

THE WEEK

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

It was a relief to learn of the end of the desultory and sometimes bloody struggle between the warring factions in Brazil, whether the result accords exactly with one's sympathies or not. In so far as the revolt of the insurgents seemed to be directed against the assumption of arbitrary power by the President, those who have faith in government of the people, by the people, for the people, would naturally sympathize with the rebel admiral, i.e., if they could persuade themselves that his success would mean the triumph of self-government, not the restoration of a deposed monarch. On the other hand, the many who might be inclined to suspect the good faith of the insurgent leaders and to foresee in their triumph the evils of a military despotism, even more

to be dreaded than those of a hereditary or dynastic one, would be glad to learn of the victory of Peixoto. In either case it is satisfactory to know that, as a new President has already been elected, the result of the Government's victory can hardly be disastrous to the liberties of the people, while the restoration of peace and the resumption of trade will be a distinct benefit to other nations as well as to that which has so long suffered the dire effects of prolonged civil war.

The motions and debates in the Ontario Legislature this session are an interesting study for the student of party politics. They afford a striking object-lesson on the tendency of a long term in office to transform so-called Liberal administrations into Conservatives and the tendency of a long term in Opposition to transform Conservatives into Liberals. It is extremely interesting, not to say edifying, to see the leader of the Conservative Opposition and his lieutenants bombarding the Government benches with speeches and resolutions of the most pronounced Radical type, and the leader of the Liberal Administration, with the help of his colleagues and supporters, defending themselves with arguments of distinctly Conservative character. Take, for instance, the debate last week on the motion made and vigorously supported by the Opposition leaders in favour of the abolition of fees and the election or appointment by municipal authorities of all officials whose remuneration is provided in whole or in part by the localities for which they are appointed. What could have a more pronounced Radical hue than such a motion? And what could be more distinctly Conservative than the defence of the present fee system, with its concomitants of Government patronage and the power of occasionally rewarding one of the faithful with a very lucrative position, by the Government. Happily the question at issue is not of sufficient practical importance to prevent one from enjoying the humour of the situation.

The question of tariff-revision so completely overshadows every other mentioned in the Speech from the Ottawa throne, that it is difficult to give due consideration to any other until this is disposed of. Whether blameworthy or not in the matter of calling Parliament together at so late a date, the Government will deserve great credit if it adheres to its promise, as made by Sir John Thompson, to bring down the budget

within a very few days. If they are able to adhere to that programme, and to have the tariff question definitely settled, even after two or three weeks' debate, the superiority of our legislative system over that of our cousins in the United States will have been once more strikingly demonstrated. Any conjectures with regard to the nature and extent of the changes to be proposed would be idle. That the terms of the Premier's speech were re-assuring to the friends of radical reform cannot be affirmed. They pointed rather in the opposite direction. But we shall soon know the best or worst, as the case may be. That determined opposition and long debate await the Government proposals, whatever they may be, is, of course, certain, because the battle is not only between the "Ins" and the "Outs," but because the forthcoming scheme is to be based strictly, we are told, upon protectionist principles, while "Free Trade" is the largest plank in the Opposition platform. But it is to be hoped that both parties will prove sufficiently patriotic, not to say philanthropic, to remember that the eyes of the unemployed are fixed hungrily upon them from all parts of the Dominion, and that the whole people are awaiting their verdict with intense anxiety.

Even in New York the planners and perpetrators of electoral frauds seem to have fallen on evil times. No less than thirty-nine have been convicted and sentenced in that city for frauds committed in connection with the late elections. The *Nation* says: "There have been frauds on a considerable scale at every election for a quarter of a century, but never before have thirty-nine of the cheats been indicted, convicted, and sentenced." Of this number one "district leader," "Paddy" Divver, was responsible for eighteen, and another, "Barney" Martin, for nine. Both these men were police magistrates. The first-named had been recommended for that office by a President of the Board of Education and an eminent criminal judge, under the name and style of "The Hon. Patrick Divvey." The Hon. Patrick had stimulated the frauds by offering prizes for those who would roll up the heaviest majorities in their districts. The first prize was to be a \$1,500 situation, which the winner could keep or give to a friend. It is not surprising that when Paddy and his friends heard that the Grand Jury were looking into the matter, either his business or the state of his health suddenly demanded his presence in California. The investigation which led

to the conviction of these men was carried on mainly by a committee of the "Bar Association." Of the four members of this energetic committee, three were Democrats. The above and similar facts go to mark what we may hope will prove to be but the commencement of a great awakening to the wickedness and danger of political fraud. It will probably bear good fruit in days to come.

The very worst enemies of the destitute are the lazy impostors who go about seeking whom they may impose upon with their harrowing fabrications. These constitute a real danger at the present time. A little while ago our city papers were filled with stories of destitution and suffering such as might move the heart of a miser. Just now a reaction seems to have set in, and every one we take up has some tale of imposition practised upon some large-hearted citizen. It is right that these cases should be published, by way of warning to the impulsive and indiscreet. But there is great danger that they may do much to close up the channels of legitimate charity and cause indifference to the sufferings of the honest poor. When some of the evening papers, with doubtful generosity, were bestowing food and clothing indiscriminately, it was necessary for anyone of ordinary discernment only to stand for a few moments within view of the crowds gathered about the points of distribution and study the features and movements of the expectant waiters, in order to convince himself that the percentage of impostors among them was, to say the least, large. There is little room for doubt that all such methods are unwise and injurious. They become doubly mischievous when they lead many to the illogical conclusion that because there are so many undeserving who are ready at any moment to make a trade of their poverty, there is little real distress in the city. The deserving poor do not flaunt their poverty on public thoroughfares. It is beyond question that there are many industrious and honest families in the city to whom even a day's work would be a most welcome boon. The experience of those who have found a labor-test effective in causing the disappearance of numbers of those who pretended to be in search of work, may be offset by that of others who have found skilled workmen ready and eager to do any work, no matter how rough or menial. The moral is, that those who are able and willing to give employment to the destitute should enquire amongst the respectable laboring classes, who know of neighbors' hardships. Such enquiries would quickly reveal hundreds of half-famished ones eager for work of any kind. Try it.

The able and well-informed writer of the series of letters on Canada, which are appearing in the *London Times*, says in a recent letter:

"There seemed to me to be a consensus of opinion throughout the North-west, in the agricultural communities of the East, and among men of independent thought everywhere, that the first object of Canadian statesmanship should now be to make the Dominion a cheap country to live in. A large inflow of population to the unsettled areas, the greatest good of the greatest number in all parts, seem to depend on this. Even manufactures, which have made great strides under the impulse of protection, now feel a still greater need of the wide market which only a large and prosperous agricultural population can supply."

These are wise words. A large and prosperous agricultural population is the first and great need of the Dominion. It is needed, not only for the filling up of the North-west, but for the proper development of the resources of the older Provinces, which have a wealth of undeveloped possibilities in agriculture, as well as in the products of the mines, forests and fisheries. With the progress of agriculture all other industries will keep pace. It provides the soundest of all bases for building up trade and manufactures of all kinds suitable to the country. Though the writer of the letters thinks that the protective system was not a mistake, we need not stay to argue that question with him, seeing that he now admits so clearly the necessity for tariff reform. He is of opinion that "the great and dominant trading interests of Canada lie with Britain rather than with the United States"—an opinion with which no one need quarrel. So fair and broad-minded a writer cannot fail to realize that this is no reason why we should not also cultivate to the fullest extent our trade with the United States, and in fact with every other accessible part of the world. Open up as widely as possible the channels of trade with all the world, and the intelligent self-interest of business men may be depended upon to find out in which direction their true prosperity lies. The trouble with some of those who have had the direction of affairs in Canada has been that they were afraid to trust our people to choose markets for themselves. Let them free the commerce of the country from its fetters, thus making it a cheap country to live in, and so encourage the influx of population and capital, and the laws of commerce will do the rest.

One somewhat curious passage in Sir John Thompson's speech in reply to Mr. Laurier's criticisms on the Address challenges attention. We refer to his defence of the practice of the Government—which had also been, he said, the practice of their predecessors—of receiving deputations from the representatives of various business interests in private, while the interviews with farmers, conducted by the tariff Commissioners, were open to the public. The secrecy accorded to the conferences with manufacturers and business men was defended on the ground that it "often happened that the conference was

with regard to these men's private business affairs, to their profits and to their capital." Now it must be confessed that there is something anomalous, or at least unbecoming, in the fact of the Government of the country which, under a system of high taxation such as now prevails, has the power to make or mar the fortunes of individuals, holding private conferences with the representatives of various industries, with a view to the readjustment of the tariff. It seems to connect the processes of the Government which stands for the whole people and should know nothing of personal influences in the discharge of its duties, with the private interests of individuals, in a way that is well adapted to awaken jealousies and suspicions. The Government want information with reference to the operation of the tariff, of course. But why should a manufacturer's private affairs be any more sacred than those of a farmer? If he is making only a fair profit from his business, why should he object to having the fact known? And why should one man's personal interests be considered of greater importance than those of another?

Suppose, for instance, that the Government is influenced by the representations of a few men, engaged in a given business, to retain a higher rate of duty upon their special products than they were otherwise disposed to do. Suppose, even, that these interested parties should succeed in convincing the Government that the welfare, not only of themselves as proprietors, but of a few dozens or hundreds of their employees, will be promoted by the higher rate of duty. May it not be, is it not even highly probable, that a thousand or a hundred thousand consumers of those products may, by the same tariff, be compelled to pay a higher price for them? These have no similar opportunity of stating their side of the case and bringing their personal influence to bear upon the Government in favour of the reduction of tariff which would be in their interests, because they have no means of knowing what has taken place between the producers and the Ministers. Is this fair? Is it just? Is it becoming in a free state? Whatever may have been the practice of any or all past governments, we are inclined to believe that Mr. Laurier's objection was well taken, and that all conferences between Ministers of the Crown and private individuals, in regard to trade and tariff questions in which the whole people are interested, should be carried on in the light of day, and in the hearing of the whole people.

Those in Canada who are trying to follow the course of affairs in the British Parliament, especially with reference to the Home-Rule question, must have been sorely puzzled by the cabled extract from Lord Rosebery's speech in the House of Lords, coming as it did so immediately after his

address to his colleagues and supporters. It seemed impossible to reconcile the vexed passage in this speech with his previous declaration that there was no change of policy, but only a change of men, in the reconstructed Government. To take the position that there could be no Home-Rule for Ireland until a majority of English representatives were in favour of it, would be to depart very markedly from the Gladstonian policy, under which a Home-Rule Bill was forced through the Commons, and but for the action of the Lords, would have become law, in spite of a majority of sixty-nine of the English members against it. Moreover, as a constitutional principle what could be more unworkable and unfair than the position that no legislation of an important character, touching the relations of the different members of the United Kingdom to the whole, could be passed until a majority of the representatives of one member of the Union, albeit the strongest and most important member, were in favour of it. What would that mean but that the vote of an Irish or Scotch member was of less value than that of an English member? Such a principle accepted and acted upon would soon lead either to the acknowledged inferiority and vassalage of the smaller members of the Kingdom, or to civil war. No branch of a united kingdom, or of a union of any kind, would submit to such a ruling principle on any other condition than that of compulsion. How long would the Canadian Confederation last were Ontario to take such a position, in virtue of being the largest member of the union?

We felt sure, therefore, from the first, that either Lord Rosebery's meaning had been misapprehended or misrepresented, or that the overthrow of his Government was in sight. To reason as Mr. Smalley does, following some of the English papers, that "it is idle to expect that in the long run the fate of the Empire is to be settled by the minority, and not the majority, and England is the majority," is to connect a self-evident major premise with a minor so palpably ambiguous, that it is hard to see how it could deceive anyone, even the reasoner himself. England is not the majority in the sense implied, seeing that, as Lord Rosebery points out in his latest speech, her representatives, so far from being a unit against Home Rule, are becoming so much nearer being in equilibrium in regard to it that the majority against it has dwindled from 213 to 69 in six years. But Lord Rosebery's Edinburgh speech has, on the principle that a statesman must be allowed to explain the meaning of his own utterances, settled the question. It commits him as staunchly to Home Rule, at the mandate of the majority of the whole kingdom, as Mr. Gladstone himself was committed to it. He, in fact, reduces the meaning ascribed to his words to the absurd

by showing by figures that it would be possible for the next Parliament to have a majority of 100 in favour of Home Rule, and yet an English majority of 45 against it. The Premier blames the Opposition severely for attaching the meaning they have attached to his words, and even accuses the *Times* of wilful misrepresentation. But we are bound to admit, in candour, that that meaning seems to us to be the most natural one which could be placed upon his words, taken by themselves. Those words, as quoted by Mr. Smalley, were as follows:—

"The noble Marquis made one remark upon the subject of Irish Home Rule with which I must confess myself in entire accord. He said that before Irish Home Rule is conceded by the Imperial Parliament, England, as the predominant member of the partnership of the three kingdoms, will have to be convinced of its justice. That may seem to be a considerable admission to make, because your Lordships well know that the English members of Parliament elected for England proper are hostile to Home Rule. But I believe that the conviction of England with regard to Home Rule depends on one point alone, and that is the conduct of Ireland herself."

By the way, the fact that these most weighty words were not given in the first cabled reports of Lord Rosebery's speeches is a curious illustration of the defects of our trans-Atlantic cable service. When shall we have an efficient Canadian service?

THE STATE AND HIGHER EDUCATION.

The discouraging reply which Sir Oliver Mowat felt it necessary to give to the influential deputation which waited on him a few days since to solicit substantial aid for the Provincial University reveals, or rather recognizes, a state of public opinion in the Province which it is well for those interested in higher education to look fairly in the face. Sir Oliver, as reported, did not give any intimation in regard to his own personal views, nor have we any means of knowing whether he is or is not in sympathy with the objects of the deputation. He contented himself with saying that he saw no possibility of getting the House to agree to a fresh grant of money for the purposes of the University. No one who calls to mind former discussions in the House, touching this question, can doubt that in so replying he correctly interpreted the views of the majority of the present representatives. There is every reason to believe, too, that those views correctly represent the sentiment of the great majority of the electors. Without at present attempting to deal with the question on its merits, we may review briefly what are, so far as we are able to judge, the principal causes of the state of public feeling which compels the Provincial Premier to regard it as useless to seek from the Legislature any considerable appropriation in aid of higher education,

for no doubt that what would be refused to the Provincial University would not be granted to any other institution for a similar purpose.

This public sentiment, be it wise or unwise, is, we believe, the product of two chief factors. The first, though by no means the most potent, has its origin in the existence and work of the voluntary institutions. These, in so far as they undertake to do substantially the same work, become formidable competitors, if not rivals, of the state university. The fact that they make no demands upon the taxpayers suffices, if need be, to cover a multitude of shortcomings. We do not mean to imply, in speaking of them as rivals, that there is any necessary or actual relation other than that of cordial friendliness, between them and the Provincial institution. But what could be more natural than that those, be they religious denominations, or private individuals, or corporations, who, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, prefer to establish and maintain colleges and universities at their own expense, or with the aid of such voluntary contributions and endowments as they from time to time receive, and all the large constituencies made up of the friends and patrons of these institutions, should object to and perhaps resent being further taxed for the support of other institutions doing the same work, which they do not need, and from which they can derive no direct benefit? This holds with especial force in the case of colleges devoted to medicine and its subsidiary sciences, and in fact to all those whose aim it is to prepare students for lucrative professions. This, the supporters of these institutions urge, is a work which is perfectly legitimate for voluntary and self-supporting institutions, but, being for the special behoof of the few who expect to make pecuniary gain out of the education thus obtained, it should never be done at the expense of the general public, by means of compulsory taxation. But this is a phase of the question which belongs more appropriately under our second division. It would be aside from our purpose to consider particularly the case of those colleges which, working on voluntary or self-supporting principles, see or think they see, in the subsequent establishment of a rival college in connection with the state university, not only an injustice to their supporters as taxpayers, but a breach of the faith implied in the bestowal of their charters.

But a far more general and wide-reaching cause of the popular opposition to increasing the state-aid to institutions of any and all kinds has its origin in the democratic tendencies of the time. The masses, whose opinions and votes are rapidly becoming the ruling forces in all countries with free institutions and a wide suffrage, are objecting more and more to every form of public expenditure which they cannot see to be equally necessary and beneficial to all classes. They favour, it may be, liberal

expenditures of state funds in aid of the public schools, because the children even of the poorest citizens need and use these schools. But they object to the giving of public money to colleges and universities, on the ground that these are for the benefit of the few. Point out to them that the doors of such institutions as Toronto University swing open just as readily at the knock of the son of the laborer as at that of the son of the millionaire, and they reply that while this may be true in theory, as a matter of fact those only are in a position to enjoy the benefits of such institutions who are the sons of the wealthy, or at least of the well-to-do. Some of the more logical and far-seeing go farther and maintain that even were the facts otherwise, and could it be shown that a fair proportion of the graduates of these institutions are from the labouring classes, the thing would be none the less wrong in principle, seeing that the few are really educated partly at the public expense, in order that they may be fitted to enter the learned professions, where they are not only vastly better paid, but stand higher in the social scale than the many who cannot take advantage of the opportunities afforded by such institutions. All such discriminations, they urge, are wrong in principle, or if discrimination were to be made in favour of any, it should be in favour of those who labour under the greatest disadvantages. If it is the work of the State to aid in educating the son of one citizen for law or medicine, why should it not, *a fortiori*, aid the son of another and more needy citizen in learning a trade or handicraft? Attempt to show such a reasoner the indirect advantages which the State derives from the scientific researches, and the discoveries in various departments of enquiry demanding trained intellects, which are the outcome of the higher education of the few, and how the progress and prosperity of the whole people are promoted by these investigations, and he will probably reply with an incredulous shake of the head, if not with an epithet more forcible than polite. Or, if more logically disposed, he will go on to argue that the most powerful agency for promoting science is the love of science, and that, in nine cases out of ten, those who have rendered lasting service to humanity by their writings and discoveries are those who would have pursued their specialties under any conditions. He will perhaps add that this same love of learning and scientific investigation may be trusted to provide the means for the encouragement of the favourite pursuits of enthusiastic students. He will probably point you to what is being done through the successful application of the voluntary principle for the promotion of higher education in the United States, and prophecy that some of its voluntary universities will in the course of a few generations take their place among the foremost in the world.

As we have said, it is our purpose simply to present plainly what we believe to be the causes of the state of feeling which gave rise to Sir Oliver Mowat's reply to the University deputation. There are not wanting indications that the same views may one day prevail even in the case of the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, which are now doing so effective a work in promoting secondary education. Meanwhile, there is great force in the remark of one of the members of the deputation, to the effect that, under the circumstances, a State endowment seems to be an injury rather than a help to an institution of learning. If its position in this respect is really the reason, and we know no other, why the University of Toronto fails to share in the benefactions which are so liberally bestowed upon other seats of learning, and if, as present indications seem to show, it can have no hope of further substantial aid from public funds, it is time for its friends to consider the situation. So far as appears, the alternatives are liberal private endowments, or virtual cessation of progress.

OTTAWA LETTER.

The readers of THE WEEK would not be satisfied unless a review of the situation from the bird's eye view of your correspondent were, at the outset, attempted on the eve of what may prove to be one of the most momentous sessions ever held in the Parliament of Canada. The commercial policy of the country is to be put on its trial, and will be the chief feature of the coming struggle. Protection has been on its trial for fifteen years, and has been found wanting, and in consequence the Government promised that an enquiry would be made during recess, and that a re-arrangement of the tariff would be submitted to Parliament, and the speech announces that that promise is to be fulfilled; a saving clause is, however, inserted to the effect that the principles of protection are to be maintained. The Hon. Mr. Laurier complains that it is the principle of protection that is wrong, and that a way must be found to abolish protection, but he has failed to convince his followers of the necessity of adopting any counter principle except that of reciprocity and a revenue tariff, which will be as efficacious as protection in maintaining the prosperity of the country, which the Government informs the people through the speech of His Excellency, has been maintained by comparison with other countries. The speech further maintains that the open markets of Great Britain under free trade have contributed more to the prosperity of the exporting power of Canada than to the closer and more extensive but protected markets of the United States, failing to realize however that the importing power of Canada would benefit equally by removing the restrictions on trade which have been found to so largely increase the importing power of England. On this vintage ground are the battlements of the citadel which have to be fought for and won; neither party has as yet possessed themselves of the keys of this citadel, for which there is an open

sesame to the political party that will entrust themselves behind its ramparts. The operations of contending parties are likely to be hampered by the religious warfare of leaders who attempt by faction fighting to score a victory for their respective adherents, and it is fair to ask if the material interests and welfare of the people at large should be made subordinate to what is, after all, only sectional strife.

The plea is put forward by some of our French Canadian countrymen that the policy of the growing communities in our great western domain in educational matters shall be dictated from Ottawa. They fail to see that such a policy is impossible, and that it would at once strike a blow at the liberty of the people of Canada and at the national life of the country. Sir John Thompson, the leader of the Government, has foreseen it, and he prefers to stand by the constitution and the inherent liberty granted under it by his refusal to disallow legislation which is within the power of the provinces of the North-west to enact, if their people see fit to do so.

Mr. Royal, ex-Governor of the North-west Territories, has entered the lists to provide a panacea for the imaginary ills he complains of, and in a brochure which is the subject of much comment here, he advocates independence, in order that we may get rid of the constitution which is the foundation of our liberties and which has been found so efficacious in preserving the liberties of French Canadians for a century and a half. He forgets that if the work of the past is to be undone and a new structure erected for the purpose of enacting such legislation as he desires, that the western, or, for the matter of that, the eastern portions of Canada cannot be forced into a constitution which has the avowed purpose of serving a sectional purpose, and his independent platform would have no prospect. While he advances as a plea that the people of the United States would not be likely to disturb the peaceful progress of Canada under an independent nationality, he forgets that though we may have nothing to fear on that score, yet France might not be so considerate. The French Government have been of late years aggressive in several parts of the world, notably in Siam, and if they found a weak but independent nationality on the territory which they vacated 150 years ago, and to-day is largely peopled by their descendants, they might seize the opportunity of again possessing themselves of the country, and the people would be comparatively powerless to resist the aggression. While Mr. Royal may be justly acquitted of any such similar design, he cannot close his eyes to the fact that the fears of the people would be aroused by its possibility. Will not the time come when those who seek to attain power, by resorting to sectional strife, find that stepping-stone to the confidence of the people of Canada a very slippery one? Canadian justice can be relied on to right wrongs if they are proven to be wrongs, which would utterly fail if passion is to prevail.

It is possible that only by a strong coalition, under existing circumstances, can the country be guided into a haven that will bring out the best characteristics of the public and enable them to develop the resources of a country with which they are blessed, realizing that no greater independence or freedom of action is possible than that guaranteed by our own constitution.

within the British Empire. These are some of the knotty problems our wise men now assembled from the East and the West are called upon to solve, and as to how they are dealt with your correspondent will from time to time endeavour to enlighten your readers.

In the meantime the atmosphere is surrounded with sulphurous atoms and there is likely to be a boom in cyclone cellars. "The French Treaty, or annihilation!" says Sir Charles Hibbert. "Will anyone tread on the tail of my coat?" says the McCarthy. "Liberté, égalité, and fraternité," cry a dozen voices. "Don't give the Yankees an inch more than they give us!" exclaims Haggart. "Free trade!" shouts Boulton. "Never mind me but attend to the other fellow!" groans the manufacturer. "Help! help!" shrieks the farmer. "The country is going to the eternal bow-wows!" sneers Sir Richard—the temperance people meanwhile quietly and calmly getting in their work—and, to crown all, Mercier is going to raise an army and march on the island of Anticosti and live there under the *oriflamme*, and on bills of credit. No wonder Sir John Thompson exclaims to himself, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and should he feel inclined to say to Mr. Bowell, as was reported a short time ago, or to Mr. Laurier, "*C'est a vous, messieurs*"—Try your hand, gentlemen, and I will look on—it would not be remarkable.

You will pardon me for such a dose of excitement; it has taken away my own breath, but in consequence of its being passion week, and also in consequence of Lady Aberdeen, for whom there is a great deal of sympathy felt, being in mourning, there was no State dinner and no State reception and gaiety is for the time stopped. I had therefore to fill in the time with the most available material. Gaiety will break out, however, with pent-up activity on the 26th of April, when the period of mourning fixed by Lord Aberdeen shall have elapsed. It is understood the usual State reception and the State dinner will then be held, to be followed in all probability by a State ball. The hotels are full and every year there seems to be more and more attraction at Ottawa during the first few weeks of Parliament.

"VIVANDIER."

Ottawa, St. Patrick's Day.

VIEWS OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.

In continuation of the series of opinions on the above important subject the succeeding letters will prove interesting.

L. E. HORNING.

I fear that the present state of our literature is not encouraging to Canadian writers, too many of whom are sending their works abroad for publication, which they cannot find at home. They are thus practically lost to our country. How the blame of this is to be shared by writers and publishers I cannot say, but it must be largely the fault of a public coldly indifferent and which has yet to learn that the honour and profit even of a noble native literature would equal that of all the corn and cattle they could raise. I have, however, no fear for the future. Time is on our side and Canadian genius will in the end compel the homage now withheld, and awaken a worthy pride in the literary achievements of our writers. Time is required, but we may hasten it if we will. It is little over sixty years since the United States had no

literature. They were much as we are now, but Canada in forty years will probably outstrip them. However bad the present state may be, the outlook for the future is sure and bright, and will not deceive our hopes.

Niagara, Ont.

W. KIRBY.

Speaking generally, I am not disposed to agree with those who seem to think it the right thing to say, at home or abroad, that Canada has as yet done little or nothing in the way of literature. I think that those who so speak either ignore our *relatively small numbers*, or else, that they are not fully aware of all the good work which has been already done, and would be somewhat surprised if they were to see it carefully collected, and estimated in capable critical essays. If we take the sphere of poetry, for instance, and if we set aside two or three great names, such as are rare stars in any literary firmament, I think that, *in proportion to the size of our population*, the Canadian contingent is nothing to be ashamed of, even when compared with that of our greater contemporaries. Indeed, some English critics have set our average in recent years above that of the United States. Even the earliest poetical efforts of Canada were somewhat remarkable for a young country with so little in its circumstances to stimulate poetical production. Sangster, for instance, who recently passed from among us, after a life of scant recognition, must have had a vigorous root of poetry in him to have blossomed as it did in so ungenial an atmosphere. Others of our early writers have also done good work, too little known. Our Canadian anthologies have, I think, scarcely done full justice to Canadian poetry. To this circumstance, and to the speedy entombment of volumes of poetry, under the great mass of modern rubbish, may be partly due the under-estimate of Canadian literary achievement to which I have referred. Such efforts as that your Society is now making must have a good effect on both readers and writers. For it is as great a mistake to under-rate as it is to over-estimate our literary work, and naturally nothing discourages a singer so much as to feel that his songs fall on careless or unheeding ears. As for our "later Canadian poets," however, we scarcely need to say that several of them are rapidly winning a cosmopolitan reputation, which will, no doubt, secure them a respectful estimate, even in "their own country," which is not supposed to afford the greatest honour either to poets or prophets. In other spheres, also, good work has been done, as is testified by the fact that a number of Canadian works, originally published in the United States, have been republished in Britain and *vice versa*. It is also a significant fact that a few Canadian writers who have boldly settled in Britain, there to put their fate to the touch, are already taking their place among the most popular writers of the day, and it is only fair to suppose that other Canadians might have had similar success had they been able to give themselves and their work the same chance. True excellence, however, will always make its own way in the long run; though it may be tardily enough.

As to the prospects of Canadian literature, it is not well to discount the future, though at present the outlook seems encouraging to those who are willing to undertake the hard work necessary to success. Young writers especially have to be on their guard against the too common notion that there is any short cut to success in liter-

ature, and they also need to be on their guard even more against indiscriminate praise than against undue disparagement. It is no more patriotic to overpraise a writer because he is a Canadian than it is to ignore him for the same reason. As a small public in which individuals are better known, we have not quite got past the former weakness, as occasional extravagant laudations seem to indicate. What Canadian literature most needs is a kindly but judicious criticism, which, while generously acknowledging real excellence, will also candidly point out the faults that may blemish it. And as the tendency of the age is rather to over publication, we also need writers who will cultivate the patient devoted spirit of the true artist, and who are not in too great a hurry to attain recognition. Even our poets must remember that if "the poet is born," "*Art is long*," and demands unremitting labour to give the noblest thought the noblest form. It is only an occasional human thrush like Burns who can capture the world with the "first, fine careless rapture," and even he could not do it *always*! As we all know, the late poet laureate elaborated his finest poems through long and patient labour, and probably his music could not have been produced save in the mellow atmosphere of culture into which he was born.

Canadian writers, then, must not expect to win honours too easily, because *the class is small*; knowing that the only true test of their work will be found in its standing in the great class of English literature, which, notwithstanding intervening seas, is *one and indivisible*. They must set before themselves an *absolute*, not a *relative* standard of excellence, while at the same time cultivating the individuality which is the natural result of the circumstances and surroundings in which our immediate inspiration is to be found; as some of our poets have already admirably shown. They must avoid being carried away by the feverish desire for publicity, and for factitious reputation, which is one of the most hostile influences to the cultivation of the true literary spirit, and is fostered by the modern fashion of perpetually paragraphing and even *biographing* writers whose work is not half done! The practice of *self-advertising* is another weakness to which the true artist will scorn to yield, for he will rather dispense with recognition altogether than to stoop to win it by such methods. Nay, he can do without it, if need be, since he has what Lowell has well called "a little mountain-farm of imagination, which would never show in any schedule of his effects, yet upon which his spirit can maintain itself happily enough," though perhaps he had better look elsewhere for even "*a little oatmeal*!"

Above all, Canada wants writers with *noble ideals*. The tendency of too many writers, now-a-days, is to lose these under the undermining influence of a debasing materialism, but, without the noblest ideals, the noblest work can never be done! Above all, we want Canadian writers inspired with the true sentiment of patriotism, the spirit which led Scotland's peasant-poet to frame the wish he has so touchingly expressed:

"A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang, at least!"

The sentiment of patriotism is still far too weak among us, and without it we shall

never rise above self-seeking and party spirit, political and religious, into the *nation* which we hope Canada is predestined to become. With our racial differences and warring factions we can never be fused into *one people* without the *love of country* which it is one of the highest offices of poetry to foster. And the true poet will consider it no mean privilege to help to make the *songs* which most truly mould a nation's life by sinking deepest into the heart as no outward force can ever do. Those who make the *songs* of a nation must in time influence its *laws*.

AGNES M. MACHAR (FIDELIS).

Some persons there are who are perpetually deluding themselves with the idea that there is something magic about the literature of a country; that it is a mysterious thing and dependent upon some wonderful agencies and impulses which cannot be seen or defined. In my view this is quite a delusion. The literature of the country is the thought and essential outgrowth of the national life. The literature of a country becomes great and heroic when the people of the country become great and heroic. The need of Canadian literature, as, indeed, the need of Canadian politics, is comprised in one word—men. A whole nation is vivified and uplifted by the influence of one great mind, one which is broad and elevated, which has the capacity to inspire and impel. Canada has got quite a list of very promising and clever men in the literary field, especially in poetry. Whether the great voice which is to give the cue to the literary characteristics of the nation that is, or, at all events, is to be, it is too early to pronounce an opinion.

Halifax, N.S.

J. W. LONGLEY.

NATURE'S COMFORTING.

O Soul, arise and come with me!
God's world is very beautiful to-day.
And then, thy dead are dead, they will not
wake,

Or kiss thee on the lips, though thou for aye
Dwell by the tomb—dwell till thy face
Has lost its rounded grace;
And thy wet eyes have grown too dim to see
The very ghosts that grin and mock at thee.

Throw off the crape about thy hair;
Let the glad sunlight play upon thy brow;
The past is past, the future vague and far;
Only the birds sing and the flowers bloom now.
Come! and take back thine olden faith
In God. Forget the wraith

Which haunts thee here—the hopes, he
dreams, forsooth,

That clung about the gown of thy lost youth,
And died with it. Ah! they were fair!
And yet, my Soul I know could they arise
From their long sleep and come to thee,
Thine eyes would greet them with a sad sur-
prise

That they were changed—behold
The face, the form, of old!
And still thy blood is calm; why mourn with
tears
Thy quiet pulse? The change is thine, not
theirs.

The wild unrest, the eager pain
Of passion comes to thee no more. And so,
My Soul, we have grown greater, thou and I,
And wiser;—happier? I do not know—
Perhaps—But, let thy dead ones be!
Arise, and come with me,
Where we can watch the length'ning shadows
glide

Over the fields and up the mountain side;—
Until the emerald foliage shows
Like human life, half sunshine and half gloom.
Aha! Thou smilest, is Jehovah's world
Better than that dark, sorrow-curtained room

Where thou hast dwelt so long? How fair
That black and scarlet butterfly looks, dear!
And how the noisy crickets, as we pass,
Shout their shrill love-call from the bending
grass!

Soothed by the scented wind unto
Half dreams, we start to hear the mournful
plaint

That from yon elm the 'prisoned dryad pours
In wildwood language, beautiful and quaint.
For sympathy the very leaves
Sigh too. "The morning breeze
Swaying the branches!" cries a passer-by.
But we, we understand, my soul and I.

All of her tender story. How
Long centuries ago, in yonder grove,
When Jove was king, from far Elysium
Apollo came and wooed and called her love,
Long before Christ was born. Ere we
Had learned to bend the knee
Unto one God—that unknown God, to whom
The old Athenians prayed, before they knew
His Godhood. See! the skies are one
Vast sea of pearl; thro' tiny rifts we trace
The blue beyond—e'en as a baby smiles
Through half-closed lids into its mother's face.
While that great dragon-fly, whose wings
Gleam in the sunlight, brings
Sweet promises to us—it crawled one time
A loathsome thing, amid the river's shine.

And we are growing glad again;
Not with the smiles of June, the rose is meet
Only for youthful hearts. We choose instead
The purple pansy and white marguerite;
Feeling that God has grown more dear
To us, has drawn more near,
Than when we made our idols out of clay
And kneeled by them to worship, not to pray.

VIVIEN.

THE POETRY OF WILLIAM WATSON.

A little over a year ago the literary world was startled by the rumour that William Watson, a poet who was till that time almost unknown, was likely to have bestowed on him the laurel that had so lately graced the brows of Tennyson. Had the rumour been realized the laureate of the present hour would certainly have been immeasurably inferior to the great master; and none would have been more ready to admit this than Mr. Watson himself. But if we glance our eye over the Swinburnes, the Dobsons, the Langs, the Morrisons of to-day, and then examine Mr. Watson's works we will be compelled to admit that the humble young singer has in his poetry certain enduring qualities that are not met to the same extent in the work of most of his contemporaries. And while he lacks the fine finish, the flawless and sustained art of many of the moderns, his poems have perhaps more earnestness of purpose than is to be found in any other English poet that is attracting attention at present.

The words "humble young singer" have been used advisedly, for if we examine his work we find that a great deal of his genius lies in this very quality of humility, and in his reverence for the kings of English song, from Chaucer to Tennyson. He is a Wordsworthian, and his poem "Wordsworth's Grave" is a noble tribute to a poet who has perhaps been oftener sung and praised by his enthusiastic disciples than any other of our poets save Shakespeare. It was on this poem, too, that Mr. Watson's fame rested until the death of his friend Tennyson called forth the "Lachrymæ Musarum" that made him known to every lover of the Laureate's work. It is, perhaps, not a mark of the strongest genius to devote its best energies to lauding other men; but in an age when reverence for past things and sentiment are either dead or kept under, it is a grand thing to find a young man worth-

ily thankful to the men who have helped him to see and to sing. It is something, too, to be able to praise well two such poets, the one simplicity personified, the other the first artist of our English speech; the one living, breathing life and Nature, the other writing with his feelings ever kept under subjection to his art.

Nor are these the only two poets that he has praised. He shows the critical faculty to a very great degree; but this is not to be wondered at in an age when our poets are our critics, and when there is no poet who has browsed in the meadows of song but has taken an excursion into the fields of criticism. But his criticism is not of the professional critic kind. It is intuitive; such criticism as we find in Shelley's "A wonder of this earth, like one of Shakespeare's women." He is able to give us in one understanding phrase, in one sympathetic word, more insight than can be garnered from whole volumes of "Studies in Literature."

In Shelley, "the cloud-begotten," he sees "dazzling glow," "thunderous haze," or "flush of rose on peaks divine;" he sees the weakness, but he sees likewise "the glorious yearning" that makes Shelley more admirable than millions who ran the race of life successfully, and apparently grasped the prize at the end. He sees, too, Byron's "tempest anger, tempest mirth;" Coleridge's "wizard twilight;" Gray's "frugal note;" Goldsmith's "cadence soft as summer rain;" Milton's "keen translunar music;" and Shakespeare's "cloudless, boundless human view." His judgment, too, of Longfellow, that he was no puissant singer,

"No singer vast of voice: yet one who eave
His native air the sweeter for his song,"
is a judgment in which every student of verse must acquiesce. Of course the critic will say that there is nothing strikingly original in these criticisms. It is true that these points of view are held by our ablest minds, but they are here presented in a manner that shows them to have been discovered by sudden intuitive flashes of poetic light, and not by the groping method of the professional critic.

If Watson is a true critic of poetry he is that from the very fact that he is himself a true poet, a strong singer, and strong through his very power of self-criticism. In his "Prelude" he points out that his inspiration is fitful, not steady and sustained, that the "Muse capriciously" touches him to song, and then "leaves him to lament her flight." So, if we would find him at his best, we must study him in his lyrics and odes, or dwell on the passages of his longer poems where he is possessed by the lyrical Muse. His music, while an echo now of Wordsworth, now of Tennyson, now of Keats, and again of Shelley, at times is strikingly his own. After four or five centuries of rhyming on Autumn it is hard to say anything new on that subject, or to put what one has to say in a new manner; and yet the thought and workmanship of his "Autumn" are original and fine. "Wordsworth's Grave," too, while written in the old-fashioned iambic pentameter quatrain of Gray's elegy, has a simple grandeur befitting the theme, and a sweep, ease, and plasticity not to be found in the work of the elder poet. In "Lachrymæ Musarum" we rise to a still higher plane. Here we find a master musician sitting at the instrument; at his touch it sends forth a deep note of mourning, and as he plays, the might of the singer, the sorrow of the nation, the unutterable feeling that the loss is irreparable, that the one who has been taken was the greatest

among the modern sons of song steals over us, and we can but mourn blindly, hopelessly until he lifts us out of our sorrow with the glad faith that the singer is not dead, that the "faultless lute" that has been "rent" by death will be restored

"In that great calm our tumults cannot reach."

But we must not allow ourselves to dwell too long on the rhythmical qualities of his verse, for this is perhaps the poet's weakest point, and one in which he falls far below some of his great contemporaries. His verse has better qualities than those of mere music. He is no singer of idle songs, no mere weaver of richly colored fabrics; his verse throbs with thought. The mystery of being, the mystery of death, the mystery of God, haunt him, and there is scarcely a poem from his pen that does not touch on some of these themes. He feels that the scalpel knife and microscope cannot reveal the Infinite, and with large and reverent mind he grapples with these world old questions; and although he does not find God by questioning, he makes a helpful leader to those who are seeking in the darkness of the world some knowledge of the Being whose "mask and raiment" is the heaven and earth and sea of the visible universe. Man's desires, man's hopes, man's yearnings too, have all been dealt with by him with a seriousness and force rare in a latter day poet.

While he has been considering questions that appeal to man as man, he has not forgotten his own land—England. Some of his poems are alive with the best kind of patriotism, a patriotism that at once sees the errors and the evils, and will not be silent until they are remedied, and one that bursts into song for very joy at having a land it can call its own. Shakespeare leads the way in the chorus of singers who have loved and praised England well. In Richard II. his voice peals out in the lines:

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself,

* * *
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

Watson has the same love, and in his "England, my Mother," with its opening stanza,

"England, my Mother,
Wardress of waters,
Builder of peoples,
Maker of men,—"

we have a piece of patriotic music in a rhythm caught from his Anglo-Saxon ancestors that is full of the feeling that makes nations. Some of his sonnets of 1885, too, are strong and passionate in their patriotic indignation at seeing his England engaged in what he considered an unjust war. But what is of more interest to us is that while other English poets are grandly indifferent to the colonies, he sees that England may one day need the aid of her children; and when he bids us,

"Forget not whence the breath was blown
That wafted you afar!
For ye are still her ancient steed
On younger soil let fall—
Children of Britain's island-breed,
To whom the mother in her need
Perchance may one day call—"

true Canadians cannot but feel that such a song voices the attitude that every colonist must bear to the Mother-land, whether he be found in Australia or in Africa, in Canada or in the United States; and that if the

time of such need should ever come England would find that her children would not fail her.

For all that has been said in praise of Watson's verse we cannot but feel that he is immeasurably inferior to such singers as Tennyson and Browning. In fact many of the latter day Victorian poets who are without his sincerity and moral force are infinitely more worthy of the English laurel than he by right of their artistic excellence and sustained poetic feeling. He has as yet given us no *magnum opus*. "The Prince's Quest" is his longest poem, but it is weak in rhythm, and impresses one very much as does Keats' *Endymion*. It is in the same manner and rhyme as Keats' first effort, but lacks the rich poetic moments of that faulty but promising poem. It would have been much better had it been handled in blank verse, as the *enjambement* is clumsy, and gives a heaviness to the rhythm. At times, too, it lapses into the eighteenth century heroic couplet; and on the whole impresses one as a poem written by a young man who has a good deal of poetic feeling and imagination, but is lacking in control of his instrument. His "Angelo," a blank verse effort, is likewise weak. It is lacking in originality, and is little more than an echo of his masters, Keats, Landor, and Tennyson—particularly of Tennyson. So, if we are to enjoy Mr. Watson's work, it must be in his lyrics, and there we will find him strong and helpful; dealing with Nature with sympathy and poetic insight, and touching man's heart by fine flashes that cannot but make any reader the better for having come under his spell.

Stratford, Ont.

T. G. MARQUIS.

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL.

The new year finds us still in the agonies of the revolution. During the afternoon of the 1st inst. extremely heavy firing was kept up by the opposing forces, the air, the ground itself, fairly trembling from the concussion of the cannon. Almost all the guns were in action at the same time. Owing to the great hills which surround this vast, fantastically beautiful Bay of Rio, the echo is very loud, and lasts a long time. When a gun is fired, the report is sent backwards and forwards, round and round, in tones of deep and prolonged thunder until it dies away like the last faint moan of some dying animal. Imagine what the sound is like when one hundred or more heavy guns are in action at one time, sending their missiles through the air with shrieks that are really terrible.

Very little fighting went on during the 2nd, but last night heavy firing was maintained for some three hours between the fleet and the Government forces at the Armacao. To-day it is known that the fleet has driven the troops off the Ilha do Engenho, and made some sixty-three prisoners.

General Ferreira was very nearly taken also. He fled in his canoe so quickly that he left his men behind. When prisoners are made they generally fight for the side that takes them. I suppose these will do the same.

To give the soldiers their due, they have not hesitated to pour out their blood in defence of the Government de facto. Strange as it may appear, nearly all the troops in action so far have been only National Guards and patriotic battalions. The regular troops of the line have been kept close in barracks ever since the beginning of the revolt. The

only battalion that has gone into action was the 23rd, and now there is no longer any 23rd to speak of.

It is reported that last night the torpedo boats, *Marcelio Dias* and *Iquatmy* ran past the forts and entered the Bay. If this is so it may be that the warships are in the vicinity; in fact it is said that the *Aquidaban* has landed a convoy of some thousands of men between here and Capo Frio. It is said also that the Government has taken a large amount of ammunition out of Santa Cruz. Many people aver that Mello was in Rio on Christmas day.

A number of shipmasters sent a telegram to Lord Rosebery, complaining of the small amount of assistance given them by Mr. Wyndham and Capt. Lang, and asked that vigorous steps be taken for the protection of their interests.

Lord Rosebery replied that he approved of the conduct of Her Majesty's representative and Capt. Lang.

A few days ago the sailors in Villegaignon—who are as cocky as you please—put up a notice, "Vapores Esperado. O *Aquidaban* entra hoje." "Strangers expected. The *Aquidaban* will come in to-day!" They play this way constantly, greatly to the anger of the Government people.

When the Government troops took possession of the Armacao, they found written all over the walls of the building, "Viva a Monarchia!" With the triumph of the revolt, the people will have a chance to choose their own Government, instead of having to put up with a military tyranny.

The old wooden iron-clad *Sete de Setembro* and the fine packet steamer *Itaoca* have both been destroyed by fire. The *Sete* has been ashore off Nictheroy ever since the 7th of September, in honour of which day she was named. The *Itaoca* was in dock at the Island of Mocangue Pequeno.

Several of the doctors from the foreign ships-of-war are lending their services for the help of the wounded on the Island of Enxadas. It is a good chance for them to get experience of shot wounds. The steel cased manlicher shot goes clean through and out at the other side. It is not nearly so fatal as the large lead balls.

The passengers of the *Magdalena*—just arrived—report that they saw the *Cid* at Pernambuco. The *Cid* went out one night and returned the next morning. Capt. Bigaud, of the *Magdalena*, signalled to find out how many icebergs had been seen outside!

To-day firing is going on between Villegaignon and the Government. I saw Villegaignon land two shells squarely into Sao Joao.

Rio, January 4th.

* * * * *
Since the foregoing, affairs have been going on as usual. The duel between the Government forts and Villegaignon; the Armacao and the *Tamandare* and *Guana-bara*; constant skirmishes between the troops and the launches, are all I have to record, except one heavy engagement.

The fighting of the 3rd continued on the 4th, resulting in the taking of the Ilha do Engenho by the fleet. General Roberts Ferreira who was in command of the Government forces fled precipitately, leaving behind him thirteen dead and sixty-eight prisoners, besides his two guns. The insurgents forced the prisoners to dig graves and bury their own dead. The fleet say that they had only two wounded; one

of them is the son of Naval Constructor Trajano, designer of the fine corvette of that name. He was shot through the arm, which is badly shattered, and is being nursed in the blood hospital on the Ilha das Enxadas. His father is feeling very badly about it, but he would give his own life for the success of the cause. Young Trajano came from Europe to join the insurgents. Trajano may be arrested at any moment, simply because he is a naval man. All of the officers of the navy who happen to be on shore and are not in prison are being got out of the way as fast as possible. Some of the officers of the *Riachuelo* (sister-ship of the *Aquidaban*) came to Rio from Toulon. One of them dined with Floriano, and the next day he joined his comrades afloat.

The navy will not fight the navy. Only a few days ago several naval doctors and some officers succeeded in getting on board, in spite of the rigorous guard maintained.

The Minister of Marine sent in his resignation a few days ago, saying that he would not hold the position while men of his class were being held as political suspects and treated as common felons.

Numa Macedo, broker of the Royal Mail Steamer Packet Co., has been in prison since the *Aquidaban* fired into the Alfandega on September 25th last. It seems that Macedo had a relation on board the *Aquidaban*, and the Government accused him of making signals to her.

On the 6th inst., a holiday, and the 7th, Sunday, I had occasion to come to the office to do some work. On the 6th the Ilha das Cobras had an engagement with the shore forces and for some time the firing was incessant. I heard many heavy projectiles going by. On the 7th also quite a lot of firing was done. Comparatively speaking the 8th was quiet.

Last night at 10 o'clock the sound of heavy firing at Mocangue Grande, or the Armacao brought many people down to the praia. Besides the small arms and cannon on the other side of the Bay, Villegaignon, Cobras, the Government forts and the *Tamandare* all had their artillery at work. Some one must have got hurt badly. Today fighting is going on at the Armacao. It is rumoured that the fleet re-took Mocangue Grande and landed men at the Armacao.

The soldiers are being regularly slaughtered, but it is nothing to what it will be when the sailors get a fair whack at them.

The Government forts are husbanding their ammunition—not nearly so many shots are fired every day now. Enough are fired to make a show.

A new patriotic battalion called "Benjamin Constant," has just been formed. I have seen many officers but no men yet. The officers have a black uniform with green trimmings. The people called them papagaios (parrots) and the men perronquitos (parroquets). I asked a friend if he knew what they were being called; he said, "I suppose carne verde," meaning green, i.e., fresh beef. "No," I replied; "they will be carne verde after they go into action; for the present they are papagaios and perronquitos."

All we can do now is to await developments. The monotony and uncertainty is terrible. It is harder to bear than fighting. Anything for a change.

Mello's people have not been idle. A Swedish brig called the *Reindeer*, cleared from Philadelphia for Rio with what purported

to be a cargo of coal. After she left, a telegram was sent to watch her, as she was suspected of having arms on board. This telegram was laid on one side and forgotten! The vessel arrived and there being no Swedish representative here, her captain ran up German colours, but for some reason he failed to report having done so to either the German consul or warships. She went on quietly discharging until some one remembered about the telegram—but it was too late. The vessel had already got out all the arms she had, amounting to about \$275,000 worth of Hotchkiss arms and ammunition. The captain was arrested, but is now free again. He claims £600 damages for his arrest.

Rio, January 10th.

The *Aquidaban* entered on the morning of the 12th, at 5 a.m. So sure was I that she would come in, that I prepared my clothes for a sudden call, to go down to the praia and see the vessel enter—and I was not disappointed in my expectations. A rumour of her coming had got about the day before, and I was asked to contradict it as much as possible, which I did, but the feeling was so strong that she was coming, that many people stayed up all night to see her enter.

The forts were apparently caught napping, for not a shot was fired until the *Aquidaban* was between Santa Cruz and Lage—then the fire was heavy. The *Aquidaban* passed up at a fair speed, firing into the forts as she went. As she passed Ilha das Cobras at about 5.40, a very heavy rifle and machine gun-fire was indulged in between the forces along the shore line—Sao Bento and Castle Hills—and Ilha das Cobras itself. During the day the *Aquidaban* and other vessels engaged the Armacao several times. When I reached the city at 8.30, all was quiet, but many people were reported killed and wounded. Mello himself did not come in with the ship. She is under the command of Captain Alencar. Mello is said to be sick down south.

The U. S. *San Francisco* came in at 8.30 or 9 o'clock the same day, Benham in command.

The *Paiz*, referring to the *Aquidaban*, simply said: "The *Aquidaban* entered, and that, logically, as the forts had tried to prevent her leaving the port, they made but small effort to prevent her entering!" Constant firing all the night of the 13th.

The 14th and 15th, firing all night; this is tiresome.

It was the same on the 16th. Forces of the Squadron retook the Island of Mocangue Grande at 3.30 a.m. Its artillery was immediately turned against the Armacao and other points occupied by the Government. The Government loss in killed, wounded and prisoners is known to be very heavy. One of Barata Rebeiro's sons is reported killed. The Academic Battalion lost heavily.

The list of killed and wounded is again being increased by the projectiles which fall into the city daily and nightly. Several persons have been killed in bed, and this at a distance of a mile or more from the shore front.

Some of the firms, like the Royal Mail, who have their offices near the Alfandega, have changed provisionally to what may be safer places. One firm which moved, had its new office smashed up next day, while the old one is still intact. My own office has been quite unfortunate. It is badly

damaged in several places. Still I have not left it at any time, and indeed could not do so if I wished.

There is nothing to report for the 17th, 18th and 19th, but constant fighting—day and night.

An entire night's sleep, unbroken by the roar of artillery, is simply out of the question. When it will come, I do not pretend to say, but I look upon a regular bombardment of Rio itself as almost a dead certainty. What has occurred up to the present, bad as it is, is mere child's play to what we will probably have to suffer.

On the 19th, exchange touched the lowest point known since the Paraguayan war. What this means must be known to be appreciated. By the best classes of the community, the triumph of the fleet is looked upon as certain. Peixoto and his army stand alone. Heaven help Brazil if he wins the day. The arrival of the so-called fleet of the Government is anxiously awaited by both sides. Leaving out of the question the little known, and as yet unproved dynamite gun, the *Aquidaban*, *Republica*, and *Tamandare* are able to handle all the vessels which have so far been bought for Government account. It is well known here that two if not three of these vessels have arrived at Pernambuco, and that dissension has broken out on board. The *Destroyer* is said to be under tow from New York, and may arrive at Pernambuco very soon. When the vessels are all there it is expected that they will come here. We may see a battle royal.

The U. S. cruiser *New York* arrived a few days ago. She is a daisy. The *Miantonomah* is reported to be on her way here. The U. S. Government ought to know better than to send a monitor to sea.

When the *Aquidaban* came in on the morning of the 12th, it was very easy to pick out the Custodistas. Their smiles were all wool and a yard wide, and they were ready to embrace each other. The Florianistas had faces as long as a preacher's "just one word more."

A few days ago a very neat trick was played on the post office.

Some opposition people got out a nicely bound little book giving a satirical history of Floriano's life. It purported to come from the Imprensa Nacional, was done up in "public service" wrappers, and some 3,000 were sent out through the post before it was found out that they were not all right. The laugh is against the post office.

All was quiet on the 20th—too hot to fight. How the sailors have stood to their guns during all this heat, I cannot imagine. The navy has fairly covered itself with glory. Brave acts without number have been done right under our eyes. Even the Government organs admit this.

Between the 20th and to-day nothing occurred of a decisive nature. The skirmishes are constant, and shot continues to fall in the city daily and nightly. More people have been killed and wounded.

Rumours of all kinds are rife, but in reality we have no reliable information of any kind of what is going on outside the Bay, and even of what is occurring in it, as regards some matters.

The crisis must be near at hand. The Government fleet has arrived at Bahia. Capt. Baker of the *Nitheroy* had a row with Belfort, the Brazilian fighting captain, and knocked him off the bridge. Belfort was in command of the *Republica* when she caught the *Jupiter*.

Brisk firing has been going on all the morning. Admiral Benham has had a couple of conferences with Saldanha to try and arrange an armistice, and to leave the dispute to arbitration.

The result of the conferences is not yet known.

Rio, January 24th, 1894.

C. B.

PARIS LETTER.

If not killed, anarchy is well scotched, Allah be praised, in France. The happy change is simply due to possessing men at the helm who knew their own minds and had made them up to extirpate at all cost, the canker or the spectre. With the guillotining of that erratic young man, Emile Henry, the era of danger will be closed. After all, the series of crimes that dismayed society were the doings of only a few desperadoes. They do not appear to have left imitators in action. In continuing to apply the extinguisher to the slightest flaring up of the anarchist nonsense, the authorities will not only be doing solid good for society, but a work of mercy for the social savages themselves. So long as these unbalanced characters could rave, rant, and menace with impunity, they were looked upon with a kind of awe, as checkmats of society, and droppers of obstacles between the cog-wheels of civilization. Since all the suspected have been arrested, submitted to examination, and their papers overhauled, the secrets of their workings are known. The manner in which the mob of London hooted down the anarchists at the funeral of the Greenwich bomber, who commenced reforming the world by blowing himself up, has also had a cold douche reaction on the lawless fringe of society in France. The way to handle miscreants who subsist by creating fear, is to well dose them with fear. The state of public opinion now, is that of irritation and a dash of shame at having been hoodwinked by a few terrorists. For the future let it act differently and make up for lost time.

The Prince Waldemar of Denmark was married in 1885 to the Princess Marie d'Orleans, daughter of the Duc de Chartres, and consequently niece of the Comte de Paris. It is her sister, the Princess Marguerite, that was jilted by the Duc d'Orleans her cousin, after she was "utilized" to play the Juliet role, while her Romeo was imprisoned for the conscript farce that was to restore royalty in France. The Princess Marie is the life and soul of the Danish Court; she represents the French influence against that of Germany in that quarter. The Czar has a great liking for the Princess, and she is one of his many pets during his two months' holiday every year with his parents-in-law at Fredensborg. Here the Czar puts aside cares of state. Dressed in a knock-about suit, and an ordinary straw hat, plus a stout stick, with a knob that would knock down a baker's dozen of Nihilists at a blow, he slings a tourist knapsack basket over his shoulders, and accompanied by the Princess Marie, proceeds to scamper in the woods to gather mushrooms, of which he is a lover and connoisseur. Why should not monarchs have their private joys like their fellow-mortals? Arriving at the castle, the Czar hands his finds to his head cook, who has an army of twenty helps under him. Being very French, and very patriotic, Colonel Borius, the general secretary of M. Carnot's household, and directly accused by the *Figaro's*

revelations as acting for the President, decided to utilize the Princess to pump the Czar's innermost intentions respecting what further proof he desired of national French love, and how far he would aid France in a defensive war. The go-between of the Princess and the Elysee was the new military attache appointed to the French Embassy at Copenhagen, M. de Beauchamp, who too was a personal friend of the Princess. He was to send the proceeds of his pumping direct to Col. Borius, and so naturally pass over the head of the French Minister, Pasteur, son of the famous scientist. All this was not correct. M. de Beauchamp, to show he was duly authorized to work the pump, left the paper sent him, with the questions to pop written down, and also correspondence from the Colonel. The Princess now smelt a rat, got frightened, requested Minister Pasteur to call, handed him all the papers, and declined all diplomatic relations with M. de Beauchamp. M. Pasteur complained to his *chef* at being thus superseded and sent the papers to Foreign Minister Casimir-Perier, who at once recalled de Beauchamp, and placed him on the retired list for a year. No one doubts the story. Napoleon III. always passed over the heads of his ambassadors, but no one expected that from M. Carnot. It must produce a deplorable effect at St. Petersburg, while showing that the Russian alliance had no solid footing beyond a sincere wish of the Czar to be a good friend of France in exchange for the latter's useful qualities. Germany again scores.

M. Wilson, son-in-law of President Grèvy, and elected a deputy at the late general elections, has not seen his election quashed, but himself summarily rejected as a representative by a vote of 465 against 2, when the Chamber took up another "sanitation" subject, that of the city drainage. The minority of two was composed of M. Wilson and no doubt a Dionne. It was a parliamentary guillotining of a new kind, and that was generally expected. The public laughed when Wilson was elected—after all his misdemeanours—by a majority of 2,000. No one uttered a word in his defence, but several members regretted the Panamists were not placed in the dock in due course as was Wilson. The latter regards his ejection with indifference, views himself as an ill-used man; he will contest the next election, and will certainly be re-elected for the fun-sake. But it is not unlikely he will throw a few bombs in the way of publishing compromising documents about living political celebrities. Cornelius Hertz had better look to his revenge.

No one appears to pay any particular attention to the revenue; yet its features are full of lessons; the exports continue to systematically "drop," while the importations enormously augment. The latter are due to the vast stocks of grain and wine laid in to escape the new tariffs; importers must thus win millions. In publishing the commercial returns of France with other countries, those of Russia are invariably omitted. They are, it is true, insignificant when compared with those of England, Germany, the United States and Belgium. I have just been thumbing the commercial statistics of France, respecting Russia, during 1892, the latest published; her total exports to Russia were 12½ millions francs, and of imports 18¼ millions francs. Wine, spirits, lead, tools and machinery are the chief articles exported to Russia. Strange, only furniture to the extent of 80,452 frs.

was exported. Another statistical curio. France imports as much "living poultry" from Russia as she does petroleum. British India alone does a larger export and import trade with Russia than France. Protection will not improve the revenue returns; the French had better fall back on individual retrenchment the moment prices go up.

Attention is fixed upon the intentions of England respecting the augmentation of her navy. Nothing will so much enhance her own security, while maintaining the peace of the world, as a powerful navy on the part of Britain. Observe how vastly and well matters are changed since she declared her firm resolve to be supreme on the seas. "She will not keep up to her resolve," say foreigners; "it is all a flash in the pan to frighten us." If that should unhappily prove true, England will merit her certain fate. She is known to be a peace and commerce loving country; these will become more real, when she has a sea-power ready to back up that programme. Of course, this work of national preservation will cost money; but the investment is sound, and the investors will feel comfortable when their taxes are so employed.

As the Peace Society has failed to secure us peace, M. Bouys has undertaken that aim single-handed. He is an engraver, lives in a garret, and his weekly earnings are fair and permanent. He is now 63 years of age, and advertises to sell to the French Government, for the sum of three millions of francs, "the secret for the suppression of war in Europe," without wounding the *amour propre* of any nation, or touching a single hair of any crowned head, or crossing the politics of any school, or provoking any revolution. And all these good things within three months and for the sum of only three millions! His plan is to organize a vast band of lecturers, with dissolving views, and let them loose over Europe. In M. Passy, he has a "Woolwich Infant"; a discourse from that gentleman, who when he begins never finishes, would achieve the victory in less than ninety days. M. Bouys has expended his private fortune in circulars, pamphlets, etc., to secure the "Age of the Angels," not the Destroying Celestial hosts, on earth. His only fault with M. Carnot is, he will not reply to his letters, though he has sent him note paper, and envelopes addressed and fully franked. Says Beranger: "Honor to the insane, who can create a happy dream for humanity." French company promoters, says M. Bouys, will not examine his El Dorado.

The Government has the monopoly of the manufacture of lucifer matches, cigars, snuff, postage stamps, and gunpowder. It is now urged that it should also have the monopoly of the manufacture of dynamite. The anarchists do not always employ that ite, but do not hesitate to do so in a pinch.

M. Maurice Barrès, a very clever dramatist and an ex-deputy, has put Panamism into a three act melodrama, under the title of *Une Journée Parlementaire*. It has been represented at a private theatre, so not under state censorship; but the Government will not allow it to be brought out at any public theatre. The depicted incidents are less sensational than the actual facts. There is only one character who fixes attention, and that refers to the ex-Minister of Public Works, now undergoing imprisonment with hard labor. It shows the agonies and baseness he has had to undergo before suicide terminates his degrada-

tion. The anti-Semites hire the theatre and command the play for the gratification of their friends. *In memoriam*: the latest projected combination to complete the canal has, like its several predecessors, proved a fiasco.

The Tonkins have now the guillotine, so are not in want of any specimen of Western civilization. One "Chan" has just been executed for killing the local public prosecutor and a few others: motive, revenge. He was a native of remarkable intelligence, was interpreter at the governmental White House of Tonkin, spoke and wrote French fluently, and had formerly resided six years in Marseilles.

Z.

DRESDEN FROM A FOUR-PAIR-BACK.

11.

I have heard the inhabitants of Dresden described as one-third English and the rest American; this represents a fact if it does not state it, for a very large portion of the city's population is from foreign sources. There is an American quarter and a Swiss quarter, there are Russians enough to support a church, there is an English, an American and a Scotch church, and, as if this were not sufficient evidence of a foreign element, there is a newspaper printed in the English language, and yet, with all the travel drawn to the place, Dresden always remains the same sedate, modest, inexpensive little city, too self-respecting to flaunt her attractions in the traveller's face or to go out of her way to pander to his tastes, the advantages she offers being solid benefits and refined pleasures, and those who cannot appreciate these do not belong to the class Dresden cares to have. In her streets is just sufficient evidence of frivolity and fashion to make a promenade in the most frequented parts, amusing as well as beneficial, and what there is of display in the way of fine feathers, is mostly due to strangers.

The picture gallery and the Sistine Madonna are, of course, among the strongest influences which attract people to the place, but besides the royal collection of paintings there is no lack of lesser exhibitions useful as enabling one to study the tendency and character of art in Germany at the present day. Pictures come from all parts of the empire and remain on exhibition long enough for the public to form and express opinions of the most diverse shades, and it is amusing as well as instructive, not only to follow the judgments of the press, but to listen to the amateur critic in the exhibition rooms, where, if ears as well as eyes are kept open, one may get one's money's worth of human nature as well as of art.

Pictures are, perhaps, among the most difficult things to form a just judgment of; music appeals more directly to the feelings, and for the artistic productions of literature one insensibly gains a power of appreciation and a capacity for discriminating which seems to point to the fact that it is the art most in touch with our modern life. With painting it is otherwise; technical knowledge is here indispensable, and difficult to acquire. One may venture the assertion that more nonsense is talked about pictures than about most things, and while the greatest works of pictorial art, such as the Sistine Madonna, command an almost complete silence in the crowds who come to view them, in the rooms and corridors devoted to less celebrated works, and particularly at exhibitions of modern pictures,

are to be heard the most varied and daring criticisms, the most individual expressions of opinion, and this is perhaps owing to the fact that without technical knowledge one may easily be led miles away from the true meaning or value of a picture. Pictures excite feeling, but, as Ruskin says, a red flag will do that, so that the mine of suggestion in pictorial art may arouse emotions out of all proportion to the intention of the artist, just as a cow grazing in the vicinity of an outhouse may awaken a chain of thought which will lead us back through the years and rehabilitate our youthful joys and sorrows, hopes and dreams, until the Present is annihilated and the Past stands in full view before us. Certainly, with regard to pictures, "they are dangerous guides, the feelings." Moreover, as the above-mentioned critic has said in his forcible way—a woman will believe anything she is told about a picture—most women will, and many men also, but this class is, perhaps, to be preferred to those who, standing in front of a work of art in a public gallery—this kind are generally tall and broad—give utterance to the most amazing criticisms with regard to the picture in front of them, in tones which hint at the fact that they do it for the benefit of those behind. The suggestiveness contained in pictures, and the human interest excited by them, together with the very general ignorance as to their technical worth sufficiently account for this, as most people like pictures for the feelings they excite and the memories they recall, as well as for the purely sensuous impression they make.

Illustrative to a certain extent of the assertions ventured above was a very warm discussion which raged here for some time in the public press with regard to an exhibition of pictures by a group of Munich artists calling themselves Secessionists. As the name implies, they have torn themselves loose from time-honoured traditions and methods; as one party says, they have raised themselves above tradition and law; as the other declares, they have trampled both under foot. One of the chief among these new lights is Max Klinger—a Saxon and a Leipziger—and the purchase recently of one of his pictures—a *Pieta*—for the Royal Gallery, excited an amount of indignation in conservative art circles which found its expression in terms of the bitterest reproach and deepest disgust. Klinger's largest work exhibited here was a *Crucifixion*, and is praised by admirers of the new school for its historical truth and exact representation of the event as it in all probability took place; but whether art should be truthful (accurate is, perhaps, a better word) to the point of becoming repulsive, may well admit of argument, and whether we are bound to be grateful to an artist for giving us a representation of the *Crucifixion* from which lovers of the beautiful are glad to turn away, is no less disputable. Realism—even brutal Realism—may have its uses in literature, but in pictorial art, where beauty is a *sine qua non*, it is difficult to believe that the representation of repulsive details—be they never so historical—is desirable, for some recognition should surely be made of the elevating and marvellous effect on the human mind, of this "historical event," which at the time was looked upon, except by a small group of men and women, as an execution of malefactors, which might take place any day under the Roman law.

From the *Crucifixion* let us turn to another of Klinger's pictures, the much-

praised and much condemned "*Heure Bleu*." This represents three sea nymphs, who have risen from the ocean depths just at the hour of evening twilight, and have placed themselves on a rocky promontory to enjoy the light and air of the upper world. To the ordinary observer we imagine they represent nothing more than three nude figures in a most peculiar effect of light and shade—those portions of their bodies which are in shadow being painted a very frank blue, and the other parts pink, light being cast upon them from a fire in the background. But irrespective of this extraordinary effect, which some of the critics tell us is fully justified, the figures are entirely without that beauty and charm which we have every right to expect in a water-nymph, be she fresh or salt. The critics above alluded to see, indeed, wonderful things in these figures, which appear to many gross, clumsy and mundane; they see in one the dreamy eyes of the water-nymph, in another the personification of heaven-born longing and world-forgetting aspiration. They may be right, but if so, we dispute the propriety of water-nymphs having any such feelings and aspirations as those attributed to them—they are a monopoly of the less happy children of men; when we go to see beings of another sphere, we do so with the hope of being refreshed and recreated, not with that of being reminded of our own unsatisfied longings and unfulfilled desires—a water-nymph has no more business with aspirations and longings than she has with a soul of her own, and in reading the critic's words I was forcibly reminded of what I had seen a few evenings previously—the Rhine daughters in "*Gotterdammerung*"—no aspirations here, only the incorporated spirit of running water and plashing waves—all rippling mirth and sparkling, sun-lit motion, until the three lovely beings seemed to be singing one's very soul into nature's eternal freshness and gleeful youth.

With regard to the other representatives of the Secessionists, to the above-mentioned "ordinary observer," they seem to be distinguished neither by beauty of colour nor form, by finish of execution or elevation of sentiment. To judge from most of their works exhibited here, their plan of action would appear to be to take as little trouble as possible, for in some places the colour is laid on with a palette-knife, and in others, the canvas is covered with so thin a "priming," that its original texture is apparent through the paint; indeed, their pictures are in a capital state to begin upon, as the candid critic said to his friend's query, how he liked his new picture? A man who takes pains and does his best always commands our respect, although we may not be able to appreciate his work; but with regard to the artists under consideration, one feels inclined to use the expression of the art critic already twice mentioned, which resulted in Mr. Whistler's wearing a farthing on his watch chain. At all events, the heat of the discussion which has taken place with regard to these Munich artists is surprising to the uninitiated, who, in their simplicity, after a first view of the pictures would imagine they had scarcely risen to that level of art which challenges criticism.

E. M. D.

A piano made for Napoleon in 1810 has been unearthed in London. In shape it is a grand with silver keys and there are five pedals. Two of these work a drum and cymbals and were presumably added in compliment to the military tastes of the Emperor.

CHRIST IN MODERN THEOLOGY.*

Principal Fairbairn has long been known amongst all sorts and conditions of Christians as a profound and earnest thinker, possessed of a remarkable gift of lucid exposition of difficult topics. The work upon which I venture to offer a few remarks is his *magnum opus*, worthy of the attention of all theologians, which the fact of its running through several editions in a few months shows that it has already gained.

I do not pretend for an instant to be competent to criticise a work which, as will be seen, covers such a vast range of theological and philosophical subject-matter, but only desire to give a brief account of the contents and of the author's method of treatment, and then to indicate what seems to me its most important contribution to the theology of our time.

The book falls into two main divisions: The first part comprises a historical criticism of the course of Christian theology from the New Testament times to the present day. The second part is constructive, that is, the author endeavours to restate the Christian faith in terms of the nineteenth century. The first part is the more valuable for the student—nor is this to be wondered at. The century, now so rapidly drawing to a close, will undoubtedly be regarded by the generations to come as the most critical of all the Christian ages. But there are not a few signs that criticism is about to retire into the background, to give place to positive thought. But the work of reconstruction will itself at every stage be liable to criticism. Theologians are as yet only roughly marking out the plans of the new, or rather *renewed* edifice of Christian theology. The attempts of to-day represented by such English works, as the second part of the book under consideration, and the late Dr. Hatch's Hibbert lectures, are only tentative, nay, we may almost say, premature. For, after all, criticism has not yet said its last word. If it is not likely that there will be much change in the general results of Old Testament criticism, as represented by Driver's *Literature of the Old Testament*, it is certain that we have by no means heard the last word, nor attained to anything like a working agreement as to the solution of certain intricate problems of the New Testament. Hence for all earnest students the most important object is to secure the clearest possible conception of the course of theology down to the present time, for without this anything like a durable outline of dogmatic theology is impossible.

Principal Fairbairn gives us exactly such a critical survey as we require. He recognizes what is not an opinion but a fact, that Christian theology, like everything else, has been subject to the law of development. From the Synoptic Gospels to the Pauline Epistles, from the Pauline Epistles to the Gospel of St. John, from the Gospel of St. John to the school of Alexandria, from the school of Alexandria to the Nicene period, and so on, the fact of development is clear, though its exact course may be obscure. Further, development is conditioned by circumstances, or, to use the Spencerian phrase, by environment. There are numerous factors to be reckoned with if we would account for the various forms which Chris-

tianity has assumed. The form of St. Paul's epistles is conditioned by his birth and early training. The faith whose environment was first of all Judaic, soon spread amongst Greek-speaking and Greek-thinking peoples, and Greek philosophy conditioned the form of Greek theology. Roman law and Roman polity influenced the external organization of the Christian church. The idea of a universal empire finds in the middle ages its counterpart in the Roman conception of the Roman church. Over against the one Emperor stands the one Pope. The church becomes imperial.* When the Empire breaks up so does the Church. And to come to our own day the criticism which has resulted in the reconstruction of the whole history of the past, is now employing the same methods to reconstruct theology.

It will be helpful to illustrate some of these points by the quotation of Principal Fairbairn's own words.

As to the fact of the influence of environment: "Nothing is so certain or so evident as the activity of racial idiosyncrasies and the prevalence of local and provincial varieties within the ancient church. These differences affected doctrine, polity, morals—in a word, the whole field of religion" (p. 38). There must, however, be something to develop. "The creative organism" is defined as the causal Person and Mind, Jesus Christ. The religion is His creation; all churches derive directly or indirectly their being from Him" (p. 47). But He gave to it neither a fixed constitution nor a formal creed. These have been "developed," and our critical study is devoted to the tracing out of this development, as modified and shaped by environment. As regards primitive environment we cull the following statement: "The environment in which the religion began to be was Judaic. Its Founder was of Jewish descent. His theistic, religious, ethical, social ideals, so far as they have any prior history, find it in Judaism; institutions of its creation, as the school and the synagogue, were used by Him and His disciples for the spread of the religion, their *termini technici*, 'kingdom of heaven,' 'covenant,' 'church,' 'law,' 'Son of Man,' 'Logos,' etc., can be construed only through Judaism, either of the motherland or of the dispersion" (p. 50).

After Christianity entered into the wider world of ancient civilization, "the most potent external factors" were three, "Greek Philosophy, Roman Polity, and Popular Religion" (p. 59). "Christianity could not live amid these varied forces or tendencies, and remain unaffected by them. Each became a factor of distinct yet parallel lines of thought—philosophy affected doctrine; polity affected organization and thought; religion, cultus. Ancient philosophy passed into theology; Roman polity survived in an ecclesiastical, which was too wise to disguise its true descent, and the old religions were perpetuated in the new worship.† (P. 61 cf., also pp. 64-70 and 93-110).

With the fall of the old Roman Empire, and the influx of barbarism, and its conversion to Christianity, came new problems, and new ecclesiastical statecraft. The necessities of the time stiffened the growing but undefined authority of the Bishop of Rome into the fixed doctrine of the Papacy, the supreme headship of the Holy Catholic Church. In the sphere of theology scholas-

ticism was born, wherein the new races with all their "unexercised energies and untempered curiosities" came to the old problems and endeavoured to solve them by the help of the only factors it knew.

With the Renaissance came new environment. The Greek tongue, through the Greek literature, again spoke to Christendom, and Homer and Plato were accompanied by the Greek Testament and the Greek Fathers. The result was a schism between Northern and Southern Christendom. There is no more luminous section in Dr. Fairbairn's work than that in which he describes the characteristic distinction between the influence of the Renaissance upon the Teutonic and the Celtic peoples, and the immeasurable superiority of the former. "The transalpine was exceedingly unlike the cisalpine Humanism. The Teutonic, as we may call it, was notable for its intense ethical seriousness, the religiousness, the Christian temper and aims of its representative men; but the Italian for its unethical character, its spirit of revolt against religion, its recoil towards classical forms of philosophical belief, epicurean, peripatetic, Platonic, culminating in systems like the Pantheism of Bruno and the Atheism of Vanini."

"The famous presses of Italy sent forth editions of the Greek and Latin classics, but not one of the Greek Testament; intellectual centres like Florence affected the Platonic academy rather than the Christian school." "The two Humanisms (Teutonic and Italian) may be distinguished thus: The Teutonic Humanism studied classical that it might the better know Christian antiquity, but the Italian studied the literature that it might the better imitate the life of the ancient classical peoples." "Reuchlin was a Humanist, that he might be a better divine. He studied language that he might be qualified to interpret religion. Colet, the most typical English Humanist, studied Greek, that he might the better know and teach St. Paul." "The Teutonic mind made the literature more of a means, but the Italian made it more of an end—where it was more of an end, the characteristic result was a new birth of art; where more of a means, the result no less characteristic, was the new birth of religion" (pp. 127-131).

Space will not permit us to follow Dr. Fairbairn through his learned survey of the course of German philosophy and the various schools of modern criticism down to the present day, but enough has been said to give the general reader a fair idea of the character of this first and best part of the book.

What, then, as the result of this long process, is the present position of theology. It is that of freedom from a slavish bondage to the past, whether that past be the Reformation period, to which the various Protestant bodies look back, or the period of undivided Christendom of the four great councils, to whose authority the Anglican bows. On the other hand, there is a new search after the historical Christ. "The most distinctive and determinative element in modern theology is what we may term a new feeling for Christ." This is shown by the extraordinary number of Lives of Christ published during the last forty or fifty years. The old Christology was partial, there were elements in that life and character untouched. The old theology again, was too metaphysical; right thinking, or orthodoxy, became vastly more important

* The Place of Christ in Modern Theology. By A. M. Fairbairn, M.A., D.D., Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1893.

* Cf. Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*, Cap. VII.

† Cf. Hatch's Hibbert Lectures. Lecture X, "The Influence of the Mysteries upon Christian Usages."

than right living. A heretic, no matter how holy his life, might be burned, the orthodox, no matter how scandalous, was tolerated.

One or two words on this part of our work must suffice. First, we may observe that in his reconstructive efforts, Principal Fairbairn makes use of all the old materials. The doctrine of the Trinity, of the incarnation, of original sin, of redemption, are all there. But in the second place, the really important contribution to modern theology is the clear statement of the starting point, as well as of the ultimate criterion of all Christian theology. This is nothing less than "the consciousness of Christ." An old theological distinction between the *formal* and the *material* principles is here employed to make the author's meaning clear. The distinction is, as it were, "between the fountain whence we draw the water and the water we draw." The mind or consciousness of Christ, to which we penetrate through the scriptures, is the fountain, or formal principle. The material principle, or the water drawn, is the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God. In other systems of our own or bygone days, the formal source has been conceived as the scriptures, or the scriptures and the church, or the church alone. The material principle has been "justification by faith," or "the incarnation," or "the sovereign will of God."

I believe that the more steadily the student contemplates Principal Fairbairn's formal and material principles, the more disposed will he become to their acceptance. The consciousness of Christ must contain the essence of Christianity, and it seems clear that the distinctive and pervading features of His revelation is the Fatherhood of God. "And so the conclusion is inevitable: if we attempt to construct a theology which shall be faithful to the consciousness of Christ, the Fatherhood must be the determinative principle of our thought. It is the architectonic idea; out of it the whole system must grow; with it all elements and deductions must be in harmony: all else is body; it alone is the informing soul" (pp. 449-452).

Such a system must be less metaphysical and more ethical and spiritual than the older systems. Faith must ever be the foundation of a religious life, but the deepest and most abiding kind of faith is not in any "form of sound words," but is the Biblical faith in a Person or a Being, viz., in God, and in God interpreted through Jesus Christ as "Our Father."

It follows from this that the relation of man to God is a filial relation, and of man to man a relation of brotherhood. And so in the new theology (which is yet the oldest of all, since it goes back to Christ) the three controlling principles, in harmony with which all other doctrines must be interpreted are: The Fatherhood of God, the sonship of man, and the brotherhood of mankind, all alike revealed through and mediated by Christ. Here is the true simplicity of the Gospel, here are doctrines in which all can unite. No doubt, in the elaboration of these doctrines there will be a thousand divergencies, but whereas in the past differences of opinion or view have been made the ground of division, in the future our efforts must be directed to the restoration and preservation of a unity, harmony and brotherhood, which shall underlie all differences of opinion. It cannot be vain to hope,

it cannot be wrong to labour, for that for which our Lord prayed.

HERBERT SYMONDS.

Ashburnham.

CONFLICT.

O doubts, and fears, and dreams,
How shall I know the right?
I ask of everything,
Is this thing what it seems?

Not one, but voices many,
In my breast make reply.
If to all I hearken,
Do they help me any?

If unto one I lend
My ear, how can I tell,
If that one be truly
The one I should attend?

I wonder if the day
Will come before I die,
When I can find the truth,
And with me bid her stay?

I fear it cannot be
Patience must have her work,
And spirit strive with flesh,
Till dawn's eternity!

CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS.

January, 1894.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN SCHOOL: A REPLY.

To the Editor of the Week:

Sir,—This is not a polemic, but an attempt at explanation necessarily brief. My kindly critic "X" does not fault my position, but holds that my "scheme is marred by the unmal-leable form of the material." I own that the sectarian spirit is hard to exorcise; my own home meanwhile has practically been broken up by its relentless in certain Church circles, nevertheless I have faith in the plain truth, and in its persistent proclamation; none in *laissez faire*.

I regret that in the article, "State-Taught Religion," which being without signature and leaded, I take to be editorial—that the powerful pen of THE WEEK should apparently lend itself to the strengthening of those popular fallacies that morality and religion are separable, and that the latter is inseparable from denominational dogma. Two quotations seem to justify this charge. Acknowledging that "no good citizen, and certainly no sincere Christian can object to having religion taught in the schools," if thereby is meant teaching the precepts of charity, honesty, patriotism and truthfulness, my critic says "Religion thus understood is but ordinary morality." (Query: What is *ordinary* morality?) We are also asked "Can the State cause the *creeds* of a majority to be taught in the schools?" The expression "great fundamental truths of the Christian *system*" indicates also dogmatic theology. Now brevity will be best consulted, after thus indicating the points in the criticism calling for some explanation on my part, by forgetting the critic and writing to the subject. A concrete presentation may serve our expository purpose best.

An examination is being held in a school, the teacher tells his scholars they must not "crib." How is that "must" to be enforced in educating the child? As a dog is kept from stealing by associating the theft with a kick? On the Spartan principle where the mother punished the boy not for stealing, but for being found out? As the Buddhist would teach by extinguishing all desire so that even failure may be contentedly endured? By pure altruism, to which the boy may reply, my success is more to me than the progress of all others? Or by the exclusively Christian teaching of One, "Our Father," whose love leads His children to love their neighbours as themselves? If by "ordinary morality" the last is meant, I am content to drop the word "religious," and urge the teaching of that "ordinary morality." Not one of the other

alternates would satisfy the Canadian conscience, I venture to say not even the agnostic Canadian; moreover, this is fundamental Christianity, for the founder declared "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another," and His beloved disciple declared "God is Love," and he who is viewed as the great inspired doctrinaire called all gifts wanting it "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," "love being the fulfilling of the law;" nor do I know of "pagan philosophers and founders of heathen religions" that have thus based their "purest and loftiest morality." There are other stones in the building up of Christian character, but this is foundation, corner stone and turret, and as such distinctively Christian.

Some years since, conversing with a representative American clergyman of the Baptist denomination on this subject, he remarked, "I hold denominationalism to be a curse." My rejoinder humorously was, "Rather inconsistent that with your close communion practice." His measured and calm reply was "That is our denominational necessity." Sharp lines of demarcation may be needed for the persistence of our isms; whether they are needful or even helpful to our "Common Christianity" may be debated, which leads me to the closing observation.

There is an alphabet in religious education as in every other department of school life. Trigonometry, e.g., is essential to the calling of a successful surveyor, but there are classes upon classes through which a child must pass ere even the very name of trigonometry is mentioned. Assuming that what is known as dogmatic theology is needful to the fuller development of individual Christian life, and I am very far from deprecating theological studies, the insanity of sectarianism alone would deem it necessary to bewilder a child's mind with abstruse questions of theology or of ritual. Even "the great love wherewith He loved us" could be pressed, apart from the scholastic Anselm's scheme of atonement, or the knotty five points of the Dort divines. Milk for babes, and confessedly no man ever taught as Jesus taught for those of whom He said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven;" give them that milk, that they may grow up in the only morality that is worthy of the name; the strong meat on which the denomination feeds may wisely be left to other caterings. In fine, making use of Matthew Arnold's hackneyed phrase, no true morality can be founded without a felt relation to the power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness; and I see no reason why in our public schools, we should go back in its inculcation upon the distinctive Christian and Bible addition, that that power makes for righteousness along the line of Love. That power we name God, and the Christian God is Love.

JOHN BURTON.

SOME COMMENTS.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—I always admire THE WEEK; but every now and then it bursts into further bloom and excellence, as it did in November, 1891, when I could not help telling you so, and how it disproved the *fad* that Canada had no literature, and you welcomed my letter, as "a kind word." And now your last number has stirred me again in the same way, and you seem to me to surpass yourself in it, every article proving the truth of what I said of yourself and your contributors; and the matters you and they have chosen to write on are worthy of your best efforts, and most important to Canada and her future. I must not praise your own work to your face, lest you blush; but Mr. Burton, on the relation of churches to their creeds; Mr. Scott on old letters; Z's Paris letter, and the ever welcome Mr. LeMoine on French poetry and prose in Canada, will help to place our Canadian Literature in the rank it so well deserves to occupy. I have myself done something towards introducing our Laureate, Dr. Fréchette, to his English-speaking countrymen, and am proud of having done so; and Mrs. Curzon deserves our thanks for what she has done for Mr. Sulte and Canadian history. I

thank you personally for having called my attention to Tatian's Diatesseron (of which I shall assuredly try to get a copy) and to the other valuable works you mention. And then you wind up by giving us a splendid specimen of the *genus scribendi*, of which, if our Canadian journalists are not the inventors, they are at any rate most admirable adepts, invoking and obtaining inspiration from Phoebus-Apollo, for touching and warning descriptions of the various and terrible ills that flesh is heir to, and then his kindly aid as patronizing physic, in setting forth the miracles wrought for their cure by the marvellous inventions of doctors Wilson and Paine, and hosts of other renowned benefactors of our race, whose praise our journals so loudly and eloquently sing and magnify, "lectores delectando, pariterque movendo," as benevolence and genius prompt. And under this head I, as an Ottawan, proudly call your attention to one who has made Ottawa illustrious by his genius in the advertising world;—Mr. R. J. Devlin, who stands *facile princeps* in it, as your "Sarepta" does in the world of sonnets. In testimony whereof I offer and request a place in THE WEEK for the following specimen :

ODE TO WINTER.

Air : Maid of Athens.

Wretched Winter, ere we part,
Give me yet another start!
Shoot the sunshine and the rain,
Send me blizzards once again!
Cash is scarce and trade is slow,
Give me Zero or below.

By the Muffs that did not sell,
Tho' the month began so well;
By the bills past falling due;—
By each worthless J.O.U.
By the Coats that would not go,
Give me Zero or below.

Oh! my Sealskin (*alias* cat);
Oh! my saucy Mink-bound hat;
Oh! my Beaver soft and warm,
Trimmed to suit each lovely form:—
Shall the moths devour you? No!
Give me Zero or below.

Wretched Winter! I am gone
If you do not quick atone;
Though I offer under cost,
Spring is here and I am lost;
Blow your Northers, sleet or snow,
Give, oh, give me *Ten* below.

—R. J. DEVLIN.

You will observe that he sings to the air of Lord Byron's Maid of Athens, and his theme is "Zero nous, sas agapa," a very good motto for a furrier, and not a bad one for any Canada in not afraid or ashamed of the climate of his country.

Ottawa, March 12th, 1894.

W.

MEMOIRS OF CHANCELLOR PASQUIER.*

Among the many memoirs and autobiographies issuing from the press in our day, this "history of my times," from the pen of Chancellor Pasquier, will have something akin to a permanent interest to the student, covering as it does one of the most instructive periods of French history. Etienne Denis, Duc Pasquier, born A.D. 1767, was in early manhood an influence in the French Parliament during the closing years of Louis XVI.'s reign; he witnessed many of the tragic scenes of the revolution, attained to the position analogous to our Minister of Justice, under the Empire, and in 1837 was called to the Chancellorship of France. He appears to have stepped aside from public affairs when

* Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier. 1789-1810. Vol. I. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, Toronto: William Briggs.

Louis Philippe fled from the capital, but lived on in honoured retirement until 1862. Judging from these memoirs and from his portraits, we should say that he was a man of singular candour and broad views, a loyalist in his sympathies, but perfering the Empire with its despotism to the anarchy of revolution; a character free from extreme prejudice, reverent and calm. His acceptance of office, under the Emperor is explained with naive egotism, and the following extract may give a glimpse of the true inwardness of the man: "I owed my easy admission into the Council to a position far anterior, and to the desire felt by the Emperor of bringing into his Council of State a few of the names of the old magistracy; but I was thirty-nine years of age, and had consequently settled ideas on many subjects. A stranger to all the deeds of the Revolution, I had nothing to hide, nothing that required forgetting. My fortune, though small, was sufficient for me to enjoy a comfortable and honourable existence. I was therefore completely independent, and not to be classed with the creatures of Imperial power, ever disposed to sacrifice all to the author of their fortunes."

These memoirs make no pretence of being history; they expressly do no more than mention the great events of the times, but they throw many side lights upon the social habits and unseen influences of the day. Though a royalist and an aristocrat, admiring the manner of refinement and of courtly life, we are plainly told that the Royal Court was "both sceptical and corrupt;" that an "idle life and the need of money was the source of many scandals; the memoirs of the day are full of them, so I need not say any more on that score;" he judges it sufficient to say concerning the Court of Versailles that when he made his "entry into the world of society, I was, so to speak, introduced in parallel fashion to the lawful spouses and the mistresses of my friends and kinsmen—and I was but eighteen years old, and born of a family of the magistracy!"

He indicates plainly the blunders of the King in dealing with the enraged people, and characterizes the policy of the revolutionists as consistent in the "necessity of overthrowing everything that was in existence." Present at the storming of the Bastille, he saw no serious fight or distinguished bravery, many ladies being onlockers. "There was absolutely no resistance shown—it was not even necessary to invest it." At the time of the King's trial, Pasquier is persuaded that there was a prevailing sentiment in favour of a constitution with royalty as a part of it, but that in consequence of blunder after blunder on the part of the Court, the royalists found themselves "at the end of 1792 delivered up defenceless to the plans of the victors of the 10th August and of the assassins of the month of September." Singularly he does not even mention Mirabeau, the strongest mind by far of the Revolution period. In other respects his comments appear exceedingly fair.

Some of the observations on the relations between France and England as Napoleon comes upon the scene, are both interesting and suggestive. Speaking after the taking of Vienna and the victory of Austerlitz which "raised the glories of the French armies and of the Emperor to a degree surpassing anything seen heretofore," he hints that the illness which ended in Mr. Pitt's death was largely

due to the despair entertained by the British Premier of successfully opposing Napoleon, and adds, "Bonaparte was free to believe that the death of this statesman, whose policy seemed to be the only one capable of coping with his own, would deliver him from his most formidable enemy." Pasquier's confidence in the Emperor's scheme for the invasion of England was not great; indeed, he questions whether the crushing defeats of the French fleet, which destroyed Napoleon's hopes of crossing over, did not "constitute one of those remarkable examples of the good luck which in those days clung to his steps;" for what might have happened with the pick of the army in England with her acknowledged naval supremacy and Austria's huge army on the continent ready for revolt, is not altogether clear. It is a happy content that can extract sunbeams from cucumbers. Bonapartes declaration of blockade of the British Isles is considered "a fair reprisal for the blockading by England of all ports situated in states with which she was at war; but the difference lay in the fact that England, in her pretensions to a blockade, was not undertaking anything beyond her strength, and did not stand in need of any other nation's co-operation to carry it out. France, on the other hand, was entering upon an undertaking which could not be put into execution without the voluntary or enforced co-operation of all European powers."

The estimate given of Talleyrand's character only confirms that generally entertained, and calls to mind an anecdote reported of a visit the diplomatist made *incognito* to an artist's studio; after he had left, the artist said to a friend, if that man is not a consummate villain the Almighty has written a lie upon his countenance.

Our author is not an enthusiast in estimating Napoleon, but he softens some of the hard lines of that character, and gives evidence that the Emperor rarely forgot faithful service once rendered. This first volume ends with the inception of the fatal Russian campaign.

♦♦♦♦♦
DURANCE VICA.
♦♦♦♦♦

Forward, ever forward, ever on,
Thro' the darkness of the night till night be gone;
Till the goal of right be won,
And the strife with evil done;
Till the standard float above
Each citadel of love,
And the cry of "forward" cease
In the universe of peace!

Ready, ever ready, stalwart sons
Through the thickest of the fight and battle din;
Thro' the roar of adverse guns,
And the blinding smoke of sin;
Till the ramparts be attain'd,
And the victory be gain'd,
And the cry of "ready" cease
For the countersign of peace.

Steady, ever steady, like the rock,
Thro' the hurtle of the tempest and the night;
Be the last to meet the shock,
As the first to face the fight,
Till the trumpet ring out rest
To the sundown in the West,
And the cry of "steady" cease
In the deathless dawn of peace.

A. H. MORRISON.

The Duchess of Teck, whose daughter may one day be Queen of England, has written an article begging ladies of her acquaintance to help make clothes for the poor.

ART NOTES.

Mr. T. Mower Martin is sending the following pictures to the Montreal exhibition: "Planning for a New Barn," "Waiting for Spring," "Toronto Bay, Evening," "Waiting for Another Shot." They all show conscientious work, and in the last named Mr. Martin has developed unusual strength and vigour in portraiture.

Concerning the baronetcy given to Edward Burne-Jones, the editor of *London Truth* remarks that he should have thought a painter would have been one of the last to care for the "Sir." His position depends upon his paintings, and if they live after his death his name lives with them. "Would the name of Raphael be more of a household word if he had been created a baron? or is Rubens now known through his paintings or because he was made Sir Peter Paul?"

A drawing in red chalk by Raphael was picked up by a French amateur on the stand of a bookseller of the quays at a cost of fifteen cents. From a memorandum on the back, almost obliterated, the buyer found that it was in a famous sale of the last century, where it was disposed of in a lot of seven drawings by Raphael. The genuine character of the drawing has been established, and it is now supposed to be worth about \$2,400. It is a masterly sketch for the celebrated Dispute Concerning the Holy Sacrament.

The *Literary Digest* has this to say of the election of Mr. Sargent to the Royal Academy: In electing Mr. John Sargent to the British Royal Academy the Academicians have done a very unexpected thing. The election is called by some the second election of a citizen of the United States by the Academy. Really, however, it is the first, for Mr. Broughton, the one before elected, was born in England, and although he resided in this country a few years—long enough to be made a National Academician—the larger portion of his life has been passed in his native land. In Mr. Sargent the Academy has obtained as a member one of the greatest of living portrait painters and one whose works would not suffer if hung beside those of the greatest portrait painters of all time. Though a citizen of the United States by descent, and proud of being so, he was born in Florence and has lived much abroad. Trained in the Parisian studio of Carolus Duran, Mr. Sargent paints in a manner which is all his own, and may yet be called Spanish. It is the manner of Velasquez, but without the slightest suspicion of any imitation. In Sargent's portraits you find the same breadth and strength and vital force which are seen in the canvases of the Spanish master. His art is wholly unacademic and full of individuality. As he is yet a young man, many fine works may be expected of him. His merit has been recognized in France as well as England, for a picture by him, "Carmencita," hangs in the Luxembourg.

The *Magazine of Art* has the following short sketch of a new A. R. A.: Mr. Arthur Hacker, on leaving school, went at once to the British Museum to do the necessary probation drawing for admission to the Academy school. He was so successful in this that his first drawing from the antique justified his admission into the school, where he worked for some time, winning the silver medal for a cartoon, and in 1878 exhibiting, at the age of nineteen, his first Academy picture, since which time he has been a constant contributor. At twenty-one he crossed the Channel and entered the studio of Bonnat, and in Paris painted "Her Daughter's Legacy," exhibited at the Academy in 1880. His next work, "Relics of the Brave," was the first of a series of cottage interiors, the most important of which were "The Mother," "The Wonder Story," "The Fisherman's Wife," "The Cradle Song," and "The Children's Prayer." In the winter of 1881 he travelled through Spain to Tangier, where he painted an Arab merchant selling a boy slave and various chattels in the street. This work secured for him at the Adelaide Jubilee Exhibition a first award. In 1887 he

painted "Pelagia," which was purchased by the Liverpool Corporation. The next year he excited much notice by "The Waters of Babylon," and in 1889 "The Return of Persephone" did not reduce the young painter's reputation. In 1890 and 1891 "Vae Victis" and "Christ and the Magdalene" were among the most noticed of their respective year's exhibits. The Academy set the seal of its approval on Mr. Hacker's efforts by purchasing his "Annunciation" under the terms of the Chantry bequest, and the Manchester Corporation hastened to secure "Syrinx," which has been enthusiastically described as the perfection of refinement in the nude.

Public Opinion (London) gives us this interesting art selection:—"In his 'Apologia pro Arte mea,' in which Mr. Harry Quilter gives a bewildering sketch of the criticism passed by the newspapers on the pictures he recently exhibited, he appeals to public writers to endeavour to prevent the public from being misled. 'Good work, always difficult to do, becomes well-nigh impossible when the worker doubts whether it will be judged with sympathy and knowledge, or derided by partisanship and ignorance. Nor does the evil end here; artists of the weaker, and may I add without offence of the baser sort, will, in such an event as the above mentioned, set themselves to obtain by trick or favour the applause which they know will be refused to the quality of their work. They will seek to chime in with every catchpenny subject which may be popular for the moment—with every method of the artists in favour with the press. They will paint only such things as the critics can easily understand, or pleasantly describe—pictures which, so to speak, 'make copy' (in the journalistic phrase) of themselves, and as they so put aside their own ideal, so, very surely, will the strength which that ideal alone gave, desert them, and their work will no longer 'shine apart,' despite every imperfection, a gladness to the world, and an honour to themselves. Ah! if you would but see it, gentlemen (and ladies) of the Press, amongst whom I have worked so many years, and with whom I have so much in common. If you would but see that Art is not to be found wholly here or there, in this or that school, painter, subject, or rendering; that it is not in its essence a question of pattern, value, colour, draughtsmanship, brushwork, or whatever technical excellence you like to exalt beyond the rest! You demand, let me tell you, and tell myself also, too many virtues from the poor artist. It is not enough for you that he tries by such light as is within him to add to the world's inheritance. He must add to it, forsooth, in this or that special manner; he must follow one special master, must see only what he sees, and care only for what is fair to him. Your painter must not choose subjects, since they are sentimental, nor illustrate the thoughts of others, for that is literary; he must not be religious, for religious art is out of date, nor must his pictures contain much detail, for then they would be photographic. His colours must be harmonious, but never rich, for all the world knows that rich colours were the inventions of the wicked 'Old Masters,' and that the world is really drab colour, or at its brightest like a lilac postage stamp on a white envelope. He must not open his eye lest he see too much, nor shut them, I suppose, lest he see nothing, but wink hard and furiously at Nature and mankind, till strange shapes appear to him, swimming in a violent mist—revealing themselves coyly and indeterminately, like tropic seaweed seen through the dark, still waters of a lagoon. Above all, O, poor Pictor! you must have no ideas—that is the last, worst, least pardonable fault of all. The super-incumbent fog on your grey canvas must shroud no expression of feeling or delight, no vagary of imagination, no suggestion of thought. For you—the art-worker—alone, is there to be no escape from the Actual; the 'still ghost of the Ideal' must never cross your threshold. Is there not in this world ugliness enough to content you? What better subjects for your art than fogs and gas-light, paupers and prostitutes,

the goddess of the music-hall, and the denizen of the *café*? Lastly, my English brethren, you must forget your countrymen, your nationality and yourselves. You must, if you would appear in the decent drawing-rooms of art, give crude English oak a lick of the best French polish, or at least of its American imitation. Is not the yoke too difficult; the burden greater than can be easily, or wisely borne? It seems so to me, and I am glad to think that there are even still ten thousand or so English artists who apparently think the same. Not all Vandycks, I grant you—Vandycks are rare at most seasons—but men who for the most part are seeking faithfully to express the beauty dear to them. They will be justified ere long, even in the popular estimation—the reign of ugliness, the exaltation of the base, the eccentric, and the unmeaning, must quickly pass away. '*Veritas præ valebit!*' In the meantime, however, public writers have a clear duty set before them, and that is to hinder the public by every means in their power from being led astray by clamorous novelty; to help assiduously the right estimation of art, as something which, founded with labour, insight and love, on the beauty of the natural world, the manifold interests and passions of humanity, and the mysteries of the inner life, still helps to make the nations glad, and to endow the simplest facts of life and death, joy and sorrow, seedtime and harvest with new significance and beauty. This, the task of art in the past, is its task to-day, its task forever, and this no sneers can enfeeble, and no discoveries impair. The world, spendthrift as it is for a time, will not cast away its inheritance so easily, nor barter it, like a modern Esau, for a dram of absinthe."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The body of Hans Von Bulow will be brought from Egypt to Gotha, in Germany, and will be there cremated.

Some piano pupils of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison gave a recital in the Conservatory Hall, on Thursday evening last, to a highly delighted audience.

Anton Dvorak receives the handsome salary of \$15,000 a year as director of the National Conservatory of Music in New York, for seven months during the year.

Mr. Tripp's new society is making good progress, and will give the public an opportunity of judging their singing in a concert which will be held towards the end of April, or early in May.

Attention is directed to the operatic concert of Sig. Vegara and his pupils, in the Grand Opera House, on the evening of March 28th. The second act of "Der Freischütz," and scenes from "Il Trovatore" will be presented, with appropriate scenery and costumes.

A recital of vocal music was given in the Hall of the College of Music last week, by pupils of Mr. H. W. Webster, assisted by piano pupils of Mr. Field's, and a 'cello pupil of Mr. Ruth. They all performed their various members with excellent judgment, displaying good cultivation, and musical ability.

In the British Museum there is a collection of musical compositions, both vocal and instrumental, attributed to Henry VIII. Whether authentic or not, they are said to be good; and they are to be arranged by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, and printed by Mr. William Morris. The book is to have illustrations by Burne-Jones.

Wagner's son, Siegfried, whose debut as an orchestra leader at Leipzig has excited great interest in Germany, is small of stature, very thin, and in complexion a pale blond. Even in moments of great excitement his face shows no color. Many persons in the vast audience that heard him for the first time were disappointed because he did not fail, for he was trained to be an architect, and his musical talent was an unknown quantity.

A piano recital of much merit was given by Mr. Donald Herald, A. J. C. M., a pupil of

Mr. Edward Fisher, and one of the teachers in the pianoforte department of the Conservatory, in the Conservatory Hall, on Friday evening last, March 16th. A programme of modern compositions was skilfully performed and gave great pleasure to the large audience present. Several talented pupils of Sig. d'Auria's, among whom were the well-known singers, Miss Edith Miller and Mrs. Alfred Jury, rendered several vocal selections in artistic style.

Hamiltonians are busy rehearsing a new comic opera, the music composed by Mr. W. Hemphill, of Hamilton, bearing the title of "The Merry Maskers." This is the second opera which has emanated from the pen of this talented amateur; one having been produced two years ago entitled "Across the Sea"—said to be bright and tuneful, if not entirely original. Mr. D. J. O'Brien, director of the Hamilton College of Music, will conduct the performances, which will take place in the Opera House the three last evenings of the present month.

The Students of Toronto University deserve the thanks of the people for generously repeating the "Antigone," for the benefit of charity. This was done on Saturday evening last, the 17th inst., and a large audience was present. The choruses were given with considerable swing, and were fully appreciated. Mr. Walter H. Robinson and Miss Reynolds contributed solos, which pleased so well that encore numbers had to be given. The young ladies' Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Norma Reynolds, sang several selections with commendable expression, reflecting much credit on the energetic conductress. Mr. Torrington's orchestra also added interest to the programme by playing one or two numbers in their accustomed well-known style.

The following table is from Mr. Krehbiel's annual review of the New York musical season:—

Season.	Total Attendance.	Average.
1885-1886	138,000	2,656
1886-1887	158,142	2,593
1887-1888	147,912	2,311
1888-1889	173,437	2,550
1889-1890	167,063	2,493
1890-1891	164,428	2,417

In the first season (1884-85) no novelties were brought out; in the second, "The Queen of Sheba," "Die Meistersinger," and "Rienzi" were added to the repertory; in the third, "Das Goldene Kreuz," "Tristan und Isolde," "Merlin," and a ballet; in the fourth, "Der Trompeter von Sakkingen," "Ferdinand Cortez," "Die Gotterdammerung," and "Euryanthe;" in the fifth, "Das Rheingold;" in the sixth, "The Barber of Bagdad;" in the seventh, "Asrael," "Vassal of Szegeth," and "Diana of Solange."

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF ZACHARIAS RHETOR. Translated from the Syriac by Rev. F. J. Hamilton, B.D. (Privately printed).

Here is another of those records of the past which are being rescued from oblivion by the learning and patient labour of our ecclesiastical students. The author was Bishop of Mitylene, about A.D. 540, and he wrote an ecclesiastical history, extending from Constantine to the twentieth year of Justinian, in twelve books. Parts of the tenth and twelfth books have been lost, and the whole of the eleventh. Only four books (iii to vi) are the work of Zacharias, the rest being made of extracts from Socrates, Theodoret and other writers. The author's own portion is a narrative extending from the Council of Chalcedon, A.D. 451, to the death of the Emperor Zeus, A.D. 491. The work was originally written in Greek, which is now lost, our existing copy being a Syriac translation, written, as its author tells us, "in contracted style" from the Greek history of Zacharias Rhetor; which he wrote thus far, in protracted style, after the manner of Greek amplification." (!) The interest of the work is

considerable and arises chiefly from the proof which it affords of the manner in which the decisions of the great councils were received in the church. We are apt to suppose that the doctrines as formulated in them immediately became part of the faith, although the history of Arianism after the Council of Nicea might teach us better. Here, at any rate, we have a bishop, an ardent monophysite, long after the Council of Chalcedon had condemned Eutyches and his heresy. In spite of the Eutychianism of Zacharias, his history is of considerable value and importance; for even those who charge him with certain omissions and misrepresentations, yet agree that he is a trustworthy authority on the events which came within his own cognizance. Those who study the two great controversies which gave rise to the Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon will find valuable assistance in this history, and a sense of the living character of the struggle hardly to be obtained from late compilations. The complete history in Syriac has been edited by Dr. J. P. N. Land, and published at Leiden. We have here an English translation of the portion written by Zacharias. The work has been accomplished with evident care and marked success. We are sorry that there is no publisher; but we suppose that copies could be obtained from the translator, Rev. F. J. Hamilton, Ram's Episcopal Chapel, Hamerton, London, England.

FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH. Poems by Mrs. Wm. Lawson (M.J.K.L.). Selected and Edited by Harry Piers and Constance Fairbanks. Halifax: Morton & Co. 1893.

This is a neatly got up book of 152 octavo pages and a portrait of the poetess. Mrs. Lawson was of German parentage on her father's side, he being Lieutenant Katzmann of the King's German Legion. Her mother was a granddaughter of Dr. Jonathan Prescott, a U. E. Loyalist of note. Superior, however, to the claim of honorable descent is that which the writer of her brief biographical sketch makes on the poetry reading public through the eminence of her Christian character, her wide sympathies, and her ready and constant benevolence. The sketch affords the information that Mrs. Lawson's history of the Townships of Dartmouth, Preston and Lawrence-town, for which she gained the Akin's historical prize of Kings, College, Windsor, will shortly be published. It is not always a kind act on the part of literary executors to publish the poetical remains that fall into their hands, but such cannot be said with justice in the present case. The poems are perhaps a little too uniform in their order of poetic merit. They are faultless in rhyme, smooth flowing and rhythmical. Their language is chaste and very rarely strained, and it need hardly be added that their sentiment is always pure and elevated. They reveal an intense love of nature, a generous tendency to hero worship, and the warm heart of a loyal friend. While, on the whole, the poems are brave and hopeful, yet sympathetic in love, some of them seem to lift the veil, and reveal a personal experience of the world's sorrow and injustice. The quotation on the title page is an evidence of this:

"I lay before your feet
My gold and frankincense and myrrh, gifts
that are bitter-sweet.
Their bitterness is all mine own, from mem-
ory's leaves distilled,
With the full sweetness of the draught your
cup of life be filled."

Some of the verses are translations from the German, Mrs. Lawson's father's tongue. One of these, "The Maiden's Lament of Schiller," literally reads:

"The clouds fast are flitting,
The oak forests roar,
A maiden is sitting
Down on the green shore;
There, waves are fast breaking with might,
with might,
And she sighed to the winds in the darksome
night.
Her bright eyes beclouded with weeping,"

Mrs. Lawson has paraphrased this very happily.

"Through the oak forest
The wild wind is crushing;
Over the dark sky
The storm clouds are rushing;
Sits on the green bank the maiden alone,
Watching the river where fierce waves are
dashing
Into foam clusters, the swift current lashing.
Sad is the echo, but sadder her moan,
As out in the dark night alone she is lying,
Eyes heavy with weeping, heart weary with
sighing.

Out in the darkness,
Alone by the river,
Sighs the bruised spirit,
Restless forever:
Dead lies my heart in a desolate form;
Sad world, how weary and lonely I find thee,
Withered and wasted the hopes that entwined
thee.
Holiest, shelter Thy child from the storm;
Call her back from the earth, all its bliss she
hath tasted;
She hath lived, she hath loved, and the
treasure is wasted."

We can translate into English, but we cannot retain the simplicity with the rhythm of "Ich habe gelebt und geliebet" Mrs. Lawson's paraphrase reveals the high merit of her muse, and at the same time the common feminine defect of metrical prolixity. Her poems deserve credit for naturalness and simplicity, being quite void of the poetaster's modern affectations and verbal conceits.

PERIODICALS.

"Electrical Engineering and Social Reform" is the curious title of the first paper in *Electrical Engineering* for February, but Dr. Perowine shows that they are not unrelated subjects. A number of topics of electrical importance are ably treated in this issue, including Professor Forbes's much debated paper on Niagara Falls.

This is a jovial number of the lazy man's favourite magazine which bears the cognomen *Idler*. Walter Besant has first place with the capital short story "In Three Weeks" and Mr. R. Shindler has the last with his most amusing recital of "The Persecution of the Curate" and for the eight intervening contributions we shall but say they are all clever and enjoyable, and we are sure their readers will agree with us.

Littell's Living Age is without doubt one of the most compact and comprehensive eclectics published. Its editors have a genius for selection and arrangement. The busy man will reap from its pages the choice fruit of the great reviews and magazines, and the literary man will welcome articles already enjoyed at first hand and others, perhaps equally enjoyable, that he has not yet seen. Papers grave and gay, serials and short stories, and many beautiful poems appear week by week in the welcome numbers of *Littell*.

Whether one agrees with him or not there is no denying the vigorous thought, the free original handling, the learning and downright earnestness of Count Leo Tolstoi in discussing "Religion and Morality," in the March *Contemporary*. "Religion," says the great Russian reformer, "is the conception by man of his relation to the infinite universe and to its source. And morality is the ever present guide of life proceeding only from this relation." The Rev. H. R. Haweis is always interesting whether writing of "Music and Morals" or the merits of an old Cremona. "The Orthodox Christian," says Mr. Haweis, in his second paper on the Mormons, seem at present to compare unfavorably with those whom they despise as befooled and degraded Mormons. But we may not dwell on other excellent papers of the number. Professor Driver's on "Archaeology and the Old Testament" will not go unread, nor will that of Lord Hobhouse on "The House of Lords and Betterment."

An able Irish view is that presented by the Hon. Horace Plunkett, M.P. in the *Fortnightly Leader* for March on "The Ireland of To-day and To-morrow." Mr. Plunkett delivers some sturdy taps to Home Rule craniums with his argumentative shillalah. "In prosperous times," he says, "agitation is abortive. The story of 1893 may be simply told. The people clamoured for a Home Rule Bill, they got a good harvest, and were as content as if they had asked a stone and received bread." Sir Robert Ball writes with authority on "The Significance of Carbon in the Universe." Dr. J. W. Gregory tells the story of "An expedition to the African Mount Kenya." That indefatigable postal reformer, Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, M.P., discusses "Imperial Five Farthing Postage." Mr. W. Roberts has an interesting paper on "The First Edition Mania," "Railway Development in England and America" by Mr. J. S. Jeans is well worth reading and Mr. Lucy writes with his accustomed clearness and vigour on affairs at the Cape.

As might be imagined there is what a playful Irishman would call divarshun in the March number of that weighty exponent of cultured modern thought the *Nineteenth Century*. "The Revolt of the Daughters" in this number is the somewhat sensational heading of the title page and then in the middle of the bill, or rather table of contents, comes the announcement of the war-tug of the Amazons. Mrs. Crackanthorpe and Mrs. Hawsis affirm the "Revolt" and Lady Kathleen Cuffe and Miss Alys Pearsall Smith deny it. To say that there is lively reading in this number is keeping within the mark. The leader of the number is by Professor Goldwin Smith and its captain is "The Impending Revolution." "The first care of anti-revolutionary statesmanship in future will be to re-organize the House of Lords on a rational basis and make it a real safeguard, like the Senate of the United States. To defend the existence of a Second Chamber against domineering and usurping violence is the duty of the present hour." Walter Pater begins a fine series of articles on some great churches of France with "Notre-Dame d'Amiens." Swinburne ends a strong number with an impressive elegy: we repeat one stanza—

Darkness, mute or loud with music or with mourning,
 Starry darkness, winged with wind or clothed with calm,
 Dreams no dream of grief, or fear, or wrath, or warning,
 Bears no sign of race, or gold, or strife, or palm.
 Word of blessing, word of mocking or of scorning,
 Knows it none, nor whence its breath sheds blight or balm.
 Yet a little while, and hark, the psalm of mourning:
 Yet a little while, and silence takes the psalm.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

The great popularity of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* is reflected in the sale of the entire first English edition of Mr. Hardy's latest book, *Life's Little Ironies*, in advance of publication. The American edition is from the press of Harper & Brothers.

Although Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the poet, is nearly 60, says the *New York World*, his easy-going way of life has kept him youthful and he looks younger than he is. His hair is slightly tinged with gray, but his face is ruddy and fresh and his voice is genial and "as balmy as one of his own stories."

The Methodist Book and Publishing House announce at an early date a Memorial volume of the late Dr. Douglass. Dr. Potts will contribute an Introduction to the book, which will comprise a biographical sketch and a number of selected sermons and addresses of the gifted divine, whose pulpit and platform utterances were well worth preserving.

Our readers will learn with much regret that Dr. Bourinot has for some time been confined to his house by illness. Mr. I. Allan Jack, Recorder of St. John, New Brunswick, another valued contributor to THE WEEK, is also, we regret to say, ill. It is to be hoped that both the above gentlemen will soon regain their wonted health and strength.

The second volume of the famous Pasquier Memoirs, the first volume of which aroused such deep and wide-spread interest, is almost ready for publication by the Scribners. The period treated is the most dramatic and eventful in Napoleon's career—from 1812 to 1814, inclusive, the pictures and portraits which crowd this exciting era being given in detail.

A donation of \$150,000 has been made to McGill University, the total sum being made up of three equal gifts of \$50,000 from Sir Donald A. Smith, Mr. J. H. R. Molson, and Mr. W. C. McDonald, who have already given large sums to the university. Such gifts reflect great credit on the givers and most materially aid the intellectual needs of our country.

Messrs. Houghton Mifflin & Co. announce the following books: "An Island Garden," by Celia Thaxter; "Brave Little Holland and what she has Taught us," by W. E. Griffis, D.D.; "Does God Send Trouble," by C. C. Hall, D.D.; "A Bird Lover in the West," by Olive Thorne Miller; "Bayou Folk," by Kate Chopin; and "A Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe."

Among the publications announced by Macmillan & Co. are Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new novel, "Marcella"; Marion Crawford's new novel of New York society life, "Katharine Lauderdale"; "The Raiders," by S. R. Crockett, author of "The Stickit Minister"; three volumes in the *Ex Libris* series—"The Decorative Illustrations," by Walter Crane; "Modern Book Illustrations," by Joseph Pennell, and "Decorative Heraldry," by G. W. Eve; "Criticisms on Contemporary Thought and Thinkers," by R. H. Hutton.

Mr. George Johnson, the Dominion Statistician, has received the merited honour of being elected a member of the Royal Statistical Society. Mr. Johnson is at home in statistics in no narrow sense, and by no means confines his studies to the statistical conditions of Canada; an indefatigable worker he does not hesitate at acquiring a new language to facilitate his study of foreign statistics and make them of service to his own country. Mr. Johnson's works "Graphic Statistics" and "First Things in Canada" are valuable compilations. His wide experience as a journalist has always stood him in good stead. Like many another prominent Canadian, Mr. Johnson is by birth a Nova Scotian.

An exchange has the following item of mournful interest: Poor Mrs. Thackeray, who died recently in the insane asylum at Leigh, which has been her home for over 50 years, was Isabella Shaw when she was married. Her father was a colonel who had been retired from the Indian service, and from his character Thackeray drew many of the fine traits which he gave to Col. Newcome. The marriage occurred early in 1836, and after the birth of their third daughter in 1840 her mind became affected. For a year they travelled on the continent in the hope that the balance might be restored, but she fell into a confirmed melancholy, and the institution was necessary as it seemed. One of the daughters is now living, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, who was Annie Isabella Thackeray; one died in infancy, and another was the late Mrs. Leslie Stephen.

In the death of the late Sir William Collis Meredith the Province of Quebec has lost one of its most distinguished judges. How keenly the loss is felt there and how general and strong are the sentiments of respect, admiration and affection for the judge who has just entered on his rest is seen in the resolution adopted at the special meetings of the Bar held at Montreal and Quebec shortly after his death, as also in the touching message of condolence to the bereaved widow sent by his old friend Chief Justice Johnson (himself pros-

trated by sickness) on behalf of the judges of the Supreme Court of Montreal. We learn from the *Legal News* of Montreal that the late Chief Justice was called to the Quebec Bar in 1836, and enrolled a Q.C. in 1844. After declining several offers of office in the administration of the day, he was appointed a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in 1849. Ten years later he accepted a seat in the Court of Queen's Bench which he filled during seven years with marked ability and success. In 1866 he left the Queen's Bench to take the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court, which he held until his enforced retirement from the Bench in 1884 in consequence of the state of his health.

The following tribute is from the pen of Mr. G. W. Smalley, the able London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, as Lord Tweedmouth is a brother of the Countess of Aberdeen it will be observed that exceptional gifts and graces are by no means confined to one member of that good lady's distinguished family: The new Lord Privy Seal is Lord Tweedmouth, better known as Mr. Edward Marjoribanks, chief Liberal whip, and probably the best executive officer any party ever had. To him more than to any other man belongs the credit of keeping the party together during all that long and difficult session which came to an end last Monday. To him belongs the credit of the discipline that was maintained, and of the majorities, which but for him would certainly on several critical occasions have been turned into minorities. To him Lord Rosebery looked for similar service in the coming session where his energy, tact, suavity, diplomatic gifts and universal popularity would have been more necessary perhaps than ever. The sudden death of his father removed him to the House of Lords, and the services which he can no longer render are rewarded with the high dignity of Lord Privy Seal and a seat in the Cabinet.

We have taken the following literary summary from the *Times*:—The *Athenaeum* says: "Padre Cozza-Luzi, sub-librarian, has just discovered in the Vatican collection a manuscript of the 'Divina Commedia' of Dante, with miniatures of 1450. The work will probably be published with phototype reproductions of the miniatures. Mr. Lecky has been elected to fill the place on the committee of the London Library vacated by the death of Mr. W. Watkiss Lloyd. Mr. Lang has been following up his recent study of 'spooks,' and Messrs. Longman are to publish for him a series of papers on 'The Cock Lane Ghost and Common Sense.' Mr. Lang is also going to issue a new volume of poems, 'Ban and Arriere Ban: a Rally of Fugitive Rhymes.' Messrs. Longman have in the press a 'History of Marriage, Jewish and Christian, in relation to Divorce and Certain Forbidden Degrees,' by the new Dean of Lichfield, Dr. Luckock."—The *Academy* says: "Mr. George Allen will publish in the course of next month a new book by Mr. Ruskin, entitled 'Verona and Other Lectures,' delivered principally at Royal and London Institutions between 1870 and 1893. It will be illustrated with a frontispiece in colour, and ten photogravure plates from drawings by the author. Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish immediately in connection with the Irish Literary Society, a volume of addresses under the title of 'The Revival of Irish Literature.' These will include two lectures by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, delivered within the last two years; one by Mr. George Sigerson on 'Irish Literature: its Origin and Environment'; and one by Dr. Douglas Hyde, on 'The Necessity for de-Anglicising Ireland.'"

It is noticeable that floors left bare for rugs are being painted in much lighter colors than formerly, the dark walnut shade having heretofore been the popular selection. They are frequently painted with yellow ochre, mixed with white, and the change is desirable, first, because it is a change, perhaps, and again because they are more easily kept free from dust, or, more correctly, the dust is not in such constant evidence.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Stuart Livingston. In Various Moods. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
 H. Rider Haggard. Cleopatra. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
 Alden's Nutshell Cyclopaedia, Vol. I. New York: John B. Alden.
 Major-Gen. T. Bland Strange. Gunner Jingo's Jubilee. London: Remington & Co., Ltd.
 Edited by Henry B. Wheatley. The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M.A., F.R.S., Vols. I. II. III. London: Geo. Bell & Sons. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
 Lewis Carroll. Sylvie & Burns—Concluded. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. \$1.50.
 Joseph Royal. A Republic or a Colony. Montreal: Eusebe Penégal & Fils. 25c.
 Julia Ditte Young. Thistledown Poems. Buffalo: Peter Paul & Bros. \$1.25.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE LONELINESS OF DEATH.

From Blaise Pascal's Poems.

The silent chariot standeth at the door;
 The house is hushed and still from roof to floor,
 None heard the sound of its mysterious wheels,
 Yet each its presence feels.

No champing bit, no tramp of pawing steed,
 All dark and silent up and down the street;
 And yet thou mayst not keep it waiting there
 For one last kiss, or prayer.

Thy words, with some strange other interchanged,
 Strike cold across us like loved eyes estranged,
 With things that are not fraught, or things that are,
 Fade like a sun-struck star.

And thou, too weak and agonized to lift
 The cup to quench thy dying thirst, or shift
 Thy pillows, now without our help must rise,
 Nor wait our ministries.

Thou loved and cherished, must go forth alone;
 None see thee fondly to the door, not one.
 No head is turned to see thee go; we stay
 Where thou art not, and pray.

No panel bars thy white, resistless feet.
 Our walls are mist to thee; out on the street
 It waits, it waits for thee, for thee alone.
 Arise, let us be gone.

Alone, alone upon thine awful way.
 Do any show thee kindness, any stay
 Thy heart? or does the silent charioteer
 Whisper, "Be of good cheer"?

We know not; none may follow thee afar,
 None hear the sound of thy departing car;
 Only vast silence, like a strong black sea,
 Rolls on 'twixt me and thee.

—Public Opinion (London).

ZULU NAMES.

Mr. Arthur Montefiore, F.R.G.S., takes Mr. Rider Haggard to task for his "grotesque rendering of Zulu names." "Umslopogaas," Mr. Montefiore writes, "bears an impossible Zulu name—no Zulu word, for example, ending in a consonant. The name Mr. Haggard was feeling for was probably Umhlopogasi; at any rate, it is quite certain that no Zulu could have ever borne the name Umslopogaas. It is curious how writers of South African fiction stumble over the elementary rules of the South African languages. I only know one writer of such fiction," says the editor of *Languages*, "whose accuracy in these matters may be relied on—to wit, Mr. Bertram Mitford, whose 'Gun-Runner,' in my opinion, gives a more accurate picture of Zulus as they really are than any book I have ever read." The author

of "King Solomon's Mines and other letters to the *Times*"—as a schoolboy phrased it the other day—rather prides himself, I believe, upon his acquaintance with South African tongues, and criticism of the Montefiore order would be likely to cause a commotion at Ditchingham.—*Colonies and India.*

VANISHED OCCUPANTS OF THE EARTH.

What strikes us most markedly in reading the book of the rocks is, not so much the strange forms which are portrayed in its pages, as the fact that so many of them are extinct. Indeed, except in the very newest of formations, it is extremely rare to come upon any forms which can even approximately be considered identical with any now living on the face of the earth. All are vanished species. What is more, when we once get clear of any formation, it is the rarest possible occurrence ever again to see any of the species of fossils characteristic of it. Each period of the world's history had its own fauna and flora, that is, its own assemblage of animals and plants—and once they disappear they are gone for ever. Yet, within the historic period, we know of the extermination of only a few animals, and of no species of plants at all. Even then the extinct animals have, in every instance, met their fate at the hand of man. The dodo, a curious bird of Mauritius, and the solitaires, of the Islands of Reunion and Rodriguez, were exterminated by ruthless seamen within the last two centuries. The moa of New Zealand lived long after the Maoris reached these islands. The great auk and the Labrador duck have ceased to exist, from an identical cause, within the memory of man. The Philip Island parrot is a still more recent loss, while the only mammal which can be said for certain to have been utterly destroyed from off the face of the earth is the gigantic sea-cow (*Rhytina*), of Behring Strait, though, when it was first discovered, and took the taste of the seamen who liked oily beef, its numbers were small and seemed on the wane. These, and a few other species of less interest, form the total extinctions of which history preserves any record. But in the rocks composing the earth's crust there are the remains of thousands, which disappeared ages and ages before Man came upon the earth.—From "*Our Earth and its Story*" (Cassell Co., Limited).

A WOMAN'S SUFFERINGS.

HOW A HALDIMAND COUNTY LADY REGAINED HEALTH.

She Suffered Excruciating Pains from Sciatica—For Four Months was Forced to Use Crutches—Relief was Obtained After Many Remedies Failed.
 From the Selkirk Item.

There have been rumors of late in Selkirk of what was termed a miraculous cure from a long illness of a lady living in Rainham township, a few miles from town. So much talk did the case give rise to that the Item determined to investigate the matter with a view to publishing the facts.

Mrs. Jacob Fry is the wife of a well-known farmer and it was she who was said to have been so wonderfully helped. When the reporter called upon her, Mrs. Fry consented to give the facts of the case and said—"I was ill for nearly a year and for four months could not move my limb because of sciatica, and was compelled to use crutches to get around. My limb would swell up and I suffered excruciating pains which would run down from the hip to the knee. I suffered so much that my health was generally bad. I tried doctors and patent medicines, but got no help until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Almost from the outset these helped me and I used six boxes in all, and since that time have been a well woman, having been entirely free

from pain, and having no further use for medicine. I am prepared to tell anybody and everybody what this wonderful medicine has done for me, for I feel very grateful for the great good the Pink Pills wrought in my case."

The reporter called on a number of Mrs. Fry's neighbors who corroborated what she said as to her painful and helpless condition before she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. M. F. Derby, chemist, of the firm of Derby & Derby, Selkirk, was also seen. Mr. Derby said he knew of the case of Mrs. Fry, and that what she said regarding it was worthy of every credence. She had herself told him of the great benefit she had derived from the use of Pink Pills. He further said that they had sold Pink Pills for a number of years and found the sale constantly increasing, which was due beyond a doubt to the great satisfaction the pills gave those using them.

An analysis of their properties show that these pills are an unfailing specific for all troubles arising from an impairment of the nervous system or impoverished blood, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all diseases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties and nothing that could injure the most delicate system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trademark and wrapper printed in red ink. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in any other style of package, and any dealer who offers substitutes is trying to defraud you. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Hot Water Heating Apparatus, Calgary, Alta.," will be received until Tuesday, 27th March, for the construction of a Hot Water Heating Apparatus at the Calgary, Alta., Post Office.

Plans and specifications can be seen and form of tender and all necessary information obtained at this Department and at the Clerk of Works Office, Calgary, Alta., after Monday, 5th March, instant.

Persons are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
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Department of Public Works,
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PUBLIC OPINION.

Manitoba Free Press: The Montreal *Gazette* says that, outside of the tariff, no measures will be brought down by the Government at the coming session of Parliament. This is good news if the tariff measures be only comprehensive enough to satisfy the hopes of the country, but the public utterances of Ministers within the past few months go far to destroy any hope of material change in their trade policy.

Montreal Star: It is worth noting, perhaps, that Nova Scotia rightfully takes considerable interest in her political affairs these times. The Federal Premier is a Nova Scotian. The man who is oftentimes spoken of as a one time possible rival of that Premier—Sir Charles Tupper—is a Nova Scotian. The whole Nova Scotia delegation at Ottawa is one of which a province may be proud, none other certainly boasting a higher average of intelligence. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick saved the last elections for British connection.

Vancouver World: The school question is not by any means settled, and may eventuate in a rupture such as has not been witnessed since Confederation. The aggressiveness of one denomination in Ontario has had the natural effect of stirring up another in Quebec, and what the result will be it is impossible to foretell. It is a sad commentary upon our boasted *fin de siècle* civilization that the followers of the Infant of Bethlehem, with their schools and universities and churches, have not yet learned tolerance, rather in the name of Him whose principles they dishonor, are at each other's throats in the hope of gaining the mastery.

Ottawa Citizen: As a consequence of the liberal policy of the British government, not only have the French Canadian inhabitants been allowed the free exercise of their religion, but the Roman Catholic church in Quebec is the only one in Canada that has a semblance of being established and recognized by the state. The inhabitants of that Province are of course permitted the use of their own language in public and official life, and they have been allowed absolute liberty in the nature of the teaching in their schools. It can scarcely be alleged that perfidious Albion has shown an oppressive spirit towards her French-speaking subjects.

London Free Press: The great burning fact remains that the Irish party, with their solid vote of eighty, will no longer be allowed to control any administration that may be for the present constructed. The necessary legislation of the country, and the reforms which are now called for, will undoubtedly be undertaken in the near future, whether or no there is an appeal to the electorate. Home Rule has had its "inning," and is now "out" and however distressing this climax may be to those who looked forward so confidently to a Parliament of Irishmen meeting in Dublin, Rosebery, as leader of the Liberal party, has declared this to be impossible.

Hamilton Herald: Mr. Meredith's protest against the excessive cost of government in Canada is timely, and it will be altogether too bad if it falls without effect. That something like \$4,000,000 should be expended annually in governing five millions of people is simply outrageous. The fact is we have gone legislation mad in this country. It may be that we have not enough to do to keep our minds properly occupied. Whatever the reason may be we keep these vast and expensive legislative mills grinding, grinding, grinding until the burden is rapidly becoming too great to be borne. Think of Canadians, of all people in the world, home loving, peaceful, good-natured and generally well-behaved, being weighed down with this tremendous millstone of law and cost. It is too much. We must have cheaper government and less of it.

MR. M. ROBERTSON (Revell & Co.'s Bookstore, Yonge street, Toronto, says:—"My mother owes her life to the timely use of Acetocura."

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LITERATURE AND THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT. Prof. Oscar L. Triggs.

CHARACTER IN 'MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.' I. C. A. Wurtzburg.

'PIPPA PASSES.' Papers of the Boston Browning Society. Isabel Francis Bellows.

THE SEVEN PRINCESSES. Conclusion. Maurice Maeterlinck.

A SCHOOL OF LITERATURE. How to Study Longfellow's 'Spanish Student.' P. A. C.

BOOK INKLINGS.

NOTES AND NEWS. The Aesthetic Needs of Labor.—An Essay on Weather.—Coleridge as a Father.—London Literaria. William G. Kingsland.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

Tricycles may be had for hire, like cabs, in Milan. An attendant goes with the machine to propel it. The fare depends on the distance travelled, not the time consumed.

Leather is tanned in Switzerland with the aid of electricity. Time is saved by the process, and the output is said to possess more than the average strength of ordinary leather.

During the month of December 323 feet of 7 by 11 feet tunneling was driven at the Jeddo tunnel, at Eberville. This was done in 27 days by two shifts of men, each working ten hours.

The late Mr. A. L. Bruce, son-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, the famous African explorer, has left £3,000 to the University of Edinburgh for the purpose of founding a Chair of Public Health.

Dr. P. Fuerbringer, of Berlin, praises the peanut as a food rich in albumen, and advises its use in soup or as mush. Peanuts are especially valuable, he says, in kidney diseases, in which animal albumen must be avoided.

The curious and possibly important fact, says London *Electricity*, has been noticed that when the eyes are illuminated from behind by a glow lamp in the mouth, the pupils, seen as blood-red apertures, do not contract.

Henry Villard, a rich New York citizen, has organized an expedition in charge of Mr. C. F. Lummis, to journey through Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador in quest of relics of the ancient life in those interesting countries. — *Illustrated American*.

A binocular glass, whose tubes shut up like a telescope and may thus be compressed to a very small compass, has recently been invented in England. The framework of the instrument is a pair of "lazy-tongs," which keep the barrels at a proper distance, whether open or closed. Aluminum is used in construction, in order to gain lightness.

The recently discovered mines of Mexican onyx in Arizona bid fair to produce this beautiful ornamental stone in practically inexhaustible quantities. It is estimated that one of the quarries contains 4,600,000 cubic feet of merchantable onyx of the finest quality, thought by many to exceed greatly the Mexican product in color and lustre.

The decimal point in England is written near the top of the line (0.25, for instance), but in France and Germany at the bottom, with a comma (0,25), while in this country we use a period, and usually have it where the French put their mark. There is an increasing tendency, however, in Europe and America toward the adoption of the English method.

Italy leads the way in submarine navigation, and telegrams from the great arsenal of Spezzia describe the trial trip of the new submarine boat Pullino. After embarking the two vice admirals commanding the port and the arsenal, the boat disappeared under water and traversed the entire length of the gulf, returning to the surface in proximity to the training ship Maria Adelaide, against which it feigned to discharge a torpedo. The trial was a complete success in every particular.

From observations made at two Prussian stations at Teneriffe in 1889, 1890 and 1891, showing slight and continuous changes of position of the plane of the horizon, Dr. von Rebeur Paschnitz has concluded that the relatively rigid surface of the earth is subject to a movement of rising and falling like the ocean movement that produces the tides. The amplitude of the observations is very slight, but the apparatus used made it clearly perceptible. The direction of the plumb line also points to a daily disturbance, which is attributed, in conjecture, to solar radiation. A third kind of movement may be referred to distant earthquakes.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

David Christie Murray in a recent address contends that the drama is not an art but a trade. The money-making faculty is the one sign of ability.

At the Kipling household five o'clock tea is served from a table whose top is a large plate of hammered brass of Indian design and manufacture. It is simply mounted on a wooden tripod.

The Earl of Rosebery is the most extensive milk dealer in London. He does not, however, have his name on his milk wagons, as Lord Rayleigh does, but carries on the business under the names of his managers.

The fund raised in Boston to erect a statue in memory of Bishop Phillips Brooks amounts to \$79,625 in actual cash, \$70,000 of which is loaned at 5 per cent, while the remainder is drawing 2½ per cent interest on deposit.

President Eliot, of Harvard, says that there is scarcely a single subject taught nowadays in the same way it was taught 30 years ago, and that even law, the most conservative of studies, is now treated in an entirely different method from that which prevailed in former years.

The lovely little village of Llangollen, in North Wales, is famous as the place where for 50 years dwelt the "Eccentric Ladies." Many stories are told of them. One of their eccentricities was that whenever they walked abroad they wore men's high silk hats. When they died they were laid to rest side by side in the old Llangollen churchyard.

The Church in France has lost, since the beginning of last year, eleven prelates, among whom were five Archbishops, comprising the Cardinals of Lyons and of Rennes, three Bishops, and four Vicars-Apostolic. Four Sees are at present vacant—namely, the Archbishopric of Beausson, and the Bishoprics of Evreux, Orleans and Mans.—*Catholic Mirror*.

The religious awakening which "priests and prophets waited for," when the hard times began to interfere with the material prosperity of the people, has begun, and bids fair to equal the vast revival wave that swept over the country in 1857, when the great money panic broke all the banks of the country and checked the rewards of industry. Brooklyn, "the city of churches," appears to be the centre of the movement.—*Troy Times*.

According to an editorial note in President Harper's *Biblical World* for January, "It is the misinterpretation of the Bible that furnishes the occasion of all skepticism. The friends of the Bible have been its worst enemies." Such assertions by friends of the Bible are painful in the extreme. Why not be just and honest enough to qualify the assertion by saying that misinterpretations by some friends of the Bible have aided skepticism!—*New York Observer*.

In China the missionary is the only real interpreter of Western thought and progress. The mines, steamboats and railways of China were projected by men trained in the mission schools. The government has been so favorably impressed with the educational work of the Methodist Mission at Peking that it has promised to give positions upon the railroads or in telegraph offices, to all graduates, at a fair salary, and the privilege of keeping the Sabbath.—*Presbyterian Observer*.

The ladybird, to which many generations of children have addressed the familiar rhyming admonition, is a most valuable insect destroyer, and has the freedom of well-conducted greenhouses. It is the special enemy of the little green aphid that destroys tender plants; and the ladybird is always seen upon rose bushes in summer time because the aphid especially attacks the rose. Every such insectivorous insect as the ladybird is welcomed by those who struggle with the ever-increasing swarm of creatures that attack vegetation.—*New York Sun*.

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By F. MARION CRAWFORD, Author of "Saracinesca," "Pietro Ghisleri," "Mr. Isaacs," etc. With illustrations by Alfred Brennan and a new portrait of the author. In two volumes. Small 12mo, in box, \$2.00.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford, in the new novel on which he has been at work during the winter, has forsaken the haunts of Roman life, with its high-born knights and dames, for the more interesting, if seemingly less romantic, scenes of New York. It is always the New York of the upper classes that Mr. Crawford shows to us; and yet even here, common-place and conventional as it may be thought, he reveals the same undercurrent of strife and intrigue, of love and jealousy and hatred, that lent to his tales of Roman life their peculiar power and fascination. Not even the *Saracinesca* series are more alive with romance than are this and its companion story which Mr. Crawford promises us, and in which he follows the fortunes of the *Lauderdales* and *Ralstons*—the family to which this his latest heroine, *Katharine Lauderdale*, belongs. The interest of this book, especially to New Yorkers, will be enhanced by the fact that it is to be illustrated by a New York artist.

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One of the most recent dodges for relieving sleeplessness is to raise the head of the bed about 12 inches, or cut off a foot from each of the legs at the foot of the bed.

Yates Thompson, formerly owner of the *London Pall Mall Gazette*, has offered £38,000 with which to add to Westminster Abbey a large chapel where future memorials and monuments may be erected. The Government has deferred accepting the offer, pending the decision upon three schemes already suggested for the extension of the abbey.

The Germans take things very serious. A doctor lecturing in a northern town on the injurious practice of tight lacing, proposed to form an "Anti-killing-young-woman-by-a-ligering-death-Society. The German newspapers gravely reproduced the doctor's remarks, and rendered the hyphenated title thus: "Jungfrauzimmerdurchschwindtsuchtoldungs-gegenverein."—*London Million*.

"Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol," says the *Boston Herald*, "is the last survivor of the famous Transcendental Club, in which Emerson was the central light. Dr. Holmes, Dr. George E. Ellis and Hon. Robert C. Winthrop are the other venerable Bostonians who are left to us of a former and a notable generation, but Dr. Bartol is now, we believe, the only survivor of the brilliant company who must be named as the associates and friends of Emerson in the middle part of this century."

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

Ignorance is not always blameless.
 Silence is sometimes charity itself.
 One's duty does not always smile at him.
 In union there is both strength and danger.
 The man who abuses his rival throws away his own advantages.
 With many people good taste is mostly a matter of fashion.
 Belles, like other racers, sometimes win by a neck.—*Galveston News.*
 A friend is a fellow mortal who would rather do you some good than please you.
 When a real-estate agent begins to go down hill he loses ground very fast.—*Texas Siftings.*
 "I can only be assister to you," as the typewriter said to her employer.—*Plain Dealer.*
 There is room enough in this world for any man unless he tries to spread himself too much.
 The daily salutation in official circles at Washington now is: "Good morning, Grover. Hawaii?"

Many a poor wife has found it necessary to use the broom in keeping the flies off her indolent husband.
 Bluster: Do you mean to say that I am a liar? Blister: I hope that I could not do so ungentlemanly a thing. But I see you catch my idea.—*Boston Transcript.*
 Mr. Lanks (the new boarder): Please help me to another portion of the wild duck, Mrs. Flint. Mrs. Flint (the landlady): I am sorry, Mr. Lanks, but there is a limit to this little game.—*Brooklyn Life.*

The Marquis Van Dickens (at the swellest ball in London): Surely I have seen your beautiful face before, Miss Saintlouis? Miss Saintlouis: More'n likely. Pa used it on all his patent medicine ads as "after taking."—*Chicago Record.*

"There are times," muttered the tragedian, scowling, "when I insist on having everything that is coming to me. And there are times," he added, nimbly dodging a frozen rabbit and a superannuated cabbage head, "when I don't."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Guest: Landlord, you may bring me a sirloin steak. Let it be fresh and juicy, broiled half through, but not too rare, very tender and be sure that you use real fresh butter. Landlord: Why, if I had such a fine thing as that, sir, I'd eat it my self.—*Plucky Blatter.*

A boy about six years old entered a shop in Belfast the other day and asked for a pint of canary seed. As he had no money to pay for it, the shopkeeper (to whom the boy was well known), wishing to ascertain whether he had been sent by his parents or by another party, asked, "Is that seed for your mother, my boy?" "No," said the boy, "it's for the bird."

AN ODD COLLECTION.

A man in Colorado has a quaint collection of bottles. It is divided into two sections. Section one is large. Section two is not. Section one contains hundreds of bottles, the contents of which his wife swallowed hoping to find relief from her physical sufferings. Section two contains a few bottles that once were filled with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It was this potent remedy that gave the suffering wife her health again. It cures all irregularities, internal inflammation and ulceration, displacements and kindred troubles. It has done more to relieve the sufferings of women than any other medicine known to science.
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