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MARCH, 1898. No. 1.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

of Politics · Science · Art · Literature ·

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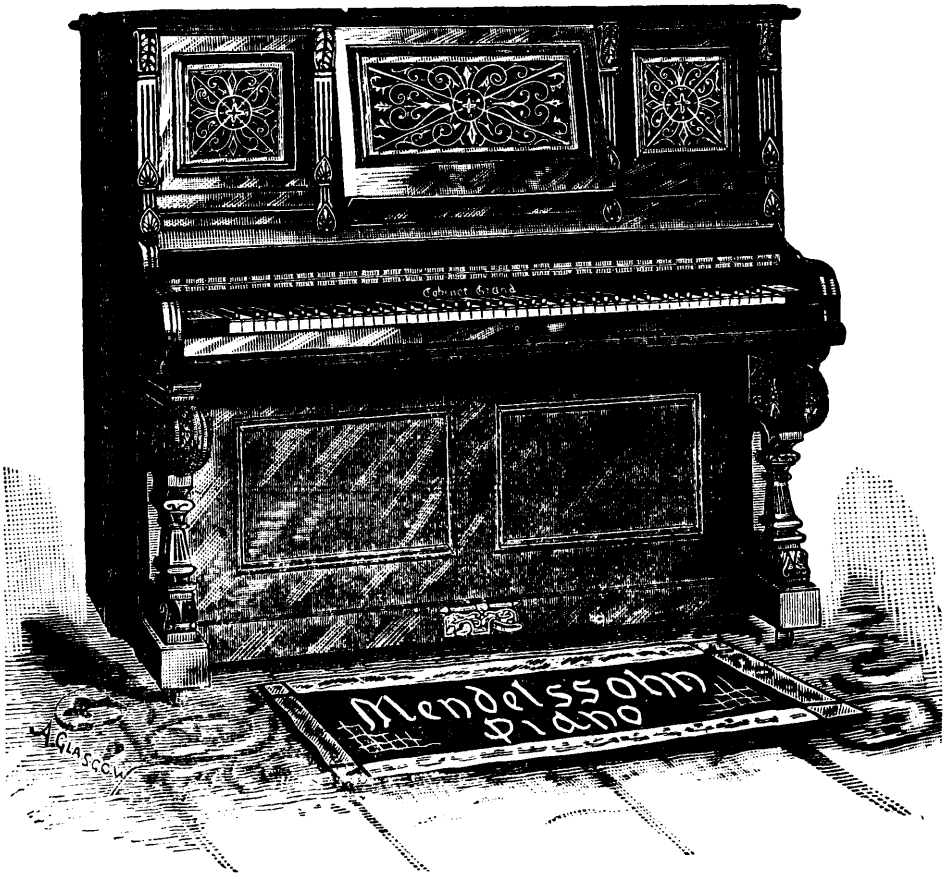

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

The CANADIAN MAGAZINE needs no apology for appearing. The necessity, or, at least, the great desirability of Canada possessing a medium through which, in fuller measure than has hitherto been practicable, our leading statesmen and thinkers may, with the comprehensiveness of *Review* articles, present to the public throughout the Dominion their views on questions of public interest and the facts and arguments on which these views are based, has been recognized by many, and has been an important consideration with the founders of this MAGAZINE. The MAGAZINE is, therefore, intended to fill in some measure, for Canada, the purpose served in Great Britain and the United States by the great Reviews of these countries. Timely articles on political and other public questions of interest to the Canadian people will appear every month from the pens of leading statesmen and writers of various shades of political opinion. While the pages of the MAGAZINE will be open to the expression of a wide diversity of opinions, and opinions with which the MAGAZINE does not agree, the policy will be steadily pursued of cultivating Canadian patriotism and Canadian interests, and of endeavoring to aid in the consolidation of the Dominion on a basis of national self-respect and a mutual regard for the rights of the great elements which make up the population of Canada. In this endeavor we are happy to announce we have the co-operation, as contributors, of many of the leading public men and writers of both political parties.

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mong the contributors to the early numbers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE will be A. MCNEILL, M.P.; HON. J. W. LONGLEY, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia; R. S. WHITE, M.P.; HON. WILFRID LAURIER, M.P.; HON. D. MILLS, M.P.; HON. JAMES YOUNG, PROF. STEWART, Montreal; E. KING DODDS, Toronto; W. H. BLAKE, Toronto; REV. J. V. SMITH, D.D., Toronto; PROF. CHAPMAN, Toronto, and STUART LIVINGSTON, Hamilton.

EARLY MORNING IN ROSEDALE, TORONTO. FROM PHOTO. BY BRUCE

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. MARCH, 1893. No. 1.

THE MANITOBA PUBLIC SCHOOL LAW.

BY D'ALTON M'CARTHY, Q.C., M.P.

PUBLIC interest is centred more on the fate of the School Law of Manitoba and on the novel and unexampled proceedings that are now pending before the Privy Council at Ottawa, with a view, if it be possible, to find a reasonable pretext to overturn the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council which affirmed that the Act was constitutional, than perhaps on any other matter now engaging attention, the necessity of tariff amendment possibly only excepted.

The proceedings referred to are, in themselves, and quite irrespective of the deep interest which for one cause or another is felt by a great majority of Canadians in the fate of the measure, sufficient to excite attention and even to create alarm. For here we have an Act of a Provincial Legislature which has been passed with the approval of a great majority of the people interested—the inhabitants of Manitoba—after it had run the gauntlet of the law courts of the Dominion and of the highest legal tribunal of the Empire, assailed by a procedure unknown to the law and before unheard of. This extraordinary attack is made before a body composed of politicians—the Dominion Cabinet—who, whatever be their qualifications in other respects, are not, it is safe to say, conspicuous for that impartiality and freedom from bias respecting a matter of great political importance, which we are accustomed to associate as an indispensable attribute of those who wear the ermine and administer justice in the name of the Sovereign.

It is not proposed to discuss the merits or the demerits of the Public School Act of the Prairie Province, as to which the minds of most thinking people of the Dominion are already made up. But rather is it intended to direct attention to the last function which the Privy Council of Canada has assumed the right to take part in—to examine by what authority a new and hitherto unknown legal tribunal has unexpectedly manifested itself—and to consider, with all the gravity and earnestness that such an enquiry demands, whether the rôle that the Privy Council is now engaged in playing is permitted by the Manitoba Constitution, the British North America Act, or by any other law known to the British constitutional system.

It will be remembered that the legality or constitutionality of the Act was impugned on this ground, that although, generally speaking, the Legislature of the Province is endowed with power "exclusively" to "make laws in relation to education," it had violated the limitation imposed on its general authority in that by the Public School Act the right or privileges with respect to denomina-

tional schools which the Roman Catholics "had by practice" (it was not contended that any class of persons had any right or privilege "by law") in the Province at the time of the Union, had been prejudicially affected. After protracted litigation in which, in the name of one Barrett, the Dominion, on behalf of the Roman Catholic minority of the Province, claimed that the Provincial law was *ultra vires*—this proceeding having in the courts of this Province terminated adversely to that contention, to be decided in the Supreme Court of Canada in the opposite way—was finally solved, so far as the power of the Legislature is concerned, by the judgment pronounced on the appeal to the Judicial Committee in July last, by Lord Macnaghton. This distinguished jurist on behalf of the Council, expressed not only the decision that the Public School Act was within the power of the Legislature to enact, but went on, having been invited thereto by the line of argument adopted by the counsel on behalf of the Dominion, to express the opinion of the Committee, "that if the views of the Respondents (the Roman Catholic minority as represented by the Dominion) "were to prevail, it would be extremely difficult for the Provincial Legislature, which has been entrusted with the exclusive power of making laws relating to education, to provide for the educational wants of the more sparsely inhabited districts of a country almost as large as Great Britain, and that the powers of the Legislature, which on the face of the Act appear so large, would be limited to the useful but somewhat humble office of making regulations for the sanitary condition of school-houses, imposing rates for the support of denominational schools, enforcing the compulsory attendance of scholars, and matters of that sort."

This authoritative judgment ought, one would have thought, as indeed most Canadians did think, to have ended the controversy that had now raged, exciting much embittered feeling in the Province and great interest throughout the Dominion, for a period of nearly two years, in which the somewhat unfortunate, not to say unseemly, exhibition was presented of the Dominion Government assailing the constitutionality of a provincial Act, as to which the Government, as such, had no ground of complaint.

But it seems that the end was not yet; for, unhappily for the peace of the Dominion, Sir John Thompson, made a report to the Council, which was approved, ostensibly to show why the Public School Act should not be vetoed by the Governor-General, but as some supposed to postpone for a season the unpleasant duty of denying the petition of the Roman Catholic Episcopacy of the Dominion of Canada (including the Cardinal and Bishop Cameron of Antigonish), who prayed "His Excellency in Council to afford remedy to the provincial legislation . . . and that in the most efficacious way." In this report the Minister of Justice said, amongst other things, that "it became apparent at the outset that these questions, namely, whether the School Act did prejudicially affect any right or privilege which the Roman Catholics had by law or practice at the Union, required the decision of the judicial tribunal, more especially as an investigation of facts was necessary to their determination;" and went on to say, "If the legal controversy should result in the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench" (which had been in favor of the Province) "being sustained, the time will come for your Excellency to consider the petitions which have been presented by and on behalf of the Roman Catholics of Manitoba for redress under sub-sections 2 and 3 of section 22 of the Manitoba Act, etc., etc."

The decision of the Queen's Bench of the Province has been upheld, and the event, therefore, has happened, which, as Sir John Thompson advised

His Excellency, would require that the petitions which had been presented should be "considered;" and the Minister further explained his meaning by adding that "Those subsections contain in effect the provisions which have been made as to all the Provinces, and are obviously those under which the Constitution intended that the Government of the Dominion should prevail, if it should at any time become necessary that the Federal powers should be resorted to for the protection of a Protestant or Roman Catholic minority against any act or decision of the Province or of any provincial authority affecting any right or privilege of any such minority in relation to education."

The parties interested in having the provincial legislation annulled were not slow to take advantage of the loop-hole which the Minister of Justice had suggested, based, it must be said, on a construction of the Manitoba Act unique and unprecedented; for to no one before had it ever occurred in relation to the kindred subject of the New Brunswick School Law on the analogous legislation which was in force respecting the four old provinces, that the question involved in the consideration of the policy of the School Law of a Province was subject to review by or before the Dominion Cabinet. Accordingly petitions were presented, emanating from a body or "organization," as the report of the sub-committee styles it, called "The National Congress" ("National," it is presumed, as representing the French nationality sentiment), and from the Archbishop of St. Boniface, complaining of the two Acts of the Province respecting education, passed in 1890, the constitutionality of which had been upheld; and both petitions prayed for redress under sub-sections 2 and 3 of section 22 of the Manitoba Act to the Governor-General in Council.

So far, it will be observed, the only law under which redress was thought of, or the authority of which was invoked, was the Manitoba Act, which contains in itself a complete code respecting education, differing in many respects from the cognate provisions of the British North America Act, which, accordingly, have always been thought to be inapplicable to the Province of Manitoba.

But in the month of November last, a further and supplemental petition was presented, emanating from the same "national congress" whose president, it seems, is the Mayor of St. Boniface and the Archbishop of the same place, and repeating the charges made in the preceding memorials, they claim that the Acts in question violate the provisions of the British North America Act as well as the Manitoba Act in this, that the system of separate schools which had been established in the first session of its Legislature, had given rights to the Roman Catholics which the province could not subsequently disregard.

The difference between the enactment as to the provincial legislative powers between the Act confederating the four original provinces and the Act constituting the Province of Manitoba, which, of course, is a Canadian Act, consists in this, that in the former it is provided that not only when there is a system of separate schools at the time of the union, but also where one "is thereafter established by the legislature of the province, that an appeal shall lie" from an act or decision of any provincial authority affecting any such right to the Governor-General-in-Council. There is no such provision in the Manitoba Act, and it is hardly open to serious question that the sub-section (3) of section 93 of the British North America Act, in which the provision is found, does not apply to Manitoba, which, as has already been stated, has a set of clauses on the subject of education specifically providing for the new province.

In this paper it is not proposed to "consider" the questions which have

been argued, firstly, before the Sub-Committee of the Privy Council, and which resulted in the report given to the public on the 5th January last in the chief Government organ; and which were again re-stated and re-enforced *ex parte* on behalf of the "National Congress" and the Archbishop of St. Boniface, on the 22nd January, before the Privy Council (all the members being present), but not, be it observed, before "the Governor-General-in-Council." The Government of Manitoba, who, it is said, had been notified of the proceedings, declined to appear and repudiated the jurisdiction of this new tribunal. Much may have to be said on this subject, but for the present it is to the pretence that has been set up by the Government of Sir John Thompson that in this matter the Government are to act judicially, not politically, that needs the careful attention of the Canadian public.

That there may be no mistake on this head, it is proper to quote the report of the sub-Committee, which has been approved by Council, and on which the subsequent proceedings have been based. "The application comes before Your Excellency," says the report, "in a manner differing from other applications which are ordinarily made under the constitution to Your Excellency in Council. In the opinion of the sub-Committee the application is not to be dealt with at present as a matter of political character or involving political action on the part of Your Excellency's advisers. It is to be dealt with by Your Excellency in Council regardless of the personal views which Your Excellency's advisers may hold with regard to denominational schools, and without the political action of any of the members of Your Excellency's council being considered as pledged by the fact of the appeal being entertained and heard. If the contention of the petitioners be correct that such an appeal can be entertained, the enquiry will be rather of a judicial than of a political character. The sub-Committee have so treated it in hearing counsel, and in permitting their only meeting to be open to the public."

There is no mistaking this language; no misinterpreting its meaning. The Government are declining the duty of advising His Excellency, who is the Executive under our system of government, as to whether he should or should not interfere with the Manitoba School Act. It is "not to be dealt with at present as a matter of political character or involving political action on the part of Your Excellency's advisers" is the express language of this report. On the contrary, it is to be an enquiry which "will be rather of a judicial than of a political character."

This is a departure so new in our constitutional proceedings that it has hardly yet been fully appreciated. That, so far, if not designed, it has served a useful "political" purpose, although the enquiry is to be judicial, cannot be gainsayed. For whenever the awkward Manitoba School question came up it was quietly laid at rest by the apparently unassailable statement given by the Minister of the Crown, who up to this time was always supposed to be a responsible Minister, bound to justify every act, nay, every word officially uttered by the Governor-General, that he had no opinion on the subject, or, if he had, it would be improper for him to give utterance to it. For was he not one of the Council, if not of the sub-Committee who was to determine whether the act should be interfered with—whether a remedial order should be made directing the Province of Manitoba to undo its work on the subject of education, and was he not acting "judicially" and not in a "political" capacity as Minister?

And so at the nomination at the bye-election in Soulanges where the Hon. Mr. Ouimet graphically pictured his unhappy position in the face of an

excited electorate as that of one "walking on razors," he sheltered himself under the sacred character which he filled as that of a judge who was denied the privilege of speaking of a matter that was *sub judice*. And when the new Minister of the Interior went back to his constituents for re-election and some ill-informed elector, who had been nurtured in the spirit of the British constitutional system, and in the belief that for every act of the Government the Ministers were responsible to Parliament and the constituencies, innocently asked the Manitoba representative in the Cabinet, whether he could be relied on to stand by the rights of his Province, he was dumbfounded—it is doubtful whether he has yet recovered from his astonishment—when he was told that on this subject the Minister not only had not, but could not properly have, an opinion. For was not he the Minister to hear the question of the "appeal" argued as one of the sub-Committee and afterwards as one of the Council! And when at the dinner given in Toronto by the Board of Trade, at which the Premier himself referred to the subject, his language was as follows:—"For the Government the guide shall be, as far as I am able to judge, the constitution of this country by which we propose to be guided and which we propose to obey from beginning to end."

It is evident, as has already been remarked, that this doctrine, whether so designed or not, was worthy of the most crafty of political experts. It would indeed reflect no discredit on a Richelieu or a Machiavelli and it revives the best days of the Schoolmen. For it enabled the Minister of Public Works to perform the somewhat hazardous feat of "walking on razors" without injury; and the Minister of the Interior to bamboozle the honest yeoman of Selkirk; and it afforded the Premier the opportunity of figuring in the rôle of all others the most congenial, that of an oracle imbued with mysterious power, controlled and guided by the overruling principles of justice and law, and undisturbed by considerations of policy or unaffected by motives of expediency which might perchance sway a more ordinary mortal. It is "by the constitution," as the enlightened jurists of the Dominion Cabinet, who, up to the moment that they assumed the judicial garb, had been actively promoting the cause on behalf of the petitioners, may interpret it, that the fate of the Manitoba School Law is to depend. If it was not profane it would not be inappropriate that divine interposition should be invoked on behalf of the Province!

It may not unreasonably be asked, for no grounds for the course being adopted have been given, on what pretext is this doctrine of irresponsibility of the advisers of the Crown set up? It is not easy to answer that enquiry, and it is, perhaps, well that it should be left to the Minister and to those, if any there be in this era of constitutional government who are willing to defend him, to state their argument. To the writer, it seems absolutely clear, admitting of no doubt, that "an appeal to the Governor-in-Council" is a right to ask the intervention of the Government of the Dominion to be exercised by the Government, as all other acts of administration and questions of policy are determined, as political acts, in the sense that the Cabinet is responsible to Parliament and the country for them—and equally clear does it seem that, if the "appeal" was to be dealt with as a question of legal right and not as a matter of political discretion, it would not have been to a body, of which it is not too much to say that partizanship, not impartiality, is the very essence of its existence.

It is not denied that in the determination of this, as indeed of almost every question which comes before the Government for decision, the consideration of legal questions may be involved. The veto power involves the legal question of the constitutionality of

every provincial act. The right to exempt vessels that have passed through the canals from tolls requires that the Cabinet should consider and determine the meaning of the Washington Treaty, which, as an international obligation, is a law overriding all Municipal law. And so with almost every matter that comes up for determination by the Committee known as the Dominion Cabinet or Council.

That it is not a trifling technical or practically unimportant matter, but one of the most vital moment, if our system of responsible Government is to be maintained, hardly needs demonstration. For if Sir John Thompson's view is correct that the Manitoba question is to be considered judicially, then, no matter what conclusion the Government adopt, there is complete freedom from responsibility. The Ministers cannot be called to account in Parliament, even though the Order-in-Council as a remedial measure should direct the Legislature of the Province to repeal its School acts of 1890; for a Judge or judicial tribunal is not answerable for his or its bad law. It is only when a Judge acts corruptly or dishonestly that his conduct can be called in question. It would be grossly unfair and unjust to blame the Cabinet for their legal conclusions arrived at regardless of the personal views which they "notwithstanding they are his Excellency's advisers, may hold with regard to denominational schools." And so the well-settled practice and theory of responsible Government is overturned. Let there be no evasion, no hairsplitting in this all important matter on which depends in no small degree the peace and welfare of the Dominion. Manitoba has had scant courtesy and but little consideration at the hands of the Government of Canada. Her Railway Legislation was vetoed so persistently that her people were driven to the verge of rebellion. These acts, if unwise and harsh, were at least within the lines of the constitution. But the attack now launched against her exclusive right to manage her educational system is fraught with perilous consequences to the Dominion; and for the initial steps that the Government at Ottawa have taken to accomplish that end it should be held to strict account, or Parliament will lamentably fail in its duty; and the pretence that Cabinet acts as a judicial tribunal and not as political advisers of the Crown should meet with the contempt and condemnation it invites at the hands of the Representatives of the people.

ANTI-NATIONAL FEATURES OF THE NATIONAL POLICY.

BY REV. PRINCIPAL GRANT, D.D., LL.D., QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.

IF the last Annual Dinner of the Toronto Board of Trade has served no other purpose, it has at any rate made the people of Canada acquainted with two lines of Tennyson's poetry, and converted the sentiment they express into one of the articles of the Government's creed. The Premier accepted the quotation as the confession of his faith, declaring that with regard both to the substance and the administration of the National Policy there was need of reform, and that it would give him much pleasure to "lop the mouldering branch away." This session will test his sincerity and his courage, for no matter what the branch that may be selected as fit only to be burned, he will soon find that there are resolute men who consider it the very ark of the covenant or keystone of the arch, and who are prepared to threaten anything and everything rather than consent to its being touched, much less "lopped." Perhaps no item is now more generally condemned than the tax on coal oil, but when its friends were asked the other day how much it could be scaled down, they grimly rejoined by asking how much the enquirer's stature could be scaled from the top of his head downwards. But, no matter what the opposition, something must be done. The Government is pledged, and we are all as good as invited to state our grievances. I, therefore, having long suffered in silence over one particular abomination, the tax on books, or having satisfied myself with bringing it under the attention of the Government by deputation and remonstrance, take heart of grace to speak out. I do so, however, with a melancholy conviction that speech or writing on the subject will be of no avail. The Government knows that Canadians do not read books. The great body of voters are satisfied with newspapers or cheap novels, pirated as a rule, and are satisfied because the papers are not only untaxed, but carried at the public cost from the offices of publication all over the country. What matters it whether a few professors or a few thousand students are fined for the sin of endeavoring to acquire knowledge? They have no solid vote to sell, and they will not sell themselves to any party. What matters it though there is not a single first-class library in Canada? It is surely glory enough to make the biggest cheese in the world, and the libraries we have are good enough to teach us how to do that. But yet necessity is upon me, and since a *quasi* invitation has now been given to speak, and others are lifting up their voices about coal oil and binder twine and agricultural implements and coal and iron and hardware and cottons, I may put in a word about the instruments of knowledge and culture, and point out that Canada stands alone among the countries of the world in its tax on books, that there are burdensome features connected with it, for which there is not a conceivable excuse, and that the tax is not only a crime, but, from the point of view of the N. P., a blunder.

What is the state of the question? Here it is: Canada imposes a duty of 15 per cent. *ad valorem*, on all books brought into the country. It makes no matter whether they are printed in English or in foreign languages, or whether they are for the trade, or for ordinary public libraries. The only exception is in favor of "Free Public Libraries." Formerly, editions seven years old were admitted free. Now

they must be twenty years old. We are making progress, but it is crab-fashion. A new edition of Bacon, or of Newton's Principia, is rigidly taxed. So rapid is the progress of discovery in modern times that old editions of most university books are useless. Therefore we are allowed to import them. But new books are included by the Custom-House in its Index Expurgatorius.

Now, what is the state of the case in other countries? We expect a Free Trade Country like Britain to admit books free of duty, just as it admits all food for the body. It does so. It admits all books which have been printed abroad, copyrights of course excepted. It draws the line at stolen goods. We are not so rigid with those. Our rigour is kept for honest wares. But how is it with Protectionist countries like Austria, France and Germany? They tax food for the body and surely they will also tax food for the mind. They surely "protect" themselves. No, strange to say, they do not. They admit all books as freely as England does. They have magnificent libraries, and they have publishers able and willing to publish, for in such countries there is a large reading class and there is likely to be a moderate sale for almost any book. We have neither the libraries nor the publishers, nor a sufficiently large reading public to warrant publishers experimenting rashly.

How is it with other European countries? Italy, Denmark, Sweden and Norway charge a duty, but on bindings only; and as most Continental books are published unbound, the law is nearly equivalent to complete freedom from duty on the books.

We cut a poor show certainly beside Europe, and, I may add, beside China and Mexico; but we expect to shine by contrast with the United States. Are we not told continually that the great Republic is absurdly Protectionist, and that McKinley is its prophet, but that Canada, wise and happy Canada, is in the golden mean between the extremes of Free Trade and Protection? Alas, even this drop of comfort, that we are not as bad as our neighbors, is denied us. The United States, both before and after McKinley, has had some regard to the rights of the human mind, and especially of that section of its people which is struggling to widen the bounds of knowledge. In the first place, it admits all books in foreign languages free of duty, and thus the literary treasures of almost every other country are open to its people. In the next place, it admits free of duty all books for Schools, Colleges, Universities, Public Libraries, and Literary, Scientific, and all similar societies. It recognizes that such institutions are blessings to the country, that in themselves they are benefactions that ought to be encouraged, and not centres for trade and money-making, and that without them a country cannot be called civilized. Therefore, on them even Major McKinley did not venture to lay his yoke. But, our N.P. rides rough-shod over all such considerations.

Is it possible for a Canadian to read these statements of facts and comparisons without shame? Let us endeavor, however, to find if there is any other country or colony shameless enough to keep us company.

I have looked, and I thought that I had found two others like ourselves, but on closer examination they refused to be bracketed with us. Spain charges a duty on books and does not exempt Schools, Colleges and Universities. It might be noted here that Spain is not one of the intellectual countries of Europe, that it does not believe much in schools and that its Universities were more celebrated when the Moors were in the country than they are now; but even Spain declines to be classed with Canada. Its duty on books is nominal, being not on value but on weight in pounds avoirdupois. It is only one dollar per hundred pounds weight, or about one-fortieth of the duty which Canada puts on

books for Universities. The other case that looked at first sight like our own is New Zealand. A hand-book on that colony states that there is a 15 per cent. duty on all books not elsewhere specified. Strange that the amount should be the same as in Canada! It looked as if the one country had copied from the other. But further examination showed that the duty is levied only on blank-books and ledgers, and a special clause in the tariff exempts all printed books from duty.

And so, having ranged over all countries, rich and poor, I have not been able to find one to share the bad pre-eminence of my native country in this matter. Other people judge us by our laws. They may fairly say that Canadians, feeling that they could not excel in knowledge, were determined to be first in ignorance. Is this the explanation? Is it a case of "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven?"

Is there any reason, that will bear a moment's examination, for our obstinate adherence to this bad law? The duty must have been put on at the instance of Canadian publishers or bookdealers, for it brings in so small a revenue that the Finance Minister does not give it a thought. Let us look, then, at these two classes, who may claim that they have the same right as other interests to be protected, and that, as they have to pay more for necessaries under the N. P. than those would cost otherwise, it is only right that luxuries like books should also cost more. A fair enough argument if we were all protected manufacturers; but as we are not, it only makes the ordinary citizen feel that he is being robbed in soul as well as in pocket. Surely this is a mouldering branch that, in the interest of the tree, should be lopped away as quickly as possible. The Premier has declared this to be his motto, "that the tariff must be for the benefit of the whole country; not for that of any particular section." The ground on which the National Policy is defended is that it is not an end but a means; that its object is to build up a Canadian sentiment and a Canadian people, and that, therefore, it ought to be changed whenever it does not serve that object or end. Should, then, a very small interest, the partial interest of a few individuals, stand in the way of the general enlightenment of Canada? It is universally recognized that the material progress of a people depends on their education, and to make the instruments of education expensive is surely the most anti-national policy that can be conceived. To use the eloquent language of our Finance Minister, "What this country suffers most from is ignorance, and what it most needs is education." But let us grant that the people must continue to bear the burden, if the taking it off them might lessen the profits of a few publishers. Why, at any rate, should the burden be continued in the cases of books in foreign languages and books for universities, where its imposition on us does not help publishers or papermakers or the book trade one brass farthing? I received lately a letter from a gentlemen who is deeply interested in securing a good library for Montreal, and who has already been fined again and again very sharply for his liberality. He says: "I have had to pay duty on books for McGill which no Canadian publisher could or would, under any circumstances, think of publishing. The thing is utterly preposterous. Even under the McKinley tariff books are free to any college. The tax would be ridiculous were it not irritating and disgusting." It may be necessary to inform my readers that this gentleman's special characteristics are calmness of mind and language, and a general spirit of sweet reasonableness, and I regret that, for once in his life, he has been betrayed into the use of violent language. But is there not a cause? Here is a tax on books for the universities, and on all foreign books, of 15

per cent, *ad valorem*; that is, a tax which is protective in its amount, yet which, even if prohibitory, could not lead to the production of the works in Canada. The tax does no good to anyone, and does harm to our higher interests. It is of no practical advantage to the Government, for it produces a ridiculously small sum in the aggregate, while, inasmuch as we have few universities compared with the United States, and these have only small sums to spend on their libraries, it takes from each of them a vexatiously large proportion of what has been given them to spend on books. In other words, the tax is troublesome to colleges, universities, literary and scientific societies, most public libraries and other institutions using foreign and high-class books, yet it is of little use to the revenue, and is positively hurtful to the book-publishing trade, because it interferes with the spread of intelligence and culture. It may be said that the duty is, at any rate, in the interest of the bookdealers, because, if the universities could import books directly from foreign houses, they would do so. But they do so already. No university that I know of gets its books through book-dealers. It has its correspondents in other countries, and they fill the orders that are sent them, and its librarian has to waste his time and the time of custom house officers over every box and every invoice, whereas, even in the United States, there is no trouble. Is it any wonder that some of our librarians and students are able to see a good side in Commercial Union?

From every point of view the tax is indefensible, but it is on students that it presses most heavily. We have not a large class possessed of wealth or leisure, and the sons of our few wealthy men do not care for books. As a rule, they are not brought up after the fashion of the children of the rich in England. More's the pity for themselves. But, without going into the reasons for this, it is enough to say that ninety per cent. of the students in Canadian universities are youths who paddle their own canoes. Every dollar they come to college with represents the sweat of their brow, or the sweat of their brain, not to speak of the habits of industry, economy and forethought, more valuable than the dollar. Often they cannot get to college until the middle of the session, or their money gives out before the close, or they are obliged to study and to earn money on alternate years. Prizes might well be instituted for such men by a government that understood how vast are the undeveloped mines of human intellect and character and how well it would pay to encourage the working of them. But these men ask for no favors. They put a stout heart to the stae brae, and many of them get to the top. But it is little short of infamous to levy toll on such toilers, to tax their tools, to tell them that old books are good enough for them, or to hint that halls of learning are not intended for homespun. Has any government a moral right to use its powers to put an artificial barrier in the way of the development of the national life? It has not.

Why, it may be asked, is a tax continued that is so useless as a means of raising a revenue and useless as a protection to native industry, that is contrary to the object the National Policy professes to aim at, injurious to the best interests of the country, odious to the instinct of every educated man, and opposed to the practice of the civilized, and, I ought to add, a great portion of the semi-civilized, world? I cannot answer. I have never been able to get an answer. All the facts that have been set forth in this notice have been given to the Government, for it is best to endeavor to secure reforms by exciting interest and movements within rather than by attacks from without. But all has been in vain. Whether the stolid resistance that has been encountered is simply another illustration of what the great

Swedish statesman asked his son to note—"the little wisdom with which the world is governed,"—or is due to the fact that there is no popular feeling on the subject and no outcry raised by the Opposition, need not be discussed. When the University of Toronto was burned the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor had a first-rate opportunity, to say the least, for attacking in the House of Commons a tax, the full weight of which would be felt at such a time. But instead of demanding equal rights for all, they accepted a present of free admission of books for three years for their own University. No one grudged the present. Count Mercier's government voted $10,000, and Sir John A. Macdonald was too much of the Highland gentleman not to sympathize when a great calamity had befallen one of our institutions of learning. But, the calamity might have been used to secure permanent benefit for all and not merely a temporary relief for one. At such a time it would have been comparatively easy to wrest from the government something like what the United States grants, if it was too much to ask that British law and practice should be imitated by Canada. No such advantage which misfortune had put into their hands was taken of the law, but a precedent was established which declares that if a University wants to get books free of duty, it must first burn down its library, just as—according to Elia—Chinamen thought for centuries there was no other way of getting crackling, save by burning down house, pigsty and pig. I have no desire to blame the Government overmuch. The greater part of their time has to be spent in taking measures to keep themselves in power, and it becomes a first principle that nothing is to be done that would offend one active supporter, unless they are likely to lose ten by leaving it undone. It may be said that this indicates the line of attack that should be taken by those to whom the tax in question is specially odious. Let them tell the Government plainly that if their petition is not granted they will vote against them at the next election. This would probably be effective, for even schools and universities have influence and could decide the issue in some constituencies. None the less, it is ground that cannot be taken by any one who knows that a government represents the whole national life and that it is to be judged not by any one act of omission or commission, but by its policy as a whole and its policy in contrast with that of the Opposition. Men, the keystone of whose position is that a Canadian nationality is to be built up, and who believe that continued union with Britain and constitutional development of that union is essential to this, will vote for the present Government until the Opposition renounces its policy of Commercial Union, or some other party is in the field that proposes either free trade or a thorough application of the principle of Reciprocity, that is, free trade or a minimum tariff with those who trade freely with us and a maximum tariff against those who do not. As there is no such party in the field, we have to endure the frying pan, simply because it is preferable to the fire.

It is not open to us, therefore, to threaten the Government, and I am afraid that they have no time to listen to mere appeals for justice or to arguments that look to the future or to the intellectual development of the people. But there are men in the House who are not burdened with the cares of office and who hold their seats not as partizans but as free men. To these I appeal. They can secure this reform, if they so will, for to them the Government is obliged to listen.

THE NORSEMEN THE DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA.

BY REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

THE discovery of America is just now attracting an unusual degree of attention. The great Columbian Exposition, to be held in Chicago this year, has had the effect of giving it a prominence in the public mind, both in this and other countries, which it never had before. The result is that the literature of the subject has grown immensely, and many facts have been brought to light which have long been wholly hidden or known only by a few. The effect of these disclosures has been to show that the question is by no means as simple as it once was supposed to be. Historical criticism has not, it is true, gone so far in its iconoclastic work in this as in some other fields of inquiry. Columbus has, so far, escaped the fate of Grace Darling and William Tell, and some others whose names were once household words with us—he is not yet reduced to a myth, but still retains his right to recognition as a real historical character. He seems, however, to be in a fair way of being stripped of some of his laurels, and being made to appear a far more commonplace and less imposing personality than he is generally supposed to have been.

The questions which have been raised by the researches of recent years, both on historical and archæological grounds, refer not so much to one discovery as to several discoveries of America, and the relation of these to one another. The evidence, which has been for some time constantly accumulating, seems to point to more than one of these being made in historic times; and leaves little ground for doubt that the existence of the American continent was known by the outside world long anterior to the time of Columbus. Of course the original discovery of America was made by the people by whom it was first colonized, far back in the prehistoric ages. And the composite character of the most primitive of its inhabitants of whom we know anything, as indicated by the structure of their languages and the dissimilarity of their customs and traditions, makes it highly probable that they did not spring from a single root, but that they were diverse in their origin; and this, of course, implies that more than one of the ancient peoples made independent discoveries of this continent and planted colonies on its shores.

How these discoveries were made, whether by accident or as the result of explorations conducted on scientific principles, must perhaps remain forever among the unsolved and unsolvable problems of human history. It may be that the theory that the American continent was originally peopled from two different sources, the one being the north-east of Asia, and the other the Malay and Polynesian archipelagos, has as high a degree of probability as any other. But when and how these people reached this quarter of the globe, is a question which it would be useless to attempt to answer. The original planting of the human race in America is one of those things which are perhaps too deeply buried in the abysmal depths of the past to be ever clearly brought to light. It is not with questions of this kind, however, that this article is designed to deal. It has to do rather with historic than with prehistoric times. Its object is chiefly to set forth the part which a single nationality played in bringing this continent to the knowledge of the rest of the world. But, as there are others besides the

Norsemen who claim to have made the independent discovery of America, a brief reference to them may not be out of place or entirely devoid of interest to the reader.

The Chinese, as becomes their high antiquity as a nation, and the fact that they possessed the mariner's compass more than two thousand years before Marco Polo brought it to Europe, make the first claim to this distinction. They claim that as early as the fifth century their seamen visited America, to which, or at least to the part of it visited by them, they gave the name of Fan Sang, or, as it was afterwards called, Fusang. Where Fusang was situated is in debate, some locating it in the region of California and Mexico; others thinking that, from the fact that it was reported, among other things, to contain deer and copper, it must have been farther north. Some eminent authorities, Alexander Von Humboldt among the rest, entertain doubts respecting Fusang being in America at all, but the passages in Chinese history are too remarkable, and the account of the voyages to this far-off country which they give too circumstantial to be ignored; and until Fusang has been clearly identified with some other land, probably a good many will continue to believe, as they do at present, that it was in America, and that this continent was known to the people of the Flowery Kingdom in the early Christian centuries. It may be even true, as is alleged, that Hoeï Shin, a Chinese Buddhist priest, was the first religious missionary to visit these lands, though this is not thought to be supported by as high a degree of probability as the location of Fusang in America.

It is claimed in behalf of the Arabs that they crossed the Atlantic some time in the 12th century. M. de Guignes, who is one of the principal champions of the Chinese claim, in certain memoirs drawn up by him, published in Paris in 1789 and preserved in the Institute de France, gives the account which he says he found in a manuscript in the King's library, by Ebn-al-Onardi, from which he concludes that they must have reached America. The story, however, does not appear to be supported by sufficient evidence to entitle it to very serious consideration. There seems to be a pretty general agreement among scholars who have studied the subject that the Arabs probably reached the Canaries, but that they proceeded no farther.

The claims of the Welsh to be reckoned among the discoverers of America seem to be supported by a higher degree of probability than that of the Arabs. It is related in the ancient chronicles of Wales that Madawc, son of Owen Gwinedh, left that country in 1170 and sailed westward, "and leaving Ireland on the north, he came at length to an unknown country, where most things appeared to him new and uncustomary, and the manners of the natives far different from what he had seen in Europe." But, though some of those who have examined the account are of opinion that Florida or Mexico was the country to which he came, others think that it was one of the West India Islands, and that he did not reach the continent. But whether Madoc did or did not set foot upon American soil, this one thing at least is certain that he got as near to the American continent as Columbus did on the occasion of his first voyage of discovery.

It is not surprising that the Venetians, considering the part which they have played in history, especially as a sea-faring people, should lay claim to a share in the honor of independent American discovery. Nicolo Zeno's story of the achievements of his countrymen and ancestors in this respect, has, moreover, a considerable degree of probability to commend it. In 1558 Nicolo published a series of letters which, as he avers, had passed between his ancestors, Nicolo and Antonio Zeno, in the years 1380-1404. Assuming the genuineness of this correspon-

dence, which the publisher says had been preserved in the family, though they had never been published until by the progress of events their importance had been made known, there can be no doubt that these mediæval navigators visited Newfoundland, to which they gave the name of Estotiland, and either the coast of Labrador or Nova Scotia, which they called Drogio. There is nothing improbable about Nicolo Zeno's story, and the probability is that it is entirely trustworthy.

But, though I hope what has now been written will be of sufficient interest to the general reader who has not happened to dip very deeply into the literature of the subject to justify the time and space which has been given to it, it is merely introductory, and it is now time to proceed to the main subject of the article as indicated by the title.

Whatever may be thought of the claims of others to be reckoned among the independent discoverers of America, there does not appear to be any reasonable ground to doubt that the Norsemen are entitled to that honor. Even many of those who believe most firmly that Columbus carried on his explorations on purely scientific principles, and that his discovery was made independently of any hint of the existence of this continent except from his own abstract reasoning—if indeed when he set out he had any hope of finding a new continent at all—have nevertheless been forced to the conclusion that it was visited by the Vikings in the 10th and 11th centuries. The literature of the subject is so great that it will be impossible to quote authorities. All that can be done will be to give the facts upon which there seems to be substantial agreement among those who have studied the subject most thoroughly and whose special discipline fits them to speak with authority, and to do this in the most summary manner possible.

So little is known, however, even by many fairly well-informed readers, about the Norsemen, who they are and whither they have come, that a word of introduction may be necessary. Every one has read, no doubt, of the northern hordes who overran the Roman Empire in the Middle Ages, and in whose presence the fruits of the classic civilization, including its most venerable monuments, well-nigh disappeared. The reader of English history does not require to be told of the unwelcome visitors from the north who so often invaded England in mediæval times, laid waste its coast, spread terror among the people, and in some instances effected a permanent settlement in the country. They were involved in mystery to the bulk of our forefathers then, and there is reason to believe that they are scarcely better known to many of their descendents to-day. Who were they? and what was their origin? are questions which, there is reason to believe, not a few who have been reading about them all their lives could not answer. Indeed, it is one of the curiosities of history that a people who have played such a conspicuous part in human history should be so little, or at least so imperfectly known. Differing in some respects from the Saxons, they belonged essentially to the same race. They were of the great Aryan, Teutonic, or, as they are sometimes called, the Indo-Germanic family. Their original home was in Asia, though Europe has been the theatre of their greatest exploits in historic times. Wild and warlike, with extraordinary courage and love of adventure, and possessing withal an unquenchable love of liberty, they have been the pioneers of human progress, and apparently the predestinated rulers of the world.

The Norseman, as distinguished from other branches of the Teutonic race, has had his home for many centuries in Scandinavia, especially in Norway and Iceland, and in the Orkneys, Shetland and other groups of

islands north of Scotland. It appears to have been religious persecution that drove this remarkable people into the frozen north, and it was this perhaps that made them ruthless marauders prior to their conversion to Christianity. Charlemagne rightly concluded that the most effectual means of curbing their turbulent spirit was to bring them under the influence of Christianity; but he erred in supposing that he could make Christians of them by compulsion. Though they were quite as amenable to argument and appeal as any other race, when it was attempted to impose Christianity upon them by force, that was too much for their endurance, and the flower of the race, the most intrepid, independent and liberty-loving of them, fled into the wilds of Jutland, whence they sallied forth ever and anon to extort tribute from the more highly favored of their neighbors.

The Norsemen were as much at home on sea as on land. The very dangers of the deep had a kind of grim fascination for them. Their piratical escapades made them the terror of all who went down to the sea and did business in the great waters. Hardy and brave, they were the very men to do exploits on the deep. They early distinguished themselves as shipbuilders, and though they were without the mariner's compass, their careful and persistent study of the heavenly bodies made them skilful navigators. It is not remarkable, therefore, that they were the first people in Europe to find their way to America. Indeed, in view of the facts of their history, it would be strange if they had not been the first to cross the Atlantic. They early discovered Iceland, colonized it, and established a republic there which lasted four hundred years. They planted a colony in Greenland, which brought them within two hundred miles or so of the mainland of America and within seven hundred of Newfoundland. Strange would it have been if these Vikings—these monarchs of the sea—had not reached that island and made it the stepping-stone to the continent.

Then these Norsemen, turbulent as they were in mediæval times, did not fail to cultivate letters. They were specially remarkable as historians. In their *Sagas* or historic tales everything pertaining to their history as a people and to the adventures and exploits of their heroes and great men are carefully preserved. It is this that gives to the Icelandic literature such an ineffable charm, and such great value in the estimation of scholars. The authenticity and authority of the *Sagas* have been fully acknowledged by such great men as Alexander von Humboldt, Malte Brun and others. This is mentioned here because of the bearing which it has on the subject under discussion—the claim of the Norsemen, upon what is now being recognized by the learned men of Europe as the highest kind of evidence in respect to what occurred in the middle ages. A recent writer, who understands the subject thoroughly, speaking of *Sagas* which contain the record of the discovery of America, says that it is as easy to demonstrate that they were written before Columbus, as the fact that Herodotus wrote his history before the era of Christ.

It was during the closing years of the tenth century that the series of events took place which laid the foundation for the discovery of the New World. The first of these, which led to all that followed, were the result of simple accident. Are Marson, the powerful Icelandic chief, who is thought to have been the first European who ever landed upon the coast of America, was driven thither by adverse winds. In 983 he was driven to a part of the coast supposed to be in the vicinity of Chesapeake Bay. And three years afterwards, in 986, Bjarne Herjulfson had a somewhat similar experience. The former of these visits to America has a good deal of romantic interest about it, but on this very

account it would require more space for its adequate treatment than can be given to it at present. It is said, for instance, that Are Marson was baptized in America, and that he was recognized by some of the people that crowded round him when he landed. One is curious to know who it was that administered to him the sacrament of baptism, and who it was that knew him in the new world. These things no doubt are susceptible of rational explanation, but this is hardly the place to enter upon such a disquisition. It is, perhaps, enough to say at present that sober-minded and level-headed Icelandic and Norwegian scholars seem to have no doubt as to the substantial correctness of the narrative. That Are Marson was really driven to the coast of America at or near the point which has been indicated, and which was afterward known by the Norsemen as Ireland-it-Miklan, or Great Ireland; and that not being permitted to return to his own country, though held in great respect by the natives, he ended his days there, seems to be supported by evidence which puts it beyond reasonable doubt.

The story of Bjarne Herjulfson, perhaps because he returned to tell it himself, is characterized by a simplicity and straightforwardness which commends it to our confidence. Unlike that of Are Marson, there is nothing in it to suggest doubt or to cause difficult questions. About the hero of the story we know little beyond the fact that he was a man of courage and enterprise, the owner of a merchantship by which he succeeded in gathering wealth and reputation. He was no chief or hero, no man of renown, concerning whom there would be any great temptation to heighten the object of his achievements by fictitious additions. In the autumn of 986, after a successful summer's business, and probably with a valuable cargo, he returned to Iceland to spend the winter, as was his wont, with his father. But to his chagrin, when he reached home his father was not there. In his absence, Herjulf had been induced to join his fortunes with Eric the Red, an outlaw, who had undertaken to found a colony on the east coast of Greenland, and had gone thither with him. Bjarne resolved to follow him, and as it was but a short run to Greenland, as soon as he could get his men to consent to brave with him the dangers of the Greenland sea, unknown alike both to him and to them, he, without unloading his ship, immediately set sail.

The voyage proved eventful in the extreme. After two days' sailing the wind failed, and still Greenland was not in sight. After the calm came a storm. They were overtaken by a strong north wind and a dense fog, and for many days they drifted helplessly, not knowing whither they went. But at length the wind subsided and the fog cleared away, and they were enabled to ascertain the quarters of the heavens. But at the same time, like a blue cloud lying along the horizon, they beheld the outline of the coast of an unknown country. They were soon convinced, when they approached it, that it was not Greenland. It was a country covered with forest and comparatively level, though with hills inland, but without any snow-clad mountains such as they had been taught to expect in Greenland. Then the length of the day soon convinced the skilful navigator that he had got very much too far south. He therefore, without attempting to make a landing in the new country, turned the prow of his ship toward the north. After two days' sailing they got sight of land again, but still the physical peculiarities of Greenland were not visible, and leaving the land on their larboard they kept the sea. They sailed on with a fine south-west wind for three days more when, for the third time they came in sight of land. But still it was not Greenland. There were no mountains and no snow. So, leaving the land between them and

the setting sun, under the propelling force of the strong south-west wind, which had now almost become a gale, they kept on their way. It was not until four days afterward that they came within sight of the ice-clad mountains and reached their destination.

If anyone will read this unvarnished tale with a map, or, better still, with a nautical chart before him, he will readily perceive how strong is the internal evidence of its truthfulness, Bjarne Herjulfson in endeavoring to reach the south-east angle of Greenland had evidently been a little too far south, and had run into the great northern current which flows along the western shore of that country. And during the calm which set in at the end of the first two days that he was out, his ship had been carried past the eastern end of Newfoundland into the Great Banks, where the cold water of the north begins to mingle with the warm water of the gulf stream—a region noted for its fogs. And from this point the winds of the Atlantic had drifted him to the coast of New England. The lands sighted on the return trip were evidently Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

This is the simple story of the discovery, or, if it cannot be properly called by that name, the singular accident which, in the closing years of the tenth century, laid the foundation for the discovery of the continent of America by the Norsemen. It was this simple Icelandic maritime trader who, nearly five centuries before Columbus, not only demonstrated the existence of land lying to the west of Europe but the feasibility of reaching it. And yet so little did he say about it, that it was not until several years—four years afterward, to speak exactly—that the first voyage of discovery was made by the Norsemen on the strength of his experience.

The first expedition of this kind was led by Leif Erikson, son of Jarl, or Earl Erik, of Norway, known as Erik the Red. Erik, when he heard Bjarne's story, censured him in very strong terms for not having learned something about these lands which, in this singular way, he had discovered. This, naturally, had the effect of awakening in the mind of Leif Erikson, the Earl's son, a determination to solve the problem and find out what lands these were, concerning which he had heard so much, and what they were like. He bought Bjarne's ship, and with a crew of thirty-five men he set sail. The first land that the expedition reached was Newfoundland, to which Leif Erikson gave the name of Helluland: the next land come to was Nova Scotia, which they named Markland: the third and last place in which they made a landing was at or near Fall River, in that part of the coast which is included in the State of Massachusetts, to which he gave the name of Vinland, a name which was suggested by the large quantities of wild grapes which were found growing there.

Thorvald Erikson, Leif Erikson's brother, was the next to lead an expedition to this continent. He had evidently more idea of turning this great discovery to account in some practical way than either Bjarne Herjulfson or his brother, Leif Erikson, and he thought that, in order to do this, the newly discovered lands should be more thoroughly explored. With this end in view he led an expedition in 1002. It, however, proved unfortunate, and yielded no valuable results. The fact that Thorvald lost his life in conflict with the natives, being the first European and the first Christian, probably, that ever found a grave in the New World, gives it a pathetic interest. And this interest was heightened by the discovery of a skeleton in armour in 1831 near what is supposed to be the place of his encampment, suggesting the probability that this may have been the remains of Thorvald Erikson. Mr. Longfellow, in his poetic treatment of it, which is too well-known to require to be quoted, makes it evident

that he regarded these as being, if not the remains of Thorvald Erikson, those of one of his race, and the correctness of this view has since been confirmed by the comparison of the armour discovered with the skeleton with the ancient bronze armour of the Norsemen of the tenth century.

The next expedition undertaken was the most unfortunate of the entire series, and yielded the least results. It was undertaken by Thorstein Erikson, the youngest brother of Thorvald, and was a blank failure. After wandering about on the ocean during the whole of the summer, they only made land when winter was approaching, and then found themselves on the west coast of Greenland, where they were obliged to remain all winter. During that long, dreary, comfortless winter, with its multiplied hardships, Thorstein Erikson died, and Gudrid, his young wife, had to return to her home in the spring a widow.

But though Gudrid suffered so much in her first attempt to visit America, she had too much of the indomitable spirit of her race, as the sequel shows, to abandon the project upon which she seems to have set her heart. Two years afterwards she became the wife of Thorfinn Karlsefne, and with her husband again set out for the New World. Thorfinn was a wealthy and influential man, and the expedition which he led was on a larger and more imposing scale than either of those which preceded it. He was, perhaps, the first of the Norsemen to seriously entertain the idea of founding a colony or of forming a settlement in Vinland, or, indeed, on any part of this continent. Accordingly he took with him one hundred and fifty-one men, seven women, and several head of cattle and sheep. In a word, as became him as a newly married man, he made ample provision for setting up house and beginning life in a somewhat generous style as soon as he reached his new home; and, though the Sagas say nothing about it, the antiquaries are of opinion that he signalized his coming by engraving the inscription upon what has been and is still known as Dighton Rock, on the right bank of Taunton River in Bristol county,—Massachussets, an inscription which has been the puzzle of the learned for more than two hundred years, but which, according to the latest decipherment, contains a record of the landing of Thorfinn's expedition.

This colony, though short-lived, having to be abandoned at the end of three years, is interesting as being the first of the kind that, so far as we are aware, was ever attempted in this quarter of the globe; and the fact that the hostility of the natives rendered this attempt at colonization abortive, explains why it was that the Norsemen of the Middle Ages did not make more than they did of their transatlantic discovery. Intrepid and enterprising as they were, they had no great and wealthy nation at their back, and though they had been accustomed from time immemorial to make raids into civilized countries, and to fighting, often against fearful odds, on the open sea, they found it an altogether different thing to wage a ceaseless warfare with swarms of savages whose home was in the forest, who appeared ever and anon as suddenly as if they arose out of the earth, and disappeared in like manner as if the ground had opened and swallowed them up. At the end of three years the colonists were glad to return to their native home in the north. But they took with them one relic from the New World which deserves to be remembered—Snarre Thorfinnson, the infant son of Thorfinn Karlsefne—and Gudrid his wife, from whom, the Scandinavian genealogists tell us, the famous sculptor, Albert Thorwalsden, was descended.

Now the question arises, what bearing, if any, had all this upon the Columbian discovery? Of course it is possible that a gentleman living in Genoa and in Spain, engaged in alto-

gether different lines of study, might never have heard anything of the discoveries and explorations of the Norsemen. Such a thing is conceivable. But Columbus was not only a scholar, in the usual acceptance of the term, but he was a geographer and a map-maker, and his calling led him to a careful study of the discoveries which had been made in every part of the world. He had, among other places, gone to Rome in the prosecution of his geographical studies and investigations, and in that city the exploits of the Norsemen in respect of this matter were very well known. On the strength of these representations, early in the twelfth century, a bishop of Iceland, Greenland and Vinland had been appointed by Pope Paschal II. Gudrid, the wife of Torfinn, had gone thither after her return from America, and was received with distinction. A record of all these things had been, doubtless, preserved in Rome, and it is not likely that they escaped the attention of this remarkable man.

Then we have the testimony of his son, Ferdinando Colombo, that Columumbus visited Iceland in 1477 and spent some time there; and it is scarely conceivable that this man, who was a diligent reader of Aristotle, Seneca and Strabo, would have overlooked, while in that island, the work of Adam of Bremen, which was published in 1076, and gave "an accurate and well-authenticated account" of Vinland or what at present is known as New England. It is only reasonable to conclude that Columbus, during his stay in Iceland, managed to get from the learned men of the island—of whom it has always had a succession—all that they they knew or that was contained in their books about the lands lying to the west of them. It would have been strange indeed if he had not done so.

In view of all these facts, it is pretty evident that when Christopher Columbus started on his memorable voyage of discovery, of which we have heard so much, he had some other assurance of the reality of what he was in pursuit of than he had obtained by abstract reasoning. No doubt his mathematics stood him in good stead in his efforts to convince Ferdinand and Isabella of the probability that off towards the setting sun there was land, of the existence of which he had obtained well-authenticated historical evidence, but concerning which he wanted to make them believe he knew nothing but on purely scientific grounds. It must be remembered that Columbus had a deep game to play. He had, first of all, to inspire confidence in his project in order to get the assistance without which it could not be undertaken; and then he had to invest it with such mystery and make it appear to be beset with so high a degree of risk and danger, as to induce the Spanish government to invest him with something approaching to almost absolute sovereignty over the lands that he might discover. The manner in which he accomplished all this proves him to have been a consummate tactician, but the fact that he took to himself the credit of a discovery which was made, and which he knew to have been made by others, shows that he was not the ideal man of honor.

CONDUCT AND MANNER.

BY PROF. WM. CLARK, D.C.L., F.R.S.C.

THE subject which we propose here to consider is that of Conduct and Manners; in one word, Behaviour. It is, we might say, a subject which holds a position inferior to that of Character; as the outward is inferior to the inward. But its place is close to the other; and indeed it is inseparable from it, as the body is from the soul. "Behaviour," says Lord Bacon," seemeth to me as a garment of the mind, and to have the conditions of a garment." The remark is full of suggestions in many ways, and reminds us that it is possible to think too much and too little of behaviour.

It is possible that the French writer went too far when he said, "The style is the man" (le style c'est l'homme). If it be meant that the mere outer husk is the man, it cannot be true. If it means that our whole discipline is to be a kind of bodily drill, without regard to mental and moral training, it is not true. If it is meant that, on the whole, the man himself, the very inner nature and character of a man, comes out in his behaviour, taking that word in its widest application, it is substantially true.

We may say the same of a well-known motto of a great English bishop of the fifteenth century, William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, "Manners maketh the man." The words, taken in the outward and superficial sense, are not true. But taken in the deeper, and wider, and more spiritual sense, they are perfectly true. A man's actions do make him what he is, and they do shew what he is. Habit, spirit, tone, tendency, are all produced by a series of acts. We need not go back to Aristotle for this lesson, although he has taught it abundantly. It is being perpetually illustrated before our eyes. By giving way to temptation men become the slaves of the principles to which they abandon themselves. By resisting temptation to evil, of whatever kind, men become masters of themselves, and break the power of the passions and impulses to which other men succumb. By speaking words, and doing deeds of truth, righteousness and love, men become true and just and kind. In this sense, manners do make the man; the devil, and the world and the flesh make the bad man; the grace of God in Jesus Christ makes the good man; but it is a man's own acceptance of the devil as his master, it is a man's own acceptance of the grace of God, which gives effect to the one influence or the other. This is one side of the question, and it is of great consequence. But the other is hardly second in importance. A man's behaviour not only makes him what he is; it shews what he is. That is to say, the man is revealed in his whole behaviour, not, as we are apt to imagine, in some particular part of it. We must know him at home and abroad; in the family, in business, in public life, in social intercourse. All must be put together if we would know the whole man. But so taken they do reveal the whole man, for

> "Manners are not idle, but the fruit
> Of noble nature and of loyal mind."

We might go further, and say that slight things in manners and conduct will often reveal the very principle of a man's life. You accidentally know of some act of generosity performed by a man under peculiar circumstances, without any intention on his part of gaining publicity or any sort of notice from others; and you recognize the

goodness of the soil which produced such flowers and fruit.

It may sometimes be the very slightest deed, or even word, and yet it may be the illumination of a beautiful personality.

Or, on the other hand, you have forced upon your attention some instance of great baseness, and you are constrained to infer the existence of something utterly low and mean in the character of the agent. It may not be that the mere deed or word is of high importance; yet its significance may be immense; because you feel that the man who could have done such a thing was capable of almost anything, if he thought he had sufficient inducement..

There is an illustration in a story told of a battle in which the English and French were ranged on opposite sides. * " A squadron of French cavalry charged an English regiment; but when the young French officer who led them, and was about to attack the English leader, observed that he had only one arm, with which he held his bridle, the Frenchman saluted him courteously with his sword and passed on." The story is not told here merely as illustrating French manners. There are no men on earth braver, gentler, and more chivalrous, than the officers of the English army. But what should specially be noted in such an example is that such an action could not have been the result of mere outward training. That would hardly have awaked so promptly at such a moment. An act so ready, so spontaneous, speaks for the heart of the man who performed it; it came of a disposition noble and generous, who scorned to take an advantage of an unequal foe.

To these considerations on the importance of manner, only one other shall be added. Manner is a power; it is one of the greatest powers. Some men, and probably more women, are almost irresistible.

You cannot refuse the favours which they ask, even if you have previously resolved to do so. When you cannot agree with their opinions, you wish that you could. On the other hand, there are men who would spoil the best of causes by their manner of advocacy. The moment you see them and hear them, you have an instinctive desire to contradict them. Even when you are in entire agreement with their opinions, you have the strongest inclination to oppose them.

There are few persons, who have passed the meridian of life, who could not give instances in which a man's success in the world has been, in great measure, the result of his manner and deportment; and perhaps still more numerous instances of failure might be cited with similar explanation. People who are resolved to have their own way, and assert their own opinions, often wonder at their own want of success, and put it down to the obstinacy and stupidity of their neighbors; to envy, jealousy, and what not. They ought, in fact, to put it down to their own bad manners. Those very qualities which they imagine should assure them success, are a stumbling block to their neighbours, and a guarantee of failure. This, we believe, is a subject which concerns people of British origin very nearly. It is said that as a nation we are not particularly well-mannered. The Prussians are probably worse in this respect, but the French are better. These differences undoubtedly exist. The Irish, as a rule, have pleasanter manners than the Scotch; the Italians than the Germans; the French than the English. There must be something in these expressions. Some time ago a writer in the French *Revue des Deux Mondes*, speaking of our rule in India, said: "Les Anglais sont justes, mais ils ne sont pas bons." We are just, he says, but we are not nice.

*Smiles says it was at Dettingen; Alison places it in the Peninsular War. Probably Alison is right; but it is of no great importance.

It is sometimes urged in reply that certain classes of French people are worse mannered than the same class of English people; but it is to be feared that this can be regarded only as the exception which proves the rule. The ill-mannered portion of a well-mannered people are sure to be the worst; just as an unmannerly woman is worse than an unmannerly man, because it comes more natural to a woman to be courteous than to a man.

We have a way of getting rid of the unpleasantness of this comparison. We say that with the French it is all outside show. We call it French varnish, and so forth; and there is some truth in this. Certainly, we might say with Carlyle, that there are few kinds of men more beautiful than the thoroughbred English gentleman, and no women who will surpass the English lady. Still, if it could be said that the French, as a people, are more courteous in their demeanor and behaviour than the English, there must be mental and moral qualities underneath which account for the difference.

But how, it may be asked, do the representatives of the Anglo-Saxon race on this side of the Atlantic compare in this respect with the inhabitants of the old world. This is a question not quite easy to answer. In the first place, we have, of course, a considerable number of persons who differ in nothing in their general bearing from English ladies and gentlemen. But there seems to be a general notion that manners are not improving among the inhabitants of the United States or Canada. We have before us an article from the New York *Nation*,* insisting upon the necessity of teaching in our schools "what is called manners or minor morals. In this field," the writer says, "our common schools do nothing, or next to nothing. Little or nothing is done in the schools to combat the mischievous delusion that suavity of manner is a confession of social or other inferiority, and that in order to preserve his self-respect and maintain his republican equality an American has to be surly or indifferent, after the manner of hotel clerks or expressmen, and too often salesmen and 'salesladies' in stores. The result is that we have probably the worst-mannered children in the civilized world."

Have these remarks any application to ourselves here in Canada? It was but the other day that a child who had been at one of our public schools was noticed by her friends as having changed some of her modes of speech and action. For example, she no longer said "Thank you," when she received an attention, nor did she say "If you please," when she asked a favour, and when someone inquired as to the reason for her giving up these practices of ordinary courtesy she said her teacher had forbidden her to make use of them as they savoured of servility. We doubt whether our cousins across the line could beat this. And the consequences of this kind of education are visible everywhere. What shall we say of the "salesladies" in our stores? It is even asserted that the manners of young ladies who deal in our stores are so insolent that those who serve them adopt similar manners in self-defence. Whether this be so we have no means of knowing; but the manners of some of our "ladies," particularly we might say of those to whom gentlemen give up their seats in street cars, are not always absolutely beautiful.

It must already be apparent that the subject under consideration is of no small importance; that manners and deportment are not a matter of mere personal taste and choice, but belong to the sphere of duty. A good man has no right to make goodness repulsive. A good man will not do this unless there is something wrong about him. With some people there is a kind of ferocity of goodness. They carry in their faces a sentence of ex-

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communication. They imagine that they are, in this way, showing fidelity, zeal, devotion. As a matter of fact, they are too often displaying their selfishness, coarseness, bad temper or bad taste. A man may be quite convinced of the truth of the principle which he holds, but he has no business to deny the same right to others. A man who believes that he has been taught from above and that he has learned to know what is true and good will desire earnestly that other men may be made partakers of the same privileges. But he will, if he is wise and kind, also be careful not to oppose needless obstacles in the way of accepting his convictions as their own. But perhaps enough has been said on this part of the subject.

So far we have been simply assuming that there is a difference between good manners and bad. We must now consider somewhat more nearly what it is that constitutes good conduct or good manners. And here a double caution is necessary. On the one hand there are certain principles which must enter into the composition of what we call good manners. On the other, it is by no means necessary that everyone should conform exactly to the same pattern. To require or to expect, for example, that every one should have the same amount of vivacity on the one hand, or the same solidity of manner on the other, would be a patent absurdity.

But such a principle gives no sanction to the indulgence of personal eccentricity. There are persons who imagine that eccentricity is a sign of genius. It is, indeed, sometimes a misfortune of genius; and in such cases may be condoned on account of its accompaniments; but in most men it is simply a sign of weakness and folly or even of conceit. It is an error into which young men are particularly apt to be misled. They read of some great man who had certain peculiarities; they fancy that they resemble him: and it is much easier to imitate his tricks than to aspire to the qualities which constituted his greatness. Or there is someone whom we admire, or that others admire, and we study his manner and catch it consciously or unconsciously; that is to say, we appropriate his weakness, not his strength. The ideal man can be followed only in spirit. Alexander the Great had a trick of carrying his head a little on one side. Probably he did not know it. His courtiers took to imitating the habit; but this did not bring them nearer by a hairbreadth to the great master.

So much for the peculiarities of manner, lawful and unlawful. We must now come to consider that kind of behaviour which, amid all allowable and desirable differences, must be recognized as good. And the word which most aptly describes what all men mean when they speak of behaviour which they approve and admire, is the word "courtesy," and this not merely the outward semblance which may be so described, but the outward bearing as proceeding from an inward spirit. It must be sincere and genuine.

Keeping these points in mind, that one's behavior should be courteous, and that it should be so, not from an outward rule and constraint, but from an inward necessity, we shall have little difficulty in indicating the moral disposition of which such conduct should be the expression.

First, then, it is a fundamental principle that our conduct, our behaviour, should be sincere. It must express what we think and feel. By this it is not meant that every thought and feeling is to be revealed; but that whilst a man may be silent when he could speak and may check expressions of repugnance which he strongly feels, the words of kindness which he utters should be true words; the attention which he shows to another must proceed from affection or at least goodwill. All true and deep experience will convince us that it is not a mere outward polish which the world itself

requires of us, nor merely a thin veneering of civility. Such make-believe will generally be found out and estimated at its true value.

For the same reason, a man's conduct should be, in the true sense of the word, natural and unaffected. To many, such a rule is a mere matter of course; and conformity to it a very simple thing. As a matter of fact, it is very much the reverse. It may seem a parodox; but it is all the same quite true that it is not natural for us to be natural. Children are natural; but there comes a time when the manners of children are no longer suitable for our larger growth, and we have to become natural in a different way. To some men, and perhaps to a larger number of women, it is given to be natural throughout their whole life; but not to the majority. Perhaps it would astonish some persons to hear it said that old men are, as a rule, more natural than young men, but those who have carefully and accurately observed the phenomena of human life will confirm the remark. The average young man is seldom natural; he is either awkward or affected. It is only when his awkwardness is pruned and trained; it is only when his affectation or, perhaps, self-consciousness is beaten out of him by an impatient world, or his own improved sense gives him clearer and truer views of things, that he becomes really natural. A man leaves his first nature behind him with his childhood: it is often a long time before he gains his second nature.

Again, in good behaviour, there must be a certain regard for custom. It is easy to rail against conventionality, and if by conventionality we are to understand falseness, unreality, the mere parrot-like repetition of other people's words and ways, then let us denounce it in the name of truth and goodness. It is an evil and a hurtful thing. But all this may be said without our failing to recognize the importance of custom and the necessity of following it. A man or a woman who regards with contempt and treats with neglect the common customs of his own country is, if possible, more foolish than one who lives in a constant state of terror or alarm lest he or she should not have learned or adopted the latest fashions.

And this involves another point of good behaviour, namely, self-control. In our reference to truth and sincerity of conduct, it was remarked that it did not involve the utterance of every passing thought or even of every deep conviction. Perhaps there are few things that require so much taste as the hitting of the happy mean between liberty and restraint in this matter in word or in deed. There are some men who never open their mouths on the subject of their fellow men or of the esteem in which they hold them. They blame no one. They are solemnly silent if others are found fault with; but then they are equally silent if others are praised. If they have no word of censure for another, neither do they ever utter a word of commendation. They are not the most interesting of men. No doubt they have qualities which are good. As the French writer would say, they are not unjust, but they are not nice.

Yet the fault which lies in the opposite direction is the greatest fault, the fault of those who not only utter every thought as it arises in their mind, and usually such people's thoughts are of the least possible value, but think as recklessly as they speak. There is, no doubt, a great charm in an open, frank, unconstrained manner. There is a great charm in an outspoken man. But this must have its limits. There is a certain reserve which is good, which is more than good, which is necessary if men are to be endurable.

Now that which is here said of speech is equally true of action. That which is beautiful in the child is unseemly in the man; it is peculiarly unseemly in the woman. Certainly,

to go too far on the side of self-control, if it be error at all, is to err on the safe side. What we call *abandon* needs the finest taste to prevent its being objectionable and offensive. It is an obvious remark that it is easier to do nothing than to do something. A man may often repent having spoken; he may sometimes repent having been silent, but not so often.

In speaking of human deportment, we not unfrequently hear mention made of the attribute of dignity, and, perhaps, some attention should be given to this point. True dignity is undoubtedly a very beautiful thing, just as sham dignity is a very ridiculous thing. But there is no way of teaching or learning it in a direct manner. It is the result of self respect and respect for others, and it will have its most charming expression in those who are least conscious of their possessing it. There are two false kinds—the one which is put on, the pompous look and strut, adopted for the most part with a view of imposing upon others; the other, the spontaneous outcome of a man's egregious self-importance, generally the result of his imposing upon himself. The one bad way may be learned by imitation, the other by self-inflation. As far removed as heaven from the shades is the true dignity of the humble and holy men of heart, the dignity of simple truth and goodness, and self respect and brotherly charity.

And this leads to the remark that the great principle which regulates all behaviour, by the surest rule, is genuine kindness of heart, unselfish consideration for others — that gentle, humble, kindly spirit which is productive of a true, not a servile, deference and thoughtfulness towards the opinions, the feelings and the interests of our neighbours and associates.

Let us endeavour to make these general statements somewhat clearer by bringing them into a practical shape, by asking how we may give effect to them in our intercourse with others.

In the first place, then, it must be quite clear that if a principle of this kind is to have any practical meaning for us it must be one of our first thoughts how we may actually do good to those among whom our lot is cast, in every possible way, as far as we know how to do it, as far as we have the power and opportunity of doing it.

It is quite obvious that the universal prevalence of such a principle would speedily change the whole face of human society. There would be no anger, hatred, envy, suspicion, heartburning. There would be peace, mutual confidence, mutual help, everywhere. Then the intercourse of man with man would be most blessed and most lovely.

A second thought, and one which is undeniably connected with the first, will be the desire to give all reasonable pleasure to others and to spare them all needless pain. A great man has described a gentleman as one who inflicts no needless pain upon others; and this is the part of a gentleman and a Christian alike. How could we possibly carry out the resolve of doing good to our fellowmen without also bearing this thought in our minds? It is, of course, perfectly true that pleasure may not always be beneficial for ourselves or others. It is quite certain that pain and suffering often prove real blessings. But it is not our part to lay burdens or to inflict pain upon others.

Perhaps a word should be said on a point of no light practical importance, although in itself it might seem hardly to deserve mention. We refer to the habit of jesting. In some form or other this power has always been exercised in human society, and always will be. And for this reason, perhaps, we may say that it has a rightful place in life and speech. Aristotle, in enumerating certain social virtues which he associates with the seven cardinal ones, mentions one which he calls *Εὐτραπελια* —a word which has been translated

"graceful wit." As is usual with him, he points out the two extremes of its excess and defect, by which men are led away from the mean which is the virtue. On the one side lies buffoonery, on the other side clownishness. Of the buffoon he says that he will catch at the ludicrous in any and every way and at any cost, and will aim rather at raising a laugh than at saying what is seemly and at avoiding to pain the object of his wit. The clown, on the other hand, would not for the world make a joke on himself and is offended at those who do. But, he says, those who are gracefully witty, those who joke with good taste, are designated by a Greek term which properly signifies ease of movement; and as bodies are judged by their movements, so are the dispositions of the heart and mind. One quality which belongs to this character, he says, is tact. It is characteristic of a man of tact to say and to listen to such things as are fit for a good man and a gentleman to say and to listen to; for there is a difference between the jocularity of the gentleman and that of the vulgarian.

So, then, he goes on, we may characterize him who jests well as one who says what is becoming a gentleman, or by his avoiding to pain the object of his wit, or even his giving him pleasure; the buffoon, on the contrary, is carried away by the ridiculous, sparing neither himself nor any one else, if he can only raise a laugh, saying things which no man of refinement would say, and which he would not tolerate if said by anyone else. The clown, again, understands nothing of all this; and instead of contributing anything witty of his own he is savage with all who do.

These excellent remarks will appeal with different force to differently constituted minds. Certainly those who are destitute of the sense of humor must have great loss in the study of literature. We will hope they have compensations in other ways. Certainly, also, those who have gifts of wit and humor, a keen perception of the ludicrous, and the power of embodying these perceptions in language have great opportunities of giving pleasure to others. They have also frequently the power of giving pain to others: they must not forget the responsibility involved in such endowments.

One great guide, one powerful protection in our intercourse with others, is that which must indeed be reckoned a chief part of all noble, human and Christian conduct, namely, the having a constant regard to the opinions, the feelings, the inclinations, and the interests of those with whom we are brought into contact.

To put forth this duty plainly and strongly is not to surrender one's own independence of speech and action, nor is it to counsel a servile spirit which would not only hurt our own self-respect and dignity, but which would be almost equally injurious to others. But such surrender of our own liberty will never be necessary; nay, it will hardly be possible, when our consideration for others arises from kindliness and affectionateness of feeling. Servility proceeds from selfishness, not from love. It is engendered and fostered rather by the desire to gain our own ends than by the wish to do good or to bring pleasure to others. He who acts from the higher and nobler motive will hardly ever be tempted to conduct so unworthy of his manhood; and if he is tempted, he will have a reserve of strength in the principles by which he is habitually animated. It is hardly too much to say that we are here touching upon the very distinction between a man whose conduct we approve and whose character we admire, and a man whose conduct is offensive and repulsive.

We have already spoken of witty speech; we will take for further consideration the use of speech in general. In society we meet with many different kinds of talkers—noisy men

and quiet men, loquacious men and taciturn men, men who talk wisely and others who talk foolishly, some, again, kindly and others unkindly; besides those who are wisely and kindly silent and those who are foolishly and unkindly silent. There is great variety.

To put the matter as concisely as possible, we must meet with some men who habitually monopolize the conversation. They must forever be speaking and others only listening. It is obvious that such men do not fulfil the conditions of good behaviour. Other men we meet who without monopolizing the conversation are dogmatic, self-opinionated, overbearing; who show by their tone and manner, if they do not say it in words, that they think no one has a right to hold opinions at variance with their own. It is not necessary to give any opinion about people of that kind.

On the other hand, we meet with men who will sit silent in the midst of the most animated conversation, and not even so much as open their lips; and this may be as great a fault in the other direction; may be, we say, not must or need be. A man may be silent from modesty, from diffidence, from feeling that he can add nothing of interest to what has been said, and is quite content others should have said it. In such case, undoubtedly, silence may be golden. But there are other kinds of silence which are baser metal. There is the silence which proceeds from mortification because the speaker would not be listened to as an oracle. There is the silence of dead and dull indifference, the silence of one who does not think it worth while to contribute anything to the entertainment of those in whose society he is found.

It is said that Sir James Mackintosh was in this respect one of the most agreeable companions of all the men of his day. Madame de Stael declared that he was the best conversationalist of any Englishman she had ever met. He was full of conversation and well endowed with wisdom and wit. He could convey his thoughts with ease and grace; yet he never gave the impression of obtruding them. He was equally ready to speak and to be silent, to give and to take, to communicate and to receive: and his whole conversation and deportment was pervaded by such a genuine kindliness, that, whether he spoke or was silent, the beautiful spirit of the man was almost equally conspicuous. He was the perfection of what we mean by manner or behaviour.

It may be well to add a few remarks on the teaching and learning of right behaviour.

On the teaching by itself we will only draw attention to the tremendous responsibility imposed upon parents, teachers, and governors in moulding and fashioning the character of those who are placed under their charge. We never quite lose the stamp which is impressed upon us in our childhood. The distinction between early training and subsequent correction is a valid one. The habits children form in the family—good or bad—of kindness, self-denial and the like, or greed, selfishness and sloth, often cleave to them to the last.

With regard to the learning of behaviour the case is more difficult. The moment one attempts to speak to adults on such a subject the difficulty appears. Those to whom he proposes to give rules have already been taught, well or badly; and are not likely to reteach themselves or to unlearn what they have been taught. Yet something may be offered which may have use for all of us, old or young; and first of all, it is clear it has already been insisted upon that there can be no really good behaviour without goodness. Without this, all must be hollowness and unreality. You cannot get good conduct except from a good man, and there is no way known in the world of making a man good except by sending him to the school of Christ.

Therefore, we would say to young people with all confidence and earnestness, Do not try to imitate any one's manner. That would probably land you in affectation and absurdity. But make yourself acquainted with the customs of the well-behaved people—of the best educated, the most refined, the most lovable of your fellowmen; get to know what things they do and approve; use your own discretion in lowliness and love as to the measure in which you will adopt their customs; but at least make yourselves acquainted with them. That at least will do you no harm, and may be serviceable in circumstances that you could hardly anticipate.

One other remark may be offered. It may be difficult to learn good manners, but it is not impossible to correct bad manners. And here we may take an illustration from the art of public speaking. If you go to a wise teacher of elocution he will tell you at once what he can attempt to do and what he will not attempt. He will tell you "I cannot be sure of making you an orator. I cannot give you a voice if you have none. I cannot give you thought, feeling, power of expression. I cannot teach you free, simple, natural action. But I can help you to correct bad action. I can tell you what not to do and when you have learned that, Nature will teach you what you ought to do."

To a large extent it is the same in the teaching of manners, and here are three simple rules for our help in this matter of mending our manners. (1) Make it a matter of conscience. Let it be set down as a duty to behave like a gentleman and a christian, and if a man even suspects himself of departing from this principle, let him take himself to task, and watch against a repetition of the same impropriety. (2) Be willing to be taught by others. It is not meant that we should ask or take advice from anybody and everybody. But we must, all of us, have some friend or other in whose kindness we confide, and for whose judgment we have respect, and often a hint from such a friend may be of inestimable value. (3) We must go further. We may learn something from those who are not our friends. The Latin proverb says, "It is well to be taught by an enemy." A hostile man or an angry man, it is true, will seldom be just, and there is no reason why we should think him so. Yet there will probably be some grains of truth in his allegations, and it will be well for us to learn from him. If your enemy says you are frivolous, he may be wrong, but the chances are that you have sometimes seemed frivolous. If your enemy says you are conceited, he may be wrong, but you probably had the appearance of it some time or other. As a careful speaker once remarked of an acquaintance of his own: "I won't say that he is conceited, but he has a very conceited manner." And we are now talking of manners. You may multiply the cases, but you see what is meant.

And thus we come back to the principle which has so often been offered for our guidance, the principle of humility. The great Bacon has told us that the Kingdom of Knowledge can be entered only as the Kingdom of Heaven is entered, by our becoming as little children. It is the same in the region of Behaviour. There, as elsewhere, simplicity and sincerity will prevail where great abilities and many talents serve for nothing.

It is always the same thought which comes back to us. We must go to the School of Christ to learn of Him.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ARCTIC.

BY WILLIAM W. FOX.

AWAY to the north of us—so far away, in fact, that we seldom think of it save as the icy gateway to the undiscovered country round the pole—lies Canada's "Great Lone Sea." A thousand miles long by more than half that in breadth, its icy waters for ever fret against the uncharted shores to which in the long ago poor Henry Hudson gave his name. Somewhere along those rock-bound shores he rests together with his son. A mutinous crew turned them adrift in a small boat, and that was the last was ever heard of the great explorer. Perhaps away down in the blue waters off Cape Wolstenholme his bones are lying to-day, but the probability is that after being cast adrift he made for shore and perished among the rocks from exposure and starvation. But his name lives permanently attached to the great inland sea of America.

A more inhospitable country one can scarce imagine. Bleak, bare and barren around almost its entire coast, the home of the Eskimo and a trading ground for the adventurous Hudson's Bay Company, it is seldom visited by white men. Inland—that is to the south and west—one finds a few wandering bands of red men, while along the shores the Eskimo makes his home—and such a home. Yet he loves it, and thinks, as we do, that the wide world over there is no place like his.

"The shivering tenant of the frigid zone
Proudly proclaims the happiest clime his own.
The naked negro panting on the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine."

A stranded whale makes a whole community of Eskimo happy for a winter, and with plenty of blubber he sleeps his time away in his comfortable snow hut. But death has been busy among the Eskimo of late years, and many a deserted village along the straits of Hudson tells plainer than words that the grim reaper has gathered a rich harvest. That the Eskimo of Hudson's Bay and straits are dying out is a fact that cannot be gainsaid. Dozens of deserted villages and a diminished number trading with the Hudson's Bay Company are the strongest evidences of this. What it is that is causing the mortality among them is something we know nothing of, although various surmises have been hazarded as to the cause.

In 1884-5 public attention was directed to Hudson's Bay as a shorter and therefore a cheaper route from the wheat fields of the Canadian Northwest to the markets of Europe. The question was discussed in every settlement from Winnipeg to Vancouver. Then it was spoken of in parliament, and finally the Government decided to send out an expedition to Hudson's Bay and Straits to report as to their navigability. Commander Gordon, R. N., was selected to command the expedition: the actual working of the ship was given to Captain Sopp, an old and tried Arctic navigator, from Halifax, N.S. Some $16,000 was paid by the Government for the use of the sealing ship *Neptune*, belonging to the Job Brothers, St. Johns, Newfoundland. This vessel had been used a few months before on the Greely relief expedition, and although a steamer, and the second largest of the sealing fleet, her steam was merely auxiliary to her sails.

On July 14th, 1884, she arrived in Halifax harbour, where she was fitted out with everything necessary for a prolonged stay in the icy seas in the far north. Eight days later she sailed.

As we stood on the quarter-deck and steamed slowly down the harbor, a German man-of-war dipped her flag to us, while the flags on Government buildings and vessels saluted us in the same way.

Without going into details regarding the ship or the crew, it is well to say that the voyage occupied between four and five months. There was a spice of danger about it, enough of itself to make it interesting, while the scenery, so different from what any but one of us had ever seen before, proved an attraction to all of us. It was not a mere pleasure excursion, such for instance as the Alaska trip has become, but one which, while not devoid of danger, was something very few had ever taken before, save for commercial purposes. Ours was the first steamer that ever entered Hudson's Bay. The voyage up "Lonely Labrador" was dreary enough—not a sail gladdened the eye, but instead we encountered icebergs by the score, and sometimes it required a good deal of attention to keep far enough away from them to avoid accidents. But how grand they looked, these messengers from the north, in their glittering glory of pinnacle and peak, and at night how awfully weird they seemed, as they loomed up from out the darkness right ahead of us.

We had a narrow escape from running on the Button shoal, near the entrance to Hudson Strait, but once inside we drifted for days in a vast field of ice. At last the pack opened, and we sailed through, although some delay was experienced from ice on several occasions, and at the Middle Savages, we stayed two or three days, through the breaking of our propeller. But there was no ice in the bay, and there never is—that is, there never is enough to impede navigation, except at Cape Wolstenholme. The run to Marble Island was made under favorable conditions, as regards wind and weather. But the further north we steered, the more sluggish the compass became, and for hours at a time we steered by the stars. "Keep that bright 'un about a foot off the main yard an' to leeward," was an order that varied hour after hour for a couple of nights. Of course the steersman knew what was required, and guided the ship accordingly. But at last the Sir William Thompson compass asserted itself, and for the remainder of the voyage was the only one we relied on.

The day before reaching Marble Island, we found on working out the latitude that we had run some sixty

IN THE ICE PACK.

odd miles to the north of it. This was accounted for by the rapid change in the magnetic declination. On discovering our mistake the course was changed, and at half-past six the next morning we awoke to find ourselves at anchor in a small harbor at the south-west end of the island. Our latitude was about 64°, say 1400 miles north of Toronto, and nearly 300 further north than St. Petersburg.

It was a genuine surprise for all of us. Within a gunshot of the vessel rose a dazzling mass of white rock, which, under the level rays of the morning sun, stood out in bold relief against the deep blue background of the sky. On a small point, which formed one side of the harbor, were several imposing-looking monuments that from our deck had the appear-

ance of polished marble. "What!" thought I, "here is a Christian graveyard in the very shadow of the Arctic." Breakfast was forgotten in the novelty of the situation, and all who could started ashore.

This island was visited by the late Lieutenant Schwatka, when wintering on the inhospitable coast a few miles to the west. Of course the graveyard was the first point we touched at. Once among the monuments, we found they were of wood, not marble. They had been erected by whalers over the graves of comrades who died while wintering here. We counted no less than nineteen stone piles, everyone of which represented a grave. Some had small wooden stakes, about a foot long, by four inches broad, with a number painted on them, corresponding to similar numbers on the monuments, which gave the name of the dead. Two or three graves were without number boards, and only those who laid their dead there know the names of the silent ones who repose beneath. But they were not graves, as graves are understood here in southern Canada. There was no such thing as digging into the rock. The remains were simply placed in rough coffins, a foot or so of shingle scraped away above tide mark, and then the rocks piled over them, to prevent the polar bears or arctic foxes disturbing them.

The place where our vessel lay is known as the outer harbor, but beyond it is another just as desolate-looking, which is called the inner harbor. This is where the whalers usually winter for the purpose of being on the ground as soon as the ice opens in the spring, and thus they lose no time in "following the fish" into Roe's Welcome. A narrow channel joins the two.

On the rocks on one side of this inner harbor we discovered a number of inscriptions in black paint. This writing proved of a good deal of interest, as it supplied a key to some of the initials on the monuments. The barque A. G. was evidently the *Ansel Gibbs*. The writing occupied a space of about fifteen feet in width by seventeen or twenty in length. There were three columns, on which had been painted the names of the crew, one column, the last, giving the names of those who had died of scurvy in the winter of 1872-3. The other columns apparently were made up of the names of the survivors.

The first ten names in the last column appear on the west side of one of the monuments, while the four last are on the opposite side. A great many names have been obliterated, whilst others appear almost as fresh as on the day they were painted. This may be accounted for by supposing that there was some difference in the composition of the paint used at different times, as it was quite evident that the names had not all been written at the same time. In the centre column, out of 27 names, only the surname "Enos" was legible, and although the words "Capt." and "Mate" could still be deciphered, the names were so nearly obliterated that I could make nothing of them.

On the shore of the inner harbor we found an old wreck. It appeared to be that of a vessel of about three or four hundred tons, but there was nothing left to indicate its name. It was lying partly out of the water, and, judging from appearances, much of it had evidently been carried away for fuel. Between the wreck and the writing on the rock we found the remains of an old stone hut, the stones begrimed with smoke. A piece of rotten sail that perhaps had been used as a roof lay near, while two or three bones, apparently human, were picked up close by the water.

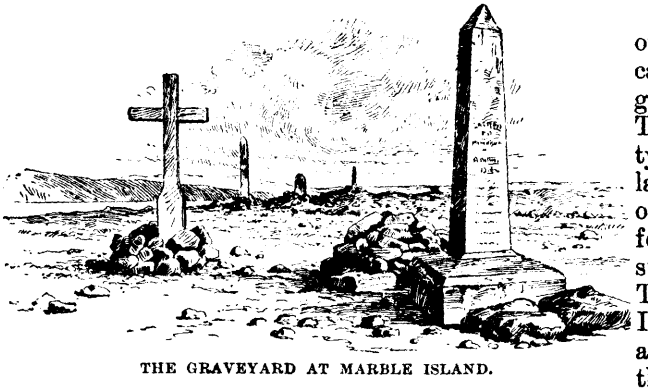
At another spot we found a quantity of abandoned ship's stores, such as anchors, chains, pieces of cordage, iron bolts, and a couple of large hogsheads. Over near the graveyard we found amongst a pile of rubbish a

regular old-time rocking chair. It was of a type often seen in Canadian farm houses thirty or forty years ago —high, straight back, broad arm rests, and roomy enough to comfortably seat one of the plethoric old Dutchmen settlers of the early days. In a bottle close by this chair we found the following letter, which was written in pencil on a half sheet of foolscap:

August 7th 1884, on Board Bark George & Mary at Marble Isl all Well, 3 Whales the North part of the Bay has been filled with ice since the 10th of July could not get up the Welcome nor to the East shore had A very cold Winter & spring 23rd of May Thro^{g} 4 below zero got out 7th of June layed in the outer Harbor all winter no Natives came to the ship while we lay at Marble Isl had plenty of scurvey but come out of it all right. Shall stay in the Welcome until the last of August than start for home if nothing happens.

E B Fisher
of the George & Mary.

This letter was carefully copied and, with one detailing our own visit, was again enclosed in the bottle.

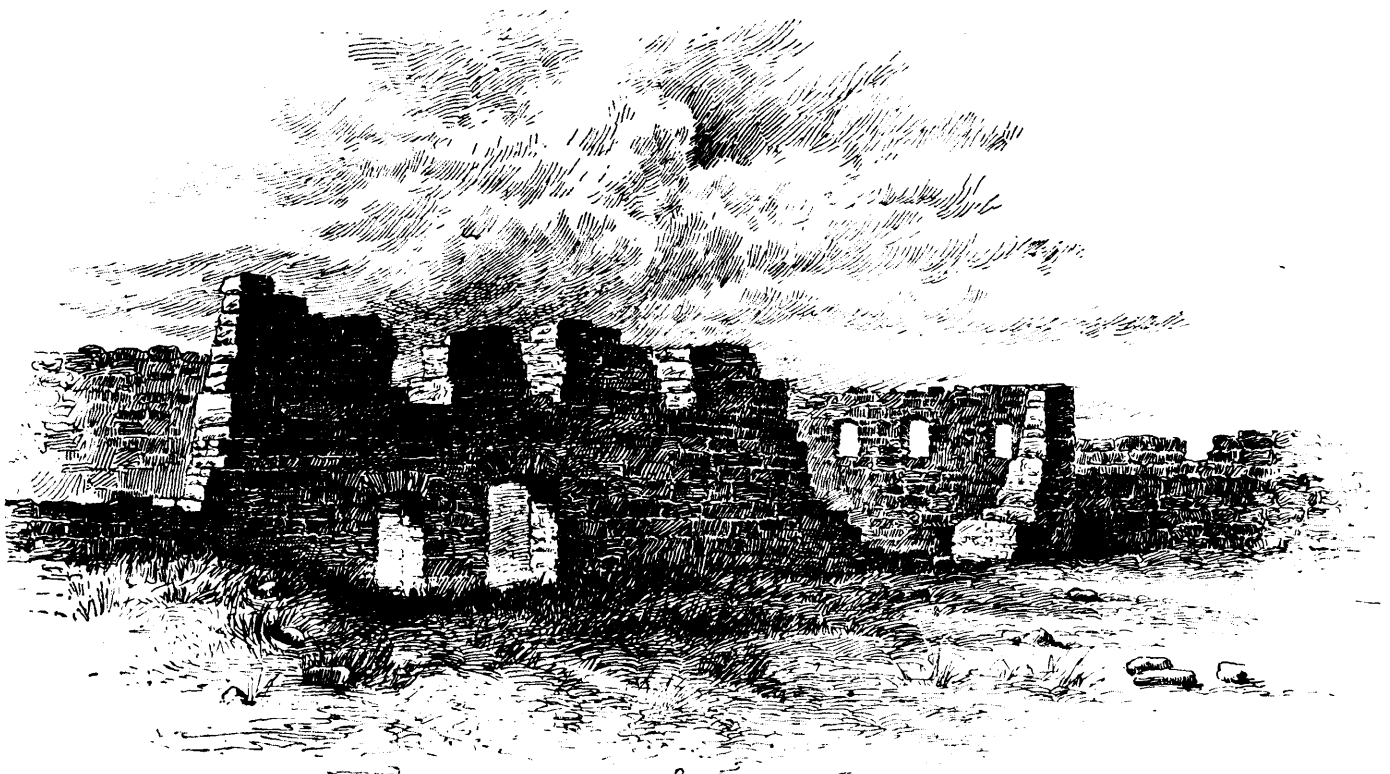


THE GRAVEYARD AT MARBLE ISLAND.

But time was precious, and so about eight o'clock that evening we weighed anchor and shaped our course for Fort Churchill. Three days later we sighted the Cape and ran along the low-lying shores towards the river of the same name. About noon the beacons were sighted, and shortly afterwards a boat containing the chief trader, Mr. J. Spencer, and his clerk, Mr. McTavish, together with a pilot, came on board, and we were soon safe in the magnificent harbor—the only known one on this coast. As we entered we passed on our right the ruins of old Fort Prince of Wales, and on the left the remains of what had once been a two gun battery which, with the fort, commanded the entrance to the river. Some seven miles up the river is the present post, known as Fort Churchill, but which is merely a collection of dwellings and warehouses.

The next day being Sunday, I accompanied Commander Gordon and some other officers in the gig and reached the post in time for morning service. There we met the chief trader, his wife and family, together with the missionary, Rev. Mr. Lofthouse. This gentleman, a few weeks before, had tramped around the coast all the way from York Factory, a distance of nearly 200 miles, to meet his expected bride, who was to arrive on the Company's trading ship from England. This vessel comes once a year, and that is all the communication they have with the great outside world.

At 11 o'clock the tinkle of the small mission bell called the worshippers together at the little church. This edifice was one of a type sent out from England years ago, and was of corrugated iron, 18 x 30 feet, bolted together. But such a congregation! There were halfbreed Indians and Eskimo of all ages gathered beneath that roof and sitting side by side with their white masters. One little fellow, whose mother was evidently anxious to have her young hopeful as well dressed as possible on such an auspicious occasion, had covered his head with an old "stove-pipe" hat that might have been fashionable half a century ago. But it was too large for him and rested on his shoulders. The poor little fellow's efforts to remove it as he entered the door were ludicrous in the extreme. The con-



RUINS OF FORT PRINCE OF WALES.

gregation, minister and all, numbered just 31.

On the wall behind the reading-desk were four sheet-iron tablets. The first had the Apostles' Creed in the Chippewayan language painted on it. The Ten Commandments were on the next two, and the Lord's Prayer on the fourth. Several small colored prints were fastened to the inside walls. One represented the "Return of the Prodigal Son" and another "Christ Cleansing the Temple." There were about a dozen other Scriptural pictures tacked on the sheeting round the walls.

After service the visitors were entertained at dinner by Mr. Spencer, and an excellent dinner it was. There was curlew, both fried and roast; snipe in two or three different styles, and ptarmigan, the arctic partridge, on toast. But we had no potatoes, and for vegetables had turnip leaves served up in the style of cabbage.

Next day the Hudson's Bay Company's officers visited the ship. The boat's crew of half-breeds accompanying us expressed the greatest surprise on seeing the engines, for ours was the first steam vessel that ever entered the Hudson's Bay.

We paid a visit on the Monday to the old Fort Prince of Wales. It stands at the entrance to the harbor, on what is known as Eskimo Point, and from it the best view of the surrounding country is to be had. It is now a mass of ruins inside, but the walls, eight feet thick, are in a remarkably good state of preservation. Somewhere about 1730 the Hudson's Bay Company commenced the erection of this fort to guard their interests against the French traders and freebooters who were constantly at war with them. Nearly forty years were occupied in the building of it, and when at last it was completed, guns were sent out from England for its armament. But its owners were not very long left in peaceful possession. One fine morning in 1782 the garrison was awakened by the firing of a gun, and on looking out to sea beheld three French war vessels, their guns run out and everything cleared for action. They were under command of no less a personage than the renowned La Perouse, who lost no time in sending an officer ashore with a summons to surrender unconditionally. Samuel Hearne, who had charge of the post, although a very efficient officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, was not much of a soldier. The Frenchman's bold demand overawed him, and although he tried to gain time by parleying, La Perouse knew enough to refuse anything but an unconditional surrender. He threatened to blow the fort to pieces about their ears unless the garrison surrendered immediately, but he promised to spare their lives if they complied with his demands. At last Hearne hauled down the flag and threw open the gates. It is said that La Perouse's men were nearly all down with scurvy. He had scarcely sufficient available seamen to manage his ships, let alone storm a regular fortification. It was only by the greatest exertion that he was able to muster a presentable force to take possession of the fort. Hearne surrendered himself a prisoner on board the flagship and was taken to France. It was impossible for the victor to leave a garrison in the fort, and so he decided to destroy it. That very day it was dismantled and the guns disabled. That was more than a century ago, and yet much still remains to remind the visitor of the work of that adventurous Frenchman. There lie the guns just as the conqueror left them, their trunnions knocked off or otherwise disabled. Among the grass one stumbles on rusty, round shot, half buried beneath the decaying vegetation. We collected a number of the old shot as curios, and towards evening returned to the vessel.

After destroying this place, La Perouse sailed for York Factory, which he also destroyed.

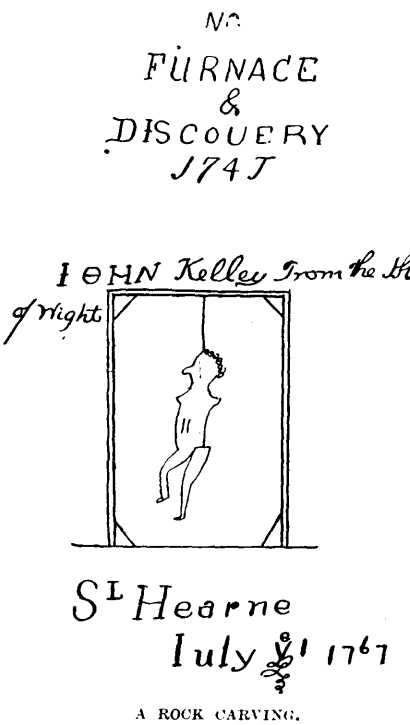
On Tuesday, September 9th, we paid a visit to Sloop's Cove, a well-

sheltered spot between the ruined fort and the present post. This cove received its name from the fact that in 1740 two ships of the British navy, the *Furnace* and the *Discovery*, wintered there. They were commanded by a Captain Middleton, who was sent out by the British Government to explore for a north-west passage. They left July 12th, 1741. Middleton visited Repulse Bay, but returned without having added anything worth mentioning to the stock of general information regarding these waters. It is said he was in the pay of the Hudson's Bay Company, and had very good reasons for not wanting to discover a north-west or any other passage. Middleton returned to England and was tried by a court martial for neglect of duty. The verdict of that court is filed away somewhere among the musty records of the navy, but no one has taken enough interest in his case to search for it and to discover whether he was acquitted or not.

Sloop's Cove is just as bleak and uninviting as any other part of this inhospitable coast. Looking up the River Churchill to the trading post, a distance of some seven miles, the scene is one of terrible desolation. Not a bush breaks the grey monotony of the rock. When the tide is out one sees the bed of the river thickly strewn with boulders from the size of a haystack to a foot or two in diameter.

But to return to Sloop's Cove, there are several of Middleton's ring bolts just as fast in the rock to-day as when he put them there a hundred and fifty years ago. These bolts possess interest in more than one way, for they have served as a datum point by which to measure the gradual rising of the coast all along Hudson's Bay. The rise is comparatively rapid—geologists say about eight feet a century. Both of Middleton's vessels were small, and yet these bolts are high enough above the water to-day for vessels four times the size of the *Furnace* or the *Discovery*. Another evidence of the gradual rise, is that even at full tide there is not sufficient water to float a ship of three hundred tons.

To Dr. Bell, of the Geological Survey, who accompanied the expedition, these old ring bolts proved very interesting, but to us, less scientifically inclined, the pictured rocks were far more so. On one side of the Cove is a smooth, sloping piece of rock close to where the vessels of Middleton were moored. This rock is covered with carvings, which appear as clean cut to-



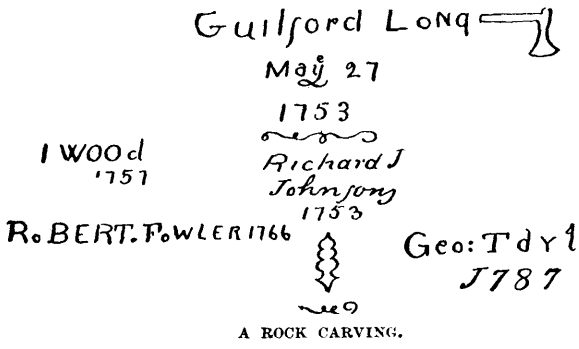
A ROCK CARVING.

day as when they were first chiselled. Facsimiles of some of these names and cuts appear in the illustrations. It will be seen that, with the exception of the names of the ships and perhaps the very suggestive picture of "John Kelley from the Isle of Wight," the names were nearly all carved years after the vessels sailed for England. It is quite possible that many of the names are those of ships' captains or other officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, who, to gratify their vanity,

carved their names along with those already there.

There is a story told in connection with the name of Kelley which has a semblance of truth about it. Thousands of wild geese are killed and salted here every fall. The story is that Kelley stole a goose and, being a sailor on one of His Majesty's ships, was court-marshalled, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, a sentence which the carving shows was carried out.

We left Churchill with regret, for in that barren land the inabitants have not forgotten what good old-time hospitality means. York Factory, distant a couple of hundred miles down the coast, was our next port. For nearly two centuries the Hudson's Bay Company has ruled here.



A ROCK CARVING.

To those who have read any of Ballantyne's stories, such for instance as "Sunbeams and Snowflakes," "Ungava," etc., a description of York will be quite unnecessary. His simple pen pictures of that once great centre of trade are perfect.

We arrived off the mouth of the Nelson River about sunset, and, after firing guns to attract the attention of those at the post, cast anchor for the night. There was a heavy swell on, and although we were then fifteen miles from shore, our keel scraped the sandy bottom and we had to run some three miles further out to sea. One may start from York in a row boat and pull in any direction till he loses sight of the low-lying shores and then take his oar out of the rowlock and touch bottom. There is no such place as a harbor here, the nearest approach to it being the "Five fathom hole," which in reality is only about three fathoms. This hole is about fifteen miles from the shore.

At seven o'clock the next evening a boat reached us from the factory with the chief accountant and some of the other officers, together with a crew of half-breeds. It was a long, flat-bottomed craft, with a centre board and huge sail. Commander Gordon, Dr. Bell, myself and one or two others started back to the factory with the visitors, who first dined with us. There was little or no wind at the time, and we made but poor progress with the oars. After a time, however, the wind increased slightly, and the sail was set. The night was pitchy dark, and we steered by guess. Rockets were sent up and blue lights burned to attract the attention of those on shore. After a time the iron centre board was raised, as it was striking on the bottom. Scarcely had it been stowed when the boat itself struck a rock and left us for a time unable to proceed. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to wait till the tide, which was rising, should float us off. At ten o'clock the crew started a fire in an iron cylinder and made tea for the party, which was served with bread and butter and canned beef. The scene at this time was well worthy the brush of an artist—the brown sail and the browner faces of the men, as the fire flickered up and down, now brightly illuminating them, and then, as they moved out of its range, letting them appear as swallowed up in the darkness. On the way out to the ship one of the men had shot a goose, and at one o'clock next morning it was spitted on a ramrod and cooked over the fire.

Two hours later, or at three o'clock the next morning, we landed at York and climbed the river bank. A few minutes later I found myself in Bachelors' Hall, as the clerk's dining room has been called for a century or more. There was the long table, the box stove and the iron-bound chairs, just as Ballantyne described them, and there at one end of the hall was a life-sized oil painting of one of the early governors, dim with smoke and age, as pictured by the same writer. The place seemed like an old friend, and its owners certainly did all in their power to made us feel at home. But the glory of York has departed, and fifty houses, some of them shut up, but all in a good state of repair. The great building, or storehouse, is a fine structure. It is in the form of a rectangle, with a court yard in the centre. The front of this is 216 feet long and three storeys high, the remainder being two. Within one can find everything from a needle to an anchor. Guns and kettles, and clothing and provisions, in endless variety, are to be had there, and the strangest part of all, at a reasonable price, so far, at least, as necessaries are concerned. But beads, mirrors and such like luxuries, have a high price placed upon them. An Indian, on entering with his win-

YORK FACTORY.

instead of thirty clerks there are now only two required to do the work of the post. At one time it was the great distributing centre for the vast country to the north-west and south of it. But the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway has altered all that, and to-day the stores for the Saskatchewan and the country to the north-west are distributed from Winnipeg.

The old fort, which stood nearer the mouth of the river, was the one destroyed by La Perouse. Scarce a vestage of it now remains. The present post is surrounded by a strong, well-kept palisade which encloses about

ter's catch of furs, is not allowed to purchase the first thing he takes a fancy to. First of all he has to settle his "debt," as the credit given the previous year is termed. After that he must lay in a supply of ammunition, clothing and other necessaries. Then, if anything remains to his credit, he may purchase ornaments for his favorite squaw or children.

Outside the palisades and on the very edge of the river bank are a couple of brass howitzers. In fact, with the exception of horses, they have every requisite for the equipment of an old-time field battery—guns, howitzers, limbers, ammunition wagons, harness, etc.

After breakfasting with the Chief Factor (Mr. Fortesque), the next morning we broke up into twos and threes and started on a tour of inspection. Some of the places visited are well deserving of special, mention and none more so than the hospital, the Indian village and the church. The hospital is a small wooden structure which the officer in charge placed at the disposal of the resident physician, Dr. Mathews. There were only two patients in it at the time, one an old Indian suffering from a severe attack of scurvy, and the other an Indian boy with rickets. No hope was entertained for the recovery of the old man, but the doctor said he believed the boy would ultimately get better. This hospital was neat and clean, and whitewashed inside and out. It had accommodation for nine patients.

It would be hard to say whether or not the Indian village a few hundred yards further up the bank of the river had more children or dogs amongst the population. Certain it is that there were hundreds of canines. They growled and showed their teeth at every turn, and one had constantly to be on his guard to prevent them sneaking up behind and perhaps nipping his calves to show their appreciation of his visit. The Indian village is a straggling collection of huts made of logs and mud. Although the Company's doctor had over and over again tried to make the inhabitants keep their dwellings passably clean, he at last had given it up as a bad job. They seemed to love the dirt and bad odors, and strange to say, despite it all, appeared to thrive. The smell of decaying fish and fish offal wafted to us on the breeze told of our near approach to the village, before we could even see the houses. They were built amongst a lot of scrub brush, enough of which had been cleared away to make room for the dwellings. The women appeared shy and went to hide themselves at our approach. Not so the youngsters, who rolled in the grass and sand and paid no more attention to us than if we had lived with them all their lives. Canoes new and old lay around everywhere, with here and there a small net spread on the roof or stretched between a couple of trees. A peep into one of the houses was enough to satisfy our curiosity regarding the domestic habits of the inmates. The door of the house stood invitingly open and we entered. A small window with just one pane of glass in it half lighted the interior, which was filthy in the extreme. There was no such luxury as a board floor—nothing but the bare ground. At one end was a fire-place made of stones and mud from the river. A fire smouldered on the hearth, above which hung a small iron pot half full of lukewarm water. In one corner beside the fire-place and raised perhaps a foot from the ground was a rough framework of small poles which constituted the sleeping portion of the dwelling. It was covered with dried grass and a few blankets. Near by, fastened against the wall was a small table on which stood a couple of tin plates, three tin cups and a knife. Next to it in the corner stood a "trade" gun and an axe. These constituted the sole furniture of the cabin, and could easily have been packed in a small canoe. Had there been enough light we would have found the place festooned with cobwebs. It was a counterpart of other dwellings in the little village. The half-breed servants of the Company who have their quarters in the factory are of course more comfortably housed, but the half-breeds who live with the Indians are no better off than their neighbors.

On the outside of the stockade is a neat little church for the use of the Indians. It has a spire and a bell, and will seat between three and four hundred worshippers. Beyond the palisades also is the powder magazine, a strong stone structure without a particle of iron in its composition.

The hinges are copper, the lock on the door copper, the roof copper, and the woodwork is fastened together with copper nails.

Near the magazine is the graveyard. One grave close to the entrance is conspicuous, being surrounded with a neat, well-kept railing.

There is, in connection with the church, a school-house, where the missionary, Rev. Mr. Winter, presides as teacher over a hundred dusky pupils. From what I could see, I believe the missionary has more comfortable quarters than anyone except the chief factor.

Out of sight of the factory everything has the same desolate, lonely appearance as any other spot along the coast, with this exception, however, that there are a few scrub firs to be found here in sheltered nooks. All the fuel for the factory is brought from many miles up the river.

We left York with the ebb tide, all the inhabitants turning out to say farewell and give us a "God speed" on our voyage. Between three and four p.m., accompanied by the chief factor and the officers and ladies, we repaired to the boat landing. The last farewells were spoken, and then shaking hands with our kind entertainers, we entered the boat, set our sail, and were soon out in the middle of the river. As we sailed away, the white ensign—a particular honor—was hoisted on the flag staff, a salute of five guns was fired from the howitzers, and then all on shore cheered. We replied as best we could, waved our caps, and, a few minutes later, turned a bend in the river and lost sight of our friends.

We soon reached the ship, the wind being favorable, and weighing anchor, steamed hundreds of miles across Hudson's Bay to Diggs' Islands, where Henry Hudson, the discoverer of the bay, was cast adrift by his mutinous crew and never heard of more.

Entering the strait, more ice was encountered, and, during a short stop waiting for the ice to clear, we killed three polar bears and a walrus. The latter animals are very plentiful in these waters, and as the carcass of one of these monsters is worth from seventy to one hundred dollars, the Hudson's Bay Company encourage the Eskimo to hunt them whenever opportunity offers. In fact the Company sends a small sloop up the coast every year to collect the hides, oil and tusks from the natives.

Although Hudson's Bay belongs to the Dominion of Canada, our Government has done little or nothing to develop its wonderful resources. Whatever has been accomplished up to the present, has been done by foreign enterprise and capital. Some years ago Capt. Spicer, a shrewd Connecticut man, established a fishing and trading station in the strait near the Middle Savage Islands, from which he has reaped a rich harvest. At Ungava Bay, the Hudson's Bay Company has an extensive fishing establishment, and annually sends to England one or two ship-loads of salmon.

At Churchill, as well as at two posts on the East Main coast, the white whale or porpoise is caught in shoals. No fewer than 170 were caught at one tide in the river at Churchill a few months previous to our visit. These animals enter the river with the flood tide and leave it with the ebb. When a shoal is seen approaching, the natives drive them towards a cove that is dry at low water. The animals enter and then a net is stretched across the entrance. Here a noise is kept up, and the porpoises, fearing to break through, are found high and dry at the ebb tide and easily dispatched.

The Company has a large establishment at Churchill for trying out the oil, and I think I am within the mark when I say that their revenue from porpoise oil alone amounts to over $100,000 annually.

In the straits cod are found at the proper season in unlimited quantities. I saw three of our sailors take, one

afternoon at Cape Chudleigh, four hundred cod within an hour and a-half.

Then there is the whale fishery, in which, with one exception, I believe, Americans are engaged. Heretofore it has been very remunerative, and there is no reason why it should not continue so for many years to come.

Leaving the waters for the rocky shores, one finds all sorts af northern game in abundance. I have seen thousands of ptarmigan on the rocks of Resolution Island, as well as at other points. Swans, geese, ducks, curlew, plover, snipe, and other wild fowl are found in countless thousands, and during the four or five months we were there we had so much game that at last we grew so tired of it that we turned to "salt horse" as a delicious change.

Reindeer pass up and down the country in immense herds and furnish a staple article of food at many posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. Their tongues are exported to England, where they command a high priee. In fact, they are very often hunted for their tongues alone. A party of hunters meeting with a band of reindeer kill as many as they can. From these they take such skins and meat as they require, together with all the tongues.

I asked the officer at Churchill if he did not think such slaughter would soon exterminate the reindeer. He laughed and said, "I have been here more than twenty years, and there are more deer now than ever before." The same thing, it will be remembered, used to be said regarding the buffalo.

To the sportsman who can afford it, and who is sufficiently enthusiastic, a trip to Hudson's strait, will well repay the time and money spent on it. During the spring, polar bears are plentiful all along the shores. But they are ugly customers. I have seen polar and grizzly bears, and I would just as soon *not* meet one as the other. Possibly the average grizzly may be a little heavier than his brother, "the tiger of the ice," as he has aptly been termed. But if the latter is a trifle smaller, he makes up in agility for what he lacks in weight. I took part one afternoon at Diggs' Islands in the killing of three of these monsters, the heaviest of which weighed something over 800 pounds. One of the hind paws, when stuffed, measured eighteen inches long by ten inches broad!

During the short summer the climate is passibly pleasant, although on some parts of the coast snow flurries may occur at almost any time of the year. But a couple of months could be passed very pleasantly at Ungava Bay, and a return made to civilization in time to escape the winter, which, as may be imagined, is really arctic in its severity.

SOME MODERNISMS OF THE STAGE.

BY HECTOR W. CHARLESWORTH.

It is the privilege of the old play-goer to say that the stage has degenerated. Perhaps the thought "there are no songs like the old songs" passes current when used with reference to the stage with better grace than it does when applied to any other institution of the time. The youthful play-goer is made to feel his deplorably bad taste if he sets up any modern actor, or, as more frequently happens, actress, as his idol in matters thespian. He is excused by the kindly old play-goer on the ground that the poor fellow had the misfortune to be born twenty-five or forty or fifty years too late.

I, myself, committed a crime at an age when my youth and ignorance should have been an excuse; but for it I have been suffering at the hands of old, middle-aged and comparatively youthful play-goers ever since. I never went to see Adelaide Neilson act. I wish I had; it would give me a world of comfort to be able to have my say in the matter whenever her name is mentioned. And mentioned it is whenever any actress of the day is pronounced great or beautiful. To a very large portion of the theatre-going public, Adelaide Neilson seems to form the basis of comparison when the merits of any actress of to-day are spoken of. What her peculiar charm was I can never know, but she certainly left a warm and loving impression on the hearts of all who heard her voice and saw her smile,—an impression the unfortunate ones who have not seen her cannot wholly understand.

This is the reward of the great player! When he dies he can leave no legacy upon which posterity may pronounce him a genius; but he can beget in the hearts of the people of his own time a warmth of affection that trebles the influence of the greatest poet or the most profound philosopher, or the most sympathetic of painters.

It is natural then that the days of youth, when the heart is most susceptible to impressions, beautiful and ignoble, should be the time in which the genius of an actor is best realized; and that the days when artistic tenets were to him new and beautiful, should seem afterwards to the old play-goer the halcyon days of the stage; and though he may have retained much of his youth, the actors he saw in the days when he drank "all life's quintessence in an hour," still should seem the greatest. Therefore the young play-goer should hesitate to believe acting and playwrights have degenerated; should take *cum grano salis* any mild depreciation that may be poured on the idol of the hour, and reflect that if he lives long enough he will be at the same thing himself some time. I, myself, confidently expect that, if I keep my health, and the law allows me to live, and no accident happens me, I will come to find the stage degenerated, and to tell my now prospective, enthusiastic grandsons that the greatness of Willard was beyond the comprehension of the generation of the period in which I then live.

Seriously, I think we are justified in believing that never in the history of civilization—and there has scarce been a civilization without a theatre—has there been acting so grand as at present, and such noble holding of the mirror up to nature; and, after all, naturalness or truth is the criterion by which all intellectual and modern critics judge the stage. The man with the widest range in the expression of truth is the best actor, provided

he possesses the nobler qualities which are the obverse of what is known as commonplace.

For, acting that is great is largely a matter of temperament; and how many instances do we find of "stars" whose stock-in-trade is physical grandeur, or ability to correctly simulate Richard's strut, but who display the commonplace temperament, and whose impersonations are barren of moods or sympathetic feeling. But we begin to regard an actor as great who expresses some little human truth; who bares the heart of the character he impersonates; who shows us that a man is not possessed of one or two emotions only, but who depicts a character with many sides.

In modern years, that branch of art which is known as "character" acting, has grown into noble proportions. The spirit which animates the great character-actors of to-day is a beautiful one; it aims to show that physical deformity, personal eccentricity and all those peculiarities which call for such pains and constancy in the actor who sustains them, cannot disguise a real heart or a real soul; that the greatest deformity is instinct with the divine principle of spiritual life; that man is first of all a being who has a soul, an erring, weak one, perhaps, but one which has been entrusted with the power to do great good as well as great evil. There is no living man who is not worthy of someone's friendship, and the great character actor finds some one lovable trait in the most eccentric character, and expresses it by his art.

There is a good deal of fustian used at the present day about the greatness of the actor who can disguise his personality. Would the actors and critics who pronounce this feat the summit of artistic greatness deprive art of all its higher meaning? Would they reduce it to mere technical trickery? In the case of W. H. Thompson, for instance, critics are open-mouthed with amazement because his friends can hardly recognize him when on the stage, and they neglect to chronicle the art that in Martha Morton's "Geoffrey Middleton, Gentleman," made the character of old Thomas Merritt a lovable one. Here was a man who tried with gold to purchase wedded happiness for his daughter; yet those who saw him thought not of his vulgarity, but of his love for his daughter. Why do people love Joseph Jefferson? Because he is clever at sustaining personal peculiarities, or because of the lovableness that he imparts to every character he creates?

It is temperament that makes the actor: his range may be small, but if he can simulate even a few emotions, give life to but one type of character, with an intensity of truth that strikes home to the hearts of his audience, he is pronounced great. Genius is so indefinite an entity that we are obliged to define it as the ability to carry the auditor away from himself to live in the world of the character; to echo in the countless moods of this living picture the countless moods of ourselves.

I do not know a better example of acting in the modern spirit than Wilson Barrett's "Hamlet." Previous Hamlets were magnificent, fiery souls who, at the climaxes, thrilled their auditors with telling force, but who were not easily to be comprehended: but up springs an actor and makes all clear; the Dane is a fellow we can all understand, a man of quickly changing moods, in depths of melancholy now, in sanguine, jolly spirits again.

And the peerless Willard as Cyrus Blenkarn! Here is a man who in his face and in his voice can show you so many sides of the character, can give so complete and varied a picture that you forget until the curtain drops that this man is an actor. The veritable torrent of emotion that pervades his cry for justice!—was there ever a more forceful expression of the truth?

Did an audience ever experience a more perfect realization of a heart torn by grief than in hearing Willard in "The Middleman"? and yet the actor has apparently a limitless range of expression in other and gentler moods. Sweet fatherly tenderness; grim persistency; and wild despair. A man's lifetime in three hours!

We have seen Henry Irving, a man surprisingly deficient in most of the physical attributes that go to make a good actor, lacking in vocal power, possessed of strange mannerisms of speech and bearing, having at command but a diminutive volume of passionate emotion, win his laurels by sheer intellectuality, by a most subtle appreciation for every mood and feeling of the character he impersonates. Such wealth of elaboration in every detail that might tend to make the character more human, more intelligible to his audience had never before been known in the history of the stage. The very Napoleon of actors, he has passed over more obstacles, won more battles, than any actor who ever lived, and if not the greatest actor of to-day he justly wears his honors as the greatest man upon the stage of any country or any time.

The demand for a varied, lucid portrayal of the varied moods of a character seems to have steadily grown until now. No actor is called great who is even in his lesser scenes guilty of monotony. Agile facility in the display of emotional power is what the auditor demands of the actor. The minor doings of the character must be as human, as far removed from the flatly commonplace, as his climaxes. Every movement is expected to lend new interest to and to throw a fresh light on the character. Even the modern comedian paints in delicate touches as well as bold dashes; his torrent of humor must be regulated with the utmost delicacy of treatment. The lover may burst forth with fire divine at the proper period, but the modern audience expects a picture more complete than that of a man who makes love with stirring passion at intervals. The cry is for completeness, for naturalness, for truth.

William Winter tells a story with reference to Joseph Jefferson and his Rip Van Winkle, the man who draws forth laughter and tears and makes us love a character who is to the practical mind worse than worthless. The late Charles Mathews once said to Jefferson, "Jefferson, I am glad to see you making your fortune, but I hate to see you doing it with one part and a carpet-bag." "It is certainly better," answered the comedian, "to play one part and make it various than to play a hundred parts and make them all alike." Jefferson spoke in the modern spirit. No man is all clown, all hero or all villain.

It is the same with the ladies, with this provision, that the modern audience demands that the heroine who is described as beautiful be beautiful; and though an actress be plain enough off the stage she must use all arts to be lovely on the stage. Such is our affection for beauty—first beauty of form, then beauty of voice and expression, then beauty of face—that it excuses a multitude of sins against art. But we still demand that the character be various; Sarah Bernhardt's best claim for greatness rests on the completeness and adequacy of her Fedora or her La Tosca. The fire of the grand scenes is not by any means lessened because we see every other mood as carefully and as effectively played. Seeing her, one feels that this is a real girl whose heart is being tried in the fire, and it is seldom that any critic neglects to say that her every look and gesture is studied. But the limitations of temperament spring up; she can play La Tosca with indescribable force, but she cannot be Rosalind. One scale of measuring a woman's greatness is that of the height of her passionate intensity, but reading Bernhardt's commendation of Julia Marlowe, the actress who

never makes a climax, I cannot but think that the great Frenchwoman's scale is that of completeness and variety in the interpretation of human nature.

America has several nature-trained Rosalinds, all as true, as natural, as can be; each as different from the other as can be. Julia Marlowe, of tender, flower-like temperament; Ada Rehan, buoyant, sparkling, and full of merry laughter; Marie Wainwright, full of sympathetic passion. And such is the liberality of modern critics that they accept each conception as true; and each as complete in itself. How can they do otherwise, when all throw so many lights on the heart of the girl; when each shows a woman that with her many moods has a living force.

Modern criticism has grown gratifyingly liberal under these precepts; we hear no more dogmatic, bull-headed insistence about "conceptions" on the part of the critics now-a-days esteemed great. The critic's province now is to study the personality, intellectual fibre and sympathetic temperament of the actor. He has the noble task of examining the colors, the richness, and the depth of sensitive feeling of the soul of a fellow-man: if one Hamlet or one Romeo is a complete and inspiring picture, it is quite possible for another Hamlet or another Romeo to be quite as complete and quite as inspiring, though altogether different in coloring and conception. The words a man says, are less important than the manner in which he says them.

From the greatness of modern acting has sprung a modernism with regard to plays that excites the denunciatory tendencies of students of the Greek drama and black letter tomes. That is, the lack of "the literary quality" in modern plays. A year or so before his death, Sir Daniel Wilson, in a lecture at old 'Varsity, read a commination service over the modern drama that had all the completeness and terseness of any Scotchman's invective. I presume that Sir Daniel's information was drawn from reading advance notices, for the modern advance man betrays a shockingly Philistine spirit. Plays that are all full of the most human pathos and humor are heralded by highly-colored and altogether misleading advertisements; but it must be remembered that the readers of advance notices and bill-boards are usually persons whose artistic tastes have not received a sufficient cultivation, but whom each new modern play of any pretension has some share in educating. Thus I have seen "The Middleman" heralded as a play possessing "a lurid background of revenge," which has a strangely familiar sound, suggestive of the pistol and the poison cup.

Modern plays are literally teeming with moving scenes of everyday life, and the weakest of them can be made good by the rich temperament of a good actor. "Good acting, good play," is the adage, and it is the modern love and sympathy for human nature which has wrung the neck of the "literary quality" in plays. In the old comedies and dramas, the literary quality is synonymous with the 'talky" quality. What man in his right senses has the literary quality in his everyday walk through the world: in real life do we smother the crucial scenes of our existence with words? The modern audience does not look for repartee and epigram; a little of it lends flavor, but much of it is tedious.

No novelist can make his characters talk just as they would if the same people moved in real life; nor can the playwright. The actor is expected to use good English, which is a rare accomplishment in everyday conversation, but the playwright has the privilege of allowing the people of his fancy to speak with the terseness and absence of platitudes that characterize modern speech. A man who talks as much and with as little purpose as Claude Melnotte, is nowadays voted as much a bore on the stage as he always has been off the stage. In the

great and crucial scenes of Shakespeare's plays, the absence of the chimerical "literary quality" must be noticed. The noble, lovely poems, like "The Seven Ages," are spoken as interludes. The world would have met with a terrible loss, indeed, if only the real dialogue of Shakespeare's plays had been preserved, but his fame in the theatre would be as great, his name as holy, as it is now.

Modern playrights have a richness of sympathy, a breadth of view in treating human life, that places them far above the dramatists of the last century, or the early half of this. The old-time play with its "stratagem," its artificial characters, has happily passed away. Take for instance the play "Judah" by Henry Arthur Jones. The author, in telling a beautiful love story, has introduced as a background a most intelligent consideration of the sympathy with and interest in matters occult which characterize modern life. The subject never becomes obtrusive, but it is turned around and viewed from many sides; a heroine who is possessed of the strange power which gives her influence enough over the minds of some of her fellow beings, to work cures upon their bodies; a charlatan who grows fat upon popular credulity; a scientist who seeks to find "the great secret" of the soul's existence by mathematical deduction; and a hero whose highly-wrought spiritual nature brings what seem to be spiritual voices to his ears—all these lend interest to the subject. But occultism serves as a background to sparkling comedy, passionate human love, and a moral crisis of terrible significance. Could there be better literary qualities than these?

The theatre allures millions of people, and the taste of many is crude, but I believe that bad taste is by no means confined to modern theatrical audiences. There are some scenes in Shakespeare we can only account for by considering the wretchedly bad taste of the Elizabethan audiences. Now, Shakespeare was a manager and necessarily a sinner, and there are some scenes in his plays that, when played before the audiences of his time, must have been as wretchedly bad as anything I ever saw played. They may have been put in after his death by the "ham-fatting" actors of his day, but they have been preserved by the nobility and illimitable greatness of the scenes with which they are surrounded. Even Lancelot Gobbo would be gladly dispensed with by more intelligent theatre-goers.

To deny that there is much on the stage even at the present time that offends good taste, much that being beneath criticism is not criticized, would be Quixotic. I suppose that there will never be a time when the crudest sort of pictures will not find a market; the grossest trivialities in the way of literature find thousands of readers. The masses do not care for dramatic criticism; it is for the few, not the many; the sons of the many grow anxious to breathe the artistic atmosphere of the few, and honest criticism is never without its influence, no matter what may be said to the contrary.

"The purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature," saith the prophet. Those whose views of life and knowledge of human nature are crude are easily moved by crude, cheap, artificial effects; but the great and true artist never acts in vain, never lacks a thoughtful, sympathetic, discerning audience, And there is one principle that even the most grovelling of playwrights never forgets, which is that the most ignorant of audiences expects a triumph of virtue, a concession to the spark of the God-like that is in man.

SIR LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE.

SIR LANCELOT.

(Dedicated to the Memory of Alfred, Lord Tennyson.)

He rode, a king, amid the armored knights,
The glory of day tossing on helm and shield,
And all the glory of his youth and joy,
In the strong, wine-like splendor of his face.
He rode among them, the one man of men,
Their lordliest, loveliest, he who might have been,
Because of very human breadth of love,
And his glad, winning sympathy for earth,
Greater than even Arthur under heaven.

Kindlier than the morning was his face,
Swift, like the lightning, was his eagle glance,
No bit of beauty earth had ever held,
Of child or flower or dream of woman's face,
Or noble, passing godliness of mood,
In man toward man, but garnered in his eye,
As in some mere that gathereth all earth's face,
And foldeth it in beauty to its breast.

He rode among them, Arthur's own right hand,
Arthur, whom he loved as John loved Christ,
And watched each day with joy that lofty brow
Lift up its lonely splendor, isolate,
Half God-like, o'er that serried host of spears,
And knew his love the kingliest, holiest thing,
'Twixt man and man upon this glowing earth.

So passed those days of splendor and of peace,
When all men loved his majesty and strength
And kindliness of spirit which the king,
Great Arthur, with his lofty coldness lacked.
'Twas Lancelot fought the mightiest in the lists,
And beat with thunders back the brazen shields,
And stormed the fastness of the farthest isles,
Slaying the grizzly warriors of the meres,
And winning all men's fealty and love,
And worship of fair women in the towers,
Who laid their distaffs down to watch him pass;
And made the hot blood mantle each fair cheek,
With sweet sense of his presence, till all men
Called Arthur half a god, and Lancelot
The greatest heart that beat in his great realm.

Then came that fatal day that brake his life,
When he being sent of Arthur, all unknowing,
Saw Guinevere, like some fair flower of heaven,
As men may only see in dreams the gods
Do send to kill the common ways of earth,
And make all else but drear and dull and bleak;
Such magic she did work upon his soul,
Till Arthur, God and all the Table round,
Were but a nebulous mist before his eyes,
In which the splendor of her beauty shone.

Henceforth the years would rise and wane and die,
And glory come and glory pass away,
And battles pass as in a troubled dream,
And Arthur be a ghost, and his knights ghosts ;—
The castles and the lists and the mad fights,
Sacking of cities, scourging of country-sides,
All dreams before his eyes ;—all, save her love.

So girded she her magic round his heart,
And meshed him in a golden mesh of love,
And marred his sense of all earth's splendor there.

But in the after-days when brake the end,
And she had fled to Glastonbury's cells,
With all the world one clamor at her sin ;
And Arthur like a storm-smit pine-tree stood,
Alone amid his kingdom's blackened ruins ;—
Then Lancelot knew his life an evil dream,
And thought him of the friendship of their youth
And all the days that they had been together,
And "Arthur," "Arthur," spake from all the meres
And "Arthur," "Arthur," moaned from days afar.
And Lancelot grieved him of his woeful sin :—
"And this the hand that smote mine Arthur down
That brake his glory, ruined his great hope
Of one vast kingdom built on noble deeds,
And truth and peace for many days to be.
This hand that should have been his truest strength
Next to that high honor which he held."
And all the torrents of his sorrow brake
For his own Arthur, Arthur standing lone,
Like some unriven pine that towers alone
Amid the awful ruins of a world.

And then a woful longing smote him there,
To ride by murk and moon, by mere and waste,
To where the king made battle with his foes,
And look, unknown, upon his face, and die.

So thinking this he fled, and the queen's wraith
A memory, in the moonlight fled with him.
But stronger with him fled his gladder youth
And all the memories of the splendid past,
Until his heart yearned for the days that were,
And that great, noble soul who fought alone.

Then coming by cock-crow and the glimmering dawn,
He reached the gray-walled castle of the land,
Where the king tarried ere he went to fight
The last dread battle of the Table Round.
And the grim sentinels who guarded there,
Thinking only of him as Arthur's friend
And knowing not the Lancelot scandal named,
And judging by the sorrow of his face,
Deemed him some knight who came to aid the king
And pointing past the waning beacon fires,
Said, "There he sleeps as one who hath no woes."

And Lancelot passing silent left them there,
And entering the old abbey, ('twas some ruin
Of piety and worship of past days),
Saw in the flicker of a dying hearth,
Mingled with faint glimmering of the dawn,
The great king sleeping, where a mighty cross
Threw its dread shadow o'er his moving breast.

And Lancelot knew the same, strong, god-like face
That he had worshipped in the days no more,
And all their olden gladness smote him now,
And he had wept, but that his awful sin,
That made a wall of flame betwixt them there,
Had seared the very fountain of his soul.
Whereat he moaned, "O, noble, saintly heart,
Couldst thou but know amidst thine innocent sleep,
Save for the awful sin that flames between,
That here doth stand the Lancelot of old days,
The one of all the world who loved thee most,
The joyous friend of all thy glorious youth;
O, noble! God-like! Lancelot, who hath sinned
As none hath sinned against thee, now hath come
To gaze upon thy majesty and die.
O, Arthur! thou great Arthur of my youth,
My sun, my joy, my glory!"

Here the king
Stirred in his sleep, and murmured, "Guinevere!"

And Lancelot feeling that an age of ages,
Hoary with all anguish of old crime
And hideous bloodshed, were now builded up
Betwixt him and the king at that one name,
Clothed with the mad despairings of his shame,
Stole like some shrunken ghost life from that place,
To look no more upon great Arthur's face.

Then it did smite upon him he must die;
And in him the old ghost of honor woke
That he must die in battle, and go out
Where no dread sorrow could gnaw at his heart,
But all forgetting and eternal sleep.

Whereat the madness of old battle woke,
For his dread sin now burned all softness out,
And the glad kindliness of the Table Round,
And left him, shorn of all the Christian knight,
The gentle lord who only smote to save,
Or shield the helpless from the brutal stroke;
And flamed his heart there with the lust to slay,
And slaying be slain as his grim sires went out.

Then some far trumpet startled all the morn,
Trembling westward from its dewy sleep.
And with the day new battle woke the meres,
And as some wood-wolf scents the prey afar,
The noise of coming battle smote his ears,

And woke in him the fierceness of his race,
And the old pagan, joyous lust of fight.
And crying, "Farewell Arthur, mine old youth,
Farewell Lancelot, mine old kinder self,
Lancelot, Arthur's brother, lie there low,
Slain with the glory wherewithal you fell,
While this new Lancelot, new-bred of old time,
Before the new hope of the loftier day,
Before the reign of mercy and glad law,
Thunders in old madness forth to war."
And as in some bleak ruin of a house
Where all the sweet, home joys are ravaged out,
And some grim evil pack hath entered in
To tear and snarl, so the old Lancelot passed.

And where he closed the battle's fiercest shock
Did hem him round, till as some mighty surf,
That clamors, thundering round some seaward tower,
Toward him the battle roared, and clanged his shield,
And fast his blade went circling in the sun,
Like some red, flaming wheel, where'er he went;
Nor cared for friend or foe, so that he slew,
And drank his cup of madness to the death.
Till those he fought with dreamed some giant earl
Of grim old days had come once more to earth,
To fight anew the battles of his youth.

But some huge islemen of the west were there:
And they were fain to hew him down, and came
Like swift, loud storms of autumn at him there.
Then there grew clamor of the reddest fight
That ever men beheld, and all outside
Were stayed in awe to see that one man fight
With that dread host of wilding warriors there.
Nor stayed his awful brand, but left and right
Whirled he its bloody flamings in the sun,
And men went down as in October woods
Do crash the mighty trunks before the blast,
Till all were slain but one grim islesman left.
But Lancelot by this was all one stream
Of ruddy wounds, and like some fire his brain.
And, with one awful shout of battle joy,
He sent his sword-blade wheeling in the sun,
And cleft that awful islesman to the neck;
And crying "Arthur!" smote the earth, and died.

Then spread such terror over all the foe,
That gods did fight with them there, that they fled,
And all that day the battle moved afar,
Out to the west by distant copse and mere,
Till died the tumult, and the night came in,
With mighty hush far over all that waste.
And one by one the lonely stars came out,
And over the meres the wintry moon looked down,
Unmindful of poor Lancelot and his wounds,
His dead, lost youth, the stillness of his face,
And all that awful carnage silent there.

OTTAWA. —WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

GLIMPSES OF THE "QUARTIER LATIN."

BY JOHN HOME CAMERON.

PARIS has developed from the germ planted in what still remains almost precisely the centre—the islands known as the City and St. Louis, lying like great ships moored in the Seine. The island called *La Cité* was the nucleus, and still contains some of the most important buildings in Paris. The cathedral of Notre Dame is among them, and we are very immediately concerned with that, for Notre Dame and its schools formed the centre of the learning of the middle ages before instruction ceased to be the monopoly of the church. This, then, is the real centre of the Latin or students' quarter, which grew, as we shall see, far beyond the jurisdiction of the bishop, until it formed a large and crowded section of the walled city, and a country of its own. It was at last known as the *University*, which was synonymous with Latin Quarter, "*Quartier Latin*" or sometimes "*Pays Latin.*"

There is a tradition which assigns the foundation of the university of Paris to the reign of Charlemagne, that is to say, a few years previous to 800. The university itself to this day commemorates its reputed patron saint by festivities held in the lycées and colleges on the 28th of January, known as La Saint Charlemagne.

The fact, however, is that the University of Paris had no individual existence till it was established by letters patent from Philip Augustus in 1200.

Previous to this period the schools were attached to the churches and monasteries. In Paris they were dependencies of the cathedral. In the twelfth century the cathedral schools having become over-crowded, some of the most eminent masters transported their classes to the Montagne Sainte-Geneviève—a hill rising at a short distance from the river on the south or left bank. The Bishop of Paris entered vigorous remonstrances against the secession. The lectures on the mountain were decreed to be forbidden fruit, which was reason enough why the students should climb after them. The young men crowded up in great numbers, and for once the attendance of lectures took care of itself.

Philip Augustus, that provident monarch whose hand has left its generous traces in material as well as intellectual Paris, issued a decree sanctioning and regulating the liberalization of the schools, and conferring upon them collectively the dignity of a corporation, under the title *Universitas Parisiensis magistrorum et scholarium.* At the same time he secured to them various privileges, among which was their independence of ecclesiastical control, as represented by the bishop on the one hand and of the civil and criminal jurisdiction exercised by the Provost of Paris on the other.

The part of the city on the south side of the river thus came to be called the University. It was enclosed and protected as part of Paris by the great wall of Philip Augustus, built of stone and strengthened by towers and bastions running round the entire city.

The University quarter developed rapidly and was soon filled with houses, schools and churches.

The life of the students in those days was not exactly what it is now. They are described as being ill-housed, ill-clad, and exposed to all the torments of hunger and cold. They could be recognized by their starved look, their pale faces, and their scanty wardrobes. If there were "residences,"

as we now call them, they were not sumptuously furnished, and they had not the benefit of fresh air from a quadrangle—nor from anywhere else. The so-called "colleges" of the 13th and succeeding centuries were not public schools, but merely groups, societies, bodies of persons united by the same office or calling: brotherhoods in fact, lodging together in hotels, which came to be known by distinguishing names,—sometimes the name of the company inhabiting it, sometimes the name of the founder to whose beneficence its establishment was due.

These colleges provided lodgings for the students, and in many cases food as well, but not always instruction. That would seem to have been received by numbers of the students in one or two of the open streets of their quarter. At all events, it is quite certain they sat upon the ground in the dust or the mud. Sometimes, however, especially in winter, the ground was covered with straw. But when, on two famous occasions, the students reached the luxury of benches, they were soon deprived of them, in order to remove from them all temptation to pride (*ut occasio superbæ a juvenibus secludatur*).

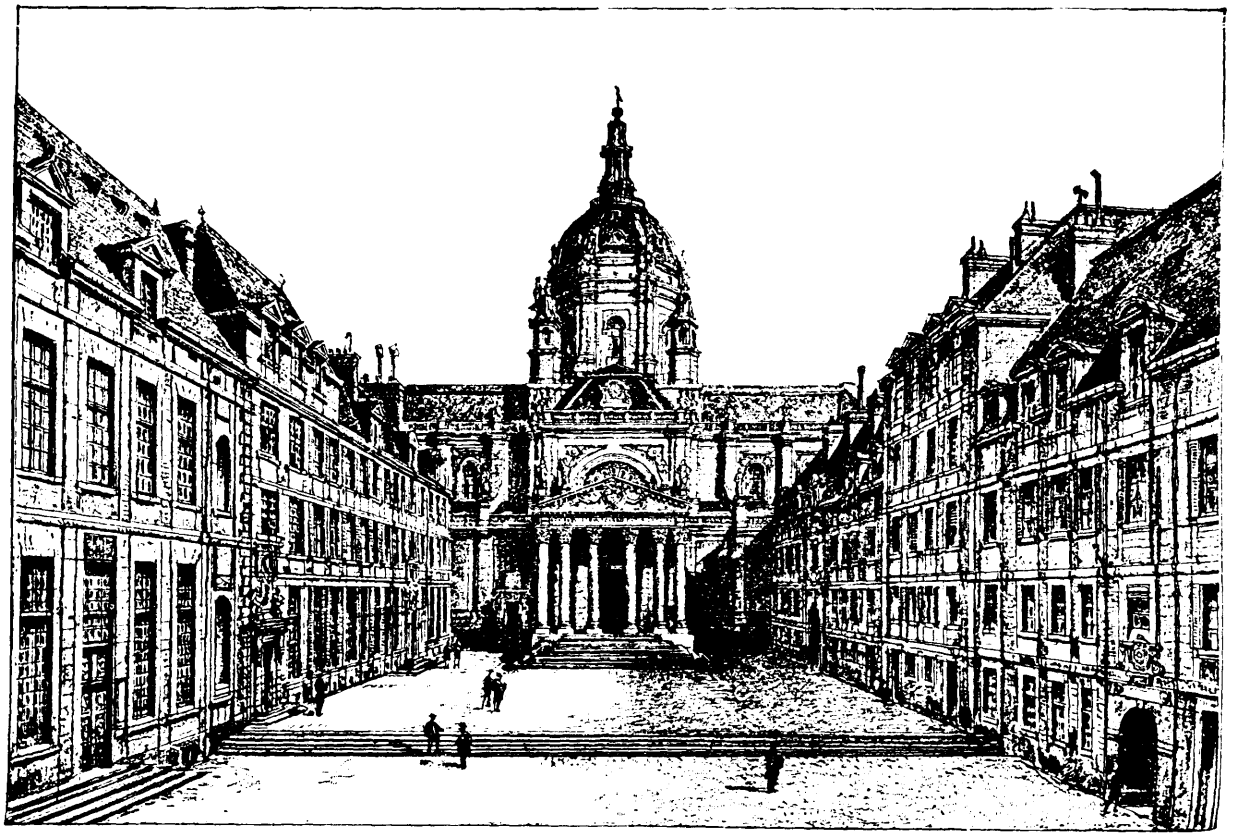
The colleges were not large establishments, such as Parisian lycées and colleges of to-day, containing hundreds of pupils each. Indeed, I have counted the sites of more than 30 of them, all founded between 1250 and 1450.

It was one of these colleges, the Collège de Montaigu, for which Erasmus and Rabelais gained such notoriety early in the sixteenth century. In one of his Latin dialogues, Erasmus makes two scholars talk as follows: —— "Whence came you?" —— "From the Collège Montaigu." —— "Then you come to us laden with learning?" —— "Nay, rather with vermin (*imo pediculis.*)."

Erasmus, speaking for himself, has left us a woeful picture of the place, from which I take a few sentences: "I lived thirty years ago in a college of Paris, where they brewed so much theology that the walls were soaked with it; but I brought away with me naught else than cold humours and a multitude of vermin.....The beds were so hard, the food so scanty, the vigils and studies so severe, that many young men of bright promise, in the very first year of their sojourn in that college, became mad, blind or leprous, when they did not die outright. Many of the bedrooms.....were so filthy and pestiferous that none of those who dwelt in them came out alive, or without the seeds of a grievous malady. The punishments, which consisted of scourging with whips, were administered with all the severity that one could look for from the hand of a hangman." These floggings, he informs us, were intended by the principal to force the scholars to enter holy orders. "For that man," he goes on to say, "would have made monks of us all; and to teach us to fast, he withheld flesh from us absolutely. Oh, how many rotten eggs I have eaten there! What quantities of musty wine I have drunk!"

To complete the dreadful picture of Erasmus, we have only to consult the time-table of the Collège Montaigu, found in the regulations drawn up in 1503. The exercises, which extended from four o'clock in the morning to bed-time (eight in winter and nine in summer), consisted of lectures, prayers and discussions. The physical exercise would seem to have consisted chiefly in the gesticulations and chest-expansion incident to the disputations which, we are told, very frequently passed rapidly from words to blows.

The Collège Montaigu has long since disappeared. It was broken up exactly a hundred years ago, and the buildings it then occupied became a hospital. This in turn was abolished, and, curiously enough, it is on the same site that the handsome Bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève has been erected, which presents a sufficiently



QUADRANGLE OF THE OLD SORBONNE.

striking contrast in attractiveness, and salubrity to the unsavory residence of the days of Erasmus and Rabelais.

It is sometimes asked why in these days the French have so much to say about the Sorbonne, and so little about the University of Paris. The explanation is contained in a few historical facts.

The real founder of Sorbonne seems to have been Robert de Douai, who was canon of Senlis and physician to Margaret of Provence, the wife of Saint Louis (Louis IX.). In the terms of his will, he left 1,500 pounds for the foundation of the college, entrusting the execution of his will to his friend, Robert de Sorbon, who had advised him to make this disposal of his fortune. Robert de Sorbon was a poor priest of Champagne, and chaplain to St. Louis. He began to carry into effect the wishes of his deceased friend in the year 1255, assisted by King Louis, who gave houses and land for the construction of the college.

It was erected on the Montagne Sainte-Geneviève, and had attached to it a preparatory school, afterwards known as La Petite-Sorbonne.

It was a modest institution, intended to lodge sixteen poor students chosen from the "four nations." This arrangement was afterward modified, and the Sorbonne became the home of some of the doctors of the Faculty of Theology of Paris, who lived there permanently, and formed the *Société de Sorbonne*. This college then attracted students from all quarters to hear the most learned men of the period. By the close of the century it had been erected into a full faculty of theology, and was conferring the degrees of bachelor, licentiate and doctor. The severity of its examinations gave a special value to its diplomas. Indeed, in the fourteenth and following centuries, the "thesis" and the public disputation which lasted from five in the morning till seven in the evening, and which had to be successfully passed in order to gain the diploma of the school, earned a very high reputation and attracted students from all Europe. It is stated that at times the number of disputants in these discussions reached sixty.

The fame of the Sorbonne professors rose so high that questions of dogma and canon law were submitted to them for decision, and their authority was recognized over all the church, even the Pope being glad, on more than one occasion, to avail himself of their erudition.

It was inevitable that so great an ecclesiastical instrument should be put to political uses. The Sorbonne demanded and sustained the condemnation of Joan of Arc. During the Reformation it was the animating spirit of all the persecutions against Protestants and unbelievers. Indeed, had it been allowed to take its own way, Master Francis Rabelais, despite the fact that he was one of the clergy, would assuredly have died sooner than he did, and in a more public fashion.

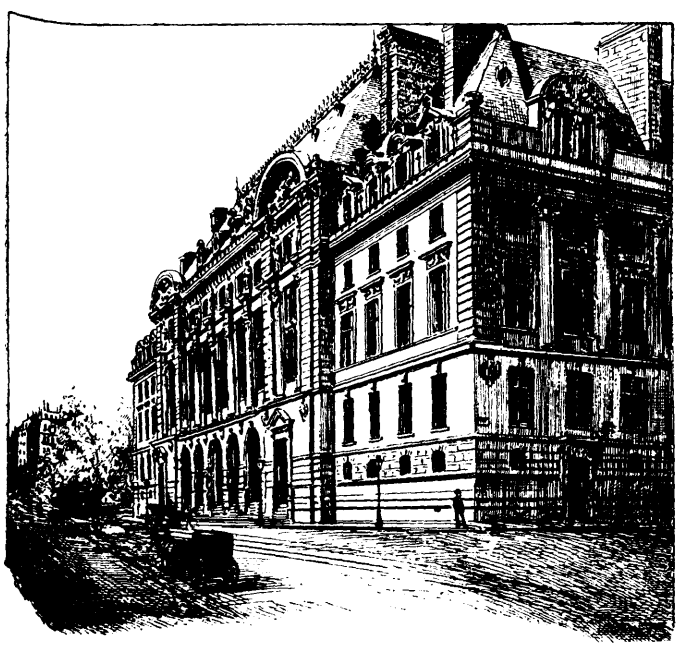
It is not proved that the Sorbonne instigated or advised the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, but when the butchery was over, it found no difficulty in justifying it.

The decline of its authority dates from the period of Henry III., against whom it stirred up the League. At Rome it lost favor by subscribing to the famous declaration of the French clergy, which in four articles laid down the fundamental principles of the Gallican Church in 1682. By this action a powerful instrument was placed in the hands of Louis XIV., which he was only too glad to use; but it caused great indignation at the Papal court, and destroyed the authority of the Sorbonne with the *Curia Romana*.

The last notable political interference on the part of the Sorbonne occurred in the celebrated Jansenist controversy under Louis XIV. and Louis XV., which I must be satisfied merely to mention.

At last came the Revolution, and in 1790 the Sorbonne, together with all the old universities, was abolished: since then there has been no University of Paris.

In 1808 Napoleon carried into effect his project of one great University for all France, with separate *Académies* for the several regions. This arrangement has never been changed; although there has been going on for the past two or three years an animated discussion of the proposal to restore the old universities, with their local government and privileges. At present there exists no university but the University of France, including not only all the professors in the numerous faculties of arts, law, medicine and theology scattered up and down through the land, but the teachers in the Lycées or Government High Schools, as well. The whole immense organization is under the control of the Government, and the head or grand master of the University of France is the Minister of Public Instruction.

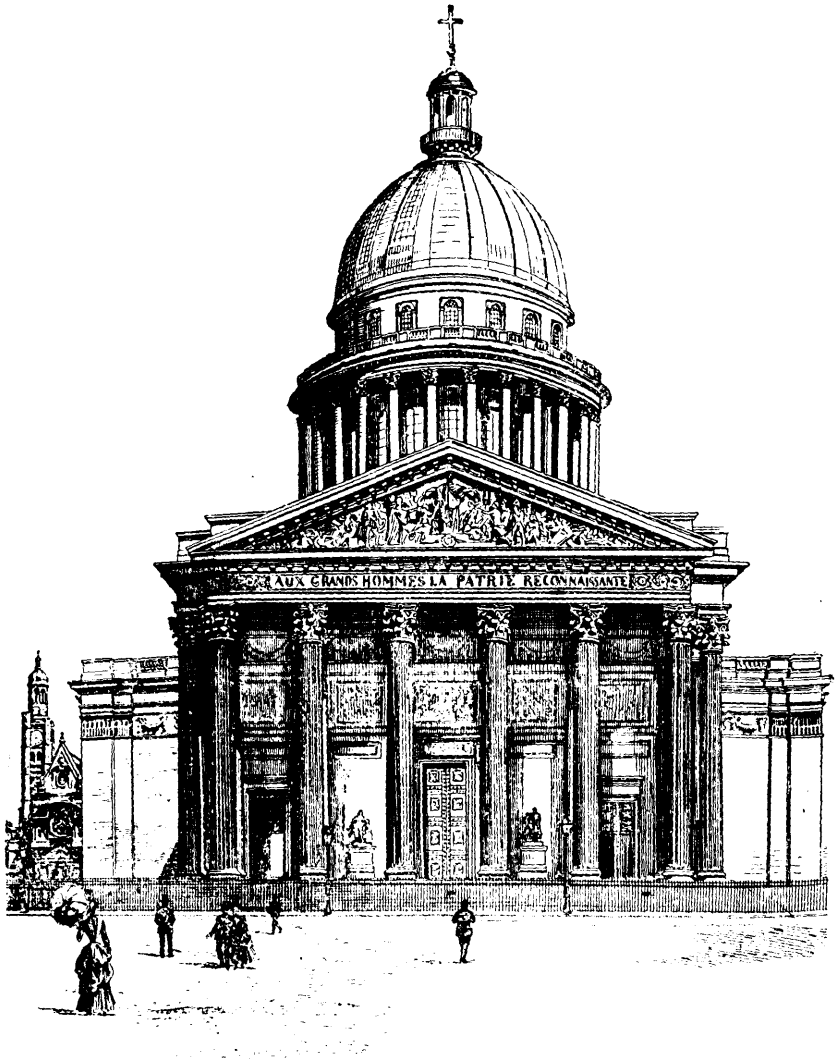


FACADE—NEW SORBONNE.

The various académies in France number sixteen in all, which means that the country is divided into sixteen different regions, each with an educational centre of more or less importance, in which the government examinations are held. There are, of course, in some of them, one or more faculties engaged in teaching, just as in Paris. Each Académie is governed by a *recteur*, assisted by *inspecteurs d' académie*, usually one for each of the departments composing the Académie, although in the single department of the Seine, which includes Paris, there are as many as ten of these inspectors. But, to return to our Sorbonne, which we left overthrown among the ruins of the old régime in 1790.

When in 1808, Napoleon created the University of Paris, the Sorbonne once more came into being, and remains to-day the centre of higher education in Paris. How different its present place from what it used to be, will be evident from the fact that now it forms simply the seat of the *Académie de Paris*, and does not include within its walls more than two of the five faculties, viz., the faculty of arts and the faculty of sciences. From another stand-point, the Sorbonne is more important than ever, for it is the greatest French school of letters, philosophy and science. In the buildings known as the Sorbonne you find the head of the whole educational system of the Academy of Paris. The rector or vice-rector, who is to be found here, together with his secretaries, is the

president of the *Conseil Académique*, which is the seat of legislature and discipline for the district embraced by the Academy. He is the head, consequently, of the five combined faculties, scattered over Paris, of theology, arts, law, sciences, medicine and pharmacy, each of which has for its head a *doyen* or dean. The Sorbonne is moreover, the centre of all the great ceremonies connected with the University. In its spacious amphitheatre many a learned and brilliant assembly has met. The disputations for the degree of doctor are held here. Although they no longer extend from five in the morning till seven in the evening, they occupy the best part of an afternoon, and are very remarkable events in the University world, especially when the candidate for the doctor's degree is a man of unusual originality, and has in his thesis expressed views which provoke sharp criticism from the distinguished professors and doctors who for the moment are his examiners.



THE PANTHEON.

The *Collège de France* occupies a very remarkable position in French education. It was founded three centuries and a half ago by Francis I., for the express purpose of giving higher instruction to all who would go to hear it. It began about 1530 with a chair of Greek and another of Hebrew, which were in two years increased to three for each of these languages. This at once aroused the enmity of the professors of the University who depended for a living on their fees, while those of the new college taught gratuitously and were supported by the government.

This opposition was intensified by the fact that Greek and Hebrew were declared by the authorities of the Sorbonne to be dangerous languages, as unlocking the Holy Scriptures to every one. Indeed, this opposition on the part of the doctors of the church was so strong that they succeeded in closing the *Collège de France* for a time, just as they succeeded in stopping or controlling the printing presses. But the cause of liberty soon triumphed, and the *Collège de France* has flourished ever since. It has at present, in all, forty-two professors, who are the most eminent men to be had in their respective subjects. To show what freedom now exists in France, I need only say that a year ago there was appointed a new professor as the representative of the philosophy of Auguste Comte, and the co-ordination of the sciences.

The *Collége de France* has been since 1831 directly under the control of the minister of public instruction; but it is quite outside of the university administration. The proposals of candidates for vacant chairs are made by the Institute of France and the body of the professors, by a double presentation, and the head of the State (at present the President of the Republic), chooses from among those proposed.

The classes are open to every one and are quite free. A very large proportion of ladies are regularly seen in certain of the courses which attract the general public; but I have seen a few even at the severely scientific lectures, such as those in historical French grammar and phonetics.

The students attending the Collège de France are not included in the enumeration made annually of the students of Paris, nor are the students at the military and technical schools. The numbers enumerated for 1890-91 in the various faculties — arts, sciences, protest., theology, law, medicine and pharmacy—reached 10,518. They were distributed as follows: In medicine, 4,074; law, 3,091; arts, 1091; sciences, 668; protestant theology, 35; school of pharmacy, 1,560.

Among these there were 1,142 foreigners; 809 in medicine, from Russia, North America, England, Roumania, Turkey, Greece and Switzerland. In law there were 168. In sciences, 70 (from England, Russia, Greece and Roumania). In letters, 76 (Germany, Switzerland and Danubian principalities). In the protestant faculty of theology, 15.

In this connection I should mention that there exists a committee of patronage for foreign students, with M. Pasteur for president. Its aim is to furnish all the information required by foreigners coming to study in Paris, and to cultivate friendly relations with other university centres of the world.

The Parisian student has a reputation for irrepressible gaiety. We are not accustomed to regard him as going to Paris "to shun delights and live laborious days," though he does much oftener than we imagine. It is quite true that he is given to amusing himself in odd ways. He lives in a country where, now and again, he can permit himself the luxury of a revolution. But this ebullition is not a thing of recent date. It is not the product of the republican régime; but flourished long ago under the least democratic condition of French government.

We find the Parisian students still ready for a revolt and invariably on the side of liberty against oppression. Nor have their voices been always lifted in vain. They contributed materially to two revolutions, one in 1830 and another in 1848. In the latter case there were very advanced republicans in the colleges of the Latin Quarter; and many of them died either on the barricades or in exile.

ATTIC WOOING.

I saw a little restlessness in Paris in the anxious days of the close of 1887, when all Paris was crying for the resignation of President Grévy, after the exposure of his son-in-law's traffic in the decorations of the Legion of Honor. The students shared the indignation, and were disposed to be a little noisy while waiting for the lectures in the narrow quarters of the old amphitheatre. But as soon as a message was delivered to them that the authorities required quietness, the disturbance ceased, and we were afterwards transferred to a very large amphitheatre where there was plenty of room. Such a thing as jostling is never seen among them. When they go about they walk like other adults, except when they set out to make a manifestation. One of their favorite amusements is to form what they call a *monome*. They arrange themselves in a long line one behind the other, each holding the man in front by the shoulders at arm's length. Arranged in this way, they start down the "*Boul.-Mich.*," singing and attracting a due amount of attention. No one interferes with them, and when they have manifested to their own satisfaction, they return. These doings always take place at a seasonable hour, and consequently trouble nobody except those who wish to cross the street when they are passing. I should say this *monome* is the French for monomial, and designates rather picturesquely the long line of figures with neither plus nor minus to break it.

The Paris student can scarcely be said to have a physiognomy and garb of his own. You do see now and then a queer specimen with a soft felt hat, covering long black locks falling over his temples and neck *à la Daudet*, and wearing a velvet jacket; but that genius is scarce now. The student of to-day very generally wears a tall silk hat, and dresses accordingly. It is true that while I was there the students of all the faculties, including the School of Pharmacy, decided to resume the *bérêt*, a sort of velvet Tam O'Shanter, with bands of different colors to distinguish the Faculties. I remarked, however, that the experiment somewhat disgusted them, inasmuch as the *bérêt* came to be worn by *hoi polloi*, and was consequently no longer a distinctive badge.

Such a fact as this last is only one of many which prove that the Latin Quarter of to-day is no longer the remote corner of Paris, with its own manners, which has been so often sung by the poets and painted by the novel-

lists. The times are gone when a chansonnier could celebrate his be-

THE OYSTER MERCHANT. THE PLUMBER.

loved Latin Quartier in such strains as these:

> Non loin des bords de la Seine,
> Paris ne connaît qu' à peine
> Un quartier sombre et lointain,
> Qui sur le coteau s'élève,
> Devers Sainte-Geneviève:
> C'est le vieux quartier Latin.

The Quarter is now neither sombre nor distant, and Paris knows it only too well.

There was a time when it could be defined as a city apart, or a colony of those who looked like foreigners from far countries. There was in it a flavor of its own, a sort of provincialism, which, at the same time, was composite—made up of something of all the chief districts of France. It was full of oddity and individuality. It was the paradise where the hair was too long and the coat too short; where the appetite was comparable to Notre Dame and the purse as light as a whirling leaf in the garden of the Luxembourg, and where the hearts were generous and large even where the attic rooms were small and cold. The Quarter was peopled by those who formed more or less a great family. The student, on arriving among the others was quickly given his place in the circle, and formed his attachments so rapidly that he suffered little from home-sickness. He was soon singing, with Béranger: "Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!" He lived a gay life, and in one respect, at least, generally not a moral one; heedless of the future, and yet hard at work as a student between whiles.

Of all that sort of life there is little left. The seclusion of the old Latin

A FISH WIFE.

A CHICK-WEED SELLER.

THE OLD-CLOTHES-MAN.

quarter is disturbed by the broad streets full of rumbling traffic and ambitious shops. There remain a few spots where quiet reigns. The court of the old Sorbonne is rarely disturbed by carriage wheels, and the green blades of grass grow up between the paving stones. You can hear outside the thunder of the city, but it is far away, like a distant waterfall; and inside there is nothing to break the stillness but the old clock chiming the quarters and the occasional ring of a

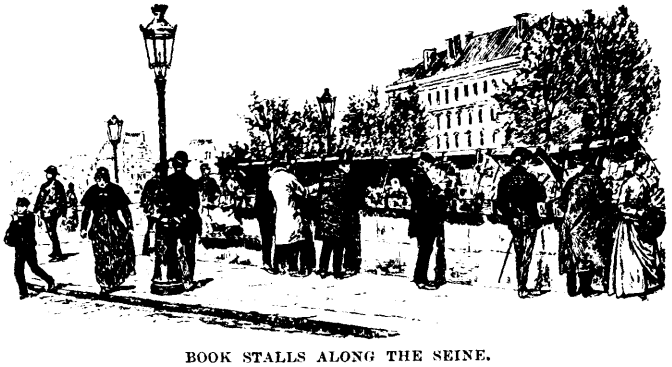
A POTATO VENDOR.

THE CHAIR DOCTOR.

footfall crossing the court. At each hour the doors open and a quiet lot of students hurry out and soon disperse.

But the students' quarter in general is invaded by all that is undesirable ; and you see very much that is far from indicating the spontaneous gaiety and simplicity of thirty years ago.

The *Prado*, which was the old dancing hall of the students, was succeeded by the *Grande Chaumière* of the Boulevard Montparnasse, which in turn was eclipsed by the *Closerie des Lilas*. This has been metamorphorsed into the *Bal Bullier*, which is, as was its predecessor, a garden in summer and an immense covered dancing hall in winter. One can see there the sort of amusement taken by the more frivolous of the students. It is worth visiting once. You will not care to frequent it, as soon as you come to realize that the simple *grisette* of your Murger and your de Musset has completely vanished, to be replaced by the type that is common to all Paris on both sides of the Seine, and the embodiment of what is coarse and impudent.



BOOK STALLS ALONG THE SEINE.

This and many other such signs make up an impression that at first is decidedly disappointing to the stranger. But after all, this is only the outside, the unpromising exterior, certainly, of the real student life which you will afterwards come to know.

I cannot say that I have very extraordinary tales to relate of the French students as I saw them. I know a few very sad stories and a few gay ones. It would be interesting to talk about the different "nations" to be found in the Latin Quarter. There are Greeks, Bulgarians, Hungarians, Turks, and Africans even. There are many Russian students, the men studying the natural sciences and the women medicine, most of them wretchedly poor, and living in a quarter where cheap lodgings are to be had, but intensely devoted to their work, which is too often the dark plottings of Nihilism, with its secrets of deadly explosives and poisons. It would be entertaining to hear how students fight with poverty and pass the whole winter without a fire in their rooms, spending their evenings in the library of Sainte Geneviève where it is warm, and coming home to creep into bed, as expeditiously as may be, to avoid cooling off.

Then there are the bright sides to this picture, the pleasure of study under learned masters, and the inspiration of finding oneself at the fountain head. The amusements, too—the Odéon theatre, with its Thursday afternoon lectures by the first literary men of Paris, and the play following the lecture ; the hours of jollity in the company of kindred spirits; the reunions at the rooms of the great general association of the students, where hundreds go and come; the joys of the *monome*; the promenade along the Seine among the two miles of second-hand books exposed on the parapets; the spring days in the Jardin du Luxembourg when the raw winter is gone and Paris puts on its green garments.

But this leads us too far. I am more anxious to do justice to the French student in respect of his seriousness. I should like to say that he

is by no means an idle, frivolous fellow. I have known men who plodded in a fashion not dreamed of over here.

There is a veritable galaxy of notable men in Paris. And you are amazed to find so much that can be had for the taking. You can hear the best men in a score of subjects and never spend a centime for tuition fees. France stands alone in this respect, and it is not one of the least of her glorious distinctions.

No account of the students' quarter of Paris would be complete without, at least, a passing mention of the enthusiasm with which the new moral movement of the past four or five years has been welcomed there. The chief promoters of this remarkable agitation are, M. le Vicomte de Vogüé, who has done much to introduce Russian literature into France, and who has caught the intense earnestness of the new religion of the North; M. Edouard Rod, in his *Moral Studies of the Present Time;* M. Bremond d'Ars, who preaches a complete return to Catholicism; M. Pierre Lasserre, who, in his work, *The Christian Crisis,* shows the search of our day to be after a new "love of God"; M. Ernest Lavisse, the professor of History, who has great faith in the students, and enjoys their confidence in return; M. Paul Desjardins, author of *The Present Duty.* These men and others are steadily setting in movement a strong tendency towards moral regeneration, and the crusade they have preached in the Latin Quarter has called forth the hearty response of many of the best young men in all the faculties. Societies have been formed and the work of propaganda goes on, not under the standard of any creed, but in simple allegiance to ideals of duty and with the aim "to found an inner society upon love, peace and true justice, in the heart of an outer society founded upon interest, competition and legal justice."

When at last the time comes for you to leave Paris, since all good things must have an end, you leave France profoundly impressed with the greatness of the French people, and full of admiration for their clear-headedness, their directness, their earnestness, their thrift, their idealism, their unswerving devotion to ideals in government, in literature, in art. You are forced to recognize that France has still an extraordinary vitality, and you pray she may long live to hold her proud place in the civilization of the world.

THE REGENERATORS.

BY UNCLE THOMAS.

In the days of my youth and ambition, for I was fortunate in being of a contemporaneous habit that prevented either from outliving the other to an unseemly extent, I debated the respective merits of city and country life; and although my views upon the question have modified with years and an expanding bald spot and waist measurement, I have never been able fully to recover the lost respect for the wisdom of my opponent. He talked a lamentable amount of nonsense on the question. Opponents always do. But in common fairness, I shonld acknowledge that he never once alluded to the cultivation of a national sentiment. I had never been in a city, and was, as a consequence, severely persuaded that all the advantages were with country life. Rural simplicity had produced myself —a finished product that, like the various good things troublesome to tariff operators, might be regarded in some quarters as raw material. That was the foundation of my arguments, although I did not know it at the time. The earth has nothing but smiles for the man who does not know the foundations of his arguments. Country life, like many things despised by the superficial consumer of agricultural products, is attractive to all who are fond of it. But the editor advised me against thus dipping into the profundities of philosophy, as he had already more essays of that nature than he would be able to use before the summer holidays. The only compensating joy of city life is the ease of finding kindred spirits when the subject's mind is not built according to the original specifications, and the architect will not allow a claim for extras.

A man in the calmness of a rural retreat, who happens to be an 'ist or an 'ite, or is given to the contemplation of conic sections and things of that kind, is regarded by his neighbors with a mild aversion sometimes softened into pity by what Rev. Dr. Douglass would call the dews of Christian charity. Severely practical housewives may sometimes borrow sugar from his wife, but always with an air of condescension, and an explanation that such a fall from rectitude was justified as far as possible by unusual and unforeseen circumstances. If he saunters into the blacksmith shop, the argument among the men on the bench beside the vice is immediately suspended, and the leisure class exchange ominous and significant looks, as if they feared that the question might be made to wander away from the path and get mired in the swamp. If he goes into the grocery, he is served in silence. But as soon as he is gone, the restraint is broken and all his theories are spilled on the floor by less pretentious philosophers. It is told that he said men were all monkeys at one time; that there shouldn't be any soldiers; that no man should own land, or that there should be no poor people. And the talkers cease to wonder at the increase in crime. The doctor smiles at him in a knowing way; the lawyer laughs at him, slaps him on the shoulder, and calls him a rare character; and the local member, when securely beyond the hearing of any of his other constituents, tells him that he is a man of unusual knowledge and ability. He is shunned as an impecunious relative, and, even if his cow should get into pound, there is no word of kindly sympathy for him.

But in the crowded city, where uni-

versity federation and the real estate boom have concentrated the intelligence and acquisitiveness of the surrounding district into one harmonious whole, there is upholstered luxury for the man of 'isms and 'ologies, not to be found anywhere else in this fair Canada of ours. The men on his street are too busy with the "situations vacant" column to scrutinize his opinions on the hydrostatic paradox. His business acquaintances have never heard of the 'ism of his adoption, and would be liable to confound his pet school of philosophy with the latest comic opera known to science. His wife can be neighborly with reasonable people, and no one can point the finger of depreciation at her. If she is induced by home influence to read about Christian science or boil the drinking water to kill the microbes, society has no time for condemnation.

But dearer than all to the heart of the 'ite, with the possible exception of his wife, is the meeting of congenial companionship—men who believe in what is not self-evident; the perpetual minority; the cranks. No man can monopolize an 'ology in a great city; and though he may be permeated with originality even to his very conscience, he will find others, like himself, with intellectual protuberances upon which established conclusions hang like a suit of ready-made clothing on the victim of a railway accident. He can found an organization and become a vice-president. But above all things he can find kindly sympathy that will soften down the result of the aldermanic elections and win his thoughts away from the snow by-law and the duty on underclothing.

I know of a quiet nook where men of 'isms and 'ologies congregate daily in the discussion of projects of transcendant vastness and lunches of co-relative modesty. It is a retail restaurant concealed among a crowd of wholesale establishments down town. I have heard it said that no man ever undertook to regenerate the universe and oil the wheels of the social structure until after his liver and integuments had been disestablished. It is a generally accepted theory that a thoroughly organized digestion gives even affliction a grace, and reconciles man to his lot, as it were. Yet, in spite of this, the men with plans and specifications for cutting the social fabric on the bias, invariably congregate in a restaurant. It may be a part of their familiar habit of always contemplating perfections that fate has denied them the enjoyment of. Several years ago, while waiting for a partner with money and enterprise to embark in the manufacture of a combined washboard and clothes wringer, I got a project on hand to rig out the body politic in a new suit of clothes, so that it might move in more acceptable society. That project led me to the commissariat haunt of my rivals in the same line of business, and although I have since been chosen by a more laborious occupation, I have always been admitted as a member in tolerable standing.

I like to sit and contemplate the social regenerators developing their resources among the little square tables. They consume provisions as other men of similar circumstances; they even joke occasionally; but they show a Walt Whitman-like aversion to the razor habit. Among them are socialists, anarchists, single taxers, Christian scientists, and candidates for the Legislature, and they talk freely of all problems, from the cutting of bay ice to the passing of a resolution on the destiny of the North American continent. The proprietor, Mr. B., whom, for the sake of originality, I will call "mine host," is a quiet man, with a habit of playing chess and perfecting plans for reforming the world during his leisure moments. He holds views on the land question that would be startling to the Ratepayers' Association, and would think nothing of taxing land as heavily as low grade chewing tobacco. Providence seems to have afflicted

him with sufficient perception to determine the value of political movements, and as a consequence he is never enthusiastic and always in a minority outside of the restaurant.

The man whom everyone asks about is S. D. MacKorquingale, and in spire of his harsh, forbidding name, and general reformatory proclivities, he is a good-natured kindly-disposed man. He argues by asking questions, and the man who yields to his seductive simplicity is sure to find himself entangled in an absurdity that he will regret as long as his allowance of steak and onions are unconsumed. Mac—as his friends say—stands in the superior position of one who has given up many things through the promptings of a riper judgment. Once he saw the sum of all evils in the liquor traffic, and could trace every ache, pain, or cranial enlargement of the body politic directly to that cause. When he turned his attention to the land interrogation, he found that matters were still worse, and that the soil alone, without guano or the single tax, would bring forth all the poisonous weeds that are the wild mustard and two-rowed barley of society. At this time he was able to prove that neither the flowing bowl nor its contents were causes of poverty, and that the land system, with no air-brake on the boom, would bring Lazarus to the gate of Dives without infringing on the provisions of the local option act. But now he looks upon the land element of the restaurant from the height of one who thought so once, but knows better now. He smiles when people solve the great problems of life by moving an amendment; and in the business world he escapes his share of the universal curse of law, by refusing to enter or defend any legal action or to vote in an election. Nature has not fitted him for societies in which it is moved, seconded, and carried. On a visit of Sir Richard Cartwright to a city political club, Mac. filled the other members with horror by giving their admired leader a severe lecture on his sins of omission and commission; and during the conference of social reformers, while the moral influence of local option was under consideration, he shocked Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P. for South Tyrone, by telling of his own difficulties in getting a hot whiskey in a Scott Act county. His latest theory is that as long as men move along in a web-footed, go-as-you-please fashion they will be liable to continue the operation; and that the best thing for a man to operate on in reformatory matters is himself.

Another important member of the assemblage is Thomas Pnilipson, journalist, humorist and candidate for the legislature. Men who have laughed at the humor appearing under his *nom de plume* can scarcely realize that it came from the lead pencil of Mr. Philipson, the earnest man of great projects—projects for the regeneration of man and the issue of irredeemable paper money. Not that he would embark in the issue of irredeemable currency as a private enterprise—far from it. There is no man in the community less inclined toward business ventures of that description than citizen Philipson. He thinks it should be done on a national scale as a preparatory measure toward electing Edward Bellamy to the presidency. He is a socialist; distinguished from the great army of his brethren in parliament and the legislature by being aware of the fact, and by invariably sympathizing with the under dog in the fight. When the boom came along it invaded the privacy of his unpretentious home and cucumber patch, making him rich incidentally. Being troubled with a knowledge of things, he knew that it operated by making other men poor, and as a salve to his conscience gave a handsome donation to the Single Tax Society. When he became a candidate for the legislature he was hampered by having opinions, principles and a platform.

and as a natural consequence he was overlooked in the division of the votes. He is not popular on a municipal scale and by that beautiful adaptation of nature, which tempers the wind to the summer girl, he don't want to be.

The Irreverend Sam Jones, who received that title in contra-distinction to his namesake, the evangelist, is worthy of the next seat at the table. He is an English radical, a punster, an elocutionist, a cartoonist, an artist and designer, and a general agitator against the man who sits on the neck of his neighbor in a metaphorical way. His hair has a rustic woodland air and is wildly clad, and although he talks in a quiet, old-English text way, his voice, when interrupting a political speaker, always reaches the farthest corners of the hall. He has no love for the money lender, and would not gasp with admiration even in the presence of a millionaire. Every man who undertakes to plumb the social structure can count on the co-operation and criticism of the Irreverend Sam. Jones.

There is scarcely a chair in the restaurant that does not at lunch time support a scheme for the elevation of the masses. G. E. Reid, who has painted "the foreclosure of the mortgage" and many other scenes in relation to the financial situation; visits the place of discussion to study the intellectual freaks of nature and satisfy the inner man. And his sympathies are with those who want to fix up things in general. There is one—the ex-president of the Nationalists' association, who harbors the peculiar notion that no man should obtain anything valuable without doing some good turn in way of remuneration; another who objects to the exclusion of Chinese; another who would issue paper money in accordance with the demand, and reduce the usurer to a minimum, and a score more whose names might be mistaken for an extract from the official report of a reception at Rideau Hall. And here this social organism of men who would each be isolated in a rural constituency, congregates in friendly unity, joined by the bond of an unfaltering belief that if things were only not as they are they might have been otherwise.

AN OPEN WINDOW AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY WILLIAM T. JAMES.

I.

ONE DAY, the Montreal express of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, bound for Toronto, came to a sudden stop in a wild part of the country, about fifty miles west of Smith's Falls. A young widow, with her only child, a boy three years old, were the solitary occupants of one of the cars. The boy was standing on his mother's lap, looking out of the open window, when a crow, winging its flight across his line of vision, attracted his notice, and caused him to shake his cap off, which fell through the aperture and rolled down a low embankment. Thinking she would have time to recover it before the engine started, the woman left the child alone on the seat and got off the train; but just as she stooped to pick up the cap, the engine —which had stopped while the fireman cleared the track of a stray cow —with a loud whistle, steamed away before she could reach the train, leaving the poor mother behind, a crazed spectator of her child leaning far out of the window and screaming lustily for her, with no one near to snatch him from what she feared would be certain death.

Struck dumb with terror, she stood awhile in a speechless agony of suspense, expecting momentarily to see her darling's form mingled for an instant in the cloud of dust whirled up by the wheels, and, afterwards, to find his mangled body beside the track.

Would nobody see and rescue the child? "Help! help! help! Oh! my darling! my darling! Help! help!" and a succession of hysterical shrieks sounded in the wake of the thundering train, and echoed among the pine trees that grew in clumps on either side of the track. But the train kept on, going faster and faster, with a little human life— a widowed mother's boy—trembling in the balance between fate and fortune.

In the delirious tension of her excitement, she flew down the track, shrieking and gesticulating wildly, while the train sped farther and farther into the distance, and finally disappeared round a curve in the road.

The darkness of a moonless night, which had been lurking in the east until the setting sun should go down below the horizon, now began to steal athwart the weird stretch of uncultivated landscape. Sombre shadows, like huge, black bats, spread their ebon wings over the lonesome scene and enveloped the woman with gloom, as she followed with fruitless haste in the direction in which she had seen the last of her child. Onward and onward she ran, until even the rails were invisible, knowing not what might be the result of the next step. How she escaped destruction by falling headlong through a trestle bridge when she approached it is surprising, so heedlessly did she come upon it, thinking only of the danger of her child and naught of her own.

Beyond this she could go no farther. What could she do now? True, she could walk back to the first station and telegraph, and then take the next train going west—if she only had enough presence of mind to think of the first thing that reason would be likely to suggest. But she was distracted and wholly incapable of reflection or deliberate action. Her maternal feelings were aroused to a pitch of intense frenzy which, now she could no longer pursue the one idea that

possessed her mind, increased her perturbation to such a degree that she lost all control of herself and was on the verge of insanity. Only to follow, slowly as she might, the rushing train, perchance to find a dying boy and kiss him before he breathed his last, would be some relief. Anything but inaction —anything but that undiverted struggle which was now being waged between the demon, Insanity, and a woman's reason. And what a struggle! the throes of it—the exquisite tension of nerve and feeling! Could she endure it and not die? Could that woman, now raving, with dishevelled hair and eyes too hot to weep —knowing the deadly peril of her heart's idol—continue through the long watches of the night a prey to a consuming emotion? To and fro, up the track and back to the bridge she fain would cross, wailing incessantly she went, and shrieking aloud with the energy of despair, that she might be seen by the men on the trains that swept past her like a hurricane, their dazzling headlights illuminating her surroundings for a brief space, gleaming on the water that flowed beneath the bridge, and then vanishing in the darkness on the farther side?

Yet midnight, and then daybreak, found her still striving for her desire; and it was not until the rosy-hued hour that follows sunrise, that she succumbed to the opiate of unconsciousness that Nature so kindly imparts when a troubled spirit can no longer resist her ministrations.

In the broad daylight a freight train stopped to pick up a woman, found in a swoon upon the track, and then, with a raving maniac in the caboose, continued its journey to Toronto.

II.

In the smoking-car of the train on which was the child, a gentleman of fortune, not yet in the prime of life, was seated. Returning from a fishing excursion, he was going to make a call in Toronto, after which it was his intention to proceed thence to his home in a Southern city.

Throwing aside the remains of his cigar, he left the car and passed into that in which the child was crying. A brakesman had closed the window, and was now vainly trying to soothe the little fellow. In answer to a question put by the passenger to the brakesman, the latter explained how he had discovered the child, alone, leaning out of the window and crying for his mother. During a short conversation on the matter, they agreed in the opinion that the boy had been put on the train at some station along the line, and there abandoned by somebody—probably his mother—who wished to get rid of him for a sinister reason. Promising to take charge of him, the gentleman, Mr. Seacombe, sat beside the child and bought him some candy, and by this means succeeded in making him quiet. Soon after he ceased crying he fell asleep, and did not awaken until he was being taken from a cab into the police station at Toronto.

Here, to the officer in charge, Mr. Seacombe related what little he knew of the case, and offered to formally adopt the child if neither of his parents could be found. To this the sergeant said that he thought the magistrate would assent, provided no legal impediment should occur. Mr. Seacombe gave the name of the hotel where he and the child might be found, and reentering the cab, he and his ward were driven there.

That night, as he sat in one of his suite of rooms, fondling the child on his knee—for he was exceedingly attached to children, and was particularly struck with the little fellow's artless ways and delight with the many playthings he had provided, he mused upon what he considered the heartless cruelty of a parent who could so ruthlessly abandon one of such tender age and affectionate traits. Putting the boy gently upon the carpet among his

toys, he walked up and down the room in much agitation for a considerable time. Then he stooped to caress him, and, after many similar overtures of affection to assure an assent, he asked him if he would like him to be his papa. The boy nodded his head emphatically, kissed him without being bidden, and soon got him as much interested as himself in a woolly effigy of a dog that would bark when it was squeezed.

After the child had been put to bed by one of the chambermaids, Mr. Seacombe sat in an easy chair far into the night, smoking and deep in thought; and when he rose to retire, he muttered to himself:

"Before the little chap shall be restored to a parent who abandoned him to the mercy of strangers, if he did not succeed in killing himself by falling out of the train, I'll——"

But the conclusion of the sentence, whatever it was, he did not utter.

The next morning, when the police sergeant enquired at the hotel for Mr. Seacombe, he was told that that gentleman had left the city on an early train, and had taken the child with him.

III.

Several years had elapsed, when an American family, living in a fashionable suburb of Toronto, received as their guests a wealthy compatriot and his young son. A few days after their arrival, the head of the household accompanied his guests in his carriage on a drive through the city, for the purpose of seeing the sights. Naming every public institution as it was passed, he at last indicated the Lunatic Asylum, saying that he was acquainted with the medical superintendent, and that, if his friend cared to go through the building, they would do so. His friend assented, and they alighted from the carriage and were shown through the various wards.

Pausing at a door, the superintendent said:

"In this ward we have a very pathetic case. A woman, who was brought here a few years ago, violently insane, and for a time unrestrainable, is now in appearance a study of subdued melancholy that an artist, capable of reproducing her on canvas, would give his left hand to behold. She hasn't spoken a word for over a year; looks utterly dejected; recognizes nobody: her mind is an inanity; won't eat unless she's forced to. Don't know exactly what the trouble was—something to do with a child, I fancy, as that was the burden of her ravings when she came in. Nobody comes to visit her, and nobody could be found who knows anything about her. Don't even know her name. She was picked up somewhere on the railroad, but I forget where. She had quite a large sum of money on her person and was well dressed when she became an inmate. She seems, from my observation, to be well bred, as though she came of a respectable, if not well-to-do, family. Don't speak to her, as she will try to hide from us."

With that, he opened the door, and there before them stood the subject of the sketch. Stood, did I say? That is scarcely the word to describe her attitude. She seemed fixed to the spot, like a marble statue; but her features, unlike those of a statue and altogether different from the superintendent's description of them, expressed a variety of emotions in rapid succession. At first there was an unmistakable look of surprise on her face, then sorrow, which instantly changed to intelligence—to recognition of somebody—to unbounded rapture.

The superintendent was dumbfounded, and his visitors were not a little perplexed at seeing in her mien something so contrary to what they had been told to anticipate. Evidently the troubled dream of years was being dispelled from her mind and she was quickly regaining her natural condition. What could have caused this apparently unaccountable metamorphosis?

There are well-authenticated cases of persons having lost their reason owing to some domestic calamity, whose minds have been recalled to a normal condition by hearing a favorite tune or seeing a familiar face. The result in this instance is no more extraordinary than that of many others of a similar nature. Temperamental and other constitutional influences would doubtless affect the patient and largely determine the possibility of a cure by such means. But the fact rather than the rationale of the phenomenon is what chiefly concerns this narrative. So to the story:

Before anyone was aware that the supposed lunatic was no longer eligible to remain where she was, the woman, with a cry of joy, had darted forward, thrown her arms about the boy's neck and burst into hysterical sobs.

While this affecting scene was being enacted, Mr. Seacombe, for it was he, was struck with something in the woman's countenance that seemed very familiar to him and awakened in his own mind memories of a pathetic past, of what was the cause of his celibacy. He was reminded of the face of one whom he had met and loved as a young man while on his first visit to Canada. That he had left the country before he had the courage to make a proposal of marriage to her had been to him ever since a source of regret. Had they met again at last? And was the resemblance which the boy bore to his mother the reason why he had become so strangely and so fondly attached to him?

"Are you my mother who left me on the train?" the boy asked in reproachful tones, when she released him from that affectionate embrace to gratify her sight with another look at his face.

"Don't speak so reproachfully to me, my darling. I feel that I am hardly myself at present. Something terrible has happened to me which I cannot recall. Give me time to collect my thoughts, and I will—. But where am I, and who is this gentleman? Mr. Seacombe!" she exclaimed, recognizing him before he could speak. "Pray excuse me, I am utterly bewildered, and know not what these unusual appearances mean. Surely, surely, I have not been——."

She had guessed the truth from her surroundings, but could not say the word most significant of it. While her feelings found vent in a fresh outburst of tears, Mr. Seacombe took her by the hand, and said that although he had the pleasure of recognizing her, he had not the privilege of addressing her by the name which she had acquired by marriage since they had last met. Then, turning to the superintendent, he whispered a question into his ear., to which that gentleman replied:

"Certainly, certainly, This is no time for formalities; we will comply with those later."

When the carriage left the asylum it contained one more occupant than when it stopped at the door, and that was Mrs. Palgrave, the boy's mother.

On the way back an exchange of confidences took place between her and her former lover, whose demeanor towards her seemed to imply that his heart was still true to its first attachment. and that love had in no wise diminished by absence, lapse of time or altered circumstances. He confessed to having kidnapped the young boy to prevent his being restored to a parent, who, he had supposed, had put him on the train and there left him to his fate; while she, recollecting first one fragment and then another by the association of circumstances, described the unfortunate episode which had well nigh cost her life as it had for some years her reason.

Here Mr. Seacombe's host interposed to press Mrs. Palgrave to make his house her home, to which offer she assented, saying she would gratefully accept his kind hospitality until she could make other arrangements.

A few days later, after they had renewed their former intimacy and Mr.

Seacombe had learned that his friend was a widow, they were together talking in private about the future of young Harry Palgrave (but his adopted father would have it to be Seacombe, and the boy himself held to that side of the contention), Harry left the room to order the carriage for three o'clock that afternoon. While he was away, other conversation of a private nature ensued, and, as a result of it, he returned to find them looking very happy, and to be informed that not only was his mother now willing that he should retain the name of his adopted father, but that she, too, had consented to change her own name to that by which her son had been known for some time. Harry was delighted to hear this, but he did not infer all that it meant until he had disseminated the news among the other members of the household, and had it interpreted to him by the exclamatory comments with which it was received.

The few spectators of the nuptials of Mr. Seacombe and Mrs. Palgrave in St. James' Cathedral, which took place as soon afterwards as the ceremony could be lawfully performed, little knew that they beheld the sequel to a romance in real life, the like of which is rarely heard of even in fiction.

THE BIRDS' LULLABY.

I.

Sing to us, cedars ; the twilight is creeping
With shadowy garments, the wilderness through :
All day we have carolled, and now would be sleeping,
So echo the anthems we warbled to you :
While we swing, swing,
And your branches sing,
And we drowse to your dreamy whispering.

II.

Sing to us, cedars ; the night wind is sighing,
Is wooing, is pleading to hear you reply :
And here in your arms we are restfully lying,
And longing to dream to your soft lullaby :
While we swing, swing,
And your branches sing,
And we drowse to your dreamy whispering.

III.

Sing to us, cedars ; your voice is so lowly,
Your breathing so fragrant, your branches so strong :
Our little nest-cradles are swaying so slowly,
While zephyrs are breathing their slumberous song.
And we swing, swing,
While your branches sing,
And we drowse to your dreamy whispering

E. Pauline Johnson.

"WHICH IS IT?"

BY EDWARD J. TOKER.

"So you have no love for Mr. Mellicourt, Fanny. Are you sure you will not regret some day that you have dismissed him? I thought you were learning to like him, and you seem to me so well suited to each other."

"And I do like him very much, Ellen, but I cannot love him like—like that. He is as light-hearted and thoughtless as myself, and I have looked upon him as a pleasant companion, but nothing more. I have been so accustomed to look up to you and depend upon you, that I must have someone to lean on, so until *he* comes, if ever he does, you will still be plagued with your giddy Fanny."

"Well, perhaps you are right, and I would not on any account see you married to a man you did not love with all your heart. You were quite right to refuse him, but our father will be disappointed, for he has been hoping for this match, which certainly would be a good one in many respects."

"Poor papa; so he was in a hurry to get rid of me, too."

"You know, dear child, he will miss you sadly whenever the day comes for you to leave us. The great advantage of your marriage with Mr. Mellicourt in his eyes was that you would still be near us. He feels that he must lose his darling at some time, and he dreads your being taken far away from him."

"You have both spoilt me so, Ellen, that I am in no hurry to quit you. I am so happy in this dear old house, and so much loved, that I cannot hope any change would be for the better. When you marry and desert me, then indeed I may think of following your example."

Mr. Medhurst had been left a widower with two young daughters, and ever since the death of his dearly-loved wife he had lived a retired, almost secluded, life at his pleasant residence, The Maples, close to a small suburban village. Of a naturally studious, thoughtful turn of mind, the loss of his wife, whom he had married late in life and loved with a deep affection that had never been frittered away in passing flirtations, rendered him more averse even than previously from general society. Neither did he feel that he had much in common with his neighbors, either the hardworking farmers of the locality or the rich city merchants whose residences were to be found in this convenient and attractive spot. Immediately after his bereavement, a widowed sister had taken up her residence at The Maples, and for some years had efficiently cared for his children and conducted his household. But when she died in her turn, Mr. Medhurst looked out for no one to fill her place: his eldest daughter, Ellen, who though only fourteen was singularly sedate and thoughtful for her age, assumed much of the responsibility. Especially did she constitute herself the guardian, the playmate and protector in one, of her younger sister. She had been old enough to be deeply impressed by her mother's death-bed charge to her to watch over the helpless babe then lying in its cradle. Mrs. Medhurst had obtained some insight into her character even at that early age, and drew much comfort from the thought that she was relying upon one who deserved such confidence. Nobly Ellen redeemed her pledge: though there was only five years' difference between the sisters, she almost filled the place of a mother to Fanny. It was to Ellen that the little one turned naturally

for comfort in her childish troubles, for aid in her childish difficulties. And as years passed on, the same close tie still continued between them; it was Ellen who thought for both, who advised and guided and petted, while Fanny seemed delighted to have it so. The few who knew them found it difficult to decide which was most charming, the protecting, thoughtful love of the elder sister, or the clinging affection of the younger. Their position relative to each other, strengthened certain natural traits in their character and increased the dissimilarity between them: Ellen, who inherited her father's thoughtful habits and reticent depth of feeling, was rendered still more sedate and self controlled, while Fanny, endowed with the bright, merry disposition of her mother, retained the playful gaiety of a child.

Their home circle had comprised their society almost entirely. There was their clergyman, an elderly widower, without children; their doctor, with a meek, colorless little wife, and one or two others whom they saw occasionally; but friends or intimate acquaintances they had absolutely none; yet they lived perfectly contented with their own society.

The first thing to cause a break in this quiet life was the return home of the son of one of their nearest neighbors, Mr. Mellicourt, a very wealthy merchant from the neighboring city. George Mellicourt had hitherto been little at home, his university education having been followed by a prolonged tour in Europe. Now he took a position in his father's firm, and settled down as a resident. Before long a chance introduction to the Medhursts led to a visit, which was repeated, and the intervals between his calls grew shorter till he was a constant guest at The Maples. There had been no lack of hospitality in Mr. Medhurst's disinclination for society. It was rather a shrinking from making new acquaintances, and a feeling that his own quiet family circle was more to his taste, that had been his motive. So he received George Mellicourt civilly enough at first, and soon with cordialty as he became accustomed, and took a liking to the gay cheerfulness and unaffected good humor of his young companion. Soon there was another reason for his satisfaction with this new acquaintance. There was plainly a motive for Millicourt's frequent visits from which results might spring that he looked forward to with growing pleasure.

Fanny had now reached her seventeenth year, and certainly she presented a sufficient motive for any number of neighborly calls from a man of George Mellicourt's age. Highly as she was prized by her loving relations, he was no whit behind them in his appreciation of her, and it soon became evident that he longed to take from them their treasure. It was not only her beauty, undeniable as that was, nor her gay vivacity and brightness of disposition, which was even more characteristic; but the great charm in her to one who, though few years older than herself, had spent those years in the gay society of more than one European capital, was the pure, spotless innocence, the freshness of mind, which the mode of her life had left with all the bloom untouched.

He could see that she liked him, but the very transparency of her mind was deceptive, and it had been long before he had ventured to try whether this liking was in reality the love that would make her his. As we have seen, her heart had not yet been stirred, and he was unsuccessful in his appeal to her. If her father and even her sister would gladly have had it otherwise, they certainly did not think fit to attempt to influence her against her inclinations; so, George Mellicourt, finding they looked upon her decision as final, accepted his fate and held aloof from The Maples, where he would be continually reminded of the happiness he had missed when he thought it within his grasp.

Now that their uneventful, peaceful life had been broken in upon, it seemed that they were not fated to regain their old quietude. That autumn the clergyman died suddenly, and his successor was anxiously expected. In that small community the clergyman was a person of considerable importance. He did not keep his expectant parishioners long in suspense, for early in the next week the news spread that Mr. Tyndall, the new clergyman, had arrived at the parsonage. There was an unusually large and unusually attentive congregation in the church on the following Sunday.

The new comer made a decidedly favorable impression. Very different from the dull, heavy discourse and almost inarticulate murmurings of the late clergyman were the plain but pointed sermon and impressive delivery of the present incumbent.

"I like the look of the new clergyman, don't you, Ellen?" said Fanny Medhurst as they walked away from the church. "I am sure from his face that he is as kind and good-hearted as our dear old friend was, and he seems clever as well."

"What struck me most was his intense earnestness," rejoined her sister. "He not only appears to feel deeply every word he utters, but to strive with heart and soul to impress the truth upon his hearers. He may do great good in the parish, and we are fortunate in getting such a clergyman."

"We must persuade papa to go and call upon him to-morrow," said Fanny. "I dare say he will find him an agreeable companion, and that he so seldom meets with here. Poor papa, he is so fastidious; but this Mr. Tyndall seems both a gentleman and a clever man."

The visit was paid, and Mr. Tyndall returned it in due form, but for a time the intercourse between them remained on this ceremonious footing, Mr. Tyndall, at all events, seeming little anxious to push it forward in spite of their friendly overtures.

It was not because he did not appreciate the privilege offered to him. Mr. Tyndall was afflicted with an inveterate shyness, an innate nervous temperament, which he was unable to subdue in spite of his great mental powers. He positively dreaded making new acquaintances, and could not assert himself even with the few old ones he had. At the English college where he had taken high honors this idiosyncracy had barred him from making friends among his contemporaries, though it did not prevent him from gaining the esteem and goodwill of many. University life brings men too closely in contact, and gives them too many opportunities of judging each other, for the most retiring bookworm to escape the observation and due valuation of his compeers. Those with whom at intervals he was positively forced by circumstances to hold some passing intercourse, reported that Robert Tyndall, besides being one of the cleverest men of his year, of which they were all convinced, was also good-natured and obliging, and would be an agreeable companion enough if he would only get rid of his absurd diffidence and *gaucherie*, and as to the sterling worth of his character, there was no doubt of that among the acute young observers by whom he was surrounded.

After taking his degree he entered into orders, but instead of looking out for a curacy he remained at his university as a private tutor. It was noticed that he betrayed little of his usual want of self-confidence while imparting instruction, which he did with such clearness that he was considered a most successful "coach," but from any furthur intimacy with his pupils he shrank as of old. With his books he felt at home, and while acquiring or communicating learning he was engrossed in the pursuit till there was no room left in his mind for thought of self; so he was natural and self-reliant. It was ordinary social intercourse which he could not face with

composure, and three or four years spent in this almost secluded life tended to aggravate this weakness.

After a time, however, he became dissatisfied with himself and his position. Scrupulously conscientious, he felt that this scholastic life was hardly carrying out the high aspirations for his sacred calling with which he had taken holy orders. At this juncture he met a Canadian bishop then visiting England, and was greatly impressed with what he heard of the country. Accordingly, he accompanied the bishop on his return to Canada, where before very long he was appointed to the incumbency of Beavermead, the village near which The Maples was situated.

His parishioners soon discovered the peculiarity of their new pastor: to the cordial hospitality of some of the wealthier farmers, to the respectful but friendly greetings of humbler parishioners, he responded with the stiffness and want of ease caused by his nervous embarrassment. At first they were somewhat disposed to resent this, attributing it to pride or want of interest in his flock, but he could not long remain thus misunderstood; his sweetness of disposition, his goodness of heart, and combined energy and patience in the duties of his office, were too palpable to be overlooked by the densest intellect. So speedily he won their affection, none the less sincere because there was mingled with it a feeling of pity for his morbid nervousness and timidity. One thing they remarked at once with satisfaction, in both his public and private ministrations he lost all embarrassment; the solemnity of the occasion and his earnest zeal in his sacred duties shut out from his mind all thought of self, and left him natural and impressive. With the children, too, both in the Sunday-school and elsewhere, he showed none of the nervous diffidence that marked his intercourse with their parents; the love for them that filled his large heart was plainly visible to them, as it always is, and the tiniest toddlers of the village approached him fearlessly, sure of meeting with a kind word or smile. How much the mothers were ready to overlook in him on this account need hardly be said.

The Medhursts were not at all inclined to acquiesce in his avoidance of their society, and persistently encouraged him to seek it. Mr. Medhurst positively seemed by comparison with him a confident, assured man of the world, a rare thing with him, and consequently was able to make advances and hold out the hand of good fellowship to draw him on, while his own naturally somewhat retiring disposition, gave him an insight into the other's feelings, which taught him to avoid startling him or evoking his nervous shrinking from social intercourse.

Against such mingled tact and cordiality Mr. Tyndall could not remain proof, and after a time he was more at home at The Maples than he could believe possible with such new acquaintances. Never in his life before had he been on such intimate terms with any lady, not even of his own family, for he had been left an orphan without sisters. At first he had been still more shy than usual with Ellen and Fanny Medhurst, but their natural unaffected simplicity was well calculated to set anyone at ease in their presence, and had its effect upon him, though there still remained a trace of his uneasy, diffident manner while he was in their society.

As months went by it was no longer necessary to put an absolute pressure on him to get him to The Maples, and he became a frequent visitor there of his own accord. They were well pleased at this, for they all liked him enough to feel glad that he could appreciate them in return. That he did so was very evident; Mr. Medhurst's refined, cultivated mind, Ellen's sweet thoughtfulness, and deep, earnest, womanly nature, could not fail to have a charm for such a man. And for Fanny, with her childlike, innocent

gaiety he seemed to have an equal liking; even their playful jests at his expense, and the little tricks she sometimes played him, never aroused his shyness, it was so evidently the sportiveness of a light-hearted girl, venturing on a liberty, because they were too good friends for any misunderstanding, that he could not feel hurt however sensitive, and indeed he seemed more at his ease with her than with anyone beside.

When Mr. Tyndall came to be a constant guest at The Maples, his parishioners could not shut their eyes to the phenomenon, and there were many discussions on the subject in the neighborhood. There was naturally one interpretation that occurred to everyone's mind to account for this great change in his habits, and the rumor went round that the parson was looking for a wife; there was less unanimity in fixing upon the lady. Some of the gossips even ventured on a sly allusion to the subject in the presence of the ladies from The Maples.

The only symptom he showed of the tender passion imputed to him was a renewed access of shyness; yet the neighbors were right. Love had entered his heart and had brought back all his old diffidence and self-depreciation. What was he that he should aspire to such a treasure as a woman's first, pure love? How could he, a shy, uncouth bookworm, hope to awaken an answering emotion in one so different, so superior to himself? So he argued with perverse self-torture, but for all that he nursed his love as a precious thing, though it would cost him so dear; he let the sweet poison, as he thought it, circulate in his veins, till it pervaded all his being. Yet he did not suffer a word or a look to betray his secret; he even took pains to show equal attention to both sisters that no one might suspect how much more one was to him than the other. His love was to him a sacred thing, to be shrined deep in his heart and profaned by no curious gaze.

One evening he was sitting with them in the garden, having been more absent and awkward in manner than usual, and Fanny in a gay, frolicsome mood, began to plague him, saying she would teaze him out of his unsociability. As he began to smile at her chatter, she said: "Now you have come down from the clouds I will ask you a question. Mrs. Blackett told me this afternoon she was sure you came here for one of us, and she wanted to know which it was, but I could not tell her, as I did not know myself. Which is it?"

Her sister's exclamation of—"Oh, Fanny!" in a tone of reproach, made her blush till her face was crimson, for in her gay thoughtlessness she had hardly seen the full meaning of her words till then; and she was utterly abashed. Mr. Tyndall's confusion was at least as great; the embarrassment natural to any man in such a position, his instinctive feeling that his love was a thing to keep secret, and his old morbid shyness now in full force, combined to make a turmoil in his mind. Hardly knowing what he did he stammered out, "For you, of course."

Mr. Medhurst, who had only laughed at Fanny's question, for all she did was right in his eyes, now exclaimed, "Is it so, Tyndall? If my foolish child there is willing, you need have no fears about my consent. What do you say, Fanny?"

She had run to her father when he began to speak, and had hid her glowing face on his shoulder, so now her reply was not heard, for she was able to whisper it in his ear.

Its nature, however, was unmistakable, for Mr. Medhurst placed her hand in Mr. Tyndall's. "I know I give her into good hands," he said, "and you will not take her far away, which I own weighs with me. It would have been a sad trial for me to part with her altogether."

As if in a stupor, Mr. Tyndall spoke no word, but stooping he pressed his lips to her hand; then as she nestled

to his side with a bright look of loving confidence, he kissed her brow and lips. They were all too much occupied to see that Ellen, pressing her hand to her heart, rose slowly and left them. Nor did they miss her for a time, for Mr. Medhurst began speaking of his own courtship and early married days with Fanny's mother, and became quite engrossed in his theme, while the newly-engaged couple sitting together on the sofa, with her hand still in his, seemed contented with each other's presence. Fanny's content, at all events, was obvious, and if her promised husband appeared to be in a dream, she was satisfied that it was of her.

It was not till Mr. Tyndall had risen to take leave that Ellen re-appeared.

"Why, Ellen, where have you been all this time?" asked Fanny.

"My head aches badly, so I went to my own room," she replied, "but I could not let my new brother leave without a word of welcome."

Approaching him she offered her cheek to his caress, as a sister might have done. He blushed painfully as he touched it lightly with his lips. Fanny shyly smiled at this: poor "Robert," as she already called him in her thoughts, was so shy, that he might well show his bashfulness on such an occasion; but as she glanced from his face to her sister's the contrast struck her forcibly.

"How pale and ill you look, Ellen," she exclaimed. "Your headache must be very bad, I am sure. So we will go to bed at once, the rest will do you good."

They certainly went up to Ellen's room as she proposed, but going to bed at once was quite another matter.

As soon as they were alone, Fanny turned her arms lovingly round her sister as she murmured, "Oh, Ellen, I am so happy."

The only answer was a silent but warm caress.

"I love him so dearly," continued Fanny. "I told you I should never care like that for anyone I could not respect, and look up to and lean upon, and I feel that I can upon him. He is so good and clever, so true and earnest and noble-hearted. I fear that I am not worthy of him; what can he find to love in a giddy, thoughtless girl like me? Oh, Ellen, do you think he *really* loves me?"

"How can you doubt it, dear child; is he not going to take you for his wife?" answered Ellen in a low tone.

"I have hoped he was growing fond of me," said Fanny, "but even now I can hardly realize it. Oh, what could have bewitched me to make me ask him that? I spoke without reflecting, but I am afraid he must think me so bold and unmaidenly."

"He knows you spoke in innocence of heart, and he is not one to cherish hard thoughts, especially of her he loves," whispered Ellen, as she hung over her sister.

"And you like him too, do you not, Ellen? I could not bear to think you were not fond of my husband," murmured Fanny, blushing rosily, as she gave him the title for the first time.

"Yes, I shall soon learn to look upon him as a brother," replied Ellen, speaking the words with difficulty and gasping for breath. "But I cannot bear any more talking to-night; you must really let me go to bed."

"Oh, how selfish I have been," exclaimed Fanny remorsefully. In my happiness I quite forgot what you were suffering. I will not say another word. Good night, Ellen."

Her sister strained her in her arms. "Good night, Fanny," she said. "I hope you will both be very happy. God bless you, my darling."

As soon as Fanny had left the room Ellen fastened the door, and throwing herself on her bed, gave way to the agony she had kept pent up in her heart till then. She lay there writhing with pain and shame. It was very bitter to know she loved in vain, but still more galling was the thought that she had given her affection un-

sought and unvalued. "Blind fool that I was," she murmured, "how could I hope he would think of me, when there was one so fair and sweet and good ever by my side? My presumptuous conceit has undone me, for if I had not weakly flattered myself that he cared for me, I should never have fallen so low as to love the promised husband of another." She was lowered in her own eyes, and she could find no comfort. In vain she went back mentally through the past, endeavoring to find excuse for her delusion. She had thought that his quiet unobtrusive liking for herself and still timid affection was growing and that his more openly shown partiality for Fanny was the mere friendly feeling and admiration that was due to one so charming; but now she accused herself of pitiful vanity for having so deceived herself.

"It was such a cruelly sudden, unexpected blow," she murmured to herself, and a flood of tears came to her relief. For a time her feelings overpowered her, but she struggled hard to gain control over them, and at length she became more calm. She would not give way to this weak folly, she said to herself: she must learn to look upon their marriage with resignation at least, if she could not with pleasure. Not for worlds would she have had either of them guess what she felt: if they knew all, she would feel ready to die with shame. Not only this, but she must in some degree recover her self-respect, her love for the promised husband of another, and that other her sister, must be crushed at whatever cost to herself. She forced her thoughts to dwell upon their happiness, till she felt that she could sincerely pray that they might find it in their union; then she became more easy in mind, for she had gained one step in the self-conquest on which she was resolved.

While she was engaged in this mental struggle one of those with whom her thoughts were busy was almost similarly employed. Mr. Tyndall left the house in a kind of stupor caused by contending emotions, which till then he had been obliged to conceal. But when he was fairly out of their presence he was able to collect his scattered thoughts. How bitterly he regretted now the indecision and want of nerve that had led him to give that fatal answer. How false was the position into which he had plunged himself by his folly and weakness. He was the delared lover of one he looked upon merely as a charming child, while he had denied his affection for her who was all in all to him.

He must explain and confess all the next day: he could not let things remain as they were: he felt himself to be a hypocrite and imposter till this error of his own causing was cleared up. It was a talk from which he shrank; he could not bear even the idea of laying bare his miserable folly to them and meeting their looks of scorn and wonder and disappointment; but he must nerve himself to do it or he would be tied for life to one he did not love.

But suddenly his train of thought changed. Of what use would it be to him to recover his freedom since Ellen did not love him? He had deceived himself, he said, in imagining that he had been gaining an interest in her heart; it was too clear that he was utterly indifferent to her. Had she not welcomed him as a brother—had she not even offered him a sister's kiss? She could not have done this if her liking for him had one trace of the passionate warmth of his love for her; it was proof, he argued, that she regarded him with the utmost coldness. He little thought that there had been the bitterness of death for Ellen in that calm, measured caress; that in her despair she had nerved herself for this token of sisterly affection, to conceal the feelings that were really burning in her breast. With intuitive foresight she had known the argument he would draw from

her act, and at any cost she must dissemble.

Now, another consideration presented itself to his mind. Fanny loved him; had publicly avowed her love for him, in return, as she thought, for his own affection. Could he cause her the shame and disappointment of learning the truth: could he bear to look upon the suffering he would bring, not only to her, but to her friends? It was he who had placed her as well as himself in this false position, and he must bear the burden and not let her be the innocent victim of his wavering mind.

Again came a revulsion of feeling. Would it not be a wrong, a sin even, to take her for his wife, to stand with her at the altar and vow to love her, when he no such feeling for her? But he dismissed this thought, which he felt was only another self-delusive attempt to justify himself in acting according to his own wishes. He had a strong feeling of affection for Fanny, and though hitherto he had only regarded her as a charming, winning girl, still little more than a child, and had felt most drawn to her in her character of the pet sister of one far dearer to him, still he was convinced that with such a tie between them his liking for her would grow into a sincere and heartfelt, though not passionate, love. She must endear herself to him, he said, she was so innocently lovable, so sweet and good, that his heart must learn to cling to her, and the knowledge that her pure affection was lavished upon him, could not fail to kindle an answering warmth in his breast. And as for his hopeless love for Ellen, that he must and would root out, since its indulgence was forbidden to him, and could only bring pain and sorrow to others.

He had gone too far to draw back: that was the fixed conclusion to which he came, and accordingly, falling into the position expected of him, he acted the part of the engaged man without giving any cause for suspicion of the truth. If there was something strange in his courtship, a want of lover-like eagerness in his manner, a thoughtlessness and even absence of mind that would have been singular in another, it was attributed to his constitutional shyness, and to no coldness. Even Fanny, happy in her love, was quite satisfied with his grave but kind and indulgent manner to her, and when sometimes her affection for him, so frankly and innocently shown, made him yearn toward her and pet her like a child, she thought that she was indeed fortunate to win such regard from him.

Ellen carried out her painful and difficult task nobly: the reticence natural to her depth of character, which would have made it no relief to her, as to one of shallower nature, to pour out her troubles and sorrows into the ear of a sympathizing confidant, enabled her to keep a veil over her sufferings. But if her powers of self-control were great, her feelings were deep and strong in proportion, and sometimes she felt that her burden was more than she could bear. More than once she was obliged to leave them hastily, that in private the irrepressible wail of pain and anguish might burst from her lips without betraying her. But perhaps her hardest task was to keep up a show of sisterly affection for him when her feelings were so widely different.

There was no reason to delay the marriage, no grand preparations to be made, and the quiet wedding took place before long. The intercourse between The Maples and the Parsonage was close and constant, and Ellen, with the sight of her sister's happiness constantly before her, grew resigned to her fate: she was so utterly unselfish that she could rejoice that her loss had been a gain to one she loved so fondly.

Mr. Medhurst, whose health had been failing gradually, lived long enough to be well assured that his

darling was happily settled, long enough even to become a grandfather, and died in perfect content. Ellen was then warmly pressed to make the Rectory her home, but she would not consent to their entreaties, pleading that it was her duty to live at and keep up The Maples, which was now hers. But in the secrecy of her chamber she murmured wearily: "I dare not yet make one of their household: that old feeling is not utterly dead, even now."

From that time she gave herself up almost wholly to the duties she had undertaken in the parish. She was a very sister of charity without the garb; nursing the sick, relieving the poor, and teaching the ignorant, with a patience that seemed unbounded. But nevertheless, she found time to pet the little nephews and nieces who came as years passed by, and the arrival of "Aunt Ellen" at the Parsonage was always greeted with cries of joy.

It was a happy home, that parsonage. Fanny had not given up her old habit of looking up to her husband, and leaning upon him in matters of importance; but, with the tact of a loving woman, she was also able to lead him, and she had done much to cure him of his old painful shyness. And on his side he had learned to value her as she deserved; she had become very dear to him. He had been right in thinking he could uproot his hopeless love, and cherish that which would become his duty; for now his heart was his wife's unreservedly, and his passion for Ellen had been extinguished, though he revered her with a deep, heartfelt reverence, as one above her kind.

Seven years after Mr. Tyndall's arrival at Beavermead the whole village was in great distress. Diphtheria of a virulent type had ravaged house after house, carrying away numerous victims, till there was hardly a family but had lost some member. Ellen had redoubled her exertions in this crisis, sparing herself no fatigue, and giving no thought to the danger she ran. The doctor had warned her of the certain result if she were not more prudent, but only to meet with the answer that she must do her work, and one day she was struck down. The disease found an easy victim in one so worn with fatigue, and it seemed evident that she was doomed.

Mr. Tyndall was just leaving the side of a sick bed, when the doctor met him and told him that Miss Medhurst wanted to see him.

"This is her last day, I fear," he added, sorrowfully.

He was quickly at the Hall, and by the side of his dying sister-in-law.

"I have persuaded Fanny to go and lie down, Robert, and there is something I wish to say to you," she said, feebly. "You know I am dying?"

He bent his head in assent.

"You remembered the evening you were engaged to Fanny? Till then I had thought that it was me you loved, and the delusion was very sweet to me, for I loved you. It long ago became a sister's love, or I could not speak of it even now. But it used often to make me seem cold to you, so I wished you to know the truth before I die."

"It was no delusion, Ellen; I did love you then," he said, and he told her the whole truth.

Her face grew brighter as she listened.

"There always lurked a glimmering of this in my mind, but I would not own it even to myself, for I knew how Fanny loved you, and I could not rob her of her happiness," she said. "It pleases me to know that my love for you found an answer in your heart and would not have been unvalued. But all has been for the best. I have no regrets now, and I am sure your life with Fanny has been happy. Has it not, Robert?"

"Yes," he replied. "I could not nourish a love which had become

wrong, for one so pure as you; and Fanny, as my wife, could not but find a place in my heart. I have indeed been happy."

"I am glad we have spoken of this," she said, with a look of satisfaction; "but do not repeat it to Fanny, for it would trouble her tender heart. And now call her, for my time is growing very short, and I would have those I love near me."

But Ellen did not die. At the last moment a sudden change for the better set in, and she was saved seemingly from the very jaws of death. When she had recovered sufficiently for her mind to dwell upon the past, she thought uneasily of her supposed death-bed revelation. But soon she grew reconciled to the idea, and was even glad that Robert knew the truth, though she would not have told him had she not believed herself at the point of death. Each knew that the other was happy in an affection which had become that of brother and sister and in the knowledge of the happiness of her they both loved. They never spoke again of that revelation, but kept the secret locked up in their own hearts.

Fanny never knew the truth, and could not have suspected it as she beheld Ellen's face with its look of serene content.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE.

FAIR Celia young Cupid derided,
For loss, she averred, of his art;
His arrows all missed, or quick glided
Away from her joyous young heart.

Then Love from his quiver selected
A bolt of most exquisite fashion;
It rare missed, or was ever deflected,
For 'twas feathered, he said, with compassion.

He adjusted and drew it quite duly;
Then aiming, quit free this wonderful shaft,
When it sped, all silent, but truly:
Then in triumph the little God laughed.

And the maid mocks the archer no more,
But a prey to both transports and fears,
Her boasting and laughter are o'er—
Love's wounds are now nourished with tears.

S. P. MORSE.

Milton, Ont.

Bellamy's Boston Bazaar Beaten !

A GLIMPSE AT A FAMOUS AGGREGATION OF STORES.

ONE of the greatest sights of Toronto, without a rival, perhaps, so far as varied interest is concerned, is the great establishment of Messrs. R. Walker & Sons, King St., east. We call it "establishment," for though the "Golden Lion" has long been famous as one of the best equipped and fashionable dry goods and furnishing stores in America, since its recent enlargement almost every kind of store imaginable is here found—not merely represented, but in actual full existence with a complete line of stock suited to every purse—the whole making a mammoth aggregation of stores, employing many hundreds of people, and covering a floor room of over 75,000 square feet.

The "Golden Lion" is now as full an illustration of the most modern methods of meeting the demands of shoppers as can be found anywhere. Everything is here sold that pertains to the outfitting from head to foot of a lady or gentleman, and everything that belongs to the movable furnishing of the most modern or fashionable residence of the day ; and, in addition, it might be said also, nearly everything necessary for the outfitting of the mind of an intellectual man or woman.

Every appliance, too, that can add to the comfort of a customer, or expedite his business, is here found. By an ingenious contrivance on the premises electricity is used both as power and for lighting. Electric light brings every ware under the purchaser's scrutiny as well as sunlight could do. Electric elevators carry a visitor from the basement to the highest story in a few seconds ; "cash carriers," running by electric power along a confusing multiplicity of endless cables or wires, flash with a rapidity the eye can scarcely follow, from every counter in the entire building to the central "cash," perched up in a strange pulpit towering aloft, as in the churches of mediæval times, but with the unecclesiastic surroundings of a glittering network of vibrating steel. Dressing rooms, and even a dark room, where the becomingness of shades of color under electric light may be tested, are also amongst the conveniences of this mammoth store.

A walk around the great compartments of this aggregation of stores at almost any hour of the day reminds one of a vast oriental bazaar, or of the stir witnessed at a great industrial fair. Every aisle and passage is moving life ; all is brightness and activity, for both interest and curiosity draw hither a multitude of patrons and visitors from town and country.

It is impossible in a brief space to convey an adequate impression of the many departments of this gigantic store. Detailed descriptions must be reserved for future numbers of this MAGAZINE. The various departments are each under charge of a specialist with a number of assistants. In the basement is the china and glassware store 30x150 ft., sparkling like a palace of Alladin—glittering with chinaware and glass, embossed, plain, painted, in every design and for every purpose, from common domestic uses to the most ornamental known to decorative art. An adjoining compartment of equal size is filled with toys and sporting goods in endless variety, perambulators, cutlery, wooden and granite wares, linoleum, etc. Upstairs is the men's furnishing department, 50x210 feet—where clothing, ready made or ordered, can be had in every variety of style. Beside it and equal in size, is the ladies' dress-goods compartment. The house-furnishing department is another flat, occupied with carpets, rugs, furniture, curtains and draperies, etc. The ladies' outfitting flat, 210x110 feet, is divided into two equal compartments. One, surmounted by a handsome dome forty feet in diameter, is the mantle room—the largest and finest in America. The other, the millinery department, with its latest patterns, its bonnets and hats, house wrappers, working milliners' quarters, is a famous resort for ladies. Nor must be forgotten, the jewellery store ; the boot and shoe store—one of the largest in Canada ; and the book and stationery department lower down where, through a combination of great furnishing houses in the chief cities of this continent, in which the emporium of Walker & Sons is included, and by which a million copies of a standard book are printed at one time, books in great variety and worth generally a dollar or more each, are sold for 12½ or 15 cents. The book store also sells art and toy books, commercial books, magazines, and stationery of every variety up to the most expensive.

An admirable feature of the establishment is the possession of special artists in many of the departments. In the house-furnishing department are experts who will, on an order being given, furnish a house from attic to basement, drape it, curtain it, and have it ready for occupancy in a manner satisfactory to the most exacting of tastes.

An enquiry office on the ground floor aids the public, and in addition, the civility universally prevailing throughout the great store, makes a visitor feel welcome.

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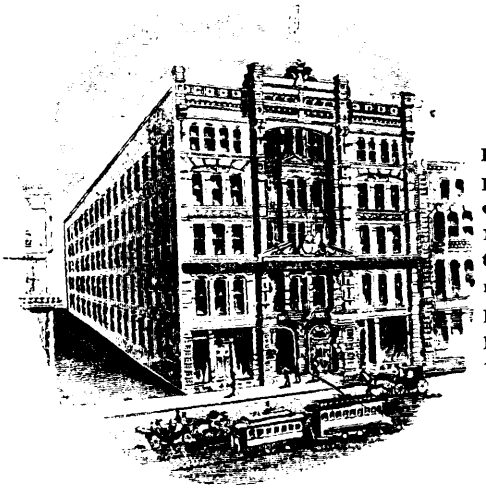

See the Annual Report of the Company for the year ending Dec. 31st, 1892, which shows that in every department tending to its progress and prosperity large advances were made.

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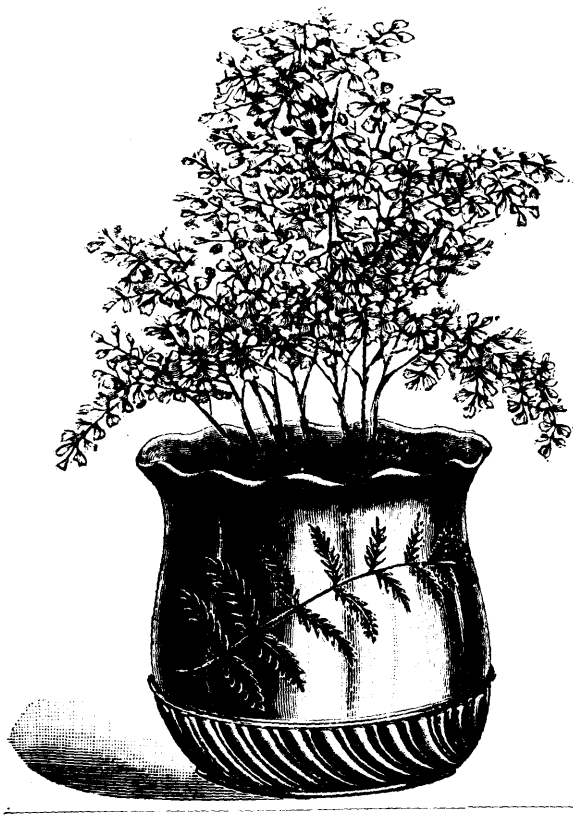

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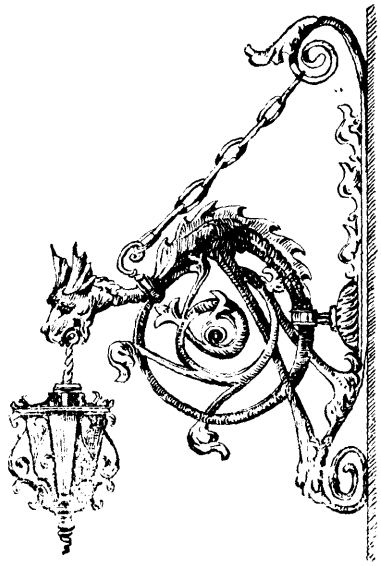
Special Designs and Estimates furnished for Halls, Churches, Public Buildings, etc.



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