a single letter. 'Clerk' would perhaps be the surest; but 'buoy,' 'gape,' 'depôt,' 'mercantile,' besides sundry *proper* names, would also be good oral shibboleths. Written shibboleths of one letter would probably be more numerous and sure. Their spelling of 'fulfil,' 'skilful,' 'Jennie,' 'traveller,' 'labour,' 'bazaar,' 'ambassador,' 'centre,' 'axe,' 'practised,' (which I here spell à l'Anglaise) would, however, distinguish many Americans from Englishmen, by one letter only in each instance. There are other words in which the articulation of one letter, though not marking a difference between nations or districts, would help one to guess a man's class and breeding in the dark. For example, it is almost universally true that the gentry of Great Britain and Ireland do, and the peasantry do not, omit a vowel in pronouncing, 'interesting' or 'medicine,' and change a vowel in pronouncing 'Derby' or 'Berkeley.'

'What harm can it do to omit a silent letter?' is asked sometimes by the more ignorant advocates of phonetic spelling. There are several answers to this question. A letter that is silent in one district, or among one class, is often sounded in another district, or among another class, and hence the written word would have two forms, each form strange to millions and unintelligible to thousands of people. Again, as Trench observes, a silent letter may stamp the lineage and descent of a word, may embody an interesting historical fact or moral lesson. Take the unsounded consonant from 'debt,' 'reign,' 'deign'; and the words have little apparent connection with 'debeo,' 'regno,' 'dignus.' Take it from 'Wednesday' and 'Lincoln,' and collateral records of the Scandinavian mythology and the Roman occupation of Britain will be lost or

weakened : it will no longer be easy for children to remember that the latter word meant Lin colony, and the former Woden's day. Without its mute *l*, nothing would remain to identify 'alms' as the offspring of *elemosune* ; and the wholesome lesson taught to many who now notice its derivation would be lost—that alms should proceed morally, as the word does etymologically, from *pity*, and not from a desire to increase the giver's credit in this world or the next. The retention of the silent *a* in 'deacon'—the accented letter of the parent word makes the fact more immediately patent that deacons used to be servants or attendants, not censors or moral guardians of the pastor and the flock.

Of course, many of the imaginary errors of Mesdames Malaprop, Ramsbottom, and Partington depend upon one letter. So do a large proportion of miscellaneous quips and jests, sarcasms and epigrams. It was Theodore Hook who grouped 'the Prince of Whales and the Dolphin : ' it was an irreverent reporter who headed his copy, 'The Prince of Whales at the College of Sturgeons.' A Church of England divine, whose name escapes me, caustically observed that the Ritualists were 'Papists all but the P.' A Scotch professor (was it not Professor Blackie?) had occasion, after some interruption or other, to write on the door of his lecture-room, 'Professor —— will meet his classes at the usual hour.' A venturesome student changed 'classes' into 'lasses' by erasing the *c* ; but the ready professor brought the laugh over to his side by rubbing out the *l* also. Every one has heard of the vindictive Quaker, whose principles forbade him to beat a mischievous dog ; but who managed to have the beast chased and killed by his neighbours, by simply shouting, 'Bad dog! bad dog ;' which was naturally mistaken for the warning cry of 'Mad dog! mad dog!' This literal subterfuge, it is to be

feared, was hardly a more valid moral justification than the addition of an *r* in the expletive 'marry,' or the changes of a letter in 'darn,' 'gad,' or the Shakspearian 'chrish.' A relation of Mrs. Partington sent an amorous missive to his lady love, which he mal-appropriately headed, 'A Lover's Missile.' It was returned, with the following epigram :—

'You call this thing "A Lover's Missile :"
A letter gets you your dismissal ;
For 'tis not thus, you dunce, Love's dart
Is wont to pierce a woman's heart.'

There was bitterness and truth in *Punch's* jest that the letter most injurious to Ireland was the absent *t*.

To know unusual as well as the usual modes of spelling words may sometimes prove useful. A very large sum of money was won by an English sharper upon a single letter in the word 'reindeer,' between fifteen and twenty years ago. It was the eve of a great race, and bookmakers from all parts of the country mustered in force in the smoking room of a certain hotel, drinking and betting and prophesying. All at once a stranger impressively stated his opinion that Reindeer would be the winning horse. Reindeer was an outsider, hardly mentioned in the betting, and the stranger's announcement was heard with smiles. 'What horse did you say?' asked one of the knowing ones. 'Reindeer.' 'Reindeer!' exclaimed the bookmaker, derisively. 'Yes, sir, R-a-i-n-d-e-e-r,' retorted the unknown, defiantly, as if nettled at the other's tone. 'And I don't see anything laughable in my opinion, either,' he added, as a ripple of laughter went through the room. 'The laugh is at your spelling, I fancy, not at your opinion,' said one of the sporting men. 'What's the matter with my spelling? Didn't I spell it R-a-i-n-d-e-e-r?' 'Do you want to back your orthography?' 'If you like.' 'I'll bet you £100 you're wrong.' 'Done.' There were many lovers of 'a soft thing in the room ; and the greenhorn (?) ac-

cepted all their offers. When all the money had been put up, somebody asked by what authority the question was to be decided. At that time Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries were not so commonly used in England as they are now, and one might calculate with confidence that either Johnson or Walker would be suggested. Johnson's Dictionary was proposed and accepted, and the stranger's unusual orthography was found to be

endorsed therein. I am sorry I cannot determine, by reference, the stranger's aggregate winnings, or his name, or the name or date of the race-meeting. But the incident, though here told freely from recollection only, actually occurred. The English papers were considerably exercised over it; and some correspondents argued that the man had no right to the money, as he was clearly betting upon a certainty. But this was never proved.

AN APRIL DAWN.

BY KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN.

ALL night a slow soft rain,
 A shadowy stranger from a cloudy land,
 Sighing and sobbing, with unsteady hand
 Beat at the lattice, ceased, and beat again,
 And fled like some wild startled thing pursued
 By demons of the night and solitude,
 Returning ever—wistful—timid—fain—
 The intermittent rain.

And still the sad hours crept
 Within uncounted, the while hopes and fears
 Swayed our full hearts, and overflowed in tears
 That fell in silence, as she waked or slept,
 Still drawing near to that unknown shore
 Whence foot of mortal cometh nevermore;
 And still the rain was as a pulse that kept
 Time as the slow hours crept.
 The plummet of the night
 Sank through the hollow dark that closed us round,
 A lamp lit globe of space; outside, the sound
 Of rain-drops falling from abysmal height
 To vast mysterious depths rose faint and far,
 Like a dull muffled echo from some star
 Swung, like our own, an orb of tears and light
 In the unheeding night.

But when the April dawn
 Touched the closed lattice softly, and a bird,
 Too early wakened from its sleep, was stirred,
 And trilled a sudden note, broke off, withdrawn,
 She heard and woke. All silently she laid
 Her gentle hands in our's, with such a look as make
 A rainbow of the tears it fell upon,
 Caught from another and heavenlier dawn,
 Fixed—trembled—and was gone.

UNIVERSITY TRAINING.

BY A. G., M.A., TORONTO.

AT the present time this subject is somewhat prominently before the Canadian public, in connection with the appointment of an English graduate to one of our University chairs, and it may not be out of place to offer some remarks indirectly bearing on the necessary qualifications to be sought in a man who would fill the office of a University teacher with credit to himself, honour to the country, and benefit to his students. In making such remarks, I wish to look at the matter from the standpoint of the training such a teacher should undergo so as to be in the best possible manner qualified for his important work.

It will, I dare say, be readily admitted on all hands that the education of a professor, though in some measure identical with that of, say a High School teacher, is necessarily in a great many respects essentially different. Not only is this difference caused by the fact that the former has more mature minds to work upon, larger experience on the part of his pupils to aid him in their instruction, but the knowledge he communicates must of necessity be characterized by a larger grasp, a greater regard to the broad and general principles of his subject than is to be expected or, indeed, desired in the case of the pedagogue. He must also have a stricter regard to the *elegantiar*—which, be it noticed, are not by any means the *minutiar*, but rather inclusive of them—of the language or science he teaches. To use a familiar illustration—the school teacher lays the foundation, which he may lay roughly but still strongly, and with a due regard to the absence of any flaw that might be an element of

weakness in the succeeding structure, but the canons of taste and architectural beauty he can afford to ignore, as elements with which he is not particularly concerned. The professor, on the other hand, to whom is entrusted the rearing of the visible and aesthetically important part of the edifice must be regulated by wider reaching and more scientific principles. A tyro may almost be entrusted with laying the foundation, provided he bring to the work painstaking and energy, and be governed by the easily intelligible directions of the ground plan, but the builder must have judgment, discrimination, and, above all, as we think, mature and extended experience. Without this, it matters not how great his reputation may be, his work will be comparatively worthless, and the structure he rears, a miserable and conspicuous failure.

Of course, in saying this, we do not forget that experience is not everything. There are natural qualifications, without which no amount of experience will make a man a successful teacher or professor; but let us suppose both teacher and professor, equally endowed with these, and even (for the sake of argument) possessed of an equal amount of erudition, we maintain that experience, and experience of the kind that is sometimes called, and not inaptly, culture, is the discriminating quality that fits a man for discharging properly the duties of a professorial chair. If he be deficient in this, he is nothing but a dominie in a professor's robes, and we do not know anything more utterly incongruous and practically inefficient, unless, indeed, a professor wielding the ferule.

Now the question emerges, where is this experimental culture to be acquired? The answer of a great many would be—practically anywhere; anywhere, that is, where educational matters receive anything like due attention. From this finding we must dissent absolutely. The conditions under which this highest form of education is cultivated are such as cannot be found apart from old established seminaries where, for years, it has been made a specialty, and where the modes of tuition and lines of study have been specially adapted for its acquirement. A moment's thought will suffice to convince most candid people that facts bear out this assertion, nor is it difficult to see why. Perhaps it is only in the universities of England and Germany that languages, for example, are studied philosophically. In those of Scotland, Canada, and America there is more of the student's attention directed to the minutiae—the mechanical qualities of a language,—and hence it is that such a science as, for example, comparative philology is almost unknown, or only known in a very elementary degree in the Universities of these countries. They have produced many brilliant but, we venture to say, very few really profound classical scholars, and the greater number of their alumni who have risen to eminence in other sciences owed their success to the influence either of an English or a German University.

'But why should this be so?' is indignantly asked. The answer is more easily given in the one case than in the other. England owes her Universities rather to endowment liberally bestowed than to the far-seeing legislation of patriotic statesmen; and the honors they were enabled to confer, together with the substantial pecuniary benefits that accompanied them, supplied both a powerful incentive and a munificent reward to him who had the intellect and the industry to justify him, in his own mind, in aspir-

ing to their possession. They, moreover, gave him years of leisure, and if he felt so inclined, a lifetime of 'lettered ease,' in which to follow out and enlarge his previous acquirements both in the way of personal study and the communication of instruction to others. In Germany, on the other hand, no such splendid inducements have been held out, but the natural bent of the Teutonic mind is towards acquisition and retention in this, as in more ignoble directions, and to that is to be ascribed the front position that race holds among the nations in point of education and culture. A plodding—or, as Dr. Johnson would call it, a doggedly determined—disposition, especially when there is thrown in an innate tendency to philosophical investigation, is bound to succeed in study as in everything else. So much for what we deem the causes of the pre-eminence of these two nations.

And now for the causes of deficiency in the others we have mentioned. Scotland derived many and substantial benefits from the Reformation, not the least of which was the system of education inaugurated by Knox, under which the sons and daughters of her poorest have, for centuries, received a far better practical education than those of the middle-classes of her richer, but, in this matter, far less fortunate neighbour, England. But the one drawback has been that her Universities were modelled too much after the fashion of her parish schools and their endowments made far too small to serve efficiently the object they were meant to accomplish. They are, therefore, to this day little more than the upper forms of her High Schools and Grammar Schools and feeders for real Universities. Conservative in matters like this Scotland certainly is, however Liberal she may be in politics, and there is little or no indication of change for the better in her Universities even in the present day. A partial exception might perhaps be made to this sweeping assertion in

the case of Edinburgh; but, as regards the others, we might apply to them all the sarcastic epithets used by the facetious Professor Blackie in speaking of Marischal College and University, Aberdeen (merely changing the locality): 'That bit schule i' the Broadgate,' or perhaps it was 'The Broadgate Academy,' we forget which.

With regard to the universities of Canada and the United States it is sufficient to say that they, in common with many other institutions in these countries, labour under the disadvantages incident to comparatively young countries and cannot be expected to reach the zenith of their strength *per saltum*. With any but the more mechanical, or what are called the exact sciences, they must be content to admit themselves as only developing an acquaintance. Perfect familiarity will by and by most surely come. But they must have patience for that time. Hence we argue, and surely not without reason, that the fitting place to seek for a thoroughly efficient professor for such a subject as classics, to occupy a chair in our Universities is, beyond question, Oxford, where it is well known their study is made an almost exclusive speciality and where proficiency in them is the surest and shortest way to the acquisition of university honors and emoluments. Without a doubt the possession of *experience in tuition* is a most essential pre-requisite to a professor and should be looked upon as almost indispensable, but, as a matter of fact, that qualification is not always attainable, especially

where the emoluments offered are not so large as to command the market.

If any further argument in this direction were necessary we might add it in the form of an illustrative case. Leyden was, in the last century, and Edinburgh, Paris, and perhaps Vienna in the present are, considered the best medical schools in the world. If then an opportunity were offered us of obtaining one of the leading physicians or surgeons of those schools as a medical professor here in Ontario, would it not be almost ridiculous to raise the cry of 'injustice to Canada and native schools of medicine' when such a man was appointed?

We are not to be understood as depreciating either Scotland or Canada in what we have said. Both countries deserve the greatest praise for the systems of education they have adopted and are carrying out. They are unequalled by any nation in the world, with the exception perhaps of Germany, in elementary education. But for the reasons above indicated they have been neither of them, from circumstances, adapted to the growth of what we have called 'culture' or higher education. Not that they are, either of them, liable to be stigmatized as *uncultivated*, nothing could be a grosser libel, but it seems to us that *rem acu tangimus* when we say that Scotland has come short in this matter because she lacked partly the means and partly the inclination, and Canada simply and solely because she has not had the opportunity.

THE TORONTO GIRLS' COTERIE.

III.

PROCEEDINGS OF THIRD MEETING, REPORTED BY THE DUCHESS.

I CANNOT avoid thinking that our newly formed Coterie and its sayings have been thrust upon public notice in rather an unceremonious way. Had I been appointed reporter for the first meeting, I would have introduced each member, if not by her own Christian name, at least by some other Christian name; but Doc appears serenely unconscious of any impropriety in setting the heathen appellations which we have invented for each other before the eyes of polite society. This gives our Coterie an air of Bohemianism, which I should be sorry to think it possessed. For the sake of redeeming any evil reputation which we may have made, I should like to remark that we do not greet other girls of our acquaintance by calling out 'hello' at them in the street; we talk in low tones, we do not laugh aloud in railway cars and other public places; and, in general, we would as soon be seen with brass jewellery as with brazen looks and manners. I think I may go even further, and assert that we are guiltless in the slightest degree of the vulgar desire to attract attention. To these rules (except the last) my friend Smarty is an exception. It is not very polite to speak ill of the liveliest member of our Coterie, but then—truth is mighty and will prevail—at times even over politeness. Smarty says she isn't a bit boisterous—she is only girlsterous—but I see small difference between the two.

Our last meeting was informal enough. We had been summering in

various parts of the country—fleeing to the mountains for shade or to the rivers for coolness—for, however perfect Toronto may be in other respects, it is unpopular as a summer resort—when the majority of our members, who were camping out near Lake Erie, sent a summons in our various directions for the rest of us to join them there. In response to the invitation, I started at once for the lake, but I tarried a few hours in Toronto, trying to persuade Grum to go too. There is really nothing to account for Grum's presence in the city in August, except pure perversity. If she were in a cooler place, she might suffer for lack of something to grumble at. I told her of what the Judge had written—that she wanted us all to spend our monthly meeting day in going across the lake to Dunkirk, and that a few miles beyond that place was the village of Fredonia, which she had heard pronounced the prettiest village in the United States.

'Prettiest grandmother in the United States!' said Grum severely.

This remark did not discourage me for I remembered that though Grum's actions always run parallel with her words, the line representing the latter makes straight for the north, while her line of action invariably tends toward the sunny south. She imagines that *both* lines run in the direction of bitter weather, but the rest of us know better. As a rule, when she sneers at anything, it has already found favour in her eyes, and when she

directly sets her face against it, it is only because that is the most favourable position for taking it to her heart.

'I'll not stir an inch out of this dear, dusty old town for all the pretty villages in existence,' she exclaimed vehemently. Accordingly, in a very short time, we were on our way southward.

It was highly delightful to be together again. The Poet said she thought 'together' was the most poetical word in the language. Doc's every-day expression of contented sweetness was perceptibly deepened. Lily was in exuberant spirits. I felt a little troubled at heart about meeting Smarty, for we had not parted the best of friends. My plan was to treat her with elegant formality and lukewarm reserve. But we all know what becomes of the best laid plans. Before I could deliver myself of a bow of just the right temperature, she seized impetuously upon me, exclaiming: 'Are this the Duchess? It were! It am! Sit still, my beating heart!' Of course it was impossible to be dignified after this ridiculous apostrophe, but I really think I should not have subsided into weak giggling and embracing, had she only spoken grammatically, and said, 'Be,' instead of 'Sit.' The Judge and Grum did not kiss each other, but there was a very impressive handshaking between them. They are both noticeably tall, but in every other way there is a marked difference in their appearance. The Judge would be called fine-looking, rather than good looking, and her eyes are full of sincerity, and faith, and purpose; Grum narrowly escapes being handsome, but she looks critical, questioning, unsatisfied.

The next morning we were as happy as sunny skies and smooth water could make us—that is, all except the Grumbler. 'Oh, dear!' said she, 'if I had only brought a chess board along, I might be playing chess now.'

'Oh, dear!' echoed Smarty; 'if I had only brought an orchard along, I

might be climbing peach trees now.' She glanced round while speaking, and then broke into her stock phrase, 'Sit still, my beating heart!' This ejaculation was caused by the approach of a young gentleman—a Torontonion, with whom we are well acquainted. He was straw-hatted, linen-coated, cool, breezy and self-possessed. After the inevitable questions as to whether we were enjoying the sail, and whether any of us had been sick, he said:

'Do you object to my smoking?'

'Very much, indeed,' answered Doc.

The youth looked surprised. He had already produced a cigar, in the expectation that his query would receive the conventional reply. Doc being a hygienist to the core, of course, has peculiar views, but I think in this case she expressed the feeling of the majority. The words were blunt, but her tone and glance were perfectly sweet-natured.

'Then,' with a laugh, 'you must want to banish me to the other end of the boat.'

'Oh,' cried Lily Cologne, who was never found guilty of banishing a man from her side on any provocation, 'we object to your smoking at the other end of the boat.'

'Yes,' said the Judge, 'we object to your smoking anywhere, at any time.'

'Upon my word,' exclaimed the young man, tossing his just-lit cigar into the water, 'are you all disciples of Trask? Do you think it sinful to smoke?'

'No,' said Grum, who, as the smoker's own cousin felt no need to modify her usual plainness of speech, 'it's worse than sinful—it's senseless.'

Her cousin looked at her mockingly.

'Now, then, my illustrious kinswoman, you are in a tight place. Granting that it is senseless, how are you going to prove that senselessness is worse than sinfulness?'

'Hawthorne says,' replied Grum, 'that sin may be forgiven, but awkwardness cannot. What is true of

awkwardness, I think, applies with equal force to folly.'

'Mr. C——,' put in Smarty, 'you must excuse my fellow-travellers. They are generally much more polite than they are to-day; but that model of propriety'—nodding at me—'and myself are the only ones who really know how to behave.'

The insulted youth bowed several times in a gratified manner to both of us, and then withdrew to talk to the Poet, who at the other side of the steamer was absorbing the scenery, as she expressed it—drinking in the lake Smarty called it.

'There,' said Lily, 'we have driven him away. If we had been a lot of Women Righters, armed with umbrellas and spectacles, we couldn't have acted any worse. I hate strong-minded women,' she added, rather irrelevantly.

'And I detest weak-minded women,' said Grum, snappishly.

'We couldn't have acted differently,' declared Doc. 'I dislike tobacco, because it is a poison.'

I said I disliked it because it was unclean.

'And I,' said the Judge, 'because it so frequently enslaves its user.'

'And I,' said Smarty, 'because silly young men think smoking is rather a superior thing to do. But I wouldn't for the world,' she added with a laugh, 'have my gentlemen friends break themselves of the habit. It does me so much good to twit them about their little weakness. Not long ago at a picnic in the woods I told Tom L—— that hitherto I had always considered tobacco a very useless weed, but now I saw my mistake—I saw that even the meanest of created things was made for some good purpose. And then I thanked him for smoking a cigar—it kept the mosquitoes away so perfectly.'

'Did he laugh?' asked Lily.

'No. He preserved outwardly all the calmness of the sphinx, and never showed that he saw the point at all.

It is really painful to me,' she added, pathetically, 'to have to waste a joke upon that sort of people.'

At Dunkirk our time was chiefly occupied in searching for the street cars that were to take us to Fredonia. 'It must ever be remembered,' said the Judge, with mock grandiloquence, as we at length seated ourselves in one of these conveyances; 'that we are now strangers in a strange land, and we must keep our eyes and minds open to receive new impressions.'

'Well,' said Doc, 'anybody with one eye and half a mind could gather a harvest of new impressions here.'

'And charming impressions too,' said the Poet.

'The States seem to be a pretty country,' observed L. Cologne.

We had previously laboured with this young person in regard to the impropriety of calling a small section of the State of New York 'The States,' but to no avail. She said, in justification of her course, that she knew several American girls who called Canada Canady, and she considered that much more incorrect than calling their country the States.

We passed a great many pretty houses with lawns, large and little about them, but all noticeably well kept. There were children playing under the trees, and gentlemen reclining in hammocks, and ladies of different ages rocking and reading on vine-wreathed verandas.

'I always thought,' remarked Doc, 'that Americans were a peculiarly excitable, fast, and nervous people, but I know better now. This shows that an ounce of personal observation is worth a pound of book-talk.' The rest of us entreated Doc not to expose her ignorance by making any more such remarks, but it was no use.

'There is a place about half way between Dunkirk and Fredonia,' said the Judge, 'which is called the half-way house, and I have heard mention made of a park in connection with it. Now I have an idea that we cannot afford to

miss seeing this park. The great art in travelling is to skip nothing of interest or importance.' Accordingly we notified the driver of our intention.

When we discovered that the park consisted of a score of melancholy trees, keeping watch over one or two disconsolate benches, all power to express our emotions forsook us. Smarty was the first to regain her presence of mind. She said:

'Sit still my b—.'

'Ah!' interrupted the poet, 'my fancy pictured a scene majestic with the dignity of century-old oaks, adorned with marble statues of unsurpassable beauty, bedewed with the silvery spray of plashing fountains, and ravishing with the music of nightingales, but never even in its wildest flights did my imagination paint such a scene as this?'

'The reason,' said Doc, 'why so much is said of English parks and so little of American ones is that the latter beggar description.'

'Well,' remarked Lily, 'I've heard a good deal about the characteristic scenery of the States, but this is rather too characteristic for me.'

'Now girls,' pleaded our leader, with a heavy heart, 'be a little merciful, can't you?'

'Why, Judge,' I cried, 'this is the very best place we could have to eat our luncheon in.'

She smiled at this, and she looked even better pleased when Grum declared that she never cared for the royal privilege of exhibiting at meal-time; and, as the next street car would pass up in half-an-hour, we couldn't have had things arranged better.

We divided off into groups in Fredonia, and went our several ways in search of 'impressions,' turning all our experiences into a common fund in the evening, as we came back across the lake. We had all walked about a good deal, some in the cemetery, and some along the streets, and in the shops, and were all well pleased.

But Doc and the Poet, who had been through the State Normal School together, were better pleased than anyone else.

'How does it compare with our Toronto Normal School?' I asked.

'Oh, it is not nearly so fine as ours, of course,' said they, with the natural pride of youthful Canadians. 'The grounds are not so pretty, and the museum does not amount to anything, but it was quite our equal in every other respect. There is a very interesting school of art in connection with it, and the lady artist in charge of it showed us some really good paintings—the work of her pupils.'

'Do you mean to say that the teachers of this Normal School do duty during holidays?' inquired Grum.

'No; we mean to say that one of the teachers does, because she is an enthusiast in art.'

'Who showed you round?' asked the Judge.

'We don't know,' answered the Poet, in deeply mysterious tones; and then both laughed. 'But we might ask somebody when we get home.'

'What do you mean?' queried Lily.

'Well, there was an excursion to Fredonia to day, and he said he believed he had shown all Canada through that building.'

'And who is he?' I asked, with pardonable scorn.

'We don't know,' they said again, and laughed more than ever. 'An American, probably.'

'For pity's sake,' exclaimed Lily, 'tell us all about it.'

'Well,' began Doc, 'it was this way. We asked a gentleman at the door of the hotel if he could direct us to the State Normal School. He offered to show us through, and was very obliging and polite. He borrowed keys, and showed us everything, and took all kinds of trouble in our behalf. Then, on our way back to the hotel, he invited us to be seated on his lawn, which was much plea-

santer than the hotel parlour; and when the Poet praised the appearance of a new kind of hammock in the next yard, he brought out his own and hung it for us. He shook down some harvest apples for us, and acted in all respects like the friendliest and best-informed of grandfathers. I suppose this is the American fashion of treating strangers. When the street-car came along he hailed it, and bowed his acknowledgements of our thanks, and the only thing that surprised me was that he did not say we must be sure to call at his house next time we chanced that way.'

'What did you talk about?'

'Oh, everything connected with

Toronto and Fredonia and—and the park.'

'The park!' groaned the Judge.

'Yes; he looked real pleased when he heard that we got out there.'

'Well, I think,' said Grum, 'that you two have acted with just as little discretion and prudence as two American girls would have shown.'

'Which proves,' said Doc, 'that we are fully as capable of taking care of ourselves as any two American girls would be.'

'We'll not bicker about it,' said the Poet; and these were the only pleasant words between us during the rest of our voyage toward 'the better land.'

THEKLA'S SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

THE dark clouds gather, the forests roar,
 The maiden walks on the verdant shore,
 The wild wave lashes with might, with might,
 And she sings out there in the gloomy night,
 Her eyes all faded with weeping.

The world is empty, her heart has died,
 No more a wish from its depths is sighed.
 'O Father, thy child call back and bless,
 For I have enjoyed earth's happiness,
 A harvest of love I've been reaping.'

FERGUS.

A. W. W.

MORALITY AND THE GOSPEL ONCE MORE.

BY FREDERICK STEVENSON, D.D., MONTREAL.

IT is impossible to read the article by Mr. Le Sueur in the June number of this magazine without feeling that the writer is thinking earnestly and, as it seems to him, clearly. There is no deficiency of intellectual vigour or of moral emotion, but on the contrary a refreshing amplitude of both. And yet I have seldom read anything that showed more instructively how an able man may throw himself into an important controversy and miss the points that constitute the key to the position to be carried. It is not too much to say that his criticisms of 'Fidelis' and myself are, in the full sense of the words, beside the mark. He does not meet us, he runs round us. His statements, in great part, may be true or untrue; they do not affect our positions, nor, as it seems to me, any positions for which we, or any one else, need care.

One word, before I go further, as to what the question in debate really is. It is not whether man is by nature a moral being. Both 'Fidelis' and I attest that he is, with all the energy we can command. Nor is it, as Mr. Le Sueur says, whether the 'doctrine of the Cross can a'one keep the world from becoming altogether corrupt;' a form of statement which is complicated by questions as to what is the true doctrine of the Cross, and how it is to be discriminated from mistaken doctrines, as well as open to doubts as to the exact condition meant by 'altogether corrupt.' Mr. Inglis has spoken effectively, if a little severely, on the attempt to narrow, and even to confuse, the question by stating it thus:

The real question is whether religion, in its form of Christianity, has done important things for the moral life of those who have accepted it, and whether these things are of a nature to constitute a strong proof of its substantial truth. If this is not the essential point in debate, it is not easy to understand why so large a portion of Mr. Le Sueur's articles should be occupied in minimising the moral results of the Gospel, or why he should call it immoral to believe a doctrine true because we know it to be good. A man says, 'I was untruthful and intemperate; I am now honest and sober; my belief of Christ's words and my love for His character have brought the change; I cannot, therefore, doubt that His mission is divine.' 'Fidelis' and I (and, as I understand him, Mr. Inglis) hold that such a man is probably correct in the account he gives of his change of character (supposing the change to be real), and if so that he is warranted in the inference he draws. We hold that it is a divine thing to bring about changes such as these, and a strong proof of the divine origin of the influences on the person that does it. Is this so or not? that is the important question.

Now I quite admit that Mr. Le Sueur is in a certain sense right when he complains of a want of definiteness in the discussion. A question like the one I have stated can scarcely be debated between 'Fidelis' and myself on the one side and him on the other, before certain preliminary terms are settled. These terms are, however, by no means what he supposed them to

be. It is not of any consequence that 'Fidelis' or I define our creed further than it is defined in almost every sentence of our writing. Christianity has not been in the world so long without men knowing its main outlines. And it is these alone that we are now concerned to defend. As much of Christianity as is common to Mr. Channing, for example, and the Pope, or, if we prefer a different type of orthodoxy, the Moderator of the General Assembly, will be sufficient for our purpose. When this is so, to create a diversion about accurate definitions is to trail a red herring across the scent. This is no question of nice interpretation, it is simply this: Is the Gospel of Christ a superfluity and a hindrance, or is it in its great central doctrines,—the being of God, the authority of Christ as His messenger and revelation, and the life of the world to come,—good in its tendency and probably true?

The definiteness needed is of another sort, and it is due from Mr. Le Sueur if it come at all. What is it that he wishes to effect? Is it to show that the ideal of God, of Christ, and of a future life, may be laid aside without loss to our moral consciousness? If it be, let him tell us so. Hitherto he has done two things, with an iteration which, if I may say so without offence, is getting a little wearisome. He has told us that Morality and Religion are separable from each other, and he has dwelt upon the fact, with a relish which brings him back to it again and again, that religious people are by no means perfect. All this may be true, but what then? I want him to tell us what are the elements in religion which he thinks may be removed without loss, and what will remain of Morality when they are gone.

For example, reverence for an ideal of perfection is an element of religion. Can we, without loss, lay aside that? Shall we be as pure, as unselfish, as philanthropic, when we no longer love and reverence Him whom we believe

to be these in full measure? I do believe that when I try to live for others or when I endure scorn and reproach for the sake of truth and good-will, I have the approval and sympathy of One who knows the whole case, and whose approval is better worth having than that of the entire human race, because He is wholly good, and they are only imperfectly so. Will morality lose nothing if that belief be destroyed? Has the thought, 'Thou God seest me' never been a restraint upon vice or an inspiration to virtue? A question not to be answered, I must think, by tales about the unseemly conduct of young men at a funeral, but by a careful consideration of the laws of mind, and, if by an appeal to facts, then by a careful and widely extended induction.

Again, our moral consciousness includes the sense of obligation; we feel that as we say we 'ought' to do right. Those who believe in God hold that the special sense of obligation involves the power to which we are responsible, and of which it is an outcome and an inspiration. They have, therefore, a full and adequate explanation of that element of our moral nature. There is, as they think, no other explanation that does not sacrifice the fact to be explained. To make it, as Mr. Bain and Mr. Spencer do, the result of punishment is to put the cart before the horse, for punishment is deserved suffering, and, as distinguished from mere pain, involves the idea and the sense of obligation. It is equally impossible to get it out of the calculations of utility, because while these can guide us to what is prudent, they cannot, taken alone, show us the relation between the prudent and the dutiful. Why *ought* I to do what is beneficial to myself and to others? I know that I ought, and feel it in the form of a whispered 'thou shalt,' in the very centre of my soul. What is that command, uttered in the intimate structure of man's being? Is it the echo of an hereditary experience? If so, of what experience? Surely not of pain

simply, for it is wholly different from these instinctive shrinkings, from wild animals, for instance, or from darkness, which are the probable relics of times when our savage ancestors lived in the woods, and attacked each other under cover of the night. And if it is derived from the experience of moral pain, then we trace it back to earlier instances of itself, and its real origin is still to seek. Is it, again, the result of many generations of social approbation and disapprobation? But here, also, we are treading a circle, for disapprobation involves the sense that the thing disapproved 'ought' not to have been done.

But—and here I ask my reader's careful attention—a system of morals that does not explain the sense of obligation leaves a cardinal peculiarity of our moral consciousness 'out in the cold.' It is like the commentator who said he would look the difficulty full in the face, and—pass on. It is, in fact, not a system of morals at all, but simply of prudential directions for the conduct of life. Here, then, is a point of contact with religion with which a fair reasoner must deal. I am not the only reader who thinks that even so able a book as the 'Data of Ethics' fails to give us a satisfactory solution. Mr. Goldwin Smith has quoted that brilliant book as an illustration of the fact that duty as duty is inexplicable, except on the basis of theism. And Mr. Le Sueur will allow that when Mr. Spencer fails, it is not easy to succeed.

Yet, again, what is Morality but a life accordant with the fitnesses and tendencies of our nature, in a word, the life that man is adapted to? And what is Religion but an acknowledgment of God as the author of all things, including the nature of man? If, then, a God exists, Morality is the pursuit of ends that He has chosen by means that He has appointed. How, in that case, is it possible to separate Morality from Religion, even in thought? The acknowledgement

and acceptance of duty as an appointment springing out of the character of God, and enforced by His will, is as plain a matter of moral right as reverence to parents, or honesty towards other men. God can be excluded from the sphere of duty only by the disproof of his existence, and all attempts to remove Him from it otherwise are a waste of thought and of speech. Duty is something we owe; the authority to whom we owe it, the idea of whom is therefore implicit in the notion itself, is God. Let God disappear from consciousness and, though convenience, elegance and prudence may remain, duty as duty, righteousness as right, virtue as virtue have no longer a meaning. On this point I permit myself to repeat, because it is that to which I wish my readers to give an especial attention, viz., it is not only that love and reverence for God supply motives and goodness additional to those involved in our relations with other men, it is that duty loses its distinctive character as duty if we are not under relations to a Being higher than man. It is possible that men may be kind and truthful, if the agnostic philosophy prevail, on condition always that it can be clearly shown that it is for their interest to be so. But the sense of duty, as distinguished from that of interest, will have lost its foundation, and, like other castles in the air, will gradually vanish when men awake to the consciousness of their actual condition. Will the moral life be uninjured when the feeling of duty is no more? Take away the gentle but inexorable 'I ought' of conscience, and, as some of us think, man will have taken many steps backward in the direction of his monkey ancestors. Exactly what he will be I cannot undertake to say, but he will be something quite different from what we now mean by a moral being.

This is my answer to Mr. Le Sueur when he asks for a definite issue. I say, that the issue is not confuted by

'Fidelis' or by me, but if it be confuted at all, it is so by himself, and that because he does not tell us plainly what he wished to remove and what exactly will be left to us after the process. We are asked to believe that 'Religion' is of very little consequence, and that 'Morality' is safe after it is gone. I ask to know more clearly how much is to be taken and how much left, that we may judge for ourselves.

Though it is desirable to avoid merely verbal criticism, I am almost compelled to notice some of the remarks in which Mr. Le Sueur replies to 'Fidelis' and myself, because he has taken positions which give completely mistaken views of what we maintain, and others which are, as I think, destructive to his own argument.

In a way that seems to me strange, Mr. Le Sueur alternately exalts and minimizes the effects of religious feeling on human life. Sometimes he makes morals of religion. Sometimes he tells us that it will not be missed if we take it away. But in one place he does both in the same sentence so as to contradict himself almost formally and in words, he says, 'I should be the last to deny that the thought of God is with many a powerful influence; that in some it dominates the whole moral life; but what I contend is that the development of morality follows its own course and that whatever is healthful in any morality that is strongly tinged by theology is of natural and human origin.' Now, does Mr. Le Sueur mean to say that the thought of God—that is of infinite perfection, moral and spiritual—is an influence merely harmful so far as it is real? Does it dominate the moral life simply to ignore it? Am I the worse man because I think of perfect love and goodness as my guide and my friend? If so, his sentence is intelligible, though his theory is a little paradoxical. But if he means that in some men the thought of God is an influence for good, then how can it possibly be true that, in this case, the development

of morality 'follows its own course'—a course, that is, wholly independent of the belief in God—and that whatever is healthful in this morality is of purely human origin? I find in these utterances quite as much to puzzle me as in the darkest sayings of the most metaphysical divines.

Much is made of the fact that St. John asks 'he who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' and that St. Paul tells us that that which is natural is first and afterwards that which is spiritual. But all this has nothing to do with the question concerned, not with an order of ideas in time, but with their relations in reason. Many a man has seen that two pebbles equal in size to a third were therefore equal to each other who never heard of Euclid's maxim about equality. Yet that maxim was implied in the conclusion all the while; deny it, and the conclusion falls to the ground. So of duty; it is done often and for long without explicit reference in words or in thought to its basis in the character of the Absolute Being. And yet it is true that if that basis be denied the sanctity of duty is denied with it. My love for my brother, as an instinct, arises with my consciousness, but a time comes when I ask why my brother is to be loved and what is the meaning of the sentiment of duty which sanctions me in loving him. Is it, as history has been cynically called, 'a fiction agreed upon,' or has it a root in the unchangeable realities of the universe? Those who believe in God have an answer to these questions—those who do not will, I am afraid, ultimately find that they have none which the reason of mankind will accept as satisfactory.

I will not follow Mr. Le Sueur in his biblical comments. A writer who insists that to believe one's Bible is identical with believing in the 'eternal burning' of the majority of mankind may be worthy of all attention in many respects, but it will scarcely be found

that his *forte* is the exegesis of the sacred text. When, moreover, he distinctly refuses to weigh probabilities or to examine what it is 'reasonable to suppose,' preferring what he calls 'facts,' while the very matter of research is the meaning of the facts, and the relations in which they stand to the conclusions he draws, I do not see how any argument can place him in a more unreasonable position than he voluntarily assumed. A book, which on the face of it is a venerable monument of the eternal and religious thought which has moulded vast numbers of the *elite* among mankind, and which is held sacred by many of our own contemporaries, is assuredly worthy to be treated otherwise than thus.

Mr. Le Sueur charges 'Fidelis' with 'prejudice and passion.' With all respect, I ask is it wise to use such words, words which cannot but be painful, and which if used without good reason are irritating also. For myself I do not see why the charge is made. The only evidence of prejudice I can discover is difference of opinion from himself, and of passion I see no evidence at all, unless by passion be meant, an emotion of perfectly kindly regret at what the writer believes to be a position of mistake involving a serious moral loss. As between 'Fidelis' and Mr. Le Sueur I cannot help thinking that a majority of readers will be of opinion that 'Fidelis' is considerably the gentler and more forbearing in tone.

Mr. Le Sueur had said that 'worldliness is a vice prevailing chiefly among the so-called pious.' 'Fidelis' says this is a sketch 'certainly not flattering.' On this Mr. Le Sueur rejoined that, far from saying that all the pious were worldly, he plainly hinted that some of the worldly did not fall within the class of the so-called pious. I do not see the force of the words 'far from saying.' The two members of the antithesis to which they are prefixed are not contradictory, but quite consistent with each other. All the

pious may be worldly, and yet there may be many worldly who are not pious. Every horse is an animal, but there are plenty of animals that are not horses.

I do not quote the passage, however, to make much of a momentary slip of thought which is a trifle after all. Of far more consequence is the assertion that Mr. Le Sueur used the words 'so-called pious' to avoid casting a stigma on the word pious, or meant them to be taken, therefore, in contradistinction to some such phrase as 'really pious,' or 'truly pious,' so that 'Fidelis' does him a 'great injustice' in supposing he referred to sincerely religious people, and especially in saying that he represents the worldliness he describes as a specimen of the fruits of Christianity. I cannot congratulate Mr. Le Sueur on his clearness of expression if his meaning really was as he has represented it. From the original passage no one would for a moment have dreamed that the phrase 'so-called' was used in any other sense than as an intimation that what people call piety was, in his mind, chiefly nonsense, or, as we say, moonshine. We are the more likely to attach that meaning to the words because it is in that sense, and in that only, that they have the least relevancy to his argument. If pious people are especially worldly, there is some reason to believe that piety and morality are wholly disconnected; but if the piety is only 'so-called,' that is if it is not piety at all, no possible conclusion can be drawn from their characters as to the relation between religion and morals. If real religion is inconsistent with worldliness—in other words, with vulgar selfishness—there is no longer any serious difference between Mr. Le Sueur and the rest of us. The power that lifts us above selfishness must be one of the mightiest and most necessary in the world. So far from having no connection with morality it is the 'ethereal and fifth essence' of the moral

life. If it is a falsehood that exerts such a power, I suppose it must be disbelieved, though in that case we are brought face to face with a fundamental vice in the structure of things—a vice which renders faith in the stability of law, or the continuance of human progress, or in anything else except paradox and chaos, a groundless, and therefore a fanatical, assumption.

Mr. LeSueur's optimistic view of the world is very interesting, and I do not wish to disturb it. But he must not tell us that those who see a prevalence of toil and misery among mankind hold a view 'to cause indignation.' It is a question on which each man must speak for himself, and there is nothing to be indignant about if he speak honestly. A man of cheerful temperament and good health may think well of life, while one who takes things seriously, or has suffered much, will be likely to feel, as the elder Mill did, that 'the game is not worth the candle.' But the striking fact is that views of life cry out, if I may so put it, for another life beyond, and that to such a degree that I wonder any man can think with complacency of man's existence here apart from the hope of a hereafter. If the darker view be the true, and the march of humanity be to sad and solemn music, the procession seems meaningless as well as melancholy if there be not a life in which the imperfect shall be completed and the wrong set right. In that case, as 'Fidelis' says, it is a mocking consolation to tell the host of sufferers around that in a thousand years to come there may probably be a generation of equally transitory beings who will suffer less than they. If, on the other hand, human life is even now noble and rich, and tending to become indefinitely more so as time goes on, the thought that it must be cut off in the flood-tide of its splendour

'To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion'

is simply terrible. To call the desire to live self-ish when a man's life is not only in itself good and pure, but a source of good to others, is such palpable absurdity that only the exigencies of controversy can account for the use of such language by men of integrity and ability. The deeper and fuller life becomes the dearer will it be, and if the doctrine of social development be true, it requires the hope of immortality to redeem the prospect which it opens from harrassing the spirit of man with the tortures of Tantalus. If there be no future life, the cup is dashed from man's lips when his thirst is most intense or the draught most clear and refreshing.

Mr. Le Sueur tells us that it is a 'sad misunderstanding' of his position to suppose that he wishes us to think it an unimportant thing to lose Christ and life and immortality. He asks 'when and where did I so much as speak' of losing these. And then he goes on to say that he does not know what 'Fidelis' means by losing Christ, or in what sense 'life' is used. I wish to speak as gently as I can, but it seems to me verging a little towards a practising on our credulity to write in this way. A man loses Christ when he ceases to believe in him as the Son and Revelation of a God of Love, he loses the life Christ came to bring when he loses communication with such a God, he loses immortality when he ceases to believe in a life of personal consciousness beyond the grave. I do not think Mr. Le Sueur can deliberately say that he did not know this to be the meaning 'Fidelis' attached to the words. And if he did know it, he will know another fact also, namely, that the one object of his own articles has been to prepare us for resigning these beliefs by showing that we can live extremely well without them. Having disposed of the paper of 'Fidelis,' Mr. Le Sueur turns to mine. I have anticipated much that would otherwise need to be said by the statement with which this article opens.

With every disposition to feel the force of an opponent's argument I cannot think that mine has been fairly met. When I say that the Gospel acted like a charm in changing the moral complexion of the ancient world I am met by the fact that Marcus Aurelius, a heathen emperor, was a good man, and that, Rabelais, Stern, and Dean Swift, Christian clergymen, were not. I quite admit it, but what then? Does the inconsistency of a solitary clergyman here and there prove anything about the moral tendency of the Gospel? Does anyone suppose that the robe of a clergyman can make a man pure and good simply by being worn? Mr. Le Sueur must be laughing at us. I almost think he was laughing, too, when he gave us the long extract from Dr. Newman, quoting me down, as he thought, by the use of that venerable name. The thoughtful reader will see that the quotation is only apparently and not really relevant. Dr. Newman does not deny the power of the Gospel to change the characters of men, though he draws a distinction—I think not a tenable distinction—between the more social and the more spiritual virtues, claiming these last as the especial fruits of Christianity. But the question is not one to be settled by the opinions of Dr. Newman or of any other authority however eminent. It is too late in the day to tell us that the name of Christ has no power to bless and heal. Every Sunday I look into the faces of men who are living proofs of that power, and vast numbers of other clergymen do the same. And even Dr. Newman says in this very extract, 'In barbarous times, indeed, the Church was successful in effecting far greater social order and external decency of conduct than are known in heathen countries; and at all times it will abash and check excesses to which conscience itself condemn us.' If this is true of the mere presence of the Church, what shall we say of a sincere belief in the Gospel?

I have contended that the Gospel,

involving as it does the being of a righteous God, supplies a basis for the sense of obligation. That is, as I carefully explain, the belief in God gives a meaning to the peculiar form of consciousness expressed in the words 'I ought' and their equivalents. I go on to say that none can explain the sense of desert or ill-desert which is intertwined with the very fibres of our nature, none, that is, can vindicate the *rationality* of the moral impulses, but those who trace them back to the ultimate structure of the laws of nature; in other words to the character of the First Cause itself. And, I add, this is to make the First Cause not *it* but *he*, it is to clothe it with consciousness and will. All this my critic so entirely misunderstands as to suppose me to maintain that the belief in God is an infallible guide to right actions taken in detail. He asks what are our absolutely right impulses, and argues that we can only detect them by the study of results. Be it so, but I ask again what does right mean? Is it simply useful? If so, and a man asks why should I do what is useful, what are we to answer? If we say you are bound to do it, he will reply, who binds me? If my nature, then why should I obey my nature? If society, then what right has society over me? Power it may have but how has it right? And in like manner we may challenge in succession every human authority. But if I have a natural conscience, needing guidance indeed, but enforcing the right as right, and if that conscience be the echo in me, not of the 'arbitrary and unintelligible *placitum* of the First Cause,' but of the unchangeable character of that cause, then I know what my conscience is and whence its authority flows. Does Mr. Le Sueur seriously mean to tell us that the utterance of conscience, taken as the command of God, to do justice, speak truth, and love our fellow-men is an 'arbitrary and unintelligible *placitum*?' How is it arbitrary, or, what is the same thing, unreason-

able? Has not Mr. Le Sueur been laboriously proving that reason issues these very commands? And in what way can they be unintelligible? If, as we are told, we can discover them by our unaided common sense, surely we must be capable of understanding them. Or does he mean that they become arbitrary simply because God wills them, and unintelligible because He approves them? Of all the *placita* which can be ascribed to God I should have imagined the *placitum* which rests on human goodness to be the most obvious in its reasonableness and the easiest to understand. The fact is that a theist has all the grounds Mr. Le Sueur points out for the acceptance of moral truth, with this eminent advantage that he can trace it back to an origin which gives a reasonable and adequate account of its binding force.

In reply to my assertion that the character of Christ is a moral type of inestimable value, Mr. Le Sueur gives us an account of the virtues of the North American Indians as they struck the kindly appreciation of Father Théodat. One likes the good father the better for his love to the people of his charge, but he would have been a little astonished to find his pages quoted to prove that we can do very well without the influence of Christ. I have not much to reply to this part of the paper. There is no disputing about tastes, and if Mr. Le Sueur really thinks that the wigwams of the Hurons disclose a state of morals which renders the influence of Christianity superfluous, he must be left to the enjoyment of his, I should think, solitary opinion.

My assertion that love to Christ is an impulse toward good is met by the objection that 'virtue is safer when it does not aim so high, or at least when it takes a more reasonable survey of the difficulties it is likely to encounter.' I do not see what there is in love to Christ to prevent our taking the most elaborate survey of difficulties. We shall meet with no

deficiency of these in the records of His biography, and apart from that we may think of them as much as we will. It is right and wise to count the cost of the higher life—a cost by no means disguised or minimised by Jesus himself. But when our critic says that the impulse derived from love to Christ is of doubtful character, 'in so far as it substitutes loyalty to Christ for loyalty to mankind,' he goes further, and takes a position which strangely illustrates the confusion of thought into which many able writers are just now falling. Who is Christ but the supreme lord of men? How can I love men less by loving Him more? Or if we regard Him as the realized ideal of moral perfection, will our loyalty to that render us insensible to the claims of practical goodness? Pointing to the poor and friendless, and speaking of benefits conferred on such, He says, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me,' and now we are told that loyalty to Christ is to render us insensible to the claims of mankind! How much further is it to go, this new habit of placing our higher duties in contradiction to our lower? One half expects that before long we shall be solemnly warned not to love our mother because we cannot possibly indulge such affection in consistency with the duty we owe to our brothers and sisters.

Mr. Le Sueur says that I constructed a dilemma for him, but that there is 'nothing in it.' He is mistaken in both points. He 'constructed' the dilemma, not I; nor can I think it true that there is nothing in it, for it seems to me that Mr. Le Sueur is himself in it, and I am very far from thinking him nothing.

I shall only notice Mr. Le Sueur's complaint of my tone of 'jaunty confidence,' so far as to point out that he is a little hard to please. If we speak with caution, and refrain from strong assertion, we are asked 'what in the

name of honesty' our words mean. If, on the other hand, we express the conviction that the Gospel is true, and will be found, after all criticisms, essentially unaltered so as to prevail over its obstacles, we are told of our 'jaunty confidence' and our 'triumphant and least seemly tone.' It seems to be demanded of us that we be neither hopeful nor despairing, neither confident nor apprehensive. It may be owing to the extreme limitation of my abilities, which it would appear fit me more for the tea-meeting platform than for the literary arena, that I find it impossible to hit and to keep the delicate mean which appears to constitute my critic's ideal.

Mr. Le Sueur having alleged that it is one of the characteristics of our age that 'augurs try not to laugh in one another's faces,' I said that this implied a charge of dishonesty against clergymen as a class, and asserted with warmth that to my certain knowledge the charge was untrue. He meets me by quoting Dr. Phillips Brooks, as he says 'to very much the same effect' as himself. I reply that the 'effect' of Dr. Brooks's words on me is widely different. Dr. Brooks was reproving, and rightly, a want of frankness in dealing with difficulties, and in the confession of altered views, which he thought unwise and uncandid, but he never said or insinuated, as Mr. Le Sueur distinctly did, that the unbelief that he discussed had reference to the truth of Christianity itself. He speaks of the minister 'who tries to make people believe what he questions in order to keep them from questioning what he believes.' A sentence which implies that faith is still unshaken in all but what such a man esteems as non-essential positions. So I read Dr. Brooks, and so read I agree with him. But if he did not mean that; if he meant to say that it is characteristic of ministers, as a class, to be secret unbelievers in what they publicly preach,—then I say of him exactly what I said of Mr. Le Sueur. I know Dr. Brooks well,

and admire him much, and have the most perfect confidence that he meant nothing of the kind. But I am not, as Mr. Le Sueur thinks I am, so pusillanimous as to be afraid of his 'reputation and influence.' The question is simply one of fact, and whoever speaks to the contrary, I must maintain what I believe and know.

And now let me join Mr. Le Sueur, as I heartily do, in the expression of my regret that so much of personal explanation and correction should have filtered into our debate. I can assure him that, although I have written with freedom, I regard him not only with sincere respect, but with very much of personal sympathy. His difficulties are mine, for I, too, am a child of our 'mother age.' I know what it is to feel the earth shaking under my feet and to see the heavens themselves grow dark under the attacks of ghastly and benumbing doubt. I will not claim to have 'fought my doubts and gathered strength,' but at least I have 'forced them' till the light seemed to break. I find the light in the Gospel of Christ, purged of these accretions by which men have surrounded it, and brought back to the simplicity and comprehensiveness of the Master's Words and Work illustrated and enforced by Apostolic comments. It is because I believe that what is called 'agnosticism' is a solution that is no solution, that the human spirit can no more rest in it than the physical frame can be fed upon the east wind, while Christ is the leader of men for ever, that I have written as I have. Whether Mr. Le Sueur will ever come to think with me it is, of course, impossible to say, but it is a duty, not only to believe what we say, but to say what we believe, and I have spoken my thought for the benefit of whom it may concern.

Meanwhile that both Mr. Le Sueur and I may live bravely and die calmly, and may find that death is not the end but a glorious beginning, is my desire and hope.

TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

ON thee, as yet, the hours have smiled,
 Thy girlish grace adorning,
 Oh ! laugh and sing—be still a child—
 Thou blossom of the morning !

Seek not the future to presage,
 The sky may frown to-morrow :
 Man struts his hour upon the stage,
 Accompanied by sorrow.

Our lot is hard, though few our days,
 The eye, now brightly beaming,
 That loves to shed abroad its rays,
 With tears too oft is streaming.

Fair child ! no grief its drops of gall
 Within thy cup infuses :
 Thine innocence enchants us all—
 Thine ignorance amuses.

Pure lily, safe from storms and tears
 That bow the heads of others,
 Thy tranquil happiness appears
 Reflected from thy mother's.

With thine enjoyment of the hours
 No cares or troubles mingle :
 In spring, thou sportest amid flowers,
 In winter, by the ingle.

The poesy that glorifies
 Thy life, thou dost inherit :
 Thy mother has it in her eyes,
 Thy father in his spirit.

Let thy sweet Maytime pass in mirth,
 Joy flits, with scarce a warning—
 The gloomiest of us all on earth
 Have had our cloudless morning.

A blessing, then, receive from me,
 Thy fate is only human :
 Angel ! a martyr thou must be,
 Child ! thou wilt be a woman !

A LEGEND OF THE UPPER OTTAWA.

BY P. A. X.

THE legend takes us back to fifty years ago. Then a tribe of the Blackfeet Indians was encamped on Hudson's Bay Territory, and at a short distance from one of the Company's out-posts. Big Moose was a stalwart young brave, and Little Fawn, a dark beauty of the tribe. They loved; the father of the girl had been negotiated with, the bargain struck, the oaths taken, and the marriage-day appointed. That saddest of courtships, an Indian courtship, progressed, and true love seemed to run a smooth course.

It was now in the fall of the year, and the frost was already on the ground, when Big Moose and others of the tribe, returning from the traps, came upon the body of a white man. They soon ascertained that he was not dead. He had sprained his ankle, and was unconscious from pain and exposure. When he had been brought to himself his hurt was tended, and the powerful young brave, lifting him up on to his shoulders as if he were a papoose, strode with him into the encampment.

The Blackfeet are the most hospitable of the North-West nations. They are honest, honourable, and unsuspecting; and are friendly to the white man. Whatever of wrong has been done by individuals of the nation, has been done by the direct influence of the white man himself.

The pale-faced stranger was a handsome man, with fair hair, round sunburnt face, soft curling beard, and blue eyes, which now could brighten into joy, deepen and intensify in sympathy, and anon soften and beam into love.

He shared the wigwam of Big Moose. He had but lately arrived at the Company's out-post, and while hunting had met with the accident which, but for the timely assistance of the Indians, would have proved fatal to him. The friendly Indians at once despatched a swift messenger to the out-post, with the intelligence of the safety of the subordinate.

The white man remained two weeks among the Indian wigwams. The handsome pale-face soon captivated the hearts of the simple Indian maidens. He had a callous heart. The red man is not patient under injury, and is quick to discover it. The young braves were jealous, but they did not forget the rites of hospitality. But the white man did. In vain Big Moose played on his melancholy reed in the soft moonlight around the wigwam of Little Fawn. It was the oft-repeated tale of a white man's selfishness and heartlessness; of his indifference and disdain for Indian purity and honour. When the Company's servant left the Indian wigwams, restored in health and sound of limb, he carried with him the heart and honour of Little Fawn.

Scarcely a week after the white stranger had returned to his post, the Indian ceremony, which made Big Moose and Little Fawn husband and wife, was performed. Very soon the tribe journeyed south. Big Moose hunted and fished, and supplied his wigwam with food and skins; and Little Fawn performed her hard and toilsome part as quietly, patiently, and uncomplainingly as Indian women do.

The brave loved his wife. They shared plenty, and they tasted hunger together; and when they could get fire water, they also drank that together.

The following summer found Big Moose and Little Fawn, with an aged squaw, learned in herbs and medicine, all alone, encamped by a small tributary of the Upper Ottawa. The Indian had sallied forth to fish, with a smile on his lip and joy at his heart; for had not the wise woman said that on his return he would be greeted with the cry of his new-born pappoose? and the Indian's heart was glad.

But on his return, the squaw received him with deep intonations and gesticulations, indicative of grief and anger. Little Fawn was dead. Before she died she had gathered her pappoose to her bosom, and had smiled on it. And the babe wailed out its short existence on the mother's breast. Big Moose looked and recognised the wrong that had been done him, and his heart was hot within him.

In the bottom of a little hollow they dug a grave, and there they buried the mother and child; and they heaped a cairn of stones over them. Over the grave, the Indian swore an oath to be revenged on the white man. E'er nightfall he was vilely drunk. But the oath of revenge was none the less deeply recorded for that.

Fifty years ago the village of the second shoot on the Bonnechere was not very large,—a few houses, a tavern, smithy, general store, and grist mill; a small church and school-house. It was situated a few miles above the confluence of the Bonnechere with the Ottawa, at the head of a beautiful cascade, with a fall of some thirty feet, where, during the dry season, the tiny stream sent its fallen waters shooting, dancing, and gleaming among the smooth, worn boulders—now disappearing, again reappearing, ever playing hide and seek. Or, during spring and summer, the swollen tide rushed onward, regardless of impediment, car-

rying many a trophy of its headlong course on its broad bosom. In the first case, the cascade was charming and pretty—in the second, it was grandly beautiful.

The prettiest girl in the village was Jessie Rigby, the smith's daughter. Some of her dear friends were charitable enough to say she gave herself airs, and, forsooth, thought herself too good for Bill Tupman, her cousin, and heir apparent to her father's smith business. The truth was that, though long time loved by Bill, Jessie was yet heart-free. Bill was a good, honest young fellow, who was willing to wait, deeming the prize well worth waiting for; and he shrewdly guessed that in the exercise of patience he had more chance of ultimate success than in unduly pressing his suit.

About a couple of hundred yards from where the cascade made its final plunge into a deep pool, thence to send its broadening waters seething and whirling onward in the middle of the river bed, was a small island, overgrown with low bushes, which formed themselves into a natural harbour. During the low-water season, one side of the channel was dry, making a clear passage to the islet; on the other side, the stream whirled and dashed against the precipitous banks of the wooded shore. To the island and its harbour the village maids frequently went, one read while the others worked. Jessie was very often the reader. She was a good reader. The power of reading well is a gift soon recognised, and quickly conceded by all. Her indulgent father, in periodical visits to Bytown, whither she accompanied him, allowed her to select her own books. These were, for the most part, well selected; therefore she was better informed than could have been expected of a girl reared in the village of 'the second shoot.'

One summer afternoon Jessie betook herself to the island. She carried with her her latest acquisition. It was a copy of Joanna Baillie's tragedy,

De Montford. The woods were still, and the abrupt bluff called 'The Pinnacle,' was already casting the shadow of its receding length across the valley of the Bonnechere. She crossed the river bed, passed lightly over the short path round the bushes, till the other side was reached. Here the path abruptly terminated in a sheer descent of four feet, where the water lapped the side of the islet. Turning to the right, and grasping the gnarled branch of a cedar, she dropped down a distance of two feet, alighting on a little platform of earth and stones, formed on the intertwining roots of the bushes. The floor of the arbour to which this platform conducted was but a foot higher, and easily gained. Seating herself on a rustic bench, the village maid was soon deep in the study of the grand character of *Jane de Montford*, totally oblivious of impending danger.

Life in the village was usually very quiet; the only occurrence which produced much stir, was the passing of the results of the winter's lumbering operations in the woods, in the shape of sawlogs and squared timber. The squared timber cut on the Bonnechere was then of excellent quality. As there were no slides, the timber was all sent over the cascade, and it is needless to say was not much improved by the passage.

The river drivers were, as a rule, rough men, given to fighting and rioting; and the quiet villagers generally felt easier when the driving season was over.

For the last few days the water had been rising slightly, but, as was well known, the river had been dammed up at the third shoot many miles above. In about a week later, the collected water and timber would be allowed to escape, when something like a flood might be expected.

But scarcely had Jessie Rigby become absorbed in her book, than the water was observed by the villagers to be rising at an unprecedented rate. By

and-by, logs began to make their appearance. The conclusion was at once arrived at that the dammed waters had broken loose, and the flood was in full swing, carrying with it the escaped timber. An alarm was given. The danger lay in the timber becoming stuck fast in the narrowed channel where the bridge spanned the river, which would result in the bridge being carried away.

Within an hour the cascade had become grandly beautiful, and the bushy spot in the channel was once more surrounded by a rushing tide.

The logs and timber were now passing under the bridge, rushing, jamming, jolting, hurrying forward to plunge into the turmoil of the cascade. The villagers watched the bridge warily. They were accordingly much relieved when a party of river-drivers was descried making all speed down the river bank to the threatened spot. Already the danger was imminent. Some of the longer timber had got jammed across the stream at the bridge. Now began a rare scene of activity and dexterity. The men pushed, and backed, and strained with their spiked poles, cursing and blaspheming in a medley of languages.

One of the most active and daring of the river-drivers was a man named Dan McDonald, who seemed to dare danger for the love of it, who controlled the efforts of the rest, and whose shouted directions were obeyed implicitly. He was a fair, handsome man, with a round, sunburnt face, soft curling beard, and blue eyes, which now could brighten into joy or deepen and intensify in sympathy, and anon could beam softly into love: whence McDonald came, none of his fellows knew. He had been sent up in the spring to the shanty as a river-driver, and had soon proved himself an adept at the business. He was a good fellow with them—riotous in the brawl and fearless in the strife—holding his own with any of them. Was there an adventure involving the plun-

dering of a hen-roost or cabbage-garden? McDonald was the man who planned it and carried it into execution. Was there game to be tracked and brought down? McDonald and his huge deer-hound Clyde, did the business. Through it all, however, the drivers were haunted by a suspicion that he had been other than he now was; that he had had a gentle upbringing and a good education.

A clearance for the time being had been effected at the bridge, when a huge piece of choice timber made its appearance, riding gallantly on the black water. This piece of timber was valuable, and had been McDonald's especial care. It passed under the bridge and was in full career for the cascade. Feeling anxious to see it in the safety of the stiller waters below, he made down the western shore, which was low and rose very gently, while the eastern bank was precipitous.

The timber cleared the cascade, and rapidly traversed the distance intervening, till it reached the islet, against which it struck with great force, and with a dull thud. It was the shock of this collision which aroused Jessie Rigby from the study of the 'noble Jane de Montford,' to a knowledge of her own danger. A loud shriek escaped her lips, as she realized rather than saw, that she was cut off from communication with the shore.

Her shriek fell upon McDonald's ear, as he was turning away to give his assistance at the bridge. The place was new to him, yet he concluded the cry of distress must have come from the island. 'Go, good dog, go,' he said, and Clyde at once plunged in and gained the island, disappeared among the bushes, and presently reappeared wagging his tail and awaiting his master.

McDonald did not hesitate, but swam across to the island, and followed Clyde. He reached the other side where the path terminated, when a plaintive voice imploring his aid broke upon his ear. Turning toward

the harbour he saw a female figure kneeling, a pale face blanched with fear, a heavy fall of rich black hair covering the shoulders, the hands clasped and extended towards him, the short open sleeves of the period revealing the beautifully rounded arms.

He took in the situation immediately. The timber had lodged against the platform of intertwining roots. The one end was thus fast, while the other swayed with the torrent. McDonald seized the cedar branch and swung himself into the harbour. He now stood upon the timber and offered to lead Jessie on to the upper platform. But at this moment the roots gave way, and the timber turned over into the water, carrying them both with it. McDonald caught her in his arms, while she clung around his neck. She had fainted. They were now in the outer current, which was rushing with great velocity. He wisely allowed himself to be carried past the island, when, using one hand, he strove to gain the quieter waters of its lee, and so with comparative ease gained the shore.

The adventure had been observed from the bridge, and a group of villagers received the unconscious Jessie from his hands. A ducking is nothing to a river-driver, and soon McDonald was again at work at the bridge.

From that hour he was a changed man. He was as active and as thorough at his avocation as formerly. His fellow-workers trusted and instinctively obeyed his directions as before, but they began to experience that they had lost their boon companion. McDonald was now under the influence of a passion which never yet failed to ennoble a man—honourable love for a virtuous woman. Happy the man who yields to such a passion, and pursues it till he has gained that noblest prize in the world's gift—the love of a true woman.

Being prompt in all his actions, he yielded; and resolved that he should prove himself not unworthy to carry off the prize. He loved Jessie Rigby

with an honest love, which had followed none but the purest incentives from the moment of its inception. He had looked upon this girl, and saw in her eyes modest and quiet self-possession, in her demeanour, gentle firmness; and in the village maid as a whole, he saw dignified womanhood. In himself, he saw much from which his mind now revolted. There was good birth and up-bringing despised, education trampled under foot; there was much folly, waywardness and sin, and a mind fast becoming degraded by continued association with ungracious surroundings.

He remembered a mother dying while she forgave him for all the pain his waywardness had caused her, and of a father disowning and disinheriting him; of his sinking lower and lower in the social scale, until he came to Canada as the Company's seryant; of his getting weary of that; and of finally finding himself a driver on the Bonnechere river.

During many days McDonald thought of these things, and with him to resolve to do a thing was instantly to set about doing it. He resolved on reformation, and was determined to be what he could be, and ought to be, in the estimation of others.

He had received the warmly spoken thanks of old David Rigby, and when Jessie had recovered the effects of her misadventure, he had visited her, and had been encouraged to repeat the visit. At first grateful, she was at all times kind and gentle to him. He now attended closely to his personal appearance, and to many beside Jessie he appeared prepossessing. But she discovered in him a man of better education than she had yet met, with a mind capable of culture. It was soon discovered in the village that this was more than an ordinary river-driver. He was very soon generally liked. Clyde always accompanied his master in his visits to the Rigby's, and was quite at home there.

All the timber had now cleared the

cascade and the Bonnechere, and had been made up into one huge raft on the grand river. In a day or two the raft would be on its way to Bytown. McDonald returned to the village of the second shoot from Bonnechere Point to pay his farewell visit to Jessie Rigby, and on this occasion he had resolved that he would tell her of his love. He was aware of the temerity he was guilty of in thus addressing this pure and high-minded girl, but he was not without hopes that his suit would be kindly received. He was also desirous of giving proofs of his reformation, and was willing to wait till time had tested its reality.

He told his love, and with it gave the general outline of a foolish and wasted life, and expressed the determination which he had formed if she would plight him her troth, to prove himself to her and the world a good man and true. Jessie Rigby accepted his proffered love, and gave him hers in return, telling him she trusted him, but that he must now go and establish his character in the eyes of her father and before the world, which being accomplished, come poverty or plenty, she would be his true and devoted wife.

The moon was in the western heavens when the lovers walked on to the bridge from which could be viewed the cascade, and beyond the islet, the scene of their first meeting. Neither said much, but each leaned on the rail, clasping tightly each other's hands. They looked neither at the cascade nor at the isle, but both strove to look into futurity. Clyde sat between them on his haunches, and earnestly scanned the face of the one and of the other. Did the doggish mind comprehend the bond which existed between them?

It was at this moment some one came staggering past them. It was a drunken Indian. He looked at McDonald fixedly, raised his hand and shook it menacingly. Clyde growled, and the Indian, uttering a deep gut-

tural sound, stalked off in the direction of the woods. The moon had shone full in that tall Indian's face, and McDonald had recognised him as Big Moose. He felt something like a sensation of fear come over him, and his face paled. Why he should experience this feeling he could not have explained, and it did not leave him at once.

McDonald recollected the matter of Little Fawn, and though he, being now under better influences, was prepared to regard that transaction as a detestable thing, yet he was totally unaware of its tragic ending. Jessie saw the menacing attitude of the Indian and the disturbed countenance of her lover, but feared to ask the cause. She felt as if a cold, icy hand had been thrust between them.

In silence they turned homeward. At parting he implored her to trust in him, and, with a burst of affection, she renewed her vows.

At Bonnechere Point the raft lay out on the Ottawa, ready to start on the morrow. Here in the centre was the sleeping booth, and yonder the cook's cabin, in which Clyde is enclosed. There lay a pile of rough, stout, board-bladed oars, to be used in propelling the raft, and here and there stand short masts, on which will be stretched the triangular sails, to help to lighten the men's labour.

On the whole extent of the raft but one man is to be seen. McDonald is there alone; the men have gone on shore, but he no more joins in their riot. He sits all alone on the edge of the raft at the point farthest out on the river. His eyes follow the eastward direction of the river; the full moon shines clear and beautiful in the west. His heart is full of love and expectation, and his deep blue eyes are soft and joyous. He thinks of Jessie's generosity towards him and how she had promised to follow him to poverty or plenty. But he plans that on reaching Bytown he will engage in some better employment, and, on hav-

ing established his respectability, he will lay proofs of his reformation before his father, who will gladly receive the repentant prodigal; and when he returns to claim his bride, it will not be as a poor man, but as a gentleman. As he thinks of this consummation, a moisture, the first that had dimmed that bright eye for many a year, blurred the shimmering track on the onward course of that black river.

Just then the baying of Clyde from the cook's quarter struck on his ear. He turned quickly, and not too soon, for a few feet from him was crouched a dark figure, which was advancing with a gleaming knife in his hand. They sprang simultaneously to their feet. The Indian's eyes gleamed with hate and fury. McDonald put out his hands and cried, 'Big Moose, what would you do?' for the fear came back upon him. But at the same moment the men grappled with each other. McDonald's object was to get possession of the knife, and the Indian, perceiving his design, caught it in his teeth, while he threw the weight of his powerful frame on his antagonist, and grasped him round the neck. McDonald had not the power of the Indian, but he carried into that struggle the strength of desperation. His hope lay in Clyde; it was a delusive hope. He could not call out: he felt a dizziness and a ringing in his ears. They were on the extreme edge of the raft. Clyde rushed to the aid of his master, and leaped upon the Indian. The weight of the hound carried both men into the water. The Indian relaxed not his grasp on his enemy's throat, and they both sank and were caught in the swirls and eddies of the river.

Jessie Rigby stood on the bridge, where a view of the cascade and the islet beyond could be had. But she saw neither the cascade nor the islet. In the midst of that soft moonlight she turned to look into futurity, but could not pierce the impenetrable veil.

It was then that Clyde put his cold nose into the hand that hung loose by her side. The dog whined and crouched at her feet. She knelt down beside him. 'Clyde, Clyde, why are you here?' she cried, as tears came into her eyes. And the same trembling came over her as when she looked into McDonald's altered countenance in the presence of that tall Indian with the hand outstretched menacingly.

Many weeks after the villagers learned that far down on the Grand River two bodies had been found—one a white man's and the other an Indian's. And the Indian still grasped the white man round the neck, and between his teeth was a knife. The

features of either could not be recognised. Jessie Rigby said nothing, but she remembered her lover had paled before the stalwart Indian upon the bridge. And she feared that in that life whose general outline she knew to have been sinful, there were particulars it was well she did not know—that in dying in the clutches of his foe perhaps McDonald had expiated some particular sin of that stained manhood.

Clyde remained with her, and years after, when she accepted her cousin, she gave him the love of a true and devoted wife, and their little ones think no fun so good as a gambol and frolic with Clyde.

THE SUMMER NIGHT.

(*For Music.*)

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, M. A.

AH! how this summer night
 Brings back again
 Memories of lost delight
 To heart and brain!
 Flower-face and dark-brown tress—
 Limbs locked in close caress—
 Wild with all happiness!
 Wild with all pain!

What bounds our brief, bright Day?
 Darkness unknown!
 JOY, with swift wings, away
 Quickly hath flown.
 Yet ere Death; Winter lowers
 While Love; glad hours are ours—
 Fill them with wine or flowers,
 Kiss me, my own!

CLOUD BOUND.

(An Artist's Experience in the White Mountains of New Hampshire.)

BY M. MATTHEWS, TORONTO.

EARLY in August, fully equipped for a sketching trip, I found myself comfortably ensconced in the Mount Pleasant House, a well-kept hostelry on the line of the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad, not far from the famed Crawford Notch, whose verandah commands a full view of the great Presidential chain of mountains. This is, consequently, a convenient point for head quarters for those who wish to become thoroughly acquainted with the western aspects of the main group of mountains on this continent other than those of the Pacific coast. The Crawford Notch alone would employ a true artist for several summers, furnishing him ever with something new. After spending some days in the 'Notch,' witnessing a great variety of effects, as seen from below, I set up my easel right by the roadside whence rose the lofty and imposing sides of the Notch, formed on the right by Mounts Willard, Willie, and Crawford, and on the left by the sturdy old Webster, who stands out in a bold manner, as if he wished to claim all the credit for that side at least, and desired not to allow you to see any more of the valley than the portion he himself encloses. Working nearly a week here, and returning every evening to the hotel, I met with an adventure, giving me an experience of mountain life, which might well bring some wisdom, and which, indeed, should teach a wholesome lesson to other travellers than myself. In this affair, Mount Webster played an important part. Sunday

morning broke in a threatening and overcast manner; the mountains were as invisible as if they had been thousands of miles away, until near noon; but this hour brought a change, and, as if by magic, the vast misty curtain was rent into numberless fragments, the summer breezes wafting them away towards the Atlantic, presenting a glorious view of the eternal hills grouped around their chief, old Washington. Notwithstanding the formidable accounts, so plentifully given by fellow tourists, of the terrors of the mountain paths (in my self-conceit I discounted these), I conceived the plan of immediately ascending to the hoary summit of the father of mountains, disdaining, of course, the use of that insult to one's athletic powers, the mountain railroad. As Sunday afternoon seemed as suitable a time as any for a quiet stroll over the hills to the Glen House, I started out on my expedition. The sequel, however, will prove the vanity of my plans. Leaving my sketching kit, including a good mackintosh, behind, it being a hot and sultry afternoon, I resolved to try the solitary climb in the lightest possible trim. At a quarter to two, after a walk of six miles, I reached the foot of Mount Webster (where the ascent begins, near the Crawford House). I at once struck into the spruce woods and found the trail, but by a stupid oversight, not being a smoker, I carried neither axe, matches, nor, indeed, any means of kindling a fire; nothing, in fact, but a small poc-

ket sketch book, an umbrella, and a revolver, besides the slim tweed suit I wore, so confident was I of accomplishing the trip with ease. Pausing a minute to contemplate Gibbs' Falls, a beautiful little cascade close by the trail, and about one hundred yards up the steep ascent, I was much charmed by the beauty of this lovely nook. Hard by was a tent, under some of the thickest evergreens, occupied by a party of youths, who might be students from Yale, or car-shop apprentices, for all that their appearances indicated; a fortnight roughing it in the mountains, feeding blackflies and mosquitoes night and day, had not had a pleasing effect upon their frontispieces. One of the lads was at that time quite blind with swollen eyelids, caused by bites, and was entirely dependent on his companions for forage. These young men I had met before in my daily rambles, so we were old acquaintances; they told me that two of their party had gone up the mountain at daybreak, and were expected to return in an hour or two. Turning to the falls, I discovered at the foot an individual busy with sketch-block and colours. He proved to be a prominent member of the theatrical profession, and quite a talented amateur artist. Of course, kindred tastes and the situation prompted me to address him, and on my informing him of my intention to visit the summit that afternoon, with some surprise and excitement he broke out with, 'Good heavens, you'll be lost!' He further stated that he had himself come down from the top on the previous evening with a party who had gone up the railroad, and that it was 'the most infamous travelling' he ever experienced.

These remarks caused me to consult my watch, which showed that I could reckon on five hours of daylight in which to climb the five miles. This seemed sufficient for one who rather prided himself upon his tramping powers, so bidding my new found

friend goodbye, I resumed the upward journey which from this point was of rapid ascent, still through heavy spruce woods wet with the morning rains, the way partaking more of the nature of a watercourse or torrent than a path. Here and there short stretches had been bridged with a diminutive kind of corduroy, which showed that in former years, at least, it had been a frequented route. It was now, evidently, quite neglected and untravelled, full of miniature Niagaras, pouring over rocks and boulders. My boots being strong, and my muscles still comparatively fresh, these were not much regarded; so, after ascending what appeared to be about two miles and a half of this laborious travelling, I reached a small ledge where the tall spruces were thinner, enabling me to get a glimpse between them of the blue grey face of Mount Willard, grandly rising upon the opposite side of the valley. Some axe-marks on a tree-trunk here caught my eye and a small pine board, nailed at about seven feet from the ground, displayed this time-worn legend:—

'To the Crawford House, one mile.'

Here was a damper!

I had then only come one mile up the mountain side, and as I scanned the surroundings, the heavy spruce woods seemed to darken the way and threaten the near approach of night. However, 'Excelsior' was still my motto, and onward and upward I went, feeling that every bound must bring me nearer to that vast panorama which I knew was in store for me so soon as I should leave the stifling woods, and drink in those free mountain breezes which play upon the unclad regions above. In about another half mile, the ascent became less abrupt; and then voices ahead struck upon the ear, and in a few moments more the figures of my two camping friends came into view. After recognition and salutation, they said they had come from the summit, but 'it was an awful way,' and that unless I 'looked smart'

it was doubtful whether I could reach the Summit House, or even the foot of the cone, by nightfall. Having still, however, four hours of day before me, I pushed on, feeling encouraged by the gradual diminution of the timber, and finding the track still quite discernible in the increasing light, and also plenty of clear cold water to quench the thirst, which by this time the exertion was creating. At last the woods dwindled into 'scrub;' still marking and plainly enclosing, my brooklet way, and another half hour's vigorous walking brought me out into the open. I was still on Mount Webster, and the view on all sides was grand and awe inspiring. The country was a vast sea of mountains, far surpassing any sight my eyes had ever been regaled with. At my feet lay the wide valley of the Ammonoosuc, and a small speck of a lighter green among the heavy woodlands, with a still smaller streak of white ribbon winding through it, eight English miles to the west, denoted a clearing of some five hundred acres, on the margin of which ran the P. & O. Railroad, and the Mount Pleasant House was just visible. The sensation was much the same as that experienced on other mountain tops, but the scene was unique for all that. It was not Alpine, nor Welsh, nor yet Scotch; but it was vast, grand, and of a character to be seen nowhere else but in New England. At this moment, the toils of the ascent were forgotten; or perhaps served only to enhance the gratification experienced; and I felt that I would, willingly, endure ten times the exertion for such reward; even though, in that lonely spot, I felt strongly my own insignificance, and comparisons with insects actively suggested themselves to my mind. Here I made a slight outline of the main features of the scene, and then, resuming my progress towards the round dome-like head of Mount Pleasant, whose topmost stones reared themselves some hundred feet above me, still half-a-mile away—five thousand feet above

the sea. This peak is connected with Webster by a curtain of rock which forms a convenient bridge, which I now proceeded to traverse. To climb now did not seem difficult, for though on that rocky pavement, the path had disappeared, in such clear open space, a little scrambling must take me on over that ancient Morion towards the towering cone of Washington beyond. Between these two peaks the connecting curtain was apparently not depressed more than three or four hundred feet, and my hopes of gaining the summit were then high. Nevertheless, the necessity of making the best of my way was becoming apparent. So hurrying on, I rushed up to the top of Pleasant, intending to stay just five minutes there, and then to lose no time in reaching the foot of the road (made by United States engineers) leading straight up the cone of Washington. I was becoming anxious to make this point before dark, so could spare but little time for the view from Mount Pleasant. Passing a small cairn of stones placed upon the highest knoll, and surrounded for a few yards by a stunted herbage, such as might afford pasturage for mountain sheep or deer, I soon reached what I had expected would be the descending slope on the further side, but was startled to find that instead of this a sheer precipice of at least five hundred feet yawned beneath me. While I stood for a moment and looked round for signs of a trail, for I knew that one passed over this hill-top, suddenly a dense cloud struck the mountain, wetting me nearly to the skin, and, what was then much more serious, entirely obscuring every object within twenty feet, thus rendering it an entirely hopeless task to attempt to re-find the path or rather trail. The situation was forlorn. Thinly clad, wet, the cold wind warning me not to remain inactive from dread of rheumatism, without any means of procuring fire—pathless, shelterless, and alone, not daring to move rapidly, after find-

ing how suddenly one might come upon tremendous precipices, the prospect was a cheerless one. I have tried to explain that my ascent had elicited the fact that the base and lower sides of these mountains are densely wooded; the brows are covered with more stunted timber, and this dwindles gradually into a belt of scrub spruce, varying from one to five feet high, and of a density somewhat resembling that of a well-cropped garden hedge. The impossibility of traveling through this, particularly when soaking wet, will be understood. Near the summit the scrub disappears, leaving the bare rock with heath, wild thyme, moss and the like. I was now a prisoner upon the top of this mountain, in such a fix that sight was of trifling use, voice of less, though, at the risk of being ridiculed, I will own, I felt a strong impulse to shout for help. In my despair I fired a shot from my revolver, but a moment's reflection told me that was useless, as in all probability no human ear was within two or three miles, while the wind howled past in mocking volume, as if to laugh at any effort I might make to attract attention. Remembering the peculiar rounded form of the peak on the side I had come from, I resolved to descend a short distance and attempt to skirt the dome in a south-westerly direction, steering entirely by the form of the hillside which, indeed, was the only guide available in the impenetrable mist with which I was enveloped. By this plan I hoped to find again the trail, and descend Webster the way I had come up. I soon found, however, that below the brow the sides of the dome became suddenly steeper; and, though this perhaps indicated more decidedly the direction I was attempting to follow, it was much more difficult to make progress. At one place, on alighting upon a huge boulder, it gave way beneath me and went crashing and thundering down, I knew not where. But that I held

on to some roots above, I had certainly followed it, and then I should never have written this. To make matters worse, I was soon, in spite of all care, again in the scrub spruce and getting deeper and deeper into trouble in it, until, at length, sinking exhausted and breathless in the deepening jungle, visions of my whitening bones found by hunters in years to come, now rapidly crossed my mind, and my feelings cannot be described. In that extreme moment, when earthly hope was gone, I turned my thoughts inward for such help as a suppliant at a higher throne than that of earth might receive. The momentary rest restored my wasted strength, and hope revived again as my judgment cooled. Rising, I resolved to try and reach the open ground above once more, as then, at all events, I should know where I was, and, with my revolver, could better defend myself if attacked by beasts. I therefore climbed persistently upwards, going as straight as I could in the darkness, until I began to find the scrub thinning, and again I gladly reached the open. 'Now,' thought I, 'with my umbrella to windward, I must do sentry duty until daybreak, when perhaps I may have strength left to discover the lost trail, and, barring fogs, may yet reach the haunts of men, either on Mount Washington or by returning the way I had come.'

I here commenced a weary tramp to and fro, turning each time in my tracks, but had not taken more than two turns when my heart leaped with joy to see the moon emerge from its misty veil, and very soon the cloud itself passed off. I could now discern the old dome pretty completely, and discovered that I was on the west side and not far from the trail I had come by. This I soon found, and hurried along on the back track, fearful lest at any moment another cloud (of which I could see several in the sky and not far off) should come between me and the moon which now was low.

I rushed along the winding trail, twice losing, and in each case regaining it with difficulty: pools of water were nothing now, rocks and scrub were nothing, my only anxiety being to get sufficiently into the brush wood to make sure of not losing the path again. Of course, I considered it madness to dream of making Mount Washington by an untried path in the darkness; particularly as I knew that light would not be available for more than half-an-hour at most. However I got back into the woods, and the moon went down as I began my descent of that dark path, every inch of which (some two miles) had to be felt with the umbrella, which was now folded, until I heard once more the rumble of Gibb's Falls. This consumed some five hours, costing me many a tumble and bruise, until at last, when just above the Falls, the thick foliage made it so dark that it was impossible to find my way further; vines and underbrush obscured the path, and this, with branching

watercourses (the main path was one) leading over the Falls, brought me to a stand. Here I remained some minutes resolved to await daylight as it was not now so cold and thinking it better to wait three hours than to risk going over the falls some fifty or sixty feet. It now occurred to me that the camp of my young friends of the day before could not be far away, and that by shouting I might bring assistance. I proved my lungs to the full, and presently an answer came; another shout, and yet another; in a few moments more the welcome gleam of a lantern broke through the trees, and my worst troubles were over. I trudged back the six miles by road, and thankfully reached my snug quarters in the Mount Pleasant House, where an old guide next day told me that I had a narrow escape, and that, some time ago, a man left the Crawford House, early in the morning, in the way I had done, and had never been heard of since.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY SARA DUNCAN.

A BAFFLED, disappointed, worn old man,
 Heavily burdened with a life time's span
 Of dreams and prayers and purpose unfulfilled.
 Humanity hath scorned him, and hath stilled
 His broken cry for pity. Hopeless tears
 Oft thickening in the dim old eyes, I ween,
 Dull the fair vision of what might have been.
 Crowned mockingly with sad, unhonoured years,
 Bespattered with contempt, footsore and lame,
 Weary, full weary with the blows of fate,
 He waits your scornful doling at the gate;
 Be kind, O friend, for Failure is his name!

Strathroy.

THE WOMEN OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY H. ROWAN MAYNARD, OTTAWA.

EACH of the older Provinces of Canada still stands gazing towards the Western sun, with one fair hand, perchance, shading her straining eyes from the almost too brilliant rays, while the other points forward to the broad billowy land that is just awakening from its long restful sleep. But while cry after cry goes out to the young men, telling them to go forth and conquer the new world that is opening up to them, we do not hear one word addressed to the young women. Surely women's influence will be needed, and will be felt, in the great North-West, as it has been felt, in greater or less degree, since the days of Eve. I wonder that no one has appealed to the girls of Canada, to fit themselves for the prairie life, that, in many cases, will be theirs. The necessity of their being initiated into the mysteries of butter-making, &c., is so obvious that it speaks for itself. But the needs of the mind, not lying so much on the surface, are apt to be overlooked in the struggle for daily bread, and the culture that would supply them, so crushed down under the weight of household duties, that it will take whole generations of fostering care to nourish it into life again.

In a new country, where the men have to work from dawn till dark, where, if they have any leisure, they are too wearied to do aught but rest; where the only literature they have time or inclination for, is of the lightest order, the women ought to be the refiners and elevators of everyday life. As in the days of ancient Britain, when the Lady, that is, 'bread-giver,' could read and, perhaps, even write a

letter, and in whose hands the manners and morals of the household rested, so in the North-West, our women will be the only ones who will have leisure to cultivate æsthetic tastes, and in their hands will lie, in a great measure, the education of the coming generation.

Would it not be well then for our girls to prepare themselves for this responsibility, and be ready to go forth into their new, hard life, with their artistic tastes so developed that they may be quick to detect the many 'things of beauty,' or capabilities for beauty, in their surroundings, and be able to make them 'a joy forever,' and a refreshment to the wearied toilers.

A log cabin is not necessarily ugly—in fact, it always has the first elements of beauty, usefulness, and fitness for the purpose for which it was designed. If barren of ornament, still that barrenness is less hurtful to the æsthetic eye than vulgar adornment. How many an artist soul has its yearnings stifled by middle class elegance! How strong must be the æsthetic taste that can struggle into birth through the appalling weight of ordinary well-to-do furniture, handsome green rep curtains, with perhaps a geometrical pattern in gold oriel; a 'nice light brussels that won't show every speck,' of some impossible billowy pattern, and a 'really good set of parlour furniture.' The girl feels the dulness and ugliness, and without understanding its cause, tries to improve the look of the room with a few parti-coloured antimacassars, a green mat on the red table, a red mat on the green; a blue and silver bracket

on the white and gold wall; a flimsy wall pocket on this side of the mirror, a heavy one on that. And she has a certain measure of success, for these things, if not *too* ugly, either in themselves or in relation to the others, do give the room a certain comfortable look that does away with the impression that one often receives on entering a 'drawing room,' of having got into the tag end of a furniture shop by mistake.

But cultivate that girl's æsthetic tastes, send her to a log cabin, and see what a thing of beauty, a picture to be carried in the min'l's eye, through all the long, hot field-day, she may make it. In these days of pretty, cheap chintzes and combinations of soft, falling unbleached cotton and Turkey red, it does not take much money to make a home picturesque. Pine, or any common wood, is not necessarily ugly; varnished it would look far better than the painted imitations of foreign woods that we see in 'good' houses here. Walls to be kept clean and bright need not be whitened. Let every girl who thinks of going out West learn the art of colouring walls—doing it well, so that it will look soft and not rub off; and let her learn what tints are most becoming and most suitable for mural decorations. Then, if the furniture has the beauty of strength, comfort, and suitability to its surroundings, a great advance will have been obtained towards making that home the nursery of æsthetic tastes.

If some attention be not paid to

these things what have we to look forward to? Who does not know the well-to-do farm house, with its best patch-work quilts, resplendent in red or green stars and half-moons on a white ground? Who cannot foresee the prosperous farmers going into Winnipeg, with their wives to get new furniture, and choosing 'nice, cheerful,' light wall-paper, stiff chairs, shiny spindle-legged tables, bright china vases? Then there will be the old, old story—more struggles through the commonplace, more souls weighted with ugliness. In vain beauty smiles forth from the waving corn-fields, rustles in gladness through the summer trees, or wails mournfully among the brown net-work of boughs that break the monotony of the wintry sky. Within, the stiff, black hair-cloth sofa and stiffer chairs grimly hold their own on the dingy carpet; the dull, cold wall absorbs the faces of those who have the misfortune to be near it; gaudily-dyed grass ornaments the mantel-piece, and happy the owner thereof should it be of elegant white marble.

There is a pretty picture of Swiss life in Miss Mulock's 'Young Mrs. Jardine,' where the people are both simple and elegant—by-the-way, how often do we see those two words together—and where, though no one is rich, and all have to work, yet all are cultured. May we not hope that this picture will be, to a certain extent, true of our prairie life? It is for our women to decide, and we hope that they will prove worthy of their charge.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

(From the German of Uhland.)

BY GOWAN LEA.

HAST seen yon castle standing
 Beside the crystal sea,
 Around its tower commanding
 The white clouds wand'ring free :

Hast seen it downward bending
 To kiss the water clear,
 Its summit high ascending
 To touch the heavenly sphere ?

“ Ah yes, I know its seeming—
 That castle by the sea—
 The moon above it gleaming,
 The mist about the lea.”

Did breeze and crested billow
 Sound loudly forth and long,
 And from the festive chambers
 Came there a mirthful song ?

“ The wind and e'en the ocean
 But uttered plaintive sighs,
 A wail of deep emotion
 Called tears into my eyes.”

O did'st thou see the waving
 Of the monarch's crimson gown,
 The precious jewelled setting
 Of the fair queen's golden crown ;

A maiden were they leading
 With rapture and with grace,
 Celestial glory beaming
 Upon her lovely face ?

“ The regal pair were sitting
 Without a chaplet rare
 In mourning robes and fitting :
 The maiden was not there.”

EPISODES OF A LAW OFFICE.

BY A TORONTO PRACTITIONER.

DURING my practice it has often been my lot to come across queer clients, strange events, interesting correspondence, and amusing incidents, and it occurred to me that a short sketch of a few of them might help to pass an idle half-hour.

I was once sent for to see a person who was an inmate of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, and whose estate was under the fostering care of the Court of Chancery. I was admitted to see him, and was shewn into a private room, but was advised to be careful. He was a stout-built, able-bodied man, who, by his own exertions, had amassed considerable property, but an hereditary disease had overtaken him and placed him under control. He appeared to be rational in some of his remarks, and was, in his own opinion of course, confined unjustly and wanted me to obtain his release. After a time he began to talk on other subjects and remarked that he sometimes saw Chinamen constructing machines, which they floated on the top of the building. Suddenly he asked me if I could box. I answered in the negative, at the same time edging toward the door. He graciously replied that he would teach me the noble art, and straightway doubled up his fists, which, in addition to the very earnest, determined expression in his eyes, made me consider 'discretion the better part of valour,' and I ignominiously took to my heels, thankful to have escaped a rough handling, and with all doubts removed as to his being in the right place. Afterwards I received letters

from him reiterating his assertion as to his saneness, and in one he asked me to send up some of my clerks to join him and others in a game of cricket.

On another occasion I was sent for to see another inmate of the same institution. I had read the papers upon which he had been sent there, and so knew his mania. I had a chat with him and his answers were intelligent on the subjects about which we conversed. Casually I remarked about electricity, and thus struck the electric spark. He told me, in an excited, earnest tone, that he was an electric battery; that he could hear sounds from long distances, and could convey sounds and messages to persons a long distance off, and it was a shame to shut such a man up, as he would be useful to the Government in conveying messages. 'I hear people now talking miles away,' was one of his remarks. As the telephone has since come into use, perhaps he was the forerunner of Edison, but in advance of the times. Another illusion was that the 'Ku Klux Klan' were continually after him, and had got all his property: but for this it might now be said an important discovery was smothered through ignorance.

One morning an elderly woman came into the office with a large bundle of papers, in a Chancery suit between herself and her husband. She had a sharp, discontented face, and seemed to be a formidable customer to deal with, and had many complaints to make, among others that her husband had put his property out of his hands to prevent her getting any

maintenance from him. She represented that there was a mine of wealth to any lawyer who might choose to dig for it, and that her last solicitor had grossly neglected her business. I promised to give the matter due consideration, though a bundle of papers eight inches thick was not very promising. Knowing that her former solicitor was a good miner where there was any ore to be dug, I thought I would see him first. So soon as I mentioned the name to him, his exclamation, not to 'have anything to do with her,' was quite sufficient to deter my proceeding further. 'She will haunt and abuse you. I recovered some money and did all that could be done for her, yet the only recompense I got was abuse;' so I decided to put the papers aside. A few days afterwards she called to know what I had done. I told her I had made enquiries, and found there was nothing in her case, and handed back to her the papers. She looked at the bundle and at me, and then accused me of having kept some of them. I assured her that I had not done so, but she departed in high dudgeon. We are often bothered with people who have legal grievances. They take up your time with long stories of the wrongs they have suffered; want you, at your own risk, to take up some intricate and often impossible case; and it is not without difficulty that you rid yourself of them.

In answer to my 'come in,' a woman about forty-eight years old, of common place appearance and incongruously dressed in weeds and colours, made her entry into my office. Her husband had lately died without a will, and she and two gentlemen had been appointed to administer the estate. They, as she represented, had been robbing her and the estate; and the lawyer she had already employed had also robbed her. I had heard such stories of wholesale robbery before, and was not at all overpowered by the recital of her wrongs; yet although I

undertook the investigation of her affairs, I was not over sanguine of falling among thieves. I never before had so much trouble with a client as I had with her. Her husband had been a miser, and died a miserable death from a surfeit of green vegetables; and she was equally avaricious. This, coupled with ignorance and suspicion of everybody, rendered her anything but an angel. I was often deluged with instructions, information of large sums of money and securities (which had no existence in fact) which had been abstracted, and as I frequently paid no attention to half that was said, she on several occasions told me she had lost confidence in me, yet although I sought to be relieved I could not get rid of her, and was so involved in the suit that I could not retire from it without causing her loss. A suit in Chancery, however, was too much for her, and she succumbed to it and jaundice.

By her will she endeavoured to do one good action in providing for the establishment of a free library in her native town. Out of this arose an extensive litigation, illustrative of one of the many anomalies of law. Because she had no personal property except a mortgage on real estate, and because the bequest entailed the necessity of purchasing land, the Court held that the gift was void under the mortmain law. An amusing incident occurred in Court in a suit which had been brought on behalf of her estate. She had lent money to a woman whose notes were taken for the amount. To recover the amount of these her executor sued and the defendant put in a set-off made up of services rendered, attendances during her illness, etc., all of which were charged at an exorbitant rate. During the trial the defendant's counsel was called out of Court to go into the Criminal court for a moment. The defendant, who was a woman, had just gone into the witness box, and so her counsel asked Mr. B., another counsel, to go on with the case for a few minutes, at the same time putting

into his hands the statement of the set-off. Knowing very little about the case, Mr. B. thought he was to represent the plaintiff and to cross-examine the defendant as to her accounts and after running his eye over it and observing the excessive charges, he prepared for battle. He began by asking her in a sarcastic tone: 'Pray who helped you to make up this nice account?' to which she answered in a sharp aggressive tone, 'No one.' After remarking to her that the charges were outrageous, he began to examine her severely upon the several items. This roused her temper and she pitched into him and *vice versa*. The bystanders and judge, who knew of the error B. was labouring under, were much amused, but the altercation was too hot to allow Mr. B. to hear the whispers of his opponent to the effect that the witness was his client. What increased the witness's indignation was, that she thought Mr. B. was an interloper, and was examining her out of pure impudence. Her counsel's clerk rushed into the other court with the information that there was the d—l to pay, that B. and Mrs. M. were quarrelling, and that he must come in at once. B. was at last made to understand his mistake, whereupon he dropped the witness and his brief and made a sudden exit out of court.

One day I received a letter enclosing a bill in Chancery, and an intimation that my client would be down in a few days to instruct me. Shortly afterwards a young married woman made her appearance in the office and informed me that she was the daughter-in-law of the defendant and attended to his business, and would instruct me in the matter in question. Like most women she was governed rather more by her feelings than her reason, and so the instructions and proposed mode of defence were strong, emphatic and voluminous. She attended to the case through all its stages, and at the trial looked after the witnesses, and instructed counsel, whilst

her husband stood by with quiet admiration and acquiescence. Lady clients are often difficult to manage, and will rush at things in a headstrong manner, and are ready for anything. This one informed me during the sittings of the Court that she thought the plaintiff's witnesses would not be worth much. On my asking the reason, she coolly informed me that she had given money to a friend to treat them with liquor at the tavern. I failed to make her perceive the impropriety of such a proceeding and the bad effect it might have on her defence.

We often come across queer wills, letters, and documents, as well as singular clients. The other day I received the following instructions for a chattel mortgage: 'i Doo give to Mr F t two gree horses two bea merses (mares) and two new Duble wagens and two spring Colts in seycurtey for \$100.50' (meaning one hundred and fifty dollars). A client's letter, whom I advised that his suit had terminated adversely to him, after, of course, stating that the Court was wrong, ended with the words, '*O mores et tempores.*' One lady-client's letters, which generally covered eight closely written pages, had to be handed to a clerk for him to read and make a short synopsis of.

The other day a resident of Ireland, accompanied by his wife, turned up in the office. His brother had died in Canada, leaving a small property, and he and his wife had crossed the Atlantic to look after it, supposing there was no person here capable of doing so. I came across a letter which he had written to his deceased brother, a few extracts from which I will give. After stating that their mother was dead, he goes on: 'So your three brothers lived together for to years and was intended to live so untill we seen we could not keep house without a womankind so then we three agreed for Joseph to get married so he is now nine months married to a girl of the name of C—— from the

parish of S— of a most respectable family and got to hundred pounds sterling with her as a fortune so us three enjoys much comfort with her since we met some would be pritty farely circumstanced for living if we could get men and women for to do our work . . . Dear brother since it is the will of Almighty God you have no eire of your oune for your property would it not be well done for you to make your will and secture it for whatever friend you think most worthy of it and that would not shorten your dayes.' The writer of the above was Joseph, and, like the Joseph of old, was the victim of a woman, though, to judge from what he says, the honeymoon was not over. The hint about the will was an opportune one, and the concluding sentence consolatory, though Joseph is not the only person who thinks grim death appears as soon as a testamentary document has been executed.

Seldom I think have testators been so extraordinary in the expressions made use of in their wills as the celebrated 'Dr. D.' Some of my readers may have seen his, but I venture to give a few extracts: 'I leave the property of G. and all other landed property I may die possessed of to my sisters H. S. and E. B. The former because she is married to a minister whom (God help him) she henpecks; the latter because she is married to nobody, nor is she likely to be, for she is an old maid and not market ripe. I leave my sister J. my Bible, the property formerly of my great great grandmother, and when she knows as much of the spirit of it as she does of the letter, she will be a better Christian than she is. I also leave my late brother's watch to my brother S., exhorting him at the same time to give up whiggery, radicalism, and all other sins which do so easily beset him. I leave my brother A. my big silver snuff box, as I am informed he is rather a decent Christian with a snug belly and jolly face. I leave Parson C. (Maggie's husband), the

snuff box from the S. . . militia, as a small token of my gratitude for the service he has done the family, in taking a sister that no man of taste would have taken. I leave John C. a silver teapot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom, to comfort him under the affliction of a slatternly wife. I leave my silver cup with a sovereign in it, to my sister J. G. D., because she is an old maid and pious, and will therefore necessarily take to hoarding, and also my snuff mull, as it looks decent to see an old woman taking snuff.'

I lately came across a singular, and at the same time a hard, case. A man had been advised that it was not likely his wife would have any children. He made his will by which, after providing for his wife, he gave his property to his brothers and sisters. He was taken suddenly ill and died, but the day after he died his wife gave birth to a son. This son was cut out by the will. Had he been born the day before, the will would have been revoked and he would have succeeded to the property.

An old gentleman calling on me the other day reminded me that we have sometimes obstinate clients. Some property had been left to him by his father, under whose will he took an estate tail, which he could at any time bar. He entered into an agreement to sell the land, but afterwards rued his bargain and refused to carry it out. A suit was brought in Chancery to compel him, and a decree was made by the Court, ordering him to convey the land. He refused to sign the deed and was committed to gaol. He remained there for several months and refused to sign, though solicited to do so by his wife and friends. He had a notion in his head that if he died in gaol without signing the deed, his children would get the land. I saw him often and, though he suffered greatly from the confinement, continued obstinate. At last I convinced him that though he died in his obstinacy, it

would not alter matters, and in one of his weak moments I persuaded him to sign the deed. The person to whom he had agreed to sell the land, and who was the cause of his incarceration was his brother. Family jars are the most irksome and desperate quarrels that come under our notice. Husband and wife when they go to law are very fierce, and the hate gets to a white heat, but sometimes cools down. I remember acting for a woman whose husband had ill-treated her. I instituted proceedings against him, but he expressing a desire to make some provisions for her without further litigation, they came together to the office to have the necessary papers drawn. He was rather an amusing, cunning fellow, and never said 'I will,' but always made use of the Royal 'We.' They sat one on each other side of me whilst I was preparing the papers. I was diverted by his occasionally walking round at my back and getting on his knees and taking her hand, entreating her to return. She was, however, obdurate, probably knowing that his protestations were like the winds, changeable. On a subsequent occasion, however, he induced her to live with him again, having been advised that it would have the effect of destroying her settlement. It was not long before he resumed his former conduct towards her, and she again left him, whereupon he brought a suit to set aside the settlement I had drawn, but technical as the law may be, it was expansive enough to prevent him from benefiting by his conduct.

Last summer, an old woman, I should judge she was seventy years years old, called on me and wanted proceedings taken against her husband, with whom she had lived forty years. Jealousy was the only cause of the trouble. She had grandchildren nearly grown up, and several children of her own, who were willing to take care of her, but she objected to going to them because, as I suspected, she could not get liquor at their houses. I endea-

voured to persuade her to live with one of her daughters, but she was obstinate, and so I obtained a separate maintenance.

Sometimes breach of promise of marriage cases come under our cognizance. I remember an action being brought for a broken-hearted damsel, but before the trial of the case was reached she had allowed her outraged affections to be soothed by the love of another swain. She and her husband came to the office together to acquaint us of the fact of the marriage, and desired to know if the case could not still be proceeded with. It was suggested to the husband that perhaps HE might have cause of complaint because the faithless lover had broken his engagement and he had been induced to step into his shoes. A young man came with the defence to an action brought against him for breach of promise of marriage. He admitted that he had promised and broken troth. All is said to be fair in love as in war, and I suppose the same rule prevails in law; at all events, it is frequently adopted. He was asked if he thought the young woman would accept him if he went and offered to marry her. He thought she would not, and was advised to go and try his luck. He went in much trepidation, fearing that she might accept his proposal, but the damsel's irate father threatened to kick him out of doors. A plea of tender and refusal was put in on behalf of the defendant, and no more was heard of the action.

I was engaged in a case in which premeditated perjury and forgery were made use of freely. I had brought a suit to set aside a deed which my client alleged had been made to defraud him of a debt due to him by the maker of the deed. The land had been conveyed to the children by a former husband of the grantor's wife. The defence was that the wife had advanced to the present husband some of the children's money on account of the land, upon the understanding that if the money

was not returned within a year, the land should belong to the children; that this agreement was put into writing at the time; and that it was in pursuance of this agreement the land had been conveyed to the children. Before the case was brought on for trial several attempts were made to see this document, but it was kept back on one pretence or another. The wife went into the witness box at the trial to give evidence, and produced a document, which she swore was the one referred to in the defence. It was written on English note paper, with violet ink, and was fresh looking. The document purported to have been made some six years previously, and drawn up in the United States, where they seldom use English note paper. On cross-examination, she adhered to the statement that it was the true document; that it had been in her possession ever since its date, either about her person or in her bedroom. She explained how it was drawn, where, and by whom, and stated that on the day it was dated she was engaged in her usual occupation, which was a huckster of vegetables. On searching it was found that the day of its date was a Sunday. Before her cross-examination was concluded the Court rose, but before leaving the bench the Judge spoke to her in a severe tone and pointed out to her that the appearance of the document discredited her story, that it was writ-

ten with ink which was not in use at the time, and he warned her to be prepared to tell the truth next morning. In answer to the first question put to her in the morning, she admitted that she had procured the document to be drawn a few weeks previously, which at once ended the defence.

I will conclude with a couple of Court episodes. A barrister, who had more assurance than learning, was laying down a certain proposition as being the law. The Judge, not being satisfied, asked where he found his law. The barrister read from a text-book, upon which the Judge said, 'Mr. G., what case is cited in support of the text?' The counsel looks at the foot notes and sees '*Smith v. Jones, ubi supra.*' With a self-satisfied smile he looks up and says, "Your lordship will find the case reported in *Supra's Reports*," upon hearing which his lordship subsided. Some forty years ago, when classical knowledge was not so easily attained, nor, perhaps, so requisite as it is now, a well-known barrister, popular with juries, was engaged for the defence in a horse case. The plaintiff's counsel had praised the horse in high terms. In his speech to the jury on behalf of the defence, his opponent said, 'Why, gentlemen of the jury, after hearing my learned friend, you would suppose the horse was a regular *Bellyruffin*' (*Bellerophon*).

THE BENNETT CASE.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, TORONTO.

BENNETT has passed beyond verdicts and reprieves. To use one of his own attempts at poetry,

‘Through the dark, sad mystery
Of God’s sacred history,
He has gone.

Nobody, still less the writer, can have any desire now to array before the bar of literary criticism the merits of a case already disposed of by what must be considered, on the whole, an unexceptionable tribunal; nor is there here, and at present, any intention of discussing the social, psychological, and religious questions which the circumstances preceding, attending, and following the fatal event of the 25th of March, suggest. Even with the few legislative problems which stand up in the path of one exploring this dark and melancholy story of expiated crime, if there was inclination and time, there is no space to deal. No complaint of any importance calls for deliberate expression. It was no scandal to hang Bennett. He received a fair trial. The demeanour of Mr. Irving in this as in all other cases, when I have seen him represent the Crown, was a model for a prosecuting counsel. The Judge was Mr. Justice Cameron, whose charge was one of the most severely impartial judicial utterances I ever heard. Mr. Irving was satisfied. I was satisfied. Some of the jury seem to have entertained strong opinions on the case before entering the box. This was perhaps unavoidable, and, under any circumstances, it may be, the result would not have been other than it was. But, for this very reason, the

trial, with its surroundings, furnish the best possible opportunity for improving sentiments and conduct inconsistent with fairness, to say nothing of the Divine Spirit of our Lord, which is supposed to be abroad amongst us. It may, at the same time, be possible, within the compass of a few fugitive pages, to correct some of the mistakes of persons who took an interest in the case, and to point out what is the law of homicide, about which the humblest person in the community is supposed to be accurately informed, but concerning which, so far as it relates to wounding, followed, after the lapse of some time, by death, there is very considerable ignorance even amongst educated men. It will, I hope, be remembered that I am not writing in an organ of legal opinion, read exclusively by lawyers, but in a popular magazine, and therefore addressing, in the main, a lay audience.

The Press forgot its duties and, I am sure without design, acted with unfairness. Newspapers are the officers of a court with very real powers—that of public opinion; and before this tribunal they arraigned Bennett, using language which no prosecuting counsel dare use to-day in any court of the empire, but which was very familiar when Scroggs and Jeffreys, and lawyers of their stamp, were attorneys-general for the vilest of the Stuarts. This, of course, coloured, nay dyed, the source whence his judges were to be drawn. ‘Bennett,’ says the *By-stander*, ‘went into the dock with the rope round his neck; for writers, not meaning to do anything wrong, yet, as

we think, forgetting what is due to a prisoner awaiting his trial, had been all along calling him the murderer and the assassin.' And at last, by suppressing the speech of the prisoner's counsel they, thoughtlessly again, shut the prisoner's mouth. Suppose it was a Russell instead of a Bennett who was on trial for his life. 'Ah! there is a great difference,' some one will say. Justice knows of no difference until after the verdict. *Audi alteram partem* ought to be a sacred rule with a newspaper under all circumstances; but especially when the subject of their criticism is charged with the most serious of all crimes. If the newspaper insists on being the judge, whether the two sides shall or shall not be heard, there is at once established a tyranny of a very hateful kind. To prevent such a tyranny, is one of the great objects for which rival newspapers are established. But after all has been done that is possible in this way, it is clear an unscrupulous newspaper proprietor has portentous scope for the exercise of injustice and wrong. The newspaper, from being the organ of people with ideas, is rapidly becoming the chattel of mercantile speculation. There is money to be made by it. It is passing under the control of the ignorant and acquisitive, greedy men without ideas, without love of liberty, without passion for right, and owing to the injustice of the anonymous system by which one man gets the credit of another's brains, genius is enslaved to the usurer and the Jew. The natural order is reversed; Prospero is in the thrall of Caliban; the author of 'The Light of Asia,' an Oxford man of learning and genius, if ever such drank at the sacred fount in those venerable halls, is the editor, or shall we use Mr. Gordon Brown's word in the witness box, the 'amanuensis' for Mr. Levi, or Mr. Lawson Levi, or Mr. Levi-Lawson, or whatever else he calls himself now, and when Levi gives the order for the *Telegraph* to right-about-face and fire into the ranks of its

friends, Arnold has to execute the ignoble movement. There is no check on the newspaper save the public opinion it does so much to create.

The majestic impartiality of our criminal jurisprudence is apparently little appreciated, especially among women, whose education occupies itself chiefly with fitting them for the marriage market, where it would seem the prize-taking qualities are not those which make a wise counselor, a solid friend, and a fit shaper of the mind and character of offspring, but rather such as appeal to the senses. After the struggles of centuries, after wrongs which should never be forgotten, and triumphs which should make some of the leading names of English jurisprudence household words for all time, on most of us the severe beauty of Justice in her noblest mood is lost. That mood and moment is not when she, amid universal approbation, bids palpable innocence go free, but rather when, in the face of prejudice and passion, in the din and clamour made by brutal sentiment, whose owners take it for an evidence, expression, and justification of their humanity, she, athwart some forlorn wretch, forgotten by his cup-companions, abandoned by those who sucked the same paps, around whom the toils are closing, flings the shield of her protection, and standing by him when, it may be, his own mother has forsaken him, says, 'For you as much as if you were the noblest of the sons of men are those helps and tests by which I secure that only the guilty can possibly suffer.' I found some men who thought I ought not to have allowed myself to be retained for Bennett; while the ladies were so united on this point, that one was tempted to say that in fixing the sex of Justice the ancients were guilty of fulsome flattery. I was shocked to find how general is the incapacity for pity of that noblest sort, which, without wishing to stay for a moment the hand of justice, can feel for the stran-

gled felon as well as for the dying hero. Even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer when Horatius flung himself into the boiling Tiber, and the merit of shedding a tear over suffering, in sentimental or heroic situations, is not very great. The idea seemed to be, especially as I have indicated, with women, whom we men, gladly deceived by the charm of difference of sex, are apt to think of as a compact of finer human clay than ourselves, that Bennett should have been prosecuted by all the power and with all the advantages at the disposal of the Crown, and have been left without any one to plead his cause. I suppose some of the young women, and women no longer young, who, with their heads tossed up, declared what they would do with the accused but untried man, thought they were showing themselves embodiments of virtuous indignation; in reality, they were demonstrating what a small moral and intellectual interval there may be between the civilized woman and the squaw. One professional friend told me I should make a bitter enemy of Mr. Gordon Brown. I replied that I knew Mr. Gordon Brown better, and that if I made an enemy of every man in Canada I would do my duty to my client. When Ambrose Rookwood was being tried for conspiracy against the life of King William III., his counsel, Sir Bartholomew Shower, was making apologies for the boldness of the line of defence. The greatest of England's Chief Justices at once reproved him: 'Never make apologies, Sir Bartholomew; for it is as lawful for you to be counsel in this case as in any other case in which the law allows counsel. It is expected you should do your best for those you are assigned to defend against the charge of high treason (though for attempting the king's life), as it is expected in any other case that you do your duty for your client.'

Some curiosity has been manifested both as to the substance and manner

of the defence. Why did I not set up the plea of insanity? I think, in Canada—thanks to the strong sense of our people—the plea is a weak one. However, no medical man of character would say that Bennett, after he had been a few days in prison, was insane. One friend examined him for me and told me he was perfectly sane. He was undoubtedly in an unsound state of mind on the 25th of March and for days before. Writing and keeping upon his person criminating documents would indicate madness, were it not that those documents showed that he contemplated suicide and therefore intended that those documents should be found upon him. The character of these documents is undoubtedly crazy, and it would have been easy to get medical men of authority to predicate his insanity on the basis of these letters alone, if I could have paid them. Even then there would have been the question whether the insanity was not superinduced. If it was it would furnish no answer to a charge of murder. Machaon, who wrote to one of the papers in an excellent spirit, seemed unaware that if a man, by drinking, renders himself furious or insane, he is responsible for what he does, and if he kills any one while in that state is guilty of murder. It is an established fact that excessive quantities of whiskey develop in some organisations homicidal mania, just as rape and excessive beer-drinking seem, as regards brutal natures, correlatives. But Bennett had no money. It turned out that the mortgage, of which he appears to have talked a good deal before the tragedy, and which he assigned to me to work up his defence, had no existence. The Government refused to pay the necessary cost of obtaining the evidence of experts.

The same pecuniary infirmity belonged to my efforts to obtain medical testimony respecting the pathology of the case. More than one medical man declared Mr. Brown ought not to have died; some dwelt on alleged malprac-

tice ; but, save the generous few who, unpaid, gave evidence at the trial, all, with smug cowardice, told me they would not say in the witness box what they told me. I shall have to return again to the medical aspect of the case. Meanwhile I cannot but express my regret that such persons as ' Old Army Surgeon ' did not communicate with me when their opinions would have been of some practical value ; or was he one of those whom I found unwilling to give their opinions openly ?

One of the mistakes of ' Old Army Surgeon ' may be given as typical of those of other correspondents. He properly dwells on the importance of the distinction between elongated and round bullets, and the character of their respective wounds, and seems to think both were overlooked. Had he been present at the trial he would have known that Dr. Thorburn was cross-examined at length on this point, that Dr. Clark was asked about it, and that Drs. Philbrick and Bethune were examined upon it.

Machaon never errs while he confines himself to ' trying the spirits,' and his astonishment at the aberrations of human sympathy, as manifested within the last six months in Toronto, will, upon reflection, be shared, it is to be hoped, by some of the victims of hysterical sentiment. Nothing can be more certain than that Bennett in his sober senses would never have killed Mr. Brown, nor I believe any one else. He had, as I could have shown, only I feared to give an opportunity to the prosecution of calling his real or reputed wife, a kindly reputation among his fellow-workmen. The letters were all written within the period of his drunken spree. I told the jury the Hon. Geo. Brown was wrong in refusing to sign a paper which appeared to have merely stated that he had been five years in his employment. Nobody will believe he was five years in that service without doing his work satisfactorily. I should have been criminal as an advocate if I did not state the

above proposition. Whether it could be successfully maintained from the standpoint of an impartial critic is another question. Bennett clearly did not go to shoot Mr. Brown down, else he would have fired at him on entering the room. If he had a homicidal purpose it was contingent on what to his shattered and distorted sense of justice seemed a great wrong.

De Coursier murders a brother, firing into his victim's body twice. He plans the deed and carries it out when unexcited by drink. Because of a hideous circumstance in the history of the relations between the two brothers, but which clearly made no part of the motive to the crime, a portion of the press writes in favour of commutation of sentence. Ladies of the first respectability and high intelligence, finding in most inodorous material food for sentimentality, interest themselves in the convict ; a petition is numerously signed, and, after the Minister of Justice has advised the denial of its prayer, Mr. Rainsford rushes off to Ottawa to persuade the Government to reconsider a step taken in the face of the whole country. For the wretched Bennett there was nothing but invective which made the result of the trial a foregone conclusion.

' Is it probable,' asks Machaon, ' that the pistol exploded in consequence of Mr. Brown grasping the wrist of Bennett and struggling with him ? ' It is hard to say. But much more than this had to be considered ; not only are the general presumptions of law recognised in criminal jurisprudence, it has peculiar presumptions of its own. If it is proved that the accused had a loaded weapon in his hand which went off in the direction of the person injured, the prosecution is relieved from showing that death or grievous bodily harm was intended. The burden of proof is on the prisoner. It is for him to make it plain that the presumption of culpable motive is erroneous ; or at least to throw such a doubt thereon, that to act on it will

not appear safe to a conscientious man, alive to the doctrine that in the interest of justice, that is, of the whole community, and of the prisoner as a member of that community, the benefit of any doubt redounds to the defence.

In the Bennett case, the firing of the pistol had to be inferred from circumstances. It was not denied, and there could be no doubt, that the pistol was in Bennett's hand when it went off. Did it go off by accident? Did the vigorous shake the Hon. George Brown gave him send it off? Did the deceased touch the trigger in the scuffle? But there is a question before these. How came the pistol to be in Bennett's hand? This cannot be answered on any innocent hypothesis, though theories are admissible, and, it may be, probable, which exclude the idea of murder. On the 26th of March, he seemed astonished and shocked at being charged with shooting with intent, and then gave me the explanation that he took the pistol out of his pocket intending to place it in his left hand, in order that he might search for a paper. But no paper was found in the revolver pocket and it is certain no paper was there.

Strange to say, the most damaging point in this part of the case was never brought out by the prosecution, just as in the De Coursier case the darkest feature, the possession of the poison, was also passed over. The pistol was placed in the hands of two witnesses, Inspector Stuart and Policeman Gregory, but they were not asked to explain to the jury the action of the hammer, which had to be cocked before the trigger would act. Did Bennett go into the *Globe* office carrying the hammer cocked? Very unlikely. Did he cock it there? It was because of this, that I considered I gained a great advantage by keeping out a portion of the evidence given before the Coroner. All Mr. Brown uttered out of hearing of the prisoner (which the witnesses swore before the Coroner was

spoken within his hearing, though one question answered by all of them in the affirmative showed this to be impossible), I thought in favour of my client, until Mr. Houston told how Mr. Brown, when the prisoner placed his hand behind his back, heard a 'click.' Put away Bennett's letters, put away all he said after the fatal act, take only the naked circumstances enacted within Mr. Brown's room and in the lobby outside, and let that 'click' with its metallic sound fall on the jury's ear, and the task of an advocate would be a difficult, if not an impossible one. But with all the facts!

We speak of a 'chain' of circumstantial evidence: a rope is the best figure. Take the rope here, cord by cord, of legitimately proved circumstances; the buying the pistol; the dismissal; the refusal of a recommendation; the contemplated suicide; the earnest inquiries a few minutes before the tragedy whether Mr. Brown is alone in his office; the report of the pistol; the cries of 'murder;' the struggle; the pistol warm from recent discharge; one chamber empty; the wound; the bullet found which is like others in the prisoner's possession, and in the unloaded chambers of the revolver; the documents found in prisoner's possession, all written recently and registering a determination to kill three persons, one being so described as to apply by no possibility to any one but the late Mr. Brown; this determination to kill declared to be contingent on Mr. Brown's doing, a second time, what it was proved and admitted he did do, namely, refuse to sign a paper having reference to a term of service; the prisoner's description of his act as designed to one policeman, and using language to another which was fairly open to a like construction. Put all these cords together, and it will be seen the cable of fate is not stronger than that which bound Bennett to his doom.

Very much less evidence would

have been enough to make a jury, taken from an excited and inflamed people, find a verdict of guilty. But the public mind was—shall I say prepared?—by reading of Bennett's troubles with two women, one of whom claims the sinister status of the strangled man's widow. Whatever view may be taken of his relationship to these women, while the worst did not place him below the character of men of low dissipated habits, the very best shut the door of sympathy against him. Every man thinks with becoming severity of the licentiousness and harshness to women of other men, just as every woman, whatever her own conduct, is a 'dragon of virtue' when she discusses the frailties of her sisters; and without inquiry, the virtuous young lions of the paragraph column saw an opportunity for roaring, and they roared. How much better, how much more decent, how much more satisfactory, to have allowed the evidence, as set out above, at the proper time and before an authoritative tribunal, its legitimate work. The law presumed him innocent until he was found guilty by a jury of his countrymen; the press, the boasted organ of progress and enlightenment, proclaimed him guilty, and called for vengeance before he was tried. Referring to similar conduct on the part of newspapers in England in other days, Best, in the course of a noble passage, unfortunately too long to transcribe, says:—"Under colour of the horror of the crime, but more probably with the view of pandering to excited curiosity and morbid feeling, a course has been taken, calculated to deprive of all chance of a fair trial, the unfortunate individual who was suspected of it." He goes on to show that in this way the jury, and in most cases the judge, are unconsciously and imperceptibly deprived of all capacity for impartiality. The evil can only be realized by supposing a strong case of circumstantial evidence against an innocent person, and the press howling away all possibility

of a fair inquiry and a deliberate judgment. The *Mail*, which is now, both in size, appearance, news, and ability, the first paper in the Dominion, even as it is the ablest paper on the continent, will, I hope, when next a prisoner is on trial for his life, set an example of reticence and self-control.

Bennett, when apparently in a religious state of mind, and on the point of death, denied his guilt. But he added, the liquor was in him, and so the matter occurred. It is possible, therefore, to hold the case against him proved, without branding him as a liar and a hypocrite in the most solemn and awful of situations. But in any case the history of criminal trials reduces to zero the ground for believing dying declarations, however accompanied by religious professions. Palmer, the poisoner, died protesting his innocence. So have hundreds regarding whose guilt there could be no doubt. So powerful is the desire of human esteem! The profession of religion itself may be our expression of that desire. Even when the criminal's religious profession is sincere it must be remembered that good influences are recent, and that loose and debased views of morality and the character of God are not inconsistent with piety. Will one small lie (he may think), which does no one any harm, outweigh all his repentance or withstand the purgation of all his tears? The co-operation of egotism and imagination may suborn memory and drug and debauch conscience so far, that the criminal persuades himself that his will was never inflexible to the imputed motive. The curious, but not rare, anomaly of false confession of guilt, not only where there might have been a criminal, but where there was no *corpus delicti*, and therefore no possibility that the confession could be true, adds to the infirmity of dying utterances, and makes it wholly impossible to pay any attention to them when opposed to facts.

The only hope of saving Bennett

from the gallows rested on grounds having nothing to do with that portion of the case to which alone confessions and protests could have any reference. The wound was superficial. It never touched a muscle. There are no veins or arteries of any importance in the locality. Dr. Thorburn swore it was not mortal. I do not want to analyze the medical evidence. I have said there was no scandal in hanging Bennett. But henceforth, after what was witnessed at that trial, it will be scandalous should the Government, in any case where medical questions arise and the prisoner is poor, refuse to supply funds adequate for securing that the forces shall, at least, approximate to equality. No matter who the prisoner was, with like professional interests involved or supposed to be involved, there would, of course, have been the same phenomena in the witness box, and prior to the trial the prisoner's counsel would have met with the same reluctance on the part of medical men, unpaid, to offend, or do what they thought would offend, powerful men in their profession, as regards interest, connection, and influence. It was admitted on all hands that Mr. Brown was, to say the least, very imprudent in holding the *Globe* meeting five days after the wound; it was proved that on the following day, when Dr. Aikins saw him for the first time, there was a patch of five inches of tissue bordering on mortification; that henceforth the chance of Mr. Brown's constitution triumphing, or as the doctors would put it (to which I don't object), of saving Mr. Brown, was reduced to zero. For some reason or other it seems to have been thought that Dr. Thorburn's reputation was involved in maintaining the following proposition:—That a man of sixty, whose life had been consumed in incessant toil, making a speech of two hours and a half while suffering from a gun-shot wound, does nothing to precipitate his death. To maintain this proposition Dr. Aikins, certainly an astute and zealous wit-

ness, and who was not present at the *Globe* meeting, declared that from long acquaintance with Mr. Brown (I suppose being fully acquainted with his unexcitable, phlegmatic temper), and from the fact that Mr. Brown was accustomed to making speeches (his speaking, no doubt, Dr. Aikens reflected, being accompanied with a frigid temperature of body and mind), speaking for two hours and a half would not excite *him*!

Had Mr. Brown been a man of ordinary will, Dr. Thorburn's reputation would have been involved. But, as Mr. Gordon Brown said, his brother's temperament was such that it would have done him more harm to have forced him to forego holding the meeting than to have let him have his way. It would have been the same if for the words 'holding the meeting' are substituted 'drinking a quart of whiskey.' The uncontrollable strength of will of the deceased absolves Dr. Thorburn, who did the next best thing in his power; he attended the meeting, watching his patient through the perilous endeavour. The next day the wound was in a condition to inspire alarm. At the trial Dr. Thorburn swore that inflammation had showed itself the day before the meeting. He did not swear this at the inquest. He also said that Dr. Aikins was called in before the day on which he came. Dr. Aikins did not remember this. We had not Dr. Thorburn's notes, though I gave Mr. Fenton notice that I would call for them. I believe Dr. Thorburn was mistaken as to the chronology of the inflammation. It is to his credit to believe this. If, after the symptoms were of a character so inflamed as to suggest further advice, he allowed Mr. Brown to hold the meeting, or countenanced his holding it, or did not feel called on to drug him into quiet, if necessary, his conduct would be difficult to defend.

With a young patient rest would have been an essential condition of

recovery. It was essential in the last degree for a man of Mr. Brown's age. With rest the chances were all in favour of recovery. Had we here a state of things whence it was impossible such a want of certainty as to the cause of death should not arise as is contemplated by the Judge when he tells the jury that they must give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt?

Looking, however, at the law, not as it is popularly supposed to be, but as it actually is, no one could reasonably quarrel with the verdict. If a man is shot at and slightly wounded, and in consequence of developments connected with that wound he dies, it is murder, no matter how gross the want of skill of his medical attendants, or how wildly imprudent soever may have been his own behaviour. Unless it be shown that the applications ordered by his medical men, or his own acts, were directly and solely the cause of death, the person who inflicted the wound is guilty of murder.

The law makes a distinction between murder and shooting with intent to kill, though there can be no moral difference. But no distinction is made between the case of one who kills another instantaneously, and that of a man who has inflicted a slight wound, which, owing to a doctor's want of skill or to his own misconduct, passed from non-mortal to deadly. So that you might have two men tried for inflicting wounds precisely similar in character, with similar weapons, on individuals of the same age, and of equally healthy conditions—the equalities failing only as regards the skill of their medical men or their own caution, and yet one shall be found guilty of murder and hanged, the other of wounding with intent to kill, or do grievous bodily harm, or of common assault, and punished accordingly. Thus the man whose victim dies is evidently punished for what he is not responsible. The law to-day is as it was laid down by Lord Hale :

'It is sufficient to constitute murder, that the party dies of the wound given by the prisoner, although the wound was not originally mortal, but became so in consequence of negligence or unskilful treatment; but it is otherwise where death arises not from the wound, but from unskilful applications or operations used for the purpose of curing it.' The distinction here is surely very fine. How are the jury to say whether death resulted from a wound rendered mortal by improper treatment, or from improper treatment irrespective of the wound? 'In the majority of cases,' says an eminent authority,* 'such a distinction could scarcely be established except upon speculative grounds, and in no case probably would there be any accordance in the opinions of medical witnesses. In slight and unimportant wounds, it might not be difficult to distinguish the effects resulting from bad treatment from those connected with the wound; but there can be few cases of severe injury to the person wherein a distinction of this nature could be safely made; and the probability is that no conviction for murder would now take place if the medical evidence showed that the injury was not originally mortal, but only became so by unskilful and improper treatment.' The question is whether this probability should not be embodied in a statute, so as to remove as far away as possible from our judicial precedence the disturbing influence of popular passion. There are still stronger expressions of opinion by Dr. Taylor, which I read to the jury, but which are supported by no controlling authority. When I spoke above of this learned author as an authority, I used the word only as we apply it to a man eminent in any walk of art or science. I have alluded to the misapprehension on the subject of homicide. It seems to be thought very generally, that if

* *The Principles and Practice of Medical Jurisprudence.* By Alfred Swain Taylor, M.D., F.R.S. Vol. 1, p. 571.

a man was in an unwholesome state of body, or if his own imprudence so inflamed an injury, that what was not mortal should become mortal, or if his wound was unskilfully treated, or if he refused medical assistance, or refused to be guided by his medical man, that in any one of these cases the inflictor of the wound could not be brought in guilty of murder. But as I have indicated all this is misapprehension. In a case of Kelly tried for the murder of constable Talbot, the plea of malpractice was raised; but when Mr. Butt sought to go into the question, whether the wound was treated skilfully or not, he was at once stopped by the Chief Justice, and was allowed to proceed only on the statement that he intended to prove that the operation made by Mr. Stokes was the direct cause of death. The bullet struck Talbot in the back of the neck, fracturing and splintering the atlas. The immediate cause of death was inflammation of the spinal cord and its membranes. Mr. Stokes considered it necessary to remove the bullet. In this operation a small artery (the occipital) was divided, but the quantity of blood lost was trifling.

Talbot was an informer, and the verdict of 'not guilty' belongs to that class of verdicts where sentiment—sometimes in favour, sometimes against the accused—has overborne law and evidence. In the case of Governor Wall it was attempted to be shown in evidence that the deceased had destroyed himself by the immoderate use of spirits while under treatment in the hospital; but the Lord Chief Baron told the jury that no man was authorized to place another in so perilous a predicament as to make the preservation of his life depend upon his own prudence. In like manner the law will not regard neglect to call in a medical practitioner, or refusal to receive his advice, as mitigatory

(*The Queen v. Hulme*; *Reg. v. Travers*, Taylor, vol. 1, p. 574.) So with cases where death would have been avoidable but for some unhealthy condition of body (*The Queen v. Bell*). In the case of *The Queen v. Wallis* (tried at Cambridge in 1864), the plea was put in that the prisoner was entitled to an acquittal if the cause of death were partly traceable to injuries and partly to natural or other causes, Counsel quoting *Johnson's case*.* Baron Channell overruled the plea, saying that it was bad law in the face of recent decisions. But for the injuries the woman would not have died; therefore the act of the prisoner was the moving cause of her death. Perhaps this meets what might be called the common-sense demands of the case. But it does not seem correct or consistent reasoning; and what cannot be described as correct reasoning must be of doubtful policy when embodied in law. 'It is homicide,' say the Commissioners appointed to define the Criminal Law on important subjects of homicide, 'although the effect of the injury be merely to accelerate the death of one labouring under some previous injury or infirmity, or although if timely remedies or skilful treatment had been applied, death might have been prevented.' This is precisely what was laid down by Lord Hale, that 'if a man have a disease which, in all likelihood, would terminate his life in a short time, and another give him a wound or hurt which hastens his death, this is such a killing as constitutes murder.'

Is the law relating to homicide satisfactory? May not certain changes be made therein with advantage? These are interesting questions to which I hope, at an early day, to return. At present I have exceeded the space at my disposal.

* Lewin's C. C., vol. 1, p. 167.

THE HEROISM OF LA PETITE MARIE.

BY BLANCHE L. MACDONELL, MONTREAL.

IT was Saturday evening, and therefore an unusually busy time in the shop of Père Lacoste, who owned the one *boutique* in the village of Beaulieu, monopolizing the small trade of the community, while it contained everything which the modest requirements of the villagers could possibly demand, from bread to brandy, candles to calico, pins to pipes. The shop also served as Post Office, besides offering a place of *rendez-vous* for all the gossips of the village. After the celebration of Grande Messe, Sunday is enjoyed as a festival by the French Canadians. On the present occasion *habitants* from the country drove in to visit their friends in Beaulieu; there was dancing, card playing, and jesting going on all through the village. M. le Curé himself did not hesitate to take a hand at a staid rubber of whist with some of his parishioners of the better class. Gaiety being the order of the day on Sunday, Saturday evening was the fashionable time for shopping in Beaulieu, that hour combining the two-fold advantage of supplying one's wants, while it afforded an excuse for social gatherings. The Canadian being naturally gregarious, sociability was one of the most marked features of life in the small community. It was fortunate that it was so, for in winter, covered and hemmed in by snow, during many weeks of spring and autumn, cut off by numerous leagues of impassable roads from any communication from without, remote from any large town, Beaulieu might as well have been situated at the North Pole, so far did it seem

removed from the busy turmoil of the world.

At the time we write of, it was the termination of a most unpleasant and an unusually severe winter. For long months the village had been surrounded by massive drifts and ponderous banks of snow, until it had seemed likely to be buried beneath the weight of crisp whiteness; then the brightening days had brought sudden, violent thaw. Colour and glitter faded from the solemn white landscape, the exhilarating breath of winter changed to a chilly, penetrating dampness, icicles, sparkling with a variety of delicately evanescent hues dissolved rapidly into water, the sunlights of early spring speedily converted huge masses of dazzling snow into yellow slush.

It had rained heavily for a week, a downpour of mingled sleet and water, the river appeared like a solid wall of grey mist, the village streets a succession of miniature lakes and rivers, through which the villagers waded on their wooden *sabôts*; but in Père Lacoste's shop there was plenty of warmth and brightness. The raftered ceiling, black with age and smoke, was hung with hams and bacon, the lamps in the window cast long, quivering rays of brightness upon the gleaming puddles without, while around the great, red-hot stove, was gathered a group of men, discussing in their guttural *patois* the height to which the river might be expected to rise when the ice shove would take place, and the amount of damage the flood would cause.

Behind the counter, Père Lacoste, a little, dry, shrivelled old man, with a

parti-coloured *tuque* pulled down over his ears, argued and bargained with animated gestures, as though the fate of the nation depended upon each separate decision, regarding a pound of candles and half a pound of tea. Père Lacoste was an autocrat in his own domain, but he enjoyed the fascination of bargaining quite as well as the satisfaction of a clear profit. He was assisted by his little servant, who was as sweet as she was lovely, for Marie Leduc was allowed to be the prettiest girl in the parish of Beaulieu. Even M. le Curé, who had taken infinite trouble to impress the dangers of vanity upon the young girl's mind, delighted privately to point her out to his friends as a pure type of Canadian beauty. La petite Marie was really charmingly pretty in a blushing, dimpling, softly-rounded style of loveliness, irresistibly seductive. The clear, olive complexion, soft as velvet, changed to richest crimson upon cheek and lip, the brown eyes were tender and liquid as those of a young fawn, the dark hair clustered around the small head in picturesque wavy ringlets which would have delighted an artist. A dainty little figure in her skirt of dark blue homespun, and mantelet of crimson flannel, she moved busily to and fro. She was an orphan, and merely the little servant of Mère Lacoste; but in that primitive state of society was treated much as a daughter would have been by the childless old couple. Marie was far too busy to notice the sly glances of admiration cast in her direction, the most subtle flatteries awoke no response in her girlish breast, her heart had so long held one image sacred that there was no room for any weaker impression. There were few in Beaulieu insensible to the charm of la petite Marie's lovely laughing face and gentle manner, but the exception was the one whom in all the world she desired most to propitiate, for was not Père Vanier the father of Léon, whom she had loved all her life. Michel Vanier was not

an accessible person, however, and all the girl's shy conscious efforts at conciliation were met either by a fierce scowl or a muttered curse. Michel always proclaimed himself openly to be a woman hater, and declared that the devil must be a woman: had he not lost his only son through a woman's wiles?

Père Vanier had originally been the village blacksmith, but had abandoned his trade in order to turn his attention to speculating in grain; carrying on this business in a small way. Being keen, shrewd and cautious, he eventually realized a considerable fortune. With more energy and purpose than most of his countrymen, in intelligence he had risen above them, but hard, bitter and suspicious in character, he was universally dreaded and disliked. There were those in the village who remembered him in his youth as simple, friendly, genial, until one ill-fated day when he returned from one of his business expeditions to Vermeuil with a wife, a pretty, flighty creature with bold black eyes and soft caressing manner. An immigrant from Old France, with ways strangely in contrast to the simple and homely modes of life known to the villagers, the people of Beaulieu looked on her with suspicion. M. Le Curé, on questioning her, regarding her antecedents, looked sober at her jesting, evasive answers, but Michel was trustingly, enthusiastically happy. He awoke abruptly from his Fool's Paradise, when the little Léon was about three years old. As he started for his work one morning, his wife bade him good bye with a kiss and a laugh. When he returned at night the child was crying loudly, the house seemed strangely empty and desolate. The mother had wearied of the dull monotony of her life and had fled to join a countryman of her own whom she had loved in early youth. She was never heard of in Beaulieu again. Michel uttered no word of anger or condemnation, his wife's name never passed

his lips, but he grew suddenly hard and morose. Michel Vanier proved a stern father to his boy after that, and the child soon learned to escape from the dreariness of his home to the more cheerful society of his youthful companions. Léon never learnt to penetrate beneath his father's stern exterior, never guessed at the passion of tenderness which struggled with distrust in the old man's breast, or dreamed that jealousy influenced Michel in his hatred to Marie Leduc quite as much as did any consideration of worldly prudence. The young man was twenty-two before the quarrels between himself and his father became so fierce and frequent on account of Père Lacoste's little servant that Léon resolved to leave Beaulieu and seek his fortune elsewhere. In early youth hopefulness is natural as the air we breathe : there was strong mutual faith and affection between the lovers, so Marie could turn an April face with smiles struggling through the tears to Léon as she bade him farewell, sure that before long he would return to claim her, confident that his love was changeless as her own.

Six months had passed, and in that time only one letter for Marie had found its way to Beaulieu. A letter to Léon Vanier was a work of infinite trouble ; while to Marie hand writing was as incomprehensible as Egyptian hieroglyphics would have been. Her eyes glowed with soft fire as M. Le Curé read it aloud, slowly and impressively, while her aunt, old Madelon, who was the Curé's housekeeper, uttered subdued murmurs of approval. He never required to read it a second time, the young girl knew every line by heart. Léon had left Quebec, and had gone to Montreal ; if not satisfied there he might, perhaps, go to the United States ; but Marie must keep a strong heart as he thought of her continually, and all would yet be well. Of Quebec, Marie had heard, in a vague, far-off way, but Montreal and the States to her were simply *ces*

pays-là, places as remote and visionary as Alaska or Siberia, but true affection is very patient and she felt confident that all must be well because Léon had assured her that it would.

'Eh bien, petite Marie, always busy. I seek green riband but don't hurry on my account, my time is my own. I can wait a little better than most,' and Rosalie Chauvin seated herself leaning her arms on the counter with the leisurely air of one who intended to enjoy herself in a deliberate fashion. Rosalie, or *La Comète*, as she was called by the villagers, in allusion to the long train which she always wore, and which she considered a distinctive mark of fashion and good breeding, was a tall woman with a broad, good-natured face and bright black eyes. She wore a light cotton dress, with a long narrow train which floated and twisted around her feet like the folds of a serpent, *la queue de la comète*, as it was styled by her companions, half in envy, half in derision ; a short pink jacket adorned by green bows, while her hair, instead of being covered by a close cap, as was the custom of the matrons of the village, was built up into an imposing structure of puffs and rolls, ornamented by long loops of yellow riband. She looked important ; there was patronizing self-importance in every movement ; the nervously vivacious manner, the mischievous sparkle of the black eyes, the sly humour which peeped out in every line of her quaint face—all betrayed the fact that she had tidings to communicate. Rosalie had spent a short time in service at the nearest town, and therefore prided herself upon her knowledge of the world. On her return to her native village she had married Poléon Chauvin, an elderly widower, who, having made all his property over to his children, lived upon the allowance granted by them, with the avowed purpose of spending the remainder of his days in enjoyment. Poléon and Rosalie could scarcely be said to live in idle-

ness ; they were incessantly occupied by a more engrossing occupation than that afforded by the most laborious employment. They were the most inveterate gossips in the whole community, passing their time, like the Athenians of old, 'in hearing and telling some new thing,' and being bent upon 'distracting' themselves, often succeeded in distracting their neighbours likewise. No scandal-mongering dowager, no society journalist, could have worked harder in collecting material for racy morsels of gossip, or have taken more trouble to circulate them. No one died or was born without the attendance of either Poléon or Rosalie. They attended every funeral or wedding within twenty miles ; not a sale was made, a quarrel started, a love affair broken off, in which they did not take almost as prominent a share as the parties immediately concerned. There was not a particle of malice in the composition of either, but the childish, irresponsible love of chatter often worked as much harm as the most determined wickedness could have accomplished.

'Hein ! petite Marie, not married yet ? Thou must not waste thy pretty face in waiting for unworthy *coquins* who will never return.' One or two of the smokers paused and looked over curiously as *La Comète's* shrill voice reached them. Marie's face crimsoned, but she continued quickly displaying her store of bright coloured ribands. Rosalie admired, criticised, cheapened, then, looking up sharply in the girl's averted countenance, said, abruptly :

'Didst know that Léon was married, little one ?' Marie looked at her earnestly, perplexed and bewildered. All power of thought seemed suspended.

'Of what Léon do you speak ?' she asked, striving to steady the tremor in her voice.

'*Mais certainement*, of Léon Vanier, *ma pauvre enfant*, thou dost not know all, then. A rich girl in Montreal fell in love with him, and now it's nearly a month since they were

married. Léon was always handsome ; good fortune for him ; but *hélas*, sad tidings for thee, *ma fille*. It's no shame for thee to grieve, for here we are all friends who wish thee well. *Mon vieux* heard it from Jules Boudreau, who heard it from one who had but lately returned from Quebec.' The colour faded swiftly, leaving a white face set like a mask, from which the dark eyes stared blankly. The faith of a life time was swept away in an instant, until, becoming conscious of the curious glances resting upon her, pride came to her aid. These people were no longer friends and neighbours, but enemies, with prying, mocking eyes to be distrusted and defied.

Tiens, it's all the fault of Père Michel, *vieux scélérat*. There he lies ill with rheumatism, chuckling over the ill he has wrought. Having quarrelled with old Nanon, she left him this morning. She will return, *sans doute*, when her ill-humour is over, but at present he is alone,' cried Rosalie, delighted at the sensation she was creating. Père Lacoste paused to wonder and question, the smokers drew near to listen ; several customers stopped short in their bargaining to utter voluble comments, while Marie, apparently the only unmoved spectator, assorted her ribands with ostentatiously affected indifference. 'Why did she not feel more that which had so deeply wounded her,' she asked herself. Presently, when she realized it all, she would drop down where she stood, if only she could conceal herself from all those cruel, questioning eyes.

When, a little later Mère Lacoste came to take her place in the shop, she escaped gladly. *The Presbytere*, the home of M. le Curé, was but a short distance from Père Lacoste's ; taking her little wooden *sabôts*, and throwing a thick shawl over her head, Marie passed out into the intense blackness of the night.

Old Madelon, who sat basking drowsily in the warmth and bright-

ness of her comfortable kitchen, glanced up sleepily as her niece entered. She was a round dumpling of a little old woman, with eyes like black beads, and a quaint, puckered face. The kettle sang cheerily on the stove, the fat gray cat purred softly and lazily. Madelon's knitting had fallen into her lap; her face wore an expression of complacent repose, but one hasty look at Marie aroused all her faculties into keen alertness.

'*Mais, mais!*' she exclaimed, rising hastily. The soft character of the girl's beauty contrasted strongly with the scornful bitterness of her expression. She was not thinking, only feeling with passionate bitterness that she had been wronged and deceived; shame, love, disappointment and yearning regret rent her with a deadly struggle of feeling.

'*Mais*, what ails thee, *ma chérie*, that thou hast an air so strange and wild?' demanded Madelon, with a sharp, anxious glance.

'Léon is married,' she said, in a hard, strained voice.

Madelon felt it due to her position, being thus established under the very shadow of the Church, to admonish her pretty niece very severely in public, while in private she was her most enthusiastic admirer. Marie laughed hysterically.

'Of what Léon dost thou speak?'

'Of my Léon, or of the Léon who was once mine, but has now become the husband of some other woman. It's of that woman's Léon I speak, the man who has deserted and shamed me.'

Madelon laid her hand gently upon her niece's shoulder, but in the impatience of her pain the girl drew herself away from the kindly touch.

'It's the fault of Michel Vanier. Léon loved me once. If his father had left us alone we might have been happy together. Oh!' throwing up her arms with a sudden gesture of tragic passion. 'They say *le bon Dieu* is just; if there is justice in Heaven, may Michel Vanier learn what it is to

be helpless, wretched and desolate as I am to-night.'

That night, while the rain-storm beat upon the roof, Marie lay awake through the long hours of darkness. The old, wilful, womanly faith died hard, leaving a sting which she knew must rankle forever. As the moments passed, the natural gentleness of her character re-asserted itself, passion faded; the fierce scorn and bitterness which had agitated her became subdued only to be succeeded by the keener and deeper emotions of love and loss.

Towards midnight the rain ceased, and the silence of the village was abruptly broken. Lanterns flashed to and fro; there was the heavy tramp of hurrying feet, shouts were heard, the hoarse voices of men mingling with the shriller cries of women and children. The girl arose and dressed herself rapidly. The whole household was in a state of commotion. The ice-shove had taken place during the night. On account of the late heavy rains the river was rising rapidly. So great a flood had never been known in Beaulieu. The lower portion of the village was already flooded. M. le Curé, aided by the villagers, was busily employed in rescuing those whose houses, being in exposed situations, had become submerged at once. Marie listened in silence to all Madame Lacoste's voluble explanations. Her thoughts flew swiftly to Michel Vanier, who had ruined her life, and who was now lying helplessly crippled, alone in his desolate home, with the river rapidly rising around him. For a moment a glow of wicked delight thrilled the girl's whole being; the next she prayed that the thought of her heart might be forgiven. Was the old man not desolate like herself? There was no one within reach to whom she could appeal for aid; and a few moments later, following the tender impulse that guided her, she was making her way down the Grande Rue.

Michel Vanier lived nearly two miles out of the village, in a precisely opposite direction to that taken by M. le Curé and his helpers, and it was no easy task to walk such a distance, through roads and fields which resembled bogs, so deep was the mud and slush.

Once Marie had passed out of the precincts of the village, she left all light and movement behind her. On the lonely high-road there reigned a solemn impressive silence, broken only by the occasional splash of oars in the distance, or the far-off warning cry of boatmen. The wind howled dismally, blowing chilly over the waters, and held her back. The lowering cloudsthrew stinging showers down with the darkness; ponderous drifts of snow, honey-combed by the recent rain, and rivers of mud and slush, rendered pedestrianism difficult. Marie sank almost to her knees in the soft, wet slush,—stumbled, fell, and recovered herself repeatedly. She trembled with cold and excitement. The lonely scene was replete with superstitious terror to the unlearned girl. A strange horror of desolation came over her, but she did not heed, possessed of but one desire, one purpose, a quiet steadfastness, battling with the physical sensations of cold and weariness; for the moment she was dulled to all else. Jagged, irregular rifts appeared in the clouds, a pale, watery-looking moon peered out, faintly, being fitfully reflected upon the turbid waves beneath. The girl could not fail to see that at every step the waters were steadily advancing.

Just where four cross-roads met, solitary in the uncertain light stood an open wooden pavilion, in summer curtained by vines, but now bare and exposed to the violence of the winds. There were high wooden steps leading up to the interior, and inside, suspended upon three crosses hung life-size figures of our Lord and the two thieves. The colouring was glaring, the forms

distorted, the features ghastly and convulsed, yet all borrowed a strange pathetic majesty from the shadowy light, and to little Marie the picture was as real as the most delicate imagery could have presented. The scene was familiar: she had often visited the shrine with her village companions. Only the summer before, when the village trees had been denuded by caterpillars, or later, when long continued drought had threatened the harvest, M. le Curé had organised several processions when, singing *cantiques* and chanting litanies, the whole village had visited the altar there erected.

Without a moment's hesitation, Marie mounted swiftly, knelt a moment in adoration before the central figure, repeating aloud with a piteous cry, 'Dear Lord, who loved and suffered, have mercy upon us all,' and with the words still echoing on her lips passed swiftly away.

The river in sluggish, inky pools covered Michel Vanier's fields, obliterating all trace of fences, while the banks were marked only by tossing tufts of trees, creaking wildly in the wind. The flood had advanced farther still, as Marie saw when she entered the kitchen, for it already washed the floor to the depth of several inches. It was a substantially built stone house with high, peaked roof and projecting eaves, facing the river, but now surrounded by water on every side. Obligated to wade for some distance to reach the door, dripping, panting, breathless she raised her lantern and looked around. There was no light, no fire in the stove, the room was empty and deadly cold.

'Père Vanier, Père Vanier,' cried the clear girlish accents.

'And who goes there?' responded the old man's rough voice from above. He was alive, then, and with a joyful exclamation Marie mounted the steep, crooked stair-case. There was neither light nor heat, the house was bare as the home of the poorest. Though Michel was rich he had cared little for either comfort or ornament. A gaunt,

haggard old man, with strongly marked features and bushy brows, he lay upon his bed in sullen impatience. At the sight of the girl he burst into sudden fury :

'Ha ! is it thee, Marie Leduc ! Thou hast come to see the old man caught like a rat in his hole, to triumph over his helplessness. Oh ! had I but my strength how I should drive thee from me.'

Marie drew back timidly ; the furious tones, the look of hatred, inspired her with a sort of shuddering reluctance. Looking down at him she said piteously :

'But, indeed, Père Vanier, I came to help you, for the water is rising and now surrounds the house. When I heard the tidings to-night I wished you ill but indeed I repented and came to aid you.' Michel looked at the pale face full of sad gentleness and laughed mockingly.

'I know thy baby face and cunning wiles, thou fanciest the old man may be easily beguiled but I know too well the sort of help of which a woman is capable. Be gone, girl, be gone !' There was a long pause, Marie regarding him with a lingering gaze of wistful anxiety : when she spoke her voice was very low.

'Did you not know that Léon is married ? lost to me as well as to you. You owe me some reparation, you are lonely as I am, I only ask that you will allow me to help you.' The simple pathos of her pleading penetrated through the crust of bitter cynicism which had over-grown the old man's better nature ; he gazed at her steadily with an expression that was first doubtful, then wistfully and, finally, almost tenderly.

'Is there then no truth in any human being ?' he groaned.

Quickly Marie lit a lamp and then built up a fire in the great open chimney, though from the stairs she could watch the water rising swiftly and steadily.

'Could you not walk, Père Vanier ?

I would assist you and the water is not yet so very deep.' Père Vanier smiled grimly.

'I could not so much as raise my feet and it would require two men to lift me. Leave me, and while it is still possible save thyself.'

'It is no longer possible, and I will never leave you until we are saved together,' the girl answered simply and gravely.

Michel could not have been induced to own that he dreaded darkness and solitude, but from that moment it seemed as though Marie had gained some magnetic power over him, reaching, touching, softening every thought. She held the feeble hand and tried to get the half-closed eyes to turn to her, whispering tender, soothing words as to a little child, until a pale gleam in the eastern sky showed the coming day. When Michel had fallen into a startled, uneasy slumber, she rose and looked from the window. There was water everywhere, stretching a broad, glittering expanse, like an inland lake ; she trembled and grew faint as she heard the gurgle and click of the waves against the floor—the flood was rising to the second storey. There was nothing to be seen but the water melting into soft clouds, nothing to be heard but the ripple of water against the house. The east was breaking into golden-tinted clouds which were reflected in the waves beneath, the wind shivered over the river and ruffled it into eddying currents. The mists parted, changed from cold gray to fleecy white, and then, where the early sunbeams touched them, to golden glory, and finally floated away in feathery wreaths of mist.

Marie's first impulse was to lie still and allow her distracting thoughts time to calm. Slowly the scenes in the past shaped themselves before her : with singular vividness her excited imagination recalled all the events of the night. The memories of bitterness and wrong returned, the keen edge of wretchedness was entering her soul,

but stung into a fever she found relief in action. How could she extricate herself from the difficulties and dangers which environed her?

She was so young, the current of life flowed so swiftly through her veins, could she die there alone? She had heard her aunt tell about three women whose lives had been lost in a great flood, which had occurred in Madelon's youth. Only one body had been found, it was that of a young wife, a mere girl in years, torn and mangled by the fierce currents, while the little babe clasped in her arms, looked peaceful as a sleeping cherub. Léon, happy with that other woman, would never know that she had given her life for his father. Anything would be a relief from the terrible fear which she now felt had been haunting her for hours, and which, unless she could overcome it, would soon paralyse all energy. Looking around she found a heavy iron hammer. Her hands trembled, but nerved by new hope she succeeded in knocking off the double window; Marie drew a great breath of relief as it fell with a splash, and the cold, damp air blowing into the room seemed like the breath of life. Then a great cry escaped her; ringing out clear and shrill and loud, it echoed and vibrated over the flood, causing Michel Vanier to start up in sudden fright, and attracted the attention of M. le Curé, who, aided by two stout parishioners, was returning from a solitary farm-house to whose occupants he had been carrying relief.

'That cry comes from Michel Vanier's,' exclaimed the good priest. 'I take blame to myself that never once during this night of peril have I thought of the lonely old man.'

Leaping at once into a boat the priest and his companions pulled rapidly to Vanier's cottage. Entering by an upper window a painful scene met their gaze.

Exhaustion and severe physical pain had combined to weaken the old man's intellect. He clung to the young girl like a helpless child, nervous if she quitted his side, or if his eyes could not rest upon her face. Prostrate as he was, the incidents of the night and the devotion of Marie had wrought a rapid change.

'M. le Curé,' said Michel solemnly as he was being tenderly lifted into the boat. 'Hear me tell you that this is the bravest and sweetest as well as the loveliest girl in all Beaulieu. I pray you, when you have leisure, to write a word to my Léon, bidding him return for I shall be proud and happy to have her for a daughter.'

Marie was now too stunned and worn out by emotion to dread observation, the hot tears streamed down her white face. All fears and wants had seemed dead within her, but oh! it was hard that this should have come too late. She cried pitifully out of a strange compassion for herself, and the tears relieved both heart and brain.

M. le Curé, not being content to accept *La Comète's* story as unimpeachable authority, determined to learn the truth by writing to Léon Vanier. When, in answer to his summons, Léon made his appearance, in Beaulieu, no one except Michel and Marie could have rejoiced more sincerely and unselfishly than did the Curé. Another Léon Vanier, a namesake and distant cousin, had married in Montreal; this Léon was glad and eager to claim his bride. Marie became one of the happiest of wives, the lonely house grew bright with hope and happiness, and in the tenderness of his children and the caresses of his little grand-children in his old age, Michel Vanier learnt again to love and trust his kind.

ON A LITTLE OATMEAL.

A SCOTTISH SKETCH.

I WAS in Scotland for the greater part of the summers of '65 and '66. Too hard work in dingy, dirty, smoky London had rendered me somewhat of an invalid, and I was not sorry to hear my good old friend, Dr. Farley recommend for me a lengthened sojourn in the North of Scotland, where the bracing, healthy, scented air would, he said, do me more good than all the tonics the whole faculty could prescribe. My nerves were, he considered, the chief seat of 'the trouble,' and 'bracing up' was what I wanted. 'Don't you,' said he, 'go to any of those tourist-haunted, fashionable resorts. You will only be worried by cockneys like yourself meeting you at every turn (complimentary, I thought); but, probably, also, be half-ruined by the harpies known as guides, boatmen and hotel-keepers. I advise you to go to Glennaver. It is a quiet, out-of-the-way place, known, I fancy, to nobody but myself and its inhabitants, and possesses all the elements conducive to rest, healthful recreation and rational holiday-making for a determined, plodding, money-maker like yourself.'

'Accommodation for man and beast to be had, I suppose?' I enquired.

'Yes, and, strange to say, of the best for both. The hotel, or what would be called a hotel anywhere else, is kept by old Janet McIntosh, a *douce*, well-to-do old person, with a face as rosy as a winter pippin, a manner as cheery as a May morn, and a heart as warm as her own ingle-side on a winter evening.'

I laughed at the doctor's enthusiastic description, and resolved to patronize the hostelry. I made the good landlady's acquaintance within a fortnight of my conversation with Dr. Farley, and found his description of her not a whit overdrawn. I learned, moreover, by-and-by, that her history was not without a spice of unusual romance—unusual, at least, in the Highlands. In her earlier days she had followed the drum, having wedded a sergeant in a Highland regiment, whom she had met when he was on a recruiting expedition in the north. Janet bravely followed him to the war, and report said that she did good service alike in the field and the hospital, attending to the wants of the wounded. Having lost her husband by the chance of war, she continued with the army throughout the campaign, and by means of Scotch frugality and the liberal allowance made to her by the officers of the regiment whom she 'laundried' in health and 'did for' in illness (as Mrs. Gamp would have phrased it), she was enabled to come back to her native place a comparatively rich woman. She opened the inn of the Macallum Arms in the little hamlet that lay in the centre of the glen, and kept it with a degree of orderliness and respectability that might be looked for in vain in far more pretentious establishments. Peace to her ashes! She has now gone to 'the land o' the gane-awa,' and, I fear, has left few like her, even in the Highlands.

My days spent in this remote glen were somewhat monotonous, but yet

the very reverse of wearying. The air of the mountains braced me up and incited me to continual physical exertion. I took long exploring walks; I fished for trout, and occasionally, and not unsuccessfully, for salmon, under the guidance and tuition of a venerable brother of the angle who had never been twenty miles from the stream on the banks of which he was born, and whom I should like to introduce to the reader, were there time to do so, for he was most unmistakably 'a character.' But he must for the present give way to more important personages and to events possibly more interesting than those that characterized old Sandy's placid existence.

One day as I was walking slowly along the course of the Baynac, a favourite trouting stream of mine, rod in hand, basket on shoulder—passably well that same basket was filled, by the way—and rather inclined for a *siesta* than for further exertion in the way of fishing, I stumbled on a young lad—he was not more than fifteen—reclining on the bank of the Baynac and absorbed in a book. It just suited my humour at the moment to rest and listen to him (he was reading aloud). It was the merest impulse of the moment. The so-called trivial events of life count for more in the sum of human life than the cents or the pence of finance.

By the side of this lone Highland 'burn,' for it was nothing more than what our friends in the lake district call a 'beck,' I found this boy reading, with a gusto that was manifestly appreciative, the glorious lines of the 'blind old man of Scio's Rocky Isle.' His Scotch pronunciation notwithstanding (for my ear was habituated to the foolishly anglicised accents of Oxford), I could not help being carried away by the faultless elocution of the boy-reader. Andromache spoke to Hector then, if ever she did, and I positively revelled in the glorious words and conjured up the scene before me.

Suddenly he paused. The illusion was dispelled, the vision broken. I felt as if, by the sudden stroke of an enchanter's wand, I had been carried away from the war-leagured walls of Troy and deposited, suddenly and unexpectedly, by the side of a Highland 'burn.' And looking at the boy, who had dropped into a reverie with the well-thumbed Homer in his hand, I found presented to my awakened sight the somewhat ordinary picture of a sparsely—yet cleanly—clad stripling in a tartan kilt and velvet jacket, whose blue dreamy eyes seemed yet to behold the picture that had but now faded from my view.

The circumstances, as the reader may suppose, were enough to awaken my curiosity, and, after a little, I accosted him. His answers I found intelligent beyond even my excited anticipation. I saw in a moment that I had to deal with no common mind. He was evidently one of those many 'flowers that blush unseen,' and are in imminent danger of 'wasting their sweetness' on a comparatively 'desert air.' It would only weary the reader were I to record our conversation then or our many interviews after. Truth to tell, they are to me as treasures embalmed in memory, not likely to be ever forgotten, even if I should reach second childhood, for they are among the most cherished reminiscences of the dearest friend I ever had on earth.

What I learned regarding him is soon told. He was poor, far poorer than even I supposed from his appearance. He was 'the only son of his mother and she was a widow.' His father had been what the Scotch so happily describe in the phrase 'a ne'er do-weel.' Clever, and even gifted, he had early fallen into the snare of boon companionship, and while all who knew him acknowledged him capable of doing and becoming *anything*, he ended by becoming *nothing* and filling a premature grave, the victim of dissipation and disappointment. His widow left alone to struggle with the

world faced it bravely, like the noble-hearted woman she was. She toiled early and late at the meanest kinds of work and kept her boy comfortably and cleanly, if not very handsomely clothed, and contrived, moreover, to give him an education such as was, and is, within the reach of the poorest in rural Scotland. What that means, let any one judge who knows that it is no uncommon thing to find a herd boy, on a Scottish hillside, solving on a slate, extemporised from a flat slab of stone, some of the problems that are the pet horrors of an Eton or Harrow boy. I have myself seen a farm servant, in rough corduroy and moleskin, poring over Sir William Hamilton's 'Theory of the Absolute,' by the side of the kitchen fire in a Highland farm house, and able to speak intelligently and thoughtfully regarding it. Such sons form Scotia's pride.

Willie Forbes was a son worthy of his mother. Never very strong in physique his mind early took to his books, and the long winter evenings were spent in patient study while his mother busily and silently spun opposite to him. In the summer months, he earned a few shillings by doing such light work as he was capable of for the farmers around, and all were kind and helpful to the mild-mannered orphan son of Widow Forbes. The teacher who ruled over the parish school at which Willie got his education, was one of a thousand. Having been a poor boy himself, he knew what it was to have a thirst for learning and a difficulty in satisfying that craving. He was, in consequence, extremely kind to all who were in a similar position, helping them with necessary books and, in more than one instance, remitting those 'fees' which, though small in themselves, were of no slight account to teacher as well as pupils. All honour to him. He is yet alive and filling a high position in the profession; and, if I do not give his name here, it is because I know he would prefer to remain unknown.

After our chance *rencontre*, Willie Forbes and I became inseparable companions. I was a constant visitor at the humble fireside of his mother, and many pleasant and profitable evenings were spent there in reading and discussing the different classical writers, whose works, notwithstanding some years of professional labour, I had not entirely forgotten. I was astonished and delighted at the enthusiasm, readiness of comprehension, and grasp of thought exhibited by the boy, and predicted for him a brilliant future at college, a prediction that was afterwards fully realized.

The few months of my stay, in the summer of '65, soon passed away, and I returned to London much improved in health, though not yet quite able to cope with the unceasing round of duties devolving on me in my profession. I was fortunate in having for a partner a man of untiring energy and sterling uprightness, so my enforced rest was not so much a hardship. Matters went on much as usual, and in due time I went back to my Highland home. I had heard regularly from Willie Forbes, and when I reached Glennaver I delighted him by a gift of what seemed to him a complete library of classical authors. They were a heterogeneous mass of well-thumbed copies of the authors of Greece and Rome that had seen somewhat hard service in my school-days, and had, since that time, reposed undisturbed in a corner of my sanctum, in Gray's Inn. They formed not only a subject of study, but also the theme of many a reminiscence of my old school-days, which it would be hard to say whether Willie or I enjoyed most.

He had not been idle in the interval since my last visit. I could see for myself what strides he had made, and his enthusiastic teacher bore the amplest testimony to his wonderful progress. He was to go to the 'bursary competition' that autumn, and high were the hopes entertained of his

success by all in the glen. His teacher, especially, was confident of his carrying everything before him.

'He is out of sight the best boy in every respect I ever had,' said he to me one evening, 'and I only hope we can manage to keep him at school all summer.'

'Why should we not?' said I; 'what is there to prevent him?'

'Money, sir; or, I should rather say, the lack of it. Not that his schooling would be expensive (this much I knew from Willie, who was charged nothing for "fees"), but you see his mother can hardly make ends meet as it is, and Willie must earn something to fill the "girnel," or rather "bowie," where the widow keeps her meal.'

'Could we not manage to help him?' said I. 'How much would make it right?'

'Well, I dare say a five pound note would be as much as he could earn in the half-year, and that would keep them going till the competition.'

I need not say that the money was provided, and the kind-hearted teacher overcame the scruples of the widow against receiving it, by making out that Willie was such a help to him in the school that it was only his right to receive it. Thus Willie and I talked and walked and worked together during that summer as before.

By the time I was preparing for my return, I had become as strong and well as ever, and my young friend was anxiously looking for the great day of 'the competition.' To let my reader understand what I mean by this, it will be necessary for me to enter into some little explanation. The Scotch Universities have what are called bursaries, *anglicæ* Scholarships, which are open to entrants in the Arts' course, and decided by competition. They vary in amount, from £35 to £9 annually, for the four years of the curriculum. They have been left by benevolent friends and *alumni* of the colleges for the benefit of poor but as-

piring students, and have proved a great boon to many a struggling lad, affording him the stepping-stone to such humble fame and competence as he aspired to. Aberdeen University is specially favoured in this respect, and to it Willie was to go in October of the year '66, followed by the good wishes of all who knew him, and the prayers of his widowed mother. I need scarcely add that I eagerly looked for tidings of his success (of which I felt confident), in my rooms, in the metropolis, assured that my protégé would crown all our hopes, and lay the foundation of a successful career by leading the list of competitors.

I was disappointed. Whether 'the glorious uncertainty' of competitive examinations was to blame, or we had overestimated the talents and learning of our young friend, I cannot tell (though I hardly think it was the latter), but he only came in *third*. There was consolation, however, in the fact that he gained a £20 bursary—that is to say, for the next four years he was to receive £20 annually, *minus* the amount of the class fees, which averaged about £8 a-year. This was a very slender sum for a young man to subsist on, to be sure; but, then, oatmeal is never very dear, and lodgings in the Gallowgate of Aberdeen are marvellously cheap. So he accepted the bursary and entered on college work.

I had occasion to go north in the following winter, on business connected with a case of disputed succession, in which several of the witnesses lived in the neighbourhood of the Granite city, and I called on Willie Forbes. Where did I find him? Well, I describe the place as I saw it, and I leave the reader to judge of its fitness as a place of study for a boy of seventeen years old.

In a narrow street, malodorous as Tophet, in a 'close' in that street scarce wide enough for two to pass each other, was the 'entry' to Willie Forbes's lodgings. Up a staircase

redolent of cats I scrambled to the attic where he lived. There I found him absorbed among his books. In *deshabille*, for the atmosphere was close, he was toiling, 'grubbing among Greek roots,' and rendering immortal verse into that 'promiscuously begotten tongue'—as some one has called it—English. With a glad cry he greeted me, and, in a short time we were in intimate confabulation. I learned in that hour something of Scottish student life; I learned also to appreciate that *perfervidum* 'ingenium' that has raised so many of Scotland's sons from the plough-stilts to the helm of human thought and enterprise. I learned that young men could live on less than eleven pounds sterling for five months, paying, at the same time, two shillings a week for the little room that served for parlour, dining-room and bed-room, gas, fire, and washing not included. I learned the mystery of a breakfast that only cost a half-penny (not counting the bread). It consisted of a decoction of the husks of oats 'steeped,' i.e., soaked, in water until the mealy particles swelled and thickened, so that, on being boiled, they formed, with the water, a beverage of the consistency of molasses. I learned how wholesome and, above all, how cheap bullock's liver is when fried for dinner, costing not more than twopence sterling; and I found out that it is not, after all, a very bad thing to go supperless to bed if one have read a glowing account of one of the Homeric feasts just before turning in.

I spent part of the evening with Willie and went with him to his classes next day. The professors I do not care to dwell on. They were, most of them, more like schoolmasters than professors, to my English eyes, with the exception of one, the professor of Greek. He was Willie's favourite and mine. Of a tall, somewhat spare figure, he impressed one as the ideal of one of the disputants in the *Académie*. His face was redeemed from

plainness by the grandeur of his massive forehead and the dreamy and thoughtful expression of his eyes. An enthusiastic Grecian himself, he was well fitted to lead others in the path of Hellenic lore. I am glad to say that my estimate of him has been fully warranted by his subsequent works. He also was, I learn, one of the noble band who studied the classics 'on a little oatmeal.'

I would have helped Willie gladly to a better room and more nourishing fare, but I knew his spirit of independence would be hurt by my doing so, and I came away with a deep sense of the heroism of Scotch students in general, and of Willie Forbes in particular.

At the close of the session, Willie stood first in three out of four classes, and second in the other, receiving from the Principal of the University, amid the delighted plaudits of his assembled class-fellows, a congratulatory address of the most complimentary kind. His teacher and I, you may depend, were not behind in our felicitations, and we both felt entitled to revel in the remarks of the 'I-told-you-so' description. Willie was induced to come to London to see me and rest for awhile, and I found him sorely in need of it. By dint of much expostulation and, finally, by Dr. Farley's command, he was induced to give up his books for a time, and the rest had a most salutary effect, notwithstanding the din and dust and smoke of London. By-and-by, we got him a position as tutor in the family of a friend of the Doctor's where he had a comfortable home and very light duties. The house was on the outskirts of North London, in the immediate neighbourhood of Winchmore Hill, and Willie, in that pleasant neighbourhood, soon shook off the effects of his winter's asceticism and hard work, and, at the same time, laid in a stock of health for the coming winter. The money he earned there not only sufficed to keep his

mother in unwonted comfort and leisure, but left him sufficient to secure a more satisfactory diet and lodgings on his return to Aberdeen.

And here, virtually, his life 'on a little oatmeal' ended. His services were sufficiently in request to provide well for his simple wants, and he had no need to stint himself any longer. But the habits of frugality that he had learned in the days of his necessity never left him altogether. Thus it was that on his leaving the University of Aberdeen with double first-class honours (classics and philosophy), and a purse well filled with scholarship money, he took it into his head to study law and get called to the bar. His mother, after the manner of Scottish mothers, had long urged him to enter the Church, that she might, ere she died, see him 'wag his pow in a pu'pit,' but whether he did not naturally incline to that profession, or was swayed by the somewhat selfish arguments of a certain old barrister who had never been anything very distinguished in the profession himself, but who wished very much to have his protégé as his companion and fellow student a little longer, I cannot tell. Willie kept terms, read hard, and, as was his wont, carried all before him. He is now a Q.C., a noted pleader (his elocution is a natural gift,

well-cultivated, and almost faultless), and not an unlikely candidate for the woolsack. May I live to see it! His old mother has long gone the way of all flesh, her latter days being spent in such comfort as she never dreamt of enjoying, and proud with all a mother's unselfishness of the success of her boy. He is married to a niece of mine, whom I might safely reckon as not the least potent of the influences that brought him to London, and her old bachelor uncle is, as you may suppose, a very frequent visitor at their cheerful fireside. And we often spend a part of the summer in Glennaver, where the friends of Willie's youth are all proud to shake hands with the tall, handsome, and famous London lawyer, who ran a bare-legged kilted laddie to the parish school in his youth, who herded for the farmers, and who studied hard and rose to eminence 'on a little oatmeal.'

If I have, in the above imperfect sketch, concealed the true name of my friend, and the place of his birth, it is not because he is ashamed of either, but because the mere narrative of the facts should suffice to encourage all boys to fight bravely the battle of life, under whatever difficulties and disadvantages they may labour, assured that success may be commanded by those who strive to deserve it.

SONNET.

THE Summer's golden glory now hath past,
 And by these cool and short Autumnal eves,
 The fading flowers, the cry and changing leaves,
 We know that sullen Winter cometh fast.
 The twittering swallow, too, hath chirped his last,
 And o'er the tossing waves, southward doth hie
 To bask and carol 'neath a mellow sky—
 Tired nature's voice sighs in the rising blast.
 The whispering woods foretell the year's decease
 In short, harsh murmurs, reddening in my view.
 But when these lingering summer heats shall cease,
 And the last phantom leaves hang brown and few
 Mid frozen death, doth come the Prince of Peace,
 And the strong voice—'Lo! make I all things new!'

ROUND THE TABLE.

A HUSBAND'S RESPONSIBILITY
FOR A WIFE'S DEBTS.

THIS is an age of disillusion, and one of the illusions of which we are getting rid is the idea that husbands are responsible for the pecuniary liabilities of their wives. Some time ago the English public were surprised by a legal decision that a certain inn-keeper should not be compelled to pay the bill of a linendraper for articles which his wife had bought from the draper on credit,—of her husband,—as the unfortunate tradesman supposed. But the husband pleaded that he had forbidden his wife to buy goods on credit, and that the tradesman had no authorisation from him to supply them; and, strange as it may seem to those who have still some faint belief in the honour of Britons, the plea was accepted. It was not maintained that the articles furnished by the tradesman were in any degree unsuitable to the station of the purchaser, or that any undue pressure had been used by the tradesman to induce her to buy. It was judged quite sufficient that the husband had put his veto on the credit system, and that the tradesman had no guarantee from him for the payment of the goods. Of course such a decision puts an end to the old idea that husband and wife are *one*. If a man's wife needs a guarantee from her husband that he will pay the debts she incurs, it is plain we can no longer call her either his *better* or his *worse* half. They are two separate units in the eye of the law, not even so close a partnership as a joint-stock company, —*limited!* It might be as well to revise the marriage service, and expunge from it the declaration "with all my worldly goods I thee endow." For it is hard to say in what sense a man can be said to endow his wife with all his worldly goods, if he is to repudiate the payment of her lawful debts. And the decision also puts an end to the idea that the husband esteems the honour of his wife his own. Nay more, it opens up an easy method for a husband and wife to com-

bine to victimize tradesmen. If the master of the house finds that his financial embarrassments are going to make it inconvenient to meet his draper's or even his grocer's bill, all that he has to do is to make a formal intimation to his wife that he is not going to pay for things taken on credit, and she may feed and clothe the whole family comfortably at the tradesman's expense, secure of eventual immunity. Of course it may be pleaded, *en revanche*, that the husband's supposed liability to pay all his wife's debts may often subject him to great hardship, when, as frequently happens, weak and extravagant women are beguiled by artful tradesmen into running up ruinous bills. Of course this is a hardship, and often a great one. But the man who marries an extravagant and self-indulgent woman cannot expect to find life a bed of roses. And the question is, *which* is to suffer for his own act, he who has given the woman his name and protection, and covenanted to 'endow her with his worldly goods,' or the tradesman, who, relying upon the honourable fulfilment of such a contract, supplies the wants of his customer as the wife of her husband. No *honourable* man could wish to accept the latter of these alternatives. It would therefore simply provide dishonourable men with a new method of evading just liabilities, of which, we may be sure, they would not be slow to take advantage. And their wives, if similarly disposed, would have little scruple in taking advantage of their credit to give liberal orders for goods for which neither they nor their husbands would be under the disagreeable necessity of paying. To the women who allow their dressmaker's bills to lie over for years without paying a sou, shopping under such circumstances would be perfectly charming!

Of course it may be said, and with some show of plausibility, that this decision that a husband is not to be held liable for debts contracted by his wife without his distinct authority, is the natural corollary of the decision that a

wife's property is not to be taken to pay her husband's liabilities. But there is a very great difference between the two cases, and there ought to be an equally great distinction. The assumption which underlies the mutual relations and duties of husband and wife is the idea that the former is the bread winner and protector, the latter the loaf giver or home provider. He goes out to labour for his family's support, she abides at home, directs the *ménage*, and is supposed to turn his earnings to the best account. Each bears part of the common burden, and the wife's part is no less necessary than the husband's to the common well being, whence it follows that the earnings of the husband should be considered a common purse to be used by her prudently for the comfort of the family, including herself, for certainly her time and work are worth her own comfortable maintenance. But when the wife happens to have property of her own, it is an accidental circumstance, not supposed to be contemplated in the ordinary arrangements of social life. Either it has been earned by her own exertions previous to marriage, or it has been left or given to her by a father or some other relative. In either case, an honourable man will not wish to make use of the principal, at all events, but will consider it only fair that it should remain intact, a provision for widowhood or old age. The interest which such money bears, or the money which a wife with a special vocation may earn *after* marriage, might reasonably, in ordinary circumstances, go into the common purse for the common good, though even this is wisely protected by the law from a lazy, profligate or reckless husband, who might either gamble away his wife's money, or take advantage of it to gratify his own idleness and self-indulgence. Society supposes that, in ordinary circumstances, a husband is able to earn the subsistence of his family without relying on property possessed by his wife in her own right, her contribution of *time and labour* being her fair share of the family burden. Therefore it is a right and just enactment that protects a wife's property from being sacrificed against her will to a husband's liabilities; but it is *not* a just arrangement to secure the husband from paying the lawful debts of a woman for whose support he, by the very act of his marriage, makes himself responsible before

the world. And if tradesmen are to feel compelled to protect themselves by demanding the husband's guarantee before giving credit, wives would feel themselves placed in the humiliating position for them, of being on the same footing with respect to the tradesmen as an ordinary upper servant or housekeeper. Tradesmen too will have to choose, in many cases, between offending their customers and securing themselves from loss. And wives who have parsimonious husbands whose ideas as to what they require for their comfort or that of their family are on a very penurious scale, will either have to suffer positive discomfort or to find some way of making up, by their own earnings, for their husband's deficiencies. For a second case, in which a husband was not held responsible for debts contracted by his deceased wife, for groceries for the family use, is even a stronger illustration of the principle which absolves a husband from 'providing for his own' when he can plead a prohibition to take goods on credit. One good effect it *might* have, possibly, to promote the system of cash payments. But as the world goes, it is much more likely to provide dishonest debtors with a loop-hole of escape at their creditor's expense. F.

WOMAN'S WORK.

A REPLY TO 'A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.*'

I HAVE been waiting to see whether some motherly person would not reply to your sensible article; but as that individual has not troubled herself to come to the front, you will perchance excuse an old maid for giving a partial answer. But, first of all, be sure you say to Mr. Charlie, that there are first-class business men in our city, who have reached the top of the tree, without 'doing the mean things' that he wrongly supposes 'necessary to get on'; men who can proudly look the whole world in the face, and who count truth and honour of infinitely more value than gold. Let your lover take such as these for examples, work on with steady perseverance, and he will find that success in life is perfectly compatible with stern adherence to right and duty.

* See *Canadian Monthly* for June.

Your remarks concerning working girls are, in the main, just. Parents, brothers, and above all, 'society,' which is in your opinion the chief offender, ought to look at these things in a somewhat different light. That time is coming apace. In addition to these lines of employment spoken of by yourself, many women do work that is usually considered only appropriate for men, and this attests the fact that they possess the requisite ability. Let me cite one or two cases from actual life, with the circumstances of which I am personally cognizant. Some years ago, a young mother, with three small children, was suddenly deprived of her husband, under peculiarly distressing circumstances. He had recovered (to all appearance) from a slight attack of fever, came down to Toronto on business, took cold, suffered a relapse, and died in about two days. He was a job printer, and had a small establishment combined with a stationery and fancy goods store, in a village to the north of Toronto. Shortly after his death the young mother gave birth to twins, which of course added to the burden of care. To the astonishment of the villagers, they learned that she intended to carry on the small stationery store herself, and thus maintain the little ones. She proved competent and business-like; the neighbours and country people around, patronized her store, partly, no doubt from sympathy, for both herself and husband had been much respected. The printing presses were sold when a favourable opportunity offered, and I am happy to be able to state that the young mother has proved herself a thorough business woman in every particular. Another instance. A widow was recently left with six children, the eldest being a lad of about thirteen years old. Her husband had been a druggist and popular with the town's people. According to country custom, groceries and fancy articles were also sold at his shop. The widow concluded to continue the business, save the compounding of prescriptions, and has done so successfully for

over a year. One of her card advertisements lately came into my hands, and I was pleased to see that she was plucky enough to go into business in a thoroughly business-like way. These cases clearly prove that women *can* work if so inclined; of course, it is happily not all who have such a powerful incentive as the successful up-bringing of a family of little ones. As for you, my dear 'Girl of the Period,' let me advise you to endeavour to turn your music to good account. You would be too dutiful a daughter to go against the wishes of your mother and attempt any employment of which she would not approve. Work of all kinds is, in my opinion, honourable, except that which is directly or indirectly connected with the liquor traffic—and, personally, I used, even in childhood, to cause my dear old aunt great annoyance, by declaring that it was my duty as an orphan 'to get my own living,' and citing the English Church Catechism as a most redoubtable authority. She never listened with any degree of patience, was shocked at such 'unlady-like' wishes on my part, and would preach homilies, longer or shorter, as the case might be, on the duty of contentment, in which virtue she feared I was sadly lacking. Even after attaining years of discretion, I did not apply for a teacher's certificate until she had gone home to her rest, not thinking it right to worry one in her old age who had filled a mother's place to a large family of orphans, and filled it well.

In conclusion, I have only to say that a mother's duty, generally speaking, is *at home* among her children. No one can innocently delegate such a position to a mere outsider. Her presence is imperative even in the nursery, where the minds of young children are frequently polluted by ignorant, or perhaps even vicious, servant girls. No money consideration whatsoever should induce a mother to neglect the duties which are hers by the most sacred of obligations.

A GENUINE OLD MAID.

TORONTO.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe, by JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: James Campbell & Son, and Willing and Williamson.

The literature, history and scenery of the Mediterranean, what subjects for the poetical mind! How inexhaustible in the food they furnish for reflection, how wide in the far-reaching analogies which they suggest! Three or four worlds seem tumbled one on the top of another, worlds whose inhabitants have varied so utterly, but which have basked under the same suns and hailed the spring with the same flowers that nod around their ruins to-day. There is the Greek world for the lowest stratum; look at it where the temples of Girgenti stand between the sea and the Sicilian hills. The broken columns of rough sandstone are of a 'dusky honey or dun amber colour . . . here and there patches of a red deposit, apparently of broken corraline, make the surface crimson. . . . The fragments of masonry are tufted with wild palm, aloe, asphodel, and crimson snap-dragon. Yellow blossoming sage and mint, lavender and mignonette sprout from the crevices. The grass around is gemmed with blue pimpernel and convolvulus.'

Or for a spot of more human interest, visit the old stone quarries of Syracuse, where the flower of Athenian youth, taken prisoners in the unfortunate expedition of Nikias, slowly perished of fever and want.

Change the scene, and roll up the world's history for some centuries. *These* ruins grew under Roman hands, if one can call them ruins that still preserve their perfect arches and stern masses of masonry intact.

'So smooth and perpendicular are the supporting walls' of the Pont du Gard, that enormous aqueduct with its triple tier of arches, 'that scarcely a shrub or tuft of grass has grown upon them in all these years. . . . The domed summer-clouds sailing across are comprehended in the gigantic span of these perfect

semi-circles, which seem rather to have been described by Miltonic compasses of deity, than by merely human mathematics.'

Greek art and Roman strength serve as the clear cut maker's marks upon these old monuments, to tell us of the definite national characteristics of the men who built them. Our next world is not so clearly mapped out, and bears no such signs of individuality. There is something chaotic or mixed in the Italian-Gothic age that speaks to us of the varied races, Franks, Lombards, relics of old Latin races, Goths and Greeks that struggled together for a precarious supremacy. Take, for example, the Cathedral at Palermo. 'The genius of Latin Christianity determined its basilica shape. No bronze doors were wrought by smiths of Trani or Pisa. Its walls were incrustated with the mosaics of Constantinople. The woodwork of its roof was designed by Oriental decorators. Norman sculptors added their dog-tooth and cheoron to the mouldings of its porches; Greeks, Frenchmen and Arabs may have tried their skill in turn upon the capitals of its cloisters.'

Lastly, there is the world of the Renaissance, which still speaks to us through all the varied excellence of architecture, sculpture, painting and decorative art, and the spirit of which, we are fain to confess, although so near to us, is as much dead as is the inspiration that piled up the temple masses at Paestron, or reared the thousand clustering pinnacles and statues of Milan. All these four worlds are dead, and on their ruins lives the little parasitic life of to-day, which will certainly leave no great material works to keep company with the marvellous relics of the past.

Mr. Symonds tells of all this, and of much besides, with the ease of one who has thoroughly mastered his subject. Whether he is describing the scenery of the Cornice, or the bust of Caligula;—whether he is telling the history of old Florence, or the Athenian siege of Syracuse;—in criticising the poetry of Lu-

cretius, or in singing the popular songs of Tuscany, he is equally at home.

His translations are always clear and scholarly, and often become quite admirable. Here is a specimen of the Tuscan *rispetto*, very sweet in its half-resigned, half-querulous melancholy :

' If there be wretched women, sure I think
I too may rank among the most forlorn,
I fling a palm into the sea, 'twill sink ;
Others throw lead, and it is lightly borne.
What have I done, dear Lord, the world to cross ?
Gold in my hand is forthwith turned to dross.
How have I made, dear Lord, Dame Fortune wrong ?
Gold in my hand is forthwith turned to froth.'

And so the song goes on, repeating the same sad idea, the gold of expectation ever turning into the dust and ashes of realized fruition. Or take a verse or two from the magnificent chorus of the *Mænads* that winds up Poliziano's *Orfeo*.

' With ivy coronals, bunch and berry,
Crown we our heads to worship thee !
Thou hast bidden us to make merry
Day and night with jollity !
Drink then ! Bacchus is here ! Drink free,
And hand ye the drinking-cup to me !
Bacchus ! we all must follow thee !
Bacchus ! Bacchus ! Ohé ! Ohé !

' See, I have emptied my horn already :
Stretch hither your beaker to me, I pray :
Are the hills and the lawns where we roam un-
steady ?
Or is it my brain that reels away ?
Let every one run to and fro through the hay,
As ye see me run ! Ho ! after me !'

And away go the mad Bacchanals, with their maddening chorus ; a strain not unworthy of Swinburne.

Where there is so much to praise it is an unthankful task to point out blots. Luckily in the present case it is soon accomplished. We must put down to inadvertence the making use in the chapter on Rimini of Sir Thomas Browne's fine rhetorical expression, ' the trappings of three conquests,' without any acknowledgment. The same remark applies to the very evident adoption of Macaulay's explanation why the love of wild mountain scenery is so purely modern a growth. The passage in the appendix on blank verse (a very thoughtful and useful essay, by the way) which speaks of Phœbus entering his desecrated palace in Keats' *Hyperion* is, however, an unmitigated error ; it was, of course, *Hyperion*, the old Titanic sun-god, and not the Phœbus-Apollo who supplanted him, of whom Keats sang.

Samuel Lover, a Biographical Sketch, with selections from his writings and correspondence, by ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON. New York : Harper & Bros. Toronto : James Campbell & Son.

' Painter, Etcher, Lyric Poet, Musical-Composer, Executant, Novelist and Dramatist !' These opening words of description, taken from Mr. Symington's preface, will give an idea of the wide range of Samuel Lover's accomplishments. His fame, during his lifetime, was chiefly based upon his great success as a miniature painter, a branch of art that may be said to have been lost to mankind since photography sprang into existence. Partly on account of the decay of this style of painting, partly on account of the evanescence of that personal interest which once clung around the portraits of his famous beauties, and also from the fact that miniatures are of a retiring nature, apt to hide themselves in old cabinets and the secret drawers of worm-eaten bureaus, for all these reasons people have ceased to associate Lover's name with his paintings. But his writings, and especially his songs, show no sign of becoming out of date, and it is on them that his claim for grateful remembrance will long be successfully based.

In his short prose tales, such as 'The Gridiron,' or 'Barny O'Rierdon, the Navigator' (both of which Mr. Symington gives us here), the humour depends less upon the incidents narrated than upon the keen appreciation shown by the writer for the Irish character, and the delicate manner in which this is made to uphold its comical side by means of dialogue. To our mind more art is shown in his minor pieces than in the better known 'Handy-Andy,' with all its exuberance of rollicking fun and startling adventure. The latter is a *tour-de-force*, whilst the little sketches of Irish life are inimitably natural and not at all overdrawn.

As a poet, Lover never aspired to anything great. He knew full well that he had not got the making of a Byron or a Shelley in him, to say nothing of men of yet greater genius. He went to work contentedly at songs, society-verses, operettas, impromptus and lyrics. Wedding these to new and taking tunes, he caught the public ear, as it were, with a double charm. His 'Rory O'More' and

his 'Widow Machree' are not likely to be forgotten in a hurry, and his 'Whistling Thief' is bound to furnish amusement for some generations yet to come. When we think how familiar such songs as these become and how intimately they are associated with our hours of innocent revelry, we appreciate at its full value the genius of their author, and can almost believe that he has brought more into the common fund of happiness than some greater writers whose works lie undisturbed upon our shelves.

Mr. Symington had the advantage of a personal friendship with Lover, and has shown considerable tact in putting together this little volume of reminiscences. It is well and neatly got up, and not too long, in fact it is just the sort of life that was wanted, and does not overburden the reader with excessive detail.

Judge and Jury; a popular explanation of Leading Topics in the Law of the Land. BY BENJAMIN VAUGHAN ABBOTT. New York, Harper & Bros.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

Mr. Abbott disclaims in his preface the intention of supplying the public with another book of the 'Every Man his own Lawyer' class. Neither is his work in any sense a professional treatise, although (being written by a lawyer) it aims at professional accuracy in its statements. It is indeed a general view of the laws of the United States, studied from the stand-point of the general public, and chiefly devoted to such prominent subjects as possess a more or less vital interest to every one. For instance, it is hardly too much to say that the average American is a persistent railway traveller, and, judging by the newspapers, suffers from more than his fair share of accidents, collisions and break-downs. What are his rights against the Railway Company under such circumstances? What should he do, or refrain from doing, in order to avoid giving the delinquent Company a chance to raise the dreaded plea of contributory negligence? How far can he safely oppose the mandate of the sometimes supercilious conductor, and what part of his baggage can be smashed or lost by the aforesaid Company with impunity on the ground that it is not per-

sonal luggage? All these questions (and many more of the same kind will readily suggest themselves) present themselves every day to thousands of travellers, often demanding an immediate answer, and requiring some prompt action on the part of the unprofessional passenger, without which his remedy may be lost or compromised.

Then again there is the divorce law. We will not offend our neighbours by saying that the average American has been, or expects to be, divorced from his wife; but statistics show that a very considerable proportion of citizens avail themselves of the 'unexampled facilities' for getting rid of their help-mates afforded by some of the State Courts. It may be said that there is no necessity for enlightening the public as to the general principles of divorce, inasmuch as no one need be in such a hurry to get divorced or marry some one else who has undergone that process, but that they can afford the time it would take to consult a lawyer on the steps to be taken. Unfortunately the divorce business in the United States has got into the hands of a class of lawyers whose advice deliberately misleads the ignorant, each divorce 'shyster' extolling the efficacy of the decree obtainable by his means, while he well knows that in a large number of cases it will be treated as waste paper by all Courts outside the State in which it was granted. It is to be feared that the officers of the different Courts sometimes lend themselves to this practice, allowing notice of citation to be served on the respondent by publication in some obscure country paper thousands of miles away from the actual domicile of the parties. Where personal service is required, the most ingenious devices are resorted to. The meanest trick was that of the man who took his wife to San Francisco, and then, pretending business that detained him there, shipped her home before him. He parted most affectionately, putting a superb bouquet of hot-house flowers into her hands as she stepped off the steamer on to the tender for shore,—alas! for the treachery of men, the disconsolate wife, when the vessel was well out in the offing, discovered among the blossoms,

'latet anguis in herba,'

—a summons to appear in a divorce suit! It is pleasant to know that when she turned up, justly indignant, some

months afterwards, the Court set aside the decree that had been obtained by such fraudulent means.

Some of the cases cited by Mr. Abbott sustain the reputation of his professional brethren for adroitness in devising defences to the most unanswerable claims. Under the head of 'Cruelty to Animals' we find a suit brought by the owner of a small and inoffensive pet dog that had been 'chawed up' without provocation by the defendant's large and vicious mastiff. The defence relied on was that the small dog had not got on the properly tagged collar required by law, and that by Statute 'any person' finding a dog running at large in that condition might kill it! This truly ingenious plea was, we regret to say, overruled; the Court apparently thinking that if the animal creation once got in their end of the wedge and could quote a judicial decision in favour of a dog being a 'person,' they might in time aspire even to citizenship and the suffrage.

Although not technically coming under the same head, ('Cruelty to Animals') we may here mention with approval the constitutional law which, in some States limits the session of the legislatures to a certain term, sixty or a hundred days. Would that our own overworked legislators would put some such loving constraint upon themselves for their own good! The Statute need be but a short one, and, with the fitting preamble, 'Whereas the tongue is an unruly member,' might be emblazoned in letters of gold over the Speaker's chair, in full view of the *other* unruly Members. We would not go so far as some of the States do, which, with a depth of satirical self-knowledge we should hardly have expected to find, limit the pay of their Conscript Fathers to a certain term, and allow them to continue serving their country as much longer as they like—*without* indemnity!

The Heathen Chinese and the ineffable Indian come in for our notice. The law as to the pure-blooded redskin is of course plain enough;—the curiosities of Indian jurisprudence come in at the border-land, where the half and quarter-breeds chiefly reside. One ingenious Yankee homicide pleaded that he was a Choctaw, and not amenable to the ridiculously straight-laced laws of America for his peccadilloes. He was of pure white blood, but had married a squaw,

and pleaded that by treaty with the Choctaws any one who contracted a matrimonial engagement with a dark faced beauty became, if not an Indian, an Indian-in-law. The Court admitted the sufficiency of his plea, but upon strict investigation of the facts found that the so-called squaw was not so red as she was painted, her grandparents having left the tribe and settled in Mississippi as ordinary citizens.

No better instances of the folly of attempting to make people moral and religious by Act of the Legislature could be found than those which are given in the chapter on Sunday laws. Case after case occurs in which the employer, after instigating the man to break the law and do some quasi-necessary work, has made use of the Sabbatarian enactment to evade payment of wages, or damages for some accident caused by his own carelessness. So rigid are the laws in some States that a Jew who has kept his Sabbath, is compelled to keep another with equal strictness the very next day.

We have much pleasure in recommending this book as a very amusing and instructive work.

Alexander Pope. By Leslie Stephen. English Men of Letters' Series. New York: Harper & Brothers; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

It has been well remarked that Pope, had he been born in the Middle Ages, would never have lived to display his genius to the world. His distorted shape and feeble constitution would have condemned him to an early death, or to the living tomb of some monastery, where his fancy would have been stifled in uncongenial routine. But if it is true that the fierce struggle for existence in the past would have been too much for his physical resources, it is none the less true that the deep and intense earnestness of modern thought would have been fully as overwhelming to his mental powers. Just in the nick of time did that bitterly sportive spirit come down to inspire the tottering, rickety frame and to receive the plaudits of a most exacting age. The wits of the preceding generation had been, as a rule, men of high breeding, handsome in port and gesture, capable of winning a lady's regard by the graces of their persons as well as

of commemorating the success of their gallantries by the skill of their pens. Such men formed the taste of the fashionable world, and the critical abilities which they may almost be said to have created, continually demanded better and better verses, more recondite affectations and a more poignant satire. The increasing audience which the poet commanded,—his circle of admirers or detractors extending beyond the confines of the Court, and gradually embracing an ever widening circle of clubs and coffee-houses,—lessened the effect of the personal graces which had once formed no inconsiderable part of the fashionable poet's stock-in-trade, and increased the weight which attached itself to his real abilities as a verse maker. Under such circumstances as these, when wit was, as it were, glorified, the largest share of that enviable quality was gifted upon a little cripple, of undistinguished birth, unpopular religion, and unprepossessing appearance.

By sheer force of ability, by diligently writing such verses as his public loved, only in a manner infinitely superior to that of any of his predecessors,—by lavishing on unworthy objects a satire that would have deserved unmitigated admiration had its motive been higher,—by these means Pope leapt to the pinnacle of fame. Incapable of inspiring love himself, he could sing the tender passion so that all the beauties of St. James' should learn from him how to express their fluttering emotions.

Too weak to pull on the three pair of stockings that gave some slight appearance of substance to his spindle shanks, it was he who could best sing of Achilles arming for the fray, with deadly rage at his inmost soul for the loss of Patroclus. With a mind and body that quivered with sensitiveness at a harsh word, he would descend unprovoked into the arena of embittered controversy and bring the dunces round him in a mad-dened crowd, longing for revenge and too dull and blockish to know how thoroughly their puny foe discomfited them. Others might live, intrigue, make love, drink deep, or rule the world of fashion, but to this little man alone was given the power to embody the spirit of his age in living words, and to bestow upon the wit and gallantry of the time a language of its own.

Pope wrote much, and with great care, elaborating and re-casting his verses till

he had suited his own fastidious taste. His first idea of a line or couplet was often crude and commonplace, but by dint of ringing the changes on the words that made up the sentence, by trying adjective after adjective till the right epithet was found, and often by entirely transposing the limbs of his periods, he generally succeeded in turning out a finished and epigrammatic poem. This care however, as a rule, was devoted to the production of exquisite form, and the bent of Pope's genius never cast upon him the necessity of attempting to express a really difficult thought in apt words. His 'Essay on Man,' is a good example of his utter inability to grasp a chain of reasoning and present it as a coherent whole to his reader's mind. Everyone remembers the lines in which he calls on his friends to

'Expatriate freely o'er this scene of Man,
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.'

It may not be equally well known that the first edition read:

'A mighty maze of walks *without a plan.*' How confused must the mind of the poet have been when his 'system of ethicks' left it uncertain whether the subject of which he sung was under the rule of Chaos or of Order! No better instance could be given of the intellectual weakness of this great man, and (reverting to our first remarks) we can see how poorly Pope would have succeeded in the intellectual struggle of to-day if we try to imagine a philosophical poem by Tennyson or Browning submitting to be radically altered in as vital a point as the one we have indicated above.

Mr. Leslie Stephen has done his work well; the facts of Pope's life are carefully marshalled, and we have the benefit of the latest researches of Dilke and Elwin into the vexed question of the publication of Pope's letters. His contemporaries had a pretty just idea of the crookedness which the poet thought fit to employ in bringing his epistles before the world, but it is only lately that the full facts of the case have been brought to light. They certainly disclose an amount of vanity, petty intrigue, and what Mr. Stephen aptly designates 'hand-to-mouth lying,' in the existence of which all admirers of Pope would give much to be able to disbelieve.

Reata: What's in a Name. A novel, by E. D. GERARD, (from *Blackwood*) No. 122 Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper Bros. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

To have been published in *Blackwood's Magazine* is usually sufficient passport for a novel. Although 'Old Ebony,' as Kit North loved to call his Magazine, has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf which is the symptom of old age in even the best regulated periodicals, its Editor still preserves the peculiar perceptive faculty that enables a man to single out a good work of fiction. Many really capital tales have appeared in its columns, and none amongst its poorest have been dull.

'Reata' is no exception to the rule. Mr. Gerard has contrived to interest us from the first. The scene of the novel (all but a few early chapters which pass in Mexico) is laid in Austria and Austrian Poland, but whether the characters are in the one hemisphere or the other they are alike true to nature and evidently studied from life. Take the heroine 'Reata' herself, with her hot impulsive Southern temperament and swiftly-determined will. What a contrast she affords to the fair German beauty Hermine, sleepily sentimental, with a wealth of light hair, but not an atom of 'go' in her! Reata at times is charming. Perhaps we like her best in her untamed moods, particularly with her pet dog at the Mexican *ranch*. Otto, the hero of the first part of the tale (of whom hereafter) overhears her discoursing thus outside his window, the first morning after his arrival from Europe: 'Come along, my own precious Camel! Why are you behaving in such a ridiculous manner, my priceless Porcupine? Oh, I see you have a cactus leaf sticking to your tail! Give a paw, White Puppy, and I will take it off; and the Bright Puppy must give a paw too. Now it is all right again, my old Camel, is it not?'

All that Otto can see out of the window is an insignificant white terrier, accompanying his mistress to the woods. He afterwards asks to be shown the collection of animals in question, and feels it a great come down when the small terrier alone is introduced to him, as having been honoured by Reata with all these extraordinary names! She has a *penchant* in this direction, as we see by

a little incident that occurs between her and Otto. Soon after he arrives at his aunt's house 'Reata' begs him to allow her to go on calling his aunt as she had been used to do. 'I tried leaving it off,' she says, 'as I thought you might dislike it; but the effect is too great and will probably undermine my constitution.' Otto begs her to relieve her mind and call his aunt what she chooses. After some little coyness she is persuaded to tell the name, which turns out, to Otto's great amusement, to be 'The Ancient Giraffe'! 'You see,' said 'Reata' apologetically, 'she is very tall and has rather a long neck it has always struck me.' Her relief is great at Otto not minding it in the least, and she remarks with great naïvete, 'it isn't so very dreadful, is it? I am sure you must often have heard young ladies in Europe calling their friends by similar names?'

As for Otto, he turns out to be a handsome incarnation of selfishness, to such an extent indeed that it becomes painful to read about him. But we are not confined to his society, and speedy retribution awaits his misdoings. One more extract we must give; it is a racy description of a dinner party in Poland. The assembly is a large one, and the guests are seated at a table, or rather tables, 'of five or six different shapes and heights pushed together. The fine white damask tablecloth has to make several steps up and down hill, and there is danger of bottles and glasses slipping down over the deceitful surface. Two or three really valuable china plates have taken place among the variously shaped, variously coloured, also sometimes variously chipped crockery that covers the board. A running accompaniment of butter-eating is kept up during the whole meal, every one of course helping him or herself with the knife they are eating with.' The *menu* is absurdly long, and there are immense pauses between the removes, which are alternately national dishes, such as ox tongue cooked in a sweet sauce of almonds and raisins, and French *plats*, which in the hands of a Polish cook have 'lost all their Frenchness and their lightness.' A gentleman 'elegantly transfers a large slice of ham from his own plate to that of a lady two places off,' and another 'flower of the flock,' who prides himself on speaking French, 'lightly disposes the picked bones of his chicken in an artistic circle outside his

plate, to make room for a second helping.'

It must not be thought from this that the author always keeps you among such unsophisticated people as these easy-going Poles. Fashionable life at Vienna and elsewhere is also depicted, and with the same spirit throughout. We can heartily recommend the tale.

The Heart of Holland, by HENRY HAVARD. No. 121 Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper Brothers: Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

This is a pleasant, gossipy account of the travels of three boon companions among the dykes and polders of the Zuyder-Zee. They start in a Dutch *tjalk*, one of those roomy-cabined, round-sterned craft we are familiar with in the canal pictures of Cuyp. As our author is a Frenchman, we may be sure that creature comforts were not forgotten.

Mr. Squeers is recorded to have found a strange, exotic pleasure in thrashing a boy in a hackney coach, and in like manner, M. Havard, Van Heemskerk, and Baron Constant de Rebecque seem to have derived exceptional delight in exercising their culinary and gastronomical skill on board a boat. Certainly, to judge from a *menu* which they preserve in these pages, they were no mean adepts in the arts of the *cuisine*. Love for the good things of this life did not, however, prevent them from experiencing the higher feelings aroused by the sight of numerous scenes of heroic struggles against the cruel sea and the yet more cruel Spaniard. Here is a strange record of the siege of Middelburg by the Prince of Orange, in 1574. 'On this day (21st of February) I, Andries Mathneusz, married my wife, and to celebrate our wedding we had cakes of linseed and horses' flesh at two schillings a pound.'

The country greeting, if you pass by unaccompanied, is of course 'Goeden dag,' but if you have friends with you, the salutation is varied to 'Dog drie' or 'dag vier,' i.e. good day to the three (or four) of you. Two travellers are saluted with 'Dag zamen,' good-day together, which greeting is occasionally addressed by a roguish boy to a traveller whose sole companion is an ass or a dog!

Many little interesting pieces of des-

cription are to be found in this book. M. Havard is evidently well read both in the history and the architecture of the district, and able to impart his knowledge pleasantly. Here is a nice little bit of biography, bringing out into the light one of the world's unpretending helpers and workers, the fat porter at the Stad-huis of Bergen-op-zoom. 'He was engaged to sweep out the rooms, dust the chairs of the worshipful Councillors, watch over the inkbottles and pens,—to perform in fact all the offices of the little-lucrative post of municipal doorkeeper. One day his conscientious taste for cleanliness led him to a vast garret, where, within the memory of man, no one had ever set foot. In this dark and dusty place lay, pell-mell, a great mass of papers, large and small, registers, ledgers, and day books. These were the archives of Bergen-op-zoom. Our brave porter opened books, turned over registers, and endeavoured to decipher the antique writing.'

After much trouble, for he was an uneducated man, he succeeded in reading and understanding them, and, struck by their importance, 'took an audacious, extraordinary, and unheard-of step; he asked permission to put the archives in order!' The powers that be supposed he wanted to dust them and accorded leave. To their intense surprise, after months of grubbing and carpentering, they found their bare, dusty garret changed into a 'large room, entirely furnished with book shelves; in place of a shapeless mass of dirty, waste paper, they saw large manuscript books, chronologically classified, and archives arranged in perfect order.' All honour to the reverent care of the poor porter at the *Stat-huis*!

Lovell's Advanced Geography, for the use of Schools and Colleges, 150 pp., 4to., with Maps and Illustrations. Montreal: John Lovell, 1880.

In the matter of Canadian treatises on Geographical science, we have at last emerged, not only into the clear light of day, but into the full noon-tide glare of a day in the latter part of the nineteenth century—with all the converging light which a score of sciences sheds upon it. In this branch of education, at all events

Canadian literature can now hold up its head and invite criticism with confidence as to the result. Thanks to the unwearyed effort and the patriotic enterprise of that veteran publisher, Mr. Lovell, of Montreal, we have in this elegant Atlas-quarto a text book on geography which, it may be safely said, is far superior to any work in use in the schools of England, and is, at least, the equal of any text-book on the subject used in the United States. Indeed, among the latter—and we are familiar with most of them—we know of no book which is at the same time so full and accurate as this, nor is there any within our cognizance which, while giving such ample detail of American and British American geography, treats so fully of that of the Old World. While justice is thus done to countries whose political and geographical history demand the prominence here given to them, the space devoted to the statistical and descriptive account of Canadian geography marks it out as a distinctively national enterprise. Here the teaching profession, as well as the general public, will be likely to apply those tests which local knowledge will be sure to suggest in appraising the accuracy and general merit of the work. Having ourselves submitted it to rigid scrutiny, and to many and critical tests in this, as well as in other departments of the book, we would say that he would be a captious critic indeed who failed to form a high opinion of the value of the book, not only as an elaborate educational text-book, but as an important work of reference to the general public who may turn to its pages in search of information on political and industrial matters. The myriad readers of the daily newspapers will, in these days, appreciate what is said in regard to this latter point. The excellent Atlas interleaved with the book adds a further value to it in this respect. To Canadians especially, the admirable maps of the Dominion and the several Provinces will further commend the book to those who will use it as a school manual as well as to those who will consult it as a gazetteer and work of general geographical reference. The publisher, in this new product of his press, has put the coping-stone upon the edifice which his industry and patriotism have built up in the minds of his countrymen to his honour and credit, and we have no doubt that the work will at once take the first place in

the educational institutions of the country as a manual of geography in all respects most creditable to the authorship and to the publishing enterprise of our young Dominion.

The Masters of Genre Painting: being an Introductory Handbook to the study of Genre Painting. By FREDERICK WEDMORE. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1880.

We cannot altogether sympathize with Mr. Wedmore in his evident desire to elevate the position of Genre Painting. It is natural he should be enthusiastic over his subject, but in his anxiety to separate Jan Steen, Terburg, Metsu and a few favourites from their more vulgar and realistic contemporaries, he would fain rank these among the greatest Masters of Painting.

The word *genre* means a great many things in French, but when used with regard to painting, it describes the anecdotal style, or the portraiture of the every day home life of ordinary human beings (Mr. Wedmore might have explained this, by-the-by). Genre painting preaches no high ideal, raises in us no lofty sentiment or kindling enthusiasm, and needs but little art education or culture to be appreciated. In the absence of all the higher and more poetic intellectualities of the art, it appeals naturally to the 'people,' for vulgar minds delight in seeing their own ways and manner of living reproduced. To prove the truth of this, you have but to follow one of the 'herd' through a picture gallery; he passes carelessly over many master-pieces, but is at last brought to a stand still before a picture entitled 'The first glass of beer,' or something to that effect. His hands come out of his pockets, his face lights up, he nudges his wife. 'Now that's what I call nateral,' or 'it's exact like our Bill,' are his appropriate remarks, as he grins with pleasure.

A modern writer has well said: 'the greatest artist is not he who enters our house to put on our clothes, to conform to our habits, to speak to us an every day idiom, and to give us a representation of ourselves; the greatest artist is he who guides us into the region of his own thought, into the fields of his own

imagination, and who there, while showing us ideal forms and colours, makes us for a moment believe, by force of the truth in his fictions, that these regions are those in which we have always lived, —that these forms and colours, created by his genius, are the forms and colours of nature herself.'

Mr. Wedmore's style is a very interesting one, which makes one the more regret that so many of his sentences are complicated and confused. He writes with such apparent admiration of his subject, that his reader can hardly help being carried along with him in spite of mental protestations. In following him, we, too, get enthusiastic over de Hooch's sunshine flooding some quaint Dutch room, or peeping in through a small casement and reflected by numerous trifling objects; we, too, are fain to admire the yellow browns and pale golden greys of Van der Meer, or the wonderful expressiveness of the hand when treated by Watteau, but we cannot,—no, we really cannot—share Mr. Wedmore's excitement over a picture by Chardin, consisting solely of 'three tiny onions and a glass of water!'

The author has another good quality, now-a-days somewhat remarkable; he is humble and speaks in terms of respect and reverence of the greatest critic of our day.

Rembrandt, De Hooch, Van der Meer, Maes, Watteau and Chardin receive most of Mr. Wedmore's attention. Rembrandt, as he himself admits, is not properly a *genre* painter; but there is no doubt he exercised a very extensive influence over the Dutch painters of the 17th century, and so is placed by Mr. Wedmore at the head of the school.

The Guide: a Manual for the Canadian Militia (Infantry). Compiled by Lt.-Col. W. D. OTTER, Commanding the Queen's Own Rifles. Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1880.

The appearance of this excellent little manual on the Interior Economy of a Regiment, by the commanding officer of "The Queen's Own Rifles," lets the reader, who may have no other and personal knowledge of the matter, into the secret of the high state of efficiency of that regiment, and accounts for the cohesion and *esprit de corps* which, what-

ever in the past have been the vicissitudes of the Canadian Militia, have always been manifest in "The Queen's Own" of Toronto. The explanation is at once found in the thorough training and extensive professional knowledge which Col. Otter exhibits in this new militia manual, combined with a personal enthusiasm and devotion to the service, which has long marked him out as one of the best officers of the force to be found in or out of the Dominion. The Guide, which is a compact and scientific manual of a soldier's duties, is arranged under the following heads: Interior economy; duties; discipline; dress; books and correspondence; marches and encampment; forms; and bugle calls. Under these divisions a mass of most useful and practical information, clearly and succinctly written, is given, which must be of the greatest service to every member of the force. If the Canadian Militia is to be more than an 'army on paper,' and to realize the motto of the gallant regiment over which Col. Otter presides—*In Pace Paratus*—it would be well indeed that at least every commissioned and non-commissioned officer of the force should be possessed of a copy of this admirable pocket instructor in the duties of the camp, barrack or field.

The Ages before Moses: a series of lectures on the Book of Genesis. By JOHN MUNRO GIBSON, D.D., Chicago. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

This is one of the most interesting volumes that have for a long time appeared from the old-fashioned orthodox school of Christian apologists. It consists of twelve lectures—part of a series on the Pentateuch—delivered by the author in the Second Presbyterian Church, and in Farwell Hall, Chicago. Well-written and sparkling, with most apt and attractive illustrations, it holds one's attention from beginning to end, while the arguments charm the reader by their freshness and originality, and convince one by their simple, sound, common sense. The book is a valuable contribution to the theological literature of the day, and should be read by all who are interested in current religious questions.

Second Thoughts, by RHODA BROUGHTON. Appleton's New Handy Volume Series, Nos. 55 and 56. New York: D. Appleton & Co; Toronto: Hart and Rawlinson.

This tale is conceived in a more subdued manner than is usually the case with Miss Broughton's works, but it does not suffer any diminution of interest in consequence. The relationship of the hero and heroine towards each other is certainly not novel, but is well worked out. Miss Gillian Latimer commences with hating Dr. Burnet in much the same way as Lucy Snowe hated M. Emanuel in *Villette*, passes through all the proper stages of quarrelsome dislike, occasional reconciliations and fresh outbursts of antagonism, to finally arrive at the point of admiration and love. Their first meeting and her enforced journey in his company up to London is very well told. It is winter time and the Doctor (they are at daggers drawn already) ventures to pull up her window to keep out the cold blast. She would have shut it herself if left alone, but "since he is doing her this little service without asking leave, a spirit of foolish and irrational contradiction prompts her to say, stiffly: "Excuse me, I prefer it down." "Down?" he repeats, with unconcealed incredulity. "Are you serious?" "Certainly, I am," she replies shortly, nettled at the suggestion of its being possible that she should indulge in pleasantry with him and doubly exasperated by the consciousness that she is making a fool of herself, "I like

air." Of course she gets nearly frozen, and has finally to invoke her enemy's aid to get the provoking window shut. We will not single out any of the pretty numerous instances of bad English in the book for special condemnation, but we should like novelists to tell us what they mean, by giving their heroines, when angry, a 'wreathed neck'!

The Undiscovered Country. By W. D. HOWELLS, Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co., 1880.

This Canadian reprint of the latest story by the Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and the author of some of the most charming books of travel which modern artistry in letters has given us, will doubtless find a large circle of readers on this side of the line 45°. Like Mr. Payn's recent book, 'Under One Roof,' with which readers of this magazine are familiar, 'The Undiscovered Country' deals with the novel subject of Spiritualism; but unlike Mr. Payn's creation there is no Fiend in Mr. Howell's story whose plottings form the incidents of thrills and excitements so dearly loved by English readers of fiction. Mr. Howell's tale, however, if characteristically American, is none the less strong or lacking in interest. The student of psychology will be particularly engrossed in the story, and the general reader will find much to attract in the fine characterizations in the book and in those graces of style which is the especial charm of this writer.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

ROBERT BURNS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I see amid the fields of Ayr
A ploughman, who, in foul or fair,
Sings at his task,
So clear we know not if it is,
The laverock's song we hear or his,
Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those fields
A more ethereal harvest yields
Than sheaves of grain:
Songs flush with purple bloom the rye;
The plover's call, the curlew's cry,
Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed
Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed
Beside the stream
Is clothed with beauty; gorse and grass
And heather, where his footsteps pass,
The brightest seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumines
The darkness of lone cottage rooms;
He feels the force,

The treacherous undertow and stress,
Of wayward passions, and no less
The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,
His voice is harsh, but not with hate;
The brush-wood hung

Above the tavern door lets fall
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall,
Upon his tongue.

But still the burden of his song
Is love of right, disdain of wrong;
Its master-chords
Are manhood, freedom, brotherhood;
Its discords are an interlude
Between the words.

And then to die so young and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve;
Yet better sure
Is than wandering up and down,
An old man in a country town,
Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth: his hand
Guides every plough;
He sits beside each ingle-nook;
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night,
A form of mingled mist and light,
From that far coast.
Welcome beneath this roof of mine!
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost.

— *Harper's Magazine.*

Every violation of truth is not only a sort of suicide in the liar, but it is a stab at the health of human society.

One of the saddest and most vexatious trials that comes to a girl when she marries is that she has to discharge her mother and depend on a servant-girl.

'Yes, he may be a good scholar, and all that, but he can't pass a beer saloon,' was what one literary gentleman remarked of another on the street.

'We wish,' says a Texas newspaper, 'that a few of our citizens could be permitted to live till they die a natural death, so as to show the world what a magnificent, healthy country Texas really is.'

A certain painter was bragging of his wonderful command of colour to a friend one day. His friend did not seem to take it quite all in. 'Why,' exclaimed the painter, 'do you know that there are but three painters in the world, sir, who understand colour?' 'And who are they?' at last asked the friend. 'Why, sir, I am one, and—and—and—and—I forget the names of the other two!'

What part of the eye is like the rainbow? The iris. What part is like the schoolboy? The pupil. What part is like the globe? The ball. What part is like the top of the chest? The lid. What part is like the piece of a whip? The lash. What part is like the summit of a hill? The brow.

A little boy, four years old, having often been told it was wrong to ask for anything at table, was down at dessert. After patiently waiting for some time without being noticed, he exclaimed, 'Mamma, please may I have an orange, if I don't ask for it?' 'Yes, dear,' was the reply. But, after a considerable interval, the little fellow, not getting his orange, again addressed his mother with, 'Please, mamma, I'm not asking for an orange.' This time he was duly rewarded.

Mortimer Collins, a hard-shell Baptist preacher, was on an Alabama River steamer in the old days of racing. The captain, seeing a rival boat half a mile ahead, began to curse, and ordered tar, pine-knots, bacon, etc., to be thrown in, to kindle the fire as hot as possible; and, as the steam got higher and higher, the fatalistic preacher edged his way farther back on deck. The jolly captain, seeing this, tapped him on the shoulder and said: 'Hallo, Brother H., I thought you was one of them fellers what believe that what is to happen will happen.' 'So I do,' said the preacher; 'but I'd like to be as near the str as possible when it does happen!'

A lantern-jawed young man stopped at the post-office last Saturday, and yelled out: 'Anything for the Wattses?' George, our polite postmaster, replied, 'No, there is not.' 'Anything for Jane Watts?' 'Nothing.' 'Anything for Ace Watts?' 'No.' 'Anything for Bill Watts?' 'No, Sir.' 'Anything for Tom Watts?' 'No, nothing.' 'Anything for fool Joe Watts?' 'No, nor Dick Watts, nor Jim Watts, nor Sweet Watts, nor any other Watts, dead, living, unborn, native, foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, white or black, franchised or disfranchised, naturalized or otherwise. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Wattses, either individually, severally, jointly, now and forever, one and inseparable.' The boy looked at the postmaster in astonishment and said, 'Please look if there is anything for John Thomas Watts.'