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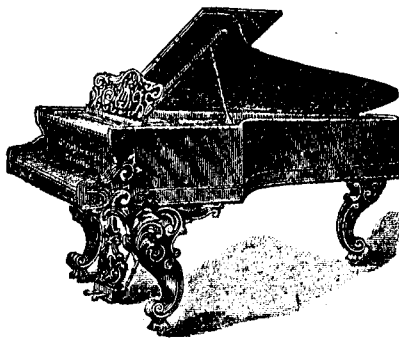
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE London *Free Press*, with a courage which does it honour, has expressed itself in favour of granting to American fishermen the privilege they so much desire of entering Canadian ports and shipping their cargoes in bond over Canadian railways to the United States. THE WEEK some months since pointed out that the question was one which should be now re-considered, with an honest desire to go as far as possible in the direction of neighbourly concession. The suggestion of the *Free Press*, which was at first naturally supposed to be inspired, has been repudiated on behalf of the Ministry by the Ottawa correspondent of the *Empire*, and was virtually frowned upon by Sir John A. Macdonald's speech at the recent banquet of the Hon. Mr. Chapleau. It may, therefore, be inferred that the Government have no present intention of yielding the point. The Ministerial programme, as represented by the Premier, presents to the United States the alternative of accepting the provisions of the rejected treaty, or having the full pound of flesh exacted in accordance with the bond executed in 1818. This course certainly saves the Government a good deal of chagrin and annoyance it would otherwise have to suffer in view of its past utterances and record. These would be quoted remorselessly against it, should it now consent to adopt a view of international obligation and courtesy which it has hitherto emphatically refused to admit. To declare themselves more anxious to be right than to be consistent, in the face of watchful political opponents, would require, we suppose, a higher pitch of moral heroism than is to be expected of modern party politicians.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT'S speech at Ingersoll the other day challenges attention by reason both of the undoubted ability of the speaker and of his representative position as the leader of the English speaking wing of the Liberal Opposition in the House of Commons. Unrestricted Reciprocity he still declares to be the leading article in the Liberal creed, and towards this as a centre all the thoughts and arguments of the address converged. With regard to the fundamental question, that of the desirability of Unrestricted Reciprocity considered in itself, or rather in its purely commercial

aspects, apart from any question either as to the possibility of obtaining it, or as to its bearing upon our political future, Sir Richard found little that was new to be said. He did, indeed, claim that great progress has been made in the few months during which the subject has been under discussion. He even ventured the assertion that it is now admitted by those who oppose the movement, that such reciprocity, if it were attainable, "would be, beyond all doubt, for the material advantage of a very large proportion indeed of the people of Canada." And yet Sir Richard must know, if he reads the Protectionist press, that this is one of the things which is emphatically not admitted by the opponents of Unrestricted Reciprocity. How he would justify his bold statement we are unable to conjecture. His arguments in support of the main position which he claims as thus generally conceded amount to little more than emphatic repetitions of the assertions, so often made, that free trade with the adjoining States would prove of very great benefit to each of the Provinces in order from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, and hence to the Dominion as a whole, assertions which, it is needless to add, are categorically denied by upholders of the National Policy.

THE next question in logical order is whether Unrestricted Reciprocity, assuming it to be proved desirable, is to be had, and, if so, under what conditions. On this point, too, Sir Richard leaves his hearers little wiser than he finds them. He reiterates the statement so often made and denied that Unrestricted Reciprocity was, in effect, offered on behalf of the United States at the time of the Washington Convention, that the Canadian Cabinet was divided on the question, and that the opportunity was, consequently, lost. But Sir Richard fails, so far as we can discover, to show any good reason for supposing, even granting that President Cleveland and his Cabinet were prepared to negotiate on that basis, that a treaty providing for the mutual abolition of Customs would have been any more acceptable to the Senate than the one which was so summarily rejected. But this is the crucial question, since, as he himself points out in another connection, the Constitution of the United States gives the Senate full power to decide on any treaties the Executive may make. With reference to present and future probabilities Sir Richard also fails to notice the hard fact that Senator Sherman, the most influential Republican Leader in the Senate, has distinctly pronounced against Unrestricted Reciprocity, at least in the form of Commercial Union, on the ground that it would tend to prevent the political union he desires. Sir Richard can hardly be sanguine enough to deny that the prospect of obtaining Unrestricted Reciprocity on any other basis than that of Commercial Union is exceedingly remote.

ON one other point of the gravest importance Sir Richard Cartwright spoke with a frankness which has scarcely before been used by any responsible Canadian statesman. It is, we suppose, very natural that ardent but irresponsible speakers and writers should sometimes discuss the delicate questions arising between Canada and the United States in a tone and manner which derive a touch of jingoism from the belief that Canada has at her back and beck the armaments of the mightiest empire in the world, ready to support her in any quarrel in which she may become involved. Those who have looked more closely into the conditions of the problem know that the time has gone by when England stood, sword in hand, ready to enter the lists with all comers on slight provocation. It is time that Canadians of all classes should fully understand that, while the mother country would undoubtedly interpose with all her wonted energy to defend her greatest colony against unprovoked foreign aggression, Canada must rely mainly on her own resources to settle her fisheries and other commercial disputes with her powerful neighbour. As a matter of right this fact should not affect in the slightest degree, our bearing in the matter, but a knowledge of the truth should certainly check such jingoistic outpourings as are occasionally indulged in. Canada should know but one law, and that the golden rule of right, in dealing with her neighbours, but it may help in the interpretation of that rule to remember that our national destiny is put into our own hands by forces too powerful for even the armies and navies of England to control, and that our position in relation to the great nation with whom we share the virtual empire of a continent, is, as Sir Richard Cartwright has reminded us, so unique that it would be idle to seek for precedents or analogies in old-world history.

It will be little to the credit of the intelligence of the workingmen of Montreal if they fail to appreciate, at their true value, the efforts that are just being made by the rival politicians to use them as make-weights for turning the party scales. It was but the other day that the one set of leaders were making frantic appeals to their racial and religious prejudices, and trying to persuade them that their liberties and their most precious privileges depended upon the election or defeat of the party candidate. Now we have, if newspaper reports can be relied on, a Minister of the Crown insulting their manly independence by addressing them in tones of condescending patronage, and their common sense by dealing out to them such childish crudities as that "religion, humanity, and Conservatism are synonymous, and hold the world together." There may be somewhat more of reason and logic in Mr. Chapleau's condemnation of "strikes." But general denunciation of strikes will avail little in opposition to such practical evidence of their utility as that given in the result of the recent strike of Chicago carmen, in which, by the sacrifice of about \$1,000 a day for ten days, the strikers gained an advance of \$100 a day, or from \$30,000 to \$36,000 a year, for so long a time in the future as they can succeed in holding the advantage they have gained.

THE fact is, that the "strike" is an ugly, ponderous, and dangerous weapon, one that often recoils upon the user with destructive force, yet it is one which has wrought many victories for the workingman, both by its actual use and by the dread it inspires. Every thoughtful man, be he labourer or Cabinet Minister, must admit that it is no fit weapon for civilized warfare. It is for the statesman to do away with it by substituting something better. The problem for Hon. Mr. Chapleau and his colleagues to solve is, How shall its use be prevented in Canada without injustice to the workingman? It is impossible, with any decent regard to equality of rights, to forbid labour to do that which capital is constantly doing. Apart from the special question of "trusts" or "combines," now under consideration, it is well-known that there is scarcely a branch of trade which does not fix its scale of prices and exact them by concerted action. Mr. Chapleau referred to the principle of arbitration as embodied in law in France, and recently in England, but whether to approve or condemn we are unable to discover. It may, perhaps, be hoped that when the veil is lifted from that Report of the Labour Commission to which he somewhat mysteriously referred, it will be found that the Government is prepared to introduce a scheme of compulsory arbitration, or as near an approach to it as is possible in a free country. As to the question of enforcement, Parliament and the Legislatures have surely a right to insert an arbitration clause in the bills of incorporation of general carriers and other chartered companies. If, on the other hand, striking employees should refuse, which would seldom occur, to submit their claims to arbitration, or to abide by the result, it would be necessary only to afford ample protection to the companies in their efforts to replace the strikers by other workingmen, and the difficulty would soon, in ordinary cases, settle itself. Meanwhile it is pretty clear that, until some satisfactory legislative provision is made, the public will have to take their chances of suffering immense loss and injury from time to time, as the city of Chicago has just now done, in consequence of "strikes."

THE telegrams interchanged between the Manitoba and Dominion Premiers do not afford much hope of a peaceable solution of the railway difficulty in its new form. It is impossible to deny that Sir John A. Macdonald's reply, disclaiming on behalf of the Dominion Government any control over the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and treating the question as one to be settled on its strictly legal merits, is exasperatingly unsatisfactory. The Dominion Government, having agreed with the Manitoba Government to extinguish the C. P. R. monopoly, and having, with the sanction of Parliament, compensated that company for the loss of that monopoly, has surely placed itself under moral obligation to give effect to its promise and its legislation, in the spirit as well as in the letter. It would be absurd to expect that the Province of Manitoba would quietly submit to lose, even for a single season, the fruits of all its agitation and outlay, in consequence of the discovery by the legal advisers of the company whose exclusive rights have been extinguished, of an unrevoked clause of somewhat doubtful meaning and intention in the General Railway Act giving them special power of obstruction. It can scarcely be doubted that a few words from Sir John to the leading members of the company would have convinced them of the folly of entering upon a fresh contest in which they were sure to be worsted in the end, and which could not fail to leave behind it a legacy of ill feeling, if it did not lead to consequences still more deplorable. In a word, it seems clear to the unprejudiced, non-legal, mind

that the moral right is with the Government and people of Manitoba, and that, should the C. P. R. contention be sustained in the courts, the fact would but add one to the many illustrations of the old maxim, *summum jus, summa injuria*. What the C. P. R. authorities can expect to gain by the move, beyond a fresh harvest of unpopularity, and possible reprisals, it is hard to conjecture. They can scarcely be sanguine enough to hope that another year of monopoly of the traffic can be secured by such means.

UNHAPPY Manitoba! One might almost conclude that an envious fate had pre-ordained that railways should be the bane of her politicians. But yesterday a Government and party which had been a little before overwhelmingly strong was almost utterly annihilated in a contest over a railway question. To-day the cabinet which succeeded it is kept on the rack by at least two railway difficulties. While on the one hand it must be sorely tried by the re-entrance of its vanquished enemy the C. P. R. company on the scene, all booted and spurred for a fresh encounter, on the other the leading members of the administration have felt constrained to defend their reputations by libel suits in the courts, against allegations concerning another railway. And the charges which have led to this unpleasant state of things are believed to have been made at the instigation of a third railway, which is also said to have seduced from its allegiance a powerful newspaper, that was a few weeks since the Government's ally and warmest defender but is now its fierce accuser. Truly the railways of the Province are giving its Government a hard time.

AMONG the various evidences of progress on which the learned President of the Provincial University was able to congratulate the friends of education, in his interesting and eloquent address at the Annual Convocation a few days since, there is none more worthy of notice or fuller of promise than the new arrangement effected with the city council. The founding of two additional chairs from other sources than the Provincial endowment does indeed mark a new era in the history of the University. No more striking proof of the need of this financial aid, no ampler pledge of its utility, could be given than are to be found in the fact that a moiety of the new source of income thus provided is to be used in the establishment of a Professorship of the English language and literature. It seems almost incredible that the work in this all-important department of the Provincial University has hitherto been remitted to a single lecturer. However open to criticism so unequal a division of resources and labour may have been in the past, it is gratifying to know that through the opportune settlement now reached with the city authorities, the occasion of reproach for neglect of our own unique language and literature is now at last to be taken away. With the addition of the Professor of Political Science already appointed and the incumbents of the other new chairs now provided for, the staff of the university should shortly compare favourably in numbers as it already does in scholarship with that of any similar institution in America. There will still, however, be much room for further expansion, and it may be hoped that wealthy alumni and other friends of the university may not be slow to take the hint given by the President, in protesting against the "singularly misleading idea" which assumes that "because a university has been organized with a state endowment it is precluded from sharing in private beneficence."

IF the observation and judgment of the Austrian Consul at Yokohama may be relied on, the prevailing opinion as to the relative moral integrity of the Japanese and Chinese races will have to be reverted. The consul has sent home a report in which he states that it is very difficult for foreigners to have any dealings with the Japanese merchants, in consequence of their trickiness in trade. They inherit, he declares, bad habits, "lack tenacity, uprightness, and an active and enterprising spirit," and are unworthy of confidence or credit. The Chinese merchants are much better. Dishonesty is rare among them, and they enjoy the confidence of foreigners. These representations are so contrary to the impressions which have ordinarily been conveyed by those having to do with those two peoples that one is led to suspect that the Austrian Consul's experience must have been exceptional, or his opinions prejudiced. An English contemporary suggestively remarks, that "it would be interesting to read a corresponding report on European trade drawn up by an Oriental."

As an offset to the disquieting Whitechapel atrocities, it is reassuring to find that the Annual Return of Judicial Statistics shows a lessening in the amount of crime and the number of criminals throughout England and Wales. The total number of the criminal classes at large, and known to the police, was less by 1.4 per cent. in 1886-7 than in 1885-6. The

returns for the same period show a decrease of 8.1 per cent. in the number of houses of bad character. The number of indictable offences reported by the police in the same period shows a decrease of 5.6 per cent., and in the number of persons sent for trial at assizes and sessions there is a decrease of 682 in number, or 4.8 per cent. In the total commitments to prison there is a decrease of 6,877, or 38 per cent. The only exception to this general tendency in the right direction, is an increase of 3.8 per cent. in the number of persons against whom summary proceedings were taken before justices of the peace. On the whole, it appears that the amount of crime and the number of criminals throughout the Kingdom are tending steadily to decrease.

AMONG many noteworthy incidents connected with the Irish Home Rule struggle, not the least interesting has been the steady and rapid rise of Mr. Arthur Balfour, from a position of comparative obscurity to a foremost place on the ranks of British political leaders. It is evident that, as the *Spectator* says, the British public does not quite know Mr. Balfour yet. His speeches during the present recess, not less than his leadership in Irish affairs in Parliament, prove him to be not only the man of unflinching courage, (many of his opponents call it unfeeling and unprincipled obstinacy) he is popularly believed to be, but that he is possessed of debating and oratorical power of a very high order, with which he has not hitherto been credited. In another respect too his recent achievements have been a surprise to many. For reasons which we need not try to analyze, the general impression has no doubt been that he was, if not as agnostic as Mr. Morley, or as atheistic as Mr. Bradlaugh, at least indifferent to speculative questions of morals, and devoid of religious sentiments and principles. To many the pamphlet in which he has recently republished his address, or "Sermon" as *The Spectator* calls it, on "The Religion of Humanity," will have come as a genuine surprise. Judging from the style and character of this admirable paper, Mr. Balfour's name may without hesitation be added to the long list of British statesmen who find time, notwithstanding the stress and strain of public affairs, to keep themselves abreast of the higher thought of the day, and to take a hand in the discussion of those great problems of human life and destiny which are exercising the best minds of the age. Mr. Balfour's treatise shows that he has not only thought closely upon these all-important questions, but that he is master of a literary style which enables him to represent the results of his thinking in a very attractive garb. The following sentences will be of interest as giving both a taste of the literary quality of the work, and a hint as to the writer's attitude in regard to the great questions under discussion:—

"All developed religions, and all philosophies which aspire to take the place of religion, Lucretius as well as St. Paul, give us some theory as to the destiny of man and his relation to the sum of things. My contention is that every such religion and every such philosophy, so long as it insists on regarding man as merely a phenomenon among phenomena, a natural object among other natural objects, is condemned to failure as an effective stimulus to high endeavour. Love, pity, and endurance it may indeed leave with us; and this is well. But it so dwarfs and impoverishes the ideal end of human effort that, though it may encourage us to die with dignity, it hardly permits us to live with hope."

It would be difficult to find in the history of modern civilized nations a parallel to the discourtesy and injustice of which the United States has been guilty in the passage of the Chinese Exclusion Act and the subsequent treatment of Chinese under the shelter of that Act. In regard to the latter point the refusal of the authorities to allow Chinamen who have certificates from the Collector of Customs to re-enter the United States after an absence, however short, is an outrage of such a kind that it is humiliating to think it can be tolerated by the public opinion of a Christian nation. As the *Boston Courier* plainly puts it, "These certificates are a written and official pledge, given by our government, to allow the bearer to re-enter the country; and to refuse to recognize them as such is a distinct breach of faith, such as is a disgrace to any government." And now, it appears, the San Francisco court has decided that the Chinese Exclusion Act is legal, and will apply to Chinese who were already on their way to the United States when the Act was passed. These Chinese have left their native land trusting to the good faith of the United States for the validity of certificates based upon treaty stipulations, and purchased before they had any possible means of knowing of the summary action of Congress in passing the Exclusion Bill. Even the President, notwithstanding his haste to put himself right with the Pacific coast voters by sanctioning the Bill, recognized the obligations of public morality by recommending that Chinese who had left their own country before they could learn of the action of Congress, should be allowed to enter, but Congress failed to make

the necessary provision for such cases. The time will surely come after the present whirlwind of political excitement has passed over, when the sense of justice and right feeling of the American people will assert themselves, and make them heartily ashamed of the discreditable course into which they have suffered the nation to be hurried by the rivalry of unprincipled politicians.

THE unseemly squabble of the doctors over the remains of the late Emperor Frederick still goes on. How utterly vain it would be to hope for any satisfactory conclusion is evident from the painful contradictions that are made in regard to matters of fact, as well as matters of opinion. Were the discussion confined to such questions as that in regard to the probable effects of the heroic treatment proposed by the German doctors and prevented by Dr. Mackenzie, the case would have a certain interest, not only for other sufferers similarly afflicted, but for all students of medical science. But when the field of assertion and denial is narrowed down to such points as the existence of an abscess, the infliction of an injury to the throat of the royal patient by Dr. Bergmann in inserting the canula, and the comparative skilfulness or awkwardness of the respective operators in their manipulations—points in regard to which the interested and prejudiced disputants are the only possible witnesses—it is sufficiently clear that the prolonging of the dispute can result in nothing but bringing the specialists concerned, and to a certain extent the profession they represent, into distrust or contempt. Perhaps the most suspicious feature of the case is the intervention of the German authorities to prevent the sale of Dr. Mackenzie's book in Germany. This singularly small business, coupled with the similar action taken in regard to the diary of the deceased Emperor, is only too well adapted to convey the impression that somebody near the throne has something to conceal. The more charitable, and probably the true, explanation is that the German Government is not sufficiently removed from despotism to enable its highest dignitaries to see such matters in the light in which they present themselves in countries accustomed to popular government and freedom of the press.

CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES.

"No sympathetic critic would say of the Canadian people that they are wanting in practical ideas or in practical energy." With these words Professor Watson began his interesting and important inaugural address at Queen's University a few days ago. Dr. Watson knows, and here shows that he knows, that an effective critic needs two things, sympathy and truth. Without sympathy truth is apt to become cynical. Without truth sympathy is but another name for adulation; and adulation is perhaps more mischievous than censoriousness.

Having recognized the practical energy of our people, the professor points out that we have hardly, as yet, grasped the full meaning of political unity, so that we are in danger of forgetting the universal in what seems the particular good. This evil, he thinks, has partly extended to our universities, which, in some of their weaker representatives at least, "have shown a tendency to view one another as rivals, not as fellow-workers in a common cause." Dr. Watson does not dwell much upon this evil for obvious reasons; but it is well that the warning should be borne in mind by those who have the government of our universities.

Instead of giving particular suggestions for the removal of this evil, the professor traces it to one of its principal causes in "our inadequate conception of the special function which the university, as a member of the social organism, is called upon to discharge," particularly with reference to "the higher culture which a university should seek to foster." The function of the university, he points out, is to be the mediator between the past and the future, the life of thought and the life of action, the individual and the race.

Although, therefore, he ridicules the notion of a "self-made man" as a nonentity and an impossibility, he yet does not contend that the highest culture cannot be obtained outside universities; but he does hold that, in that case, it will be won only by a useless expenditure of energy. Consequently the wisest and most economical method for a nation to adopt will be to equip their universities in the most complete manner possible. "The narrow experience of the individual," Dr. Watson excellently remarks, "needs to be supplemented by the wider experience of the race, and only he who has taken pains to enter sympathetically into this wider experience can hope to live a complete life."

This point is pressed and illustrated with so much force that we could wish to see the whole address published in pamphlet form, so that our teachers and students might have the opportunity of weighing every statement and argument which it puts forth. The professor further points out

that this higher culture has a moral as well as an intellectual value, inasmuch as, if pursued in the right spirit, it will make a man look at things from a comprehensive and unselfish point of view, and call up in him a passion for all that conduces to a higher material, social and individual life.

There can be no doubt that here, without saying so, Dr. Watson is hitting the great blot in our modern educational systems. In our practical and laborious lives we are too apt to look upon our schools and colleges as institutions which will prepare us for making a living. No doubt it is necessary that we should earn a living; but if ever this thought becomes the predominant one with a people it will certainly prove degrading in its consequences. If the making of money is the end of our education, no one can doubt that the whole tone of our teachers and learners will be lowered and coarsened. But beyond this, education is not the mere gaining of information, or even mental drill, although this is of more importance. Of course we must obtain accurate information on subjects which are of importance to us, and we must have well-trained minds, in order to accuracy of thought and speech, and definiteness of action. But all these things will come as part of the nobler aim and effort.

On this point Dr. Watson admirably remarks: "just as it has been said that to seek for pleasure is the surest way not to find it; so we may say that a university that merely aims at being a sort of living encyclopædia, or seeks to prepare men for a special vocation, or tries to discipline their minds to strength and pliancy, will fail even in this limited object. The aim of the university is to produce noble, intelligent, unselfish men, and if it fails in that, it has failed of its high vocation."

This is the exact truth of the matter, and it is of great necessity that it should be insisted upon, because it is very widely ignored. If men want merely to be coached and crammed, that can be done with better effect by private tuition; and, unless they will regard the higher ends of the university, that institution is a very unnecessary luxury, and one which is needlessly expensive to the country.

In pointing out that the power for good must depend on wide knowledge, obtained at the cost of devoted labour, Professor Watson remarks that the consummation which we devoutly wish for will not come unless we take pains to make it come. "A nation does not grow with the easy spontaneity of a plant; its development is its own act, and involves infinite labour and patience." Nor does he regard Canada as indifferent to the higher intellectual life; but the question which deeply concerns those who are watching her progress, is to ascertain what share our universities have in the process of moulding the character of our people.

Now, he says, it is vain for us to disguise from ourselves that our universities have not hitherto done for Canada what Oxford and Cambridge have done for England, Leipsic and Berlin for Germany. And this has resulted partly from their slender means and their consequently insufficient body of teachers and inadequate equipments in other ways; and partly from the low state of scholarship among those who enter the universities. Professor Watson entirely agrees with those patriotic Canadians who are averse to the thought of young men passing over to the universities of England and Germany, instead of studying at their own, for after they have completed their course at home. But, he contends, there is nothing else for them to do, if they would be on a level with those who are educated at the universities of Europe.

Thus, the present state of things is, in various ways, undesirable. On the one hand, we should prefer that our teachers should be taken from our own country; but we have no choice, as a rule, in making the selection; for we must either import them, or, generally speaking, get an inferior article. It is just as well that independent observers and thinkers like Dr. Watson should make us acquainted with the actual state of affairs, especially as he does so in no pessimist spirit and is not hopeless of the future. The Universities, he says, are becoming better equipped for their work in every way; so that one defect is being remedied. It may not be quite so easy to raise the prevailing tone of thought on the subject of education; but something may be done to get young men better prepared before they enter the university. On this point Dr. Watson says: "Let us have a meeting of representatives, if not of all the Canadian universities, at least of the universities of Ontario, for the purpose of inquiring whether our matriculation examinations might not be made more rational than they now are, and for the discussion of all questions affecting the interests of higher education." For the encouragement of post-graduate study he recommends the foundation in Queen's of half a dozen fellowships of the value of \$250 a year. We fear this is too little. But it is useless to go further into details. We sincerely hope that Dr. Watson's paper will be carefully considered by all who are interested in our higher education.

THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE: CHRISTIAN REUNION

WE doubt whether there is any subject of deeper or more universal interest than that of the reunion of Christendom. Certainly there has never been a time, since the period of the Reformation, when the desirableness of reunion has been so widely felt. We can all of us remember the time when Christian teachers would gravely argue that the divisions in the Church were a source of strength, inasmuch as they promoted a healthy rivalry and what not.

It is very probable that this attitude was assumed by many Protestants in consequence of the powerful arguments used against them by the Roman advocates of unity. Certainly the Romanist had something to say for himself when he maintained that the great Head of the Church had intended that it should be one, had prayed for its unity, and must be displeased by beholding its divisions. Nor was this the worst of the Protestant position that it had split the Western Church in two; but this fragment which had fallen away from the main body had parted into many smaller divisions. Even the great Bossuet could not abstain drawing an argument in favour of his own Church from "the variations of Protestants."

In face of all this it seemed to become a necessity for Protestants to speak of divisions not only as a necessary evil, out of which the wisdom and the goodness of God would draw forth blessing, but almost as though divisions were a sign of better and higher life than union would have been. It may possibly be that there are some advocates of these opinions still left among us; but it is quite certain that they are no longer upheld by our leading and representative men. People have begun to see already that the kind of religious life which is kept alive in us by means of emulation and rivalry is of a low character, very far removed from the ideal life of the Christian. They are discerning more and more plainly that Christian energy is wasted and Christian work is hindered by the divisions of the Church, and that the whole spirit of Christian effort is, in a measure, secularized, by reason of the semi-hostile relations which exist between the divisions of the Church, which ought to be means of mutual support.

It is no wonder, then, that the subject of re-union should occupy the minds of Christian thinkers and workers, and that it should be a frequent subject of discussion in the assemblies of our various Christian Churches. These deliberations have already born fruit among us here in Canada, where the various Methodist bodies, as well as the parted Presbyterian Churches, have re-united, giving two powerful communions in the place of a multitude of weak ones. When we contrast this tendency to unity with the multiplying of divisions in the past, the change seems little short of miraculous.

So well have these re-unions succeeded, on the whole, that it is natural to ask whether they cannot be carried further. If the various bodies of Presbyterians have been able to discover a basis of unity, why should they not go further and discover on what terms they might unite with the Methodists? These two communions are practically separated from each other only by the differences of Calvinism and Arminianism, and in these days these peculiar theories, on both sides, are as good as buried. Of course there are a few survivals of the past, who still believe that the salvation of the world depends upon maintaining the "five points" of the one school or the other; but to most of us the formulæ of both have lost their meaning, and we are ready, with certain qualifications, to accept the affirmations, if not the negations, of both parties.

As far as the Church of England is concerned, there is no doctrinal difficulty in the way of her union with either Methodists or Presbyterians. For with regard to the former, the Methodist creed is the creed of the Church of England; and with regard to the latter, Calvinists have always been regarded as having a rightful place in the Church of England.

The report of the committee on Home Re-union is of considerable extent and deserves careful study. It is not possible for us here to attend to its historical contents; we must be content to give its conclusions, which were adopted by the General Conference. The following articles, it is asserted, "supply a basis on which approach may be, by God's blessing, made towards Home Re-union: 1. The Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, as 'containing all things necessary to salvation,' and as being the rule and ultimate standard of faith. 2. The Apostles' Creed as the Baptismal Symbol; and the Nicene Creed as the sufficient statement of the Christian faith. 3. The two sacraments ordained by Christ Himself—baptism and the supper of the Lord—ministered with unfailing use of Christ's words of institution, and of the elements ordained by Him. 4. The Historic Episcopate, locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and peoples called of God into the unity of the Church."

These provisions are not free from difficulties, some of which are immediately apparent, while others would emerge when the scheme began to be worked. It is quite true, for example, that, as regards Christian doctrine, this scheme requires all that was demanded by the Church of the first four centuries; and it is a proper subject of inquiry whether the same would be sufficient in the present day, or whether we may not still need some of the safeguards against Roman teaching, which were introduced into all the reformed confessions of the sixteenth century. For the laity there is certainly no such need; but the same could hardly be said of the clergy. It is quite true that no one who subscribed the first of these articles could teach or hold the Roman doctrine of authority; but they would not be precluded from teaching many doctrines which would be equally offensive to Protestant congregations. We will mention only Transubstantiation and Purgatory. We can hardly believe that these were regarded by the Conference as open questions; yet the effect of these articles would be to place them in that position.

With regard to the Episcopate, where the difficulty seems so great, it may by and by turn out that this is the least of all the obstacles in the way of Re-union. The name of Bishop is hardly repulsive to Methodists, since, as we understand, the largest Methodist body in the world is the Methodist Episcopal Church in the States. To the Presbyterians, the word is undoubtedly more offensive: but in the present day it is so more in the nature of a decaying prejudice than as representing any strong practical conviction. In many cases bishops have less power than Presidents and Moderators, and it would be easy enough to define the limits of their power in the Constitution of the Church. Apart from this, the only difficulty is connected with their permanent tenure of office; and this may hereafter be regarded as advantageous. We doubt whether there are many English-speaking men in the world who regard the recurring elections of a President as more conducive to the well-being of a country than the life-long tenure of a sovereign. Here, indeed, we have a good illustration of what we have said as to episcopal powers. The President of the United States has more direct control over the working of the laws of the country than has the Queen of England; and there is no reason in the world why the superior officer of the Christian Church should have a more power than an ordinary president, merely because he was called by a different name and ordained in a somewhat different manner. Time will show whether any way can be found of getting over the difficulty at present felt.

The third article is noticeable as omitting all reference to Confirmation. We humbly think that the Conference was quite right in so doing. Without entering upon the origin or utility of Confirmation, it is enough to remark that it cannot be placed on the same level with the two great sacraments. It is impossible to say what may come out of these suggestions, or whether anything, and how long it will take to bring about such a union as is desired. It is obvious that, if we would hope for ultimate Christian Union throughout the whole Church, it must first take effect among the reformed communions. Towards the working out of this consummation the Lambeth Conference have at last made a good beginning.

IN A DARK HOUR.

Yes, yes, I know what you would say, and yet
Life is so sweet, life is so very sweet!
Leaves dancing in the sun make quick the beat
Of saddest heart, and love must still forget
Life's toil and care, its fever and its fret.
How blue the sky shines through the summer's heat;
How merrily the blood defies the sleet;
One golden day illumines a gray year. Let

Those talk of tears who never knew relief;
For me the hoarded honey of the past
Outlives the wintry interval of pain.
Come loneliness, or lovelessness, or grief,
The memory of days too sweet to last
Shall make my heart run o'er with joy again.

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

LOUIS LLOYD'S LETTERS.

WITH all due respect to the gorgeous Rockies and the wonderful country beyond them which the C.P.R., has opened up for us, those odd, sprawling, ambitious prairie towns, those thriving foreign settlements need yielding nothing in point of interest to the Pacific division of the road. Nature is there tempered with humanity, a heterogeneous humanity; and perhaps nowhere on earth can one better study Germans, French, or English than as they stand divorced from everything but national individuality, neither smoke, nor flaring gas, nor confusing din troubles the impression one might have of perhaps fifteen different peoples, each in its pristine condition. Regina and the surrounding country are peculiarly adapted to the ethnologist. Crofters, Germans, Russians, Alsations and that genius popularly known as "the younger son," have all settled somewhere about. There are Canadians also, Canadians who show you of what marvels the land is really capable.

Travelling through the North-West an eastern dilettante must experience feelings similar to those of an æsthetic parent contemplating his thirteen-year-old son. He is proudly enthusiastic, boundlessly hopeful,

but he is not charmed. In the smallest village there seems the principle of the town, and in the largest town the peripatetic cow has the right of way.

Regina bears to Moosomin a relation not dissimilar to that which some successful merchant might bear to an equally successful farmer. The former expresses himself more coherently, his hands are whiter and his general appearance sleeker, but the mistakes he makes grate upon one with a harshness the latter's boorishness never approaches. Our room at Moosomin contained comb and soap—commodities well-bred people are supposed to carry with them, but little else. The youth slouched in to dine as if edging a way through brushwood, yet we found there more interest, more "character" as Garth Grafton would say, than where the front parlour could boast those ghastly results of civilization—the cambriquin and dumb-store.

Why Regina should be where it is, or why it should not be where it is, I cannot tell you. It will most probably stretch and stretch to the dividing line between sky and prairie, but there still seems no special reason for such growth as far as position is concerned. You search in vain a hill, a river worthy the name, and your eyes weary with wandering over interminable flatness, look again on the town, relieved as they would be contemplating a cluster of tents on the desert. However, the *raison d'être* of Regina becomes more apparent after visiting the luxuriant surrounding country. Regina itself, as I have already stated, appears sleekly successful. An aristocratic military contingent greatly quickens trade in the perfumery department of druggists' shops, and ultra fashionable maid-servants keep merchants up to a point they might never attain if solely dependent on the conservative British dame.

It was our pleasure and duty to pay our respects at Government House before going any where else. Government House lies, yes, I may say lies, a mile from Regina. In driving to it we passed the Executive buildings and Indian office—unpretending wooden structures. The house itself is the funniest little rambling one-storied frame building. The modest approach is embellished with buffalo skulls. But once across the threshold we find something infinitely more impressive than chilling stone and brick—a charming home made to speak welcome from every corner by the deft fingers of *Mlle. Royale*. We can only predict success for a household, which, having so invaluable a member, will surely know how to combine hospitality with dignity; and, while making visitors feel thoroughly at home, will never allow them forget they are in Government House. Far from considering forms and ceremonies, meaningless absurdities except at Rideau, we would hold them the more necessary the less ostentatious are the gubernatorial buildings. Stronger than any free-and-easy, slipshod, lazy, democratic way of conducting affairs is the eternal fitness of things.

There are two farms near Regina, which, I suppose, may be counted among the finest in the Northwest. One belongs to an Ontario man, the other to an Englishman, and we found just that difference between them discernible between the work of a professional and an amateur. In the first case, from parlour to dairy, from the uttermost verge of 1280 acres to the doorstep everything bespoke the farm. We entered a substantial, practical house, whose snowy floors were covered with "rag" carpets, and whose browned, blooming, vigorous master and mistress suggested nothing but marvellous crops, sunny butter, home-made bread and rare jam. They had no need to attempt to reconcile past finery with their present existence painfully *au naturel*. You were not asked to five o'clock tea, but you were invited to inspect the dairy, a dairy where the milk of twelve cows was kept and the butter therefrom. For this butter a very ready market could always be found in Regina. Indeed, were all the farmers' wives about to take more interest concerning the success of what seems peculiarly their domain, they would gain rapid rewards, for dairy produce is by no means plentiful, grain-growing having superseded every other enthusiasm. Our Ontario friends, you see, and people like them are really those wanted in the Northwest.

The English farm was quaintly pretty with its sweet, faint smelling front garden, too quaint, too pretty "for the like of us Nor' Westers." When you transfer the contents of a Bayswater drawing-room to a Canadian farm house one or the other must suffer. There were dainty conceits in furniture and ornaments, and the refreshments so hospitably offered us were found delicious; but nobody could ever imagine our hostess at the churn, and her daughter, fresh-cheeked though she was, appeared too charming in shooting gear to follow the avocation of a raw-handed milk-maid. Thus we learned with no surprise the London gentleman had spent more money than his neighbour from Ontario, but that he owned less land and made smaller profits. A walk round the farm was curious, curious because things were shown us after much the same fashion in which an amateur might exhibit his curios. Some thoroughbred pigs were commented upon as if they had been bric-a-brac and the excellence of a "self binder" our English friend pointed out as he would have done the artistic points of a palanquin. The whole affair seemed far more like his "fad" than his means of subsistence. Two Indians we met on our tour were employed on the farm. They did not attempt to answer when addressed, but shot off towards their work in a quick, slippery, disconcerting way. As farm hands our guide found them very satisfactory, and gave each man a dollar or a dollar and a half per day. However opinions concerning the Indian in this capacity differ very materially, for one farmer vowed he would not have him near his premises.

Mr. James' five acre vegetable garden on the out-skirts of Regina is only another proof of the prairie's limitless capabilities. Its produce has taken first prizes every where. With opened mouthed awe we contemplate sixty-four pound cabbages, and so prodigiously luxuriant was the celery, that even the Right Honourable, the member for—quite failed to recog-

nise it. There are excellent cellars, perfectly frost proof, in connection with the garden where the vegetables may be stored. But despite all this Mr. James intends selling out. The C. P. R. will buy what remains of his present stock, and the acres may have to submit to the plow. Though so valuable a vegetable garden proves unprofitable, it augurs nothing discouraging for similar future enterprises. The Regina market is too small, and the cost of transport too great, to bring Mr. James due profit. His scheme is premature, that is all. With time not only five, but five hundred vegetable-growing acres will pay. However I plead a far deeper interest in the young English gardener than in his cabbage. It was a handsome face that looked out from under the great *sombrero*, a face where bravado and shyness, humour, sadness and pride were oddly mixed. One has often heard before the tale those brown eyes have to tell, eyes that are filled with warmth and light—a heritage from tropical seas. He would not have us believe he is not above his position, yet he is too far above it to say so all at once. He has been in Canada only three months, but England was left a very long time ago. Since then every ordinary and many extraordinary vocations this *jui f errant* has followed. Speculations in Australia gold mines quite ruined him. Yes, he would rather live alone, because . . . because . . . you see . . . he couldn't associate with the people . . . with nice people . . . and he wouldn't belong to the Gardeners' Association. So there the poor proud boy lived in a rough room of the hot house, there stand his guns, his hard bed boasting only some blue blankets, men, of course, "don't mind," yet methinks even the heart of one of those dames "who wear a waterproof and do not believe in God" must burn with housewifely zeal and feminine sympathy at the sight of this distressingly masculine *ménage*.

When, after having questioned him most assiduously concerning his garden's products, we asked our young Englishman when and where he had acquired so solid a horticultural education, he archly replied that people who came there usually knew a good deal about vegetables and flowers, so information was easily acquired. We felt judged, but laughed and forgave him sufficiently to shake hands before leaving. His black, coarse hands, that toyed nervously with a wisp of grass, were in pathetic contrast to his "good-morning, madam," as he raised his hat, pleased and blushing furiously. Ah! Why are we so often chary of a smile, a friendly salutation.

Returning from Mr. James' garden, we came across the German-Russian settlement. It is a cluster of one-room huts, half in the ground and half out, looking like the remains of some mound city. These Russian-Germans from Odessa are beamingly dirty. The woman whom I addressed could speak no English, but her German was very fair. She had round, twinkling, intelligent blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, and dark wavy hair. The pleasant creature told me there were in all twenty families. They first had heard of a promised land beyond the seas, and came out unassisted two years ago. Then they sent for their friends. All appeared eminently contented. By working in Regina the men could gain \$1.50 per day, three times as much as at home. Not one word of complaint escaped the energetic little *frau's* lips as she knitted away while talking to us, notwithstanding the fact that the most destitute east-end Londoner would scorn to set foot in her rat-hole house. But my experience thus far has shown me there is an utterly unwarrantable amount of "spoilt bratedness" in the British pauper, which British philanthropy only fosters. Mr. John Bull lives under the hallucination that the herd of little John Bulls he bequeaths to the universe makes the universe his debtor for an amount it can never fully pay, so he feels at liberty to whine, and complain, and appeal, and expect to an unlimited degree. Foreigners, on the other hand, seem quite disposed to bear the whole brunt of their self-imposed responsibilities.

We entered the German-Russian's home. It was compact, air-tight, water-proof—it was enough! We had to go down several steps into the hut, which, built thus, could be the more easily heated. A huge bed occupied one corner, a crib, another, a huge stove a third, and—that was all. You see "en 'ahooses, two boxes, an' 160 acres," are not absolutely necessary for one's contentment.

Having thus far inspected the agricultural and commercial life of Regina, we wished to have our decidedly favourable opinions confirmed; the manager of the Bank of Montreal did more than this. He told us that since the branch had been established in 1882 they had not lost a cent; \$23,000 from settlers and merchants at present lay in their coffers. Though obligations were always met, scarcely any farms were mortgaged. Such being the flattering condition of affairs, it is not surprising the manager of the Bank of Ottawa should have pronounced Regina superior to every place alone the line from Winnipeg West, in the payment of obligations.

But something which proved better than anything else the town's prosperity, which proved a spirit at once fraternal and ambitious, was the grand ball we witnessed in the Town Hall. The Regina band discoursed music more or less sweet, while two by two came the chivalry and beauty of the place—Jim from the inn, and that lass o' Jones', our bewitching little waitress, and—shades of officialdom!—Regina's mayor! The upper housemaid asked me next morning why we had not remained till the end? for "it was so nice, and there was a *splendid* supper." The gay and festive upper housemaid of the North-West seems to know everything on earth but her place. However, she is so affable, so kind, so "lady-like," that one would never dream of quarrelling with a state of affairs which makes the "tip," the *pour boire*, an indignity.

And now I would tell you of the last settlement we visited, a unique, extremely interesting one—I mean the barracks of the Mounted Police. They form quite a little wooden village two miles from Regina. Whatever you may think of this force down east, of its importance and its work, I can only speak about it as an impartial observer must who has visited headquarters and taken the trouble to acquire absolute proofs of its un-

questionable usefulness in the past and in the present. You will remember that the North-West Mounted Police was established soon after the territories became part of the Dominion. Prior to 1872 three treaties had been made between the white man and the Indian, but these treaties were quite inadequate to secure either mutual justice, friendly feeling or the savage's rights. In 1869-70, after the Hudson's Bay Company's rule had come to an end, there was profound consternation in the camp. Enterprising Americans marched upon it armed with whiskey, which they wished to barter for horses and furs, while Eastern intruders cunningly took possession of the soil wherever they could. Picture 34,000 Indians hostile to each other and to the white man. Think a moment of the horrid botch they made of matters in the Western States. There civilization tried to take root on volcanic ground. It was as if settlers had built wooden houses and established farms while the bush fire raged all about. White people squatted down in a happy-go-lucky fashion, with no guarantee of peace from the Indians, with no force at work to control, not so much by fire as by friendliness. Could one be surprised then at a Custer massacre? While quite willing to make due allowances for the untamed cow-boy imagination, you must admit that even the lurid tale of the ordinary ranchman's exploits in Oregon might fill us with very warrantable pride when we contrast the present conditions of North-West Canada with the western country of our neighbours.

From the very first every Indian Commissioner found the Mounted Police indispensable. Any attempt on the part of settlers to live in the territories without treaties was absurd, but any attempt to enforce the stipulations of treaties without the Police would have proved vain. This gallant force at once gained the red man's confidence, and till 1876, when the Indian Department was formed, it had entire charge of Indian affairs. Government decided the best ground should be set aside for Indian reserves; the task of keeping greedy settlers within prescribed limits has therefore proved sufficiently difficult. Then again Indian tribes are in a constant state of ebullition regarding one another; the Police have done very much to maintain peace.

As for the amount of money expended on the force, why, what was collected by them at Custom houses along the frontier line always covered this. Witness the following figures. The cost of maintenance for each of the 300 men who formerly made up the Mounted Police corps was from \$700 to \$1,000, but the Customs revenue at Fort McLeod alone for 1882 was \$15,135; at Qu'Appelle, \$1,076; and the total revenue from all the forts, \$52,522. Now the expense has greatly diminished, as far as maintaining the individual man is concerned, for it has fallen to \$500.

If you would hear some account of glowing deeds, of hardships nobly and silently endured, of fierce, solitary rides when carrying despatches from one station to another was fraught with imminent danger, you must ask the stars and the dark-faced prairie—the Mounted Police are far too brave to talk about their bravery.

The force comprises to day one thousand men, a hundred of whom always remain at the Regina barracks which form a sort of training school. Nine hundred are thus stationed throughout the territories. The patrol extending from Manitoba to the Rockies. This small number being the whole corps, one can scarcely expect every village, every collection of huts and shops to have a contingent all to itself, yet many such collections would like it so. Indeed the complaints one often hears are simply from the inhabitants of those places which, for some good reason, have not a few military men stationed in them though they may call upon the aid of the Mounted Police and receive it whenever they please. The red jacket's presence is always agreeable and advantageous even in times of peace. Thus, you see, baker, butcher, and perfumer, who might be supposed to need military protection far less than the farmers, raise quite as loud a hue and cry over the loss of custom as that of the man who has lost a sheep when Mounted Policemen are not at their door.

To-day Custom Houses along the frontier line are directly under government supervision, and the C. P. R. and "speaking wires," have relieved the military of many perilous duties; but that law and order are maintained in those vast tracts between Manitoba and the Rockies, that Prohibition is not merely a name but a force, that horse-thieving has been almost abolished, and both settlers and Indians live in comparative peace and security we certainly owe it to the Mounted Police.

Before leaving Regina let me introduce you to the genial guide of our wanderings whom you know by name and reputation if you have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintanceship—Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin. He is seated in his little study at *The Leader* office, as complete an editorial study as one could find, with its French, German, Greek, Latin, and English books. The Hon. Member for Western Assiniboia has been welcomed wherever he has conducted us. Even an old German *frau* told me confidently that *Herr Davin ist ein sehr schöner herr*, (Mr. Davin is a very worthy gentleman).

Among other bits of parting information our kind friend gave us was an account of the Strasbourg settlers whom, unfortunately, we had not time to visit. Some fifty German immigrants arrived four years ago and founded a colony they call New Alsace. At the expiration of three years they had each bought one hundred and sixty acres for ten dollars, a horse, cow, and oxen. Their houses and stables have, of course, been built by themselves. Their furniture is a curiosity, for even the wooden nails that fasten it are home manufacture, while every inch of bedding is homespun. Not one Alsatian has turned out a failure.

Mr. Davin further said: "I strongly advise you to stop off at Moosejaw around which the crops have been exceptionally successful, the town site itself being attractive from its beauty. I regret you can't visit Maple Creek, where you would find the finest ranch country in the North-West, the mines and ranches at Medicine Hat would also repay a stop over."

But we were perhaps more grateful to Mr. Davin for introducing us to "Elaine" than for introducing us to any other fact connected with Regina. "Elaine's" real name I am not yet at liberty to disclose, only as she appeared in our eye a very poetical fact, as a poetical fact I would speak of her till she shall speak for herself. Mr. Davin read us some pretty bits of pathetic verse, some charmingly humorous rhymes, and a quaint prairie sketch; we were therefore quite prepared to find a very literary lady indeed when we accepted her hospitable invitation to dine in the evening. We found a literary lady, but I hardly know which I enjoyed most, her coffee or her conversation; which I most admired, her verses or the coquettish way she had transmogrified her log cabin. That men should be their own doctors and joiners is comprehensible, but have we not treble reason to call this the land of promise where a lady can compose a distich with as much facility as she can a pudding; where carpentering and cantos go hand in hand.

LOUIS LLOYD.

A PHOTOGRAPH.

A TINY scrap of card-board—nothing more—
Some five or six small inches long, in width
Scarce more than two—upon the open desk
Before me lies—a simple thing in sooth
To turn the thoughts to wand'ring fantasy—
And yet—I muse awhile, and dreaming watch
The pale blue ringlets of my cigarette
In scented fragrance vanish, ere again
A second look I take—a second word
Upon the page before me dare to write!

A child's sweet face. Upon the graceful head,
Scarce sixteen summers—lightly come and gone—
Their tender touch have laid—a face
To dream of sleeping, and awaking dream
Again—a beauty rare, replete
With guileless innocence, of purity
The incarnation, and of love—Ah! well,
Such wayward musings needs must have an end,
Scarce sixteen summers, said I! I forget!

And yet the face I love! In the dark eyes,
Where just methinks the faintest little shade
Of winsome coquetry lies hid, I see
Strange portents mirrored, of the soul within
The outward symbols. O'er the childish brow
The softly-curling waves of dark-brown hair
Break heavy, and upon those faultless lips
(What bow of Cupid could more perfect be?)
Plays a half-smile.

Where the white clinging robe
Meets o'er the snowy bosom, nestling close
A fresh culled posy lies—two fragrant flowers
Of purity and grace together blent!

What shall the future bring? Ah! who can tell?
Who first within the next few fleeting years
Shall pluck that blossom fair, to those dark eyes
The love-light bring, and from the rosy lips
Draw the first music of th' awakened soul's
Sweet passion?

Stay! I do again forget
Scarce sixteen summers! What have love and I,
And idle musings such as these to do
With this fair childish face? And yet—and yet,
Ah! such a subtle sense of sorrow steals
Upon me as I gaze, I have no words
For utterance—I wis not whence it springs
Nor wherefore—

Hold! enough! Before me lies
The open drawer—there let it rest again—
One little kiss, 'tis all I ask—light-pressed
Upon those sweet curved lips—aye! that at least
Is my dear privilege—stay, I am mad
Indeed! Scarce sixteen summers! Well—Goodnight!

J. CARLOW.

IMPERIAL CONFEDERATION.

THE vitality that seems to be inherent in the question of Imperial Federation is a phenomenon not easily explained, especially in face of the fact that nearly every proposal favouring the taking of practical steps towards its realization has been set aside as Utopian, if not worthy of ridicule. The father of the movement, when driven from the activities of practical statesmanship by the irresoluteness of his colleagues, sought retreat from the vexations of party intrigue in the highest sphere of living statesmanship, in the realm of theory, where the patriotism that seeketh not its own but the good of all seems alone to have freedom. From such a retreat, as we know, he gave to the world his marvellous dream of a political unity for the empire, wittingly setting it afloat upon that sentiment of loyalty which is the birthright of every true British subject, be he resident of the British Isles, or of the colonies; and ever since the sentiment seems to

have been its only support. The fact is, there are few colonists who are not Federationists at heart, though in being such they may not know what Federation means in the sense in which Mr. Forster understood it, nor have the slightest intention of joining any of the Federation Leagues which are said to exist in every part of the empire. If the end to be gained by the Federationists be political amity, then must there be antagonisms at the present moment, or else they are crying for something which has already been realized. That there are no present antagonisms having a tendency towards ultimate estrangement between the colonies and the motherland, or between one colony and another, goes without saying, if the words of our more prominent politicians mean anything. Hardly a day passes without the declaration on the part of our Macdonalds, Langevins, and Macarthies, that the feeling of loyalty towards the mother country was never stronger in Canada than it is at the present time. And if such be the case with the other colonies, as their representatives are ever likewise declaring in the hearing of London hospitalities, there must be something in the wind among the Federationists than mere national amity among the various elements of the empire. And yet, what is of such importance as the permanency of this feeling of national brotherly kindness? Is there anything in the world of more importance? Is there anything in the world so easily broken, or which, when once broken, is so difficult to restore? If the Federationists would read aright the history of the events which led to the American War of Independence, or the events which have brought about the present unhappy condition of Ireland, they would be less anxious to assume the responsibility of endangering the present friendly relationship between Great Britain and her colonies by tightening the ties of a political partnership in which so many of the interests at stake are anything but identical. Ever since Confederation the development of a Canadian national spirit has been a theme on every Canadian's lips. But a national spirit with political tendencies within a wider nationality is an impossibility where peace is to be preserved, and Scotland was shrewd enough to recognize this after the union when she sought to preserve her national spirit in the social, and not in the political. But Scotland was a nation before union came, while the nation promised by Confederation has been so far little better than a make believe; and all the fine things which have been uttered in fostering the idea of Canada's becoming a nation have been thrown away if our Canada-First men become Federationists. Indeed, as it appears to many of us who have had little opportunity of expressing ourselves on the subject, were we to have, in actual fact, all that the members of the Federation League claim we would have under the new Imperial Constitution, of which, by the way, they never speak but in a faltering manner, we of the colonies would, in all probability, lose the bracing sentiment of loyalty we possess towards the motherland, under the straining of a fiscal or defence policy which, in the nature of things, could not be satisfactory to all of us.

That there are two very different ways of looking at this subject has been specially brought to my notice by reading the report of a Federation meeting lately held in my native town. Sir Frederick Young, who takes rank with Lord Rosebery as an enthusiastic Federationist, has been visiting Scotland during the month of September on a lecturing tour, and if his address at Johnstone is to be taken as an enunciation of what Federation really portends, it would appear that very little progress has been made in the development of the original idea. In his whole address he advanced no argument which would have drawn from a Canadian audience the rounds of applause which greeted nearly everything he said at Johnstone. Everything he said seemed to gratify his Scottish hearers. For example, taking his stand upon Adam Smith's maxim that national solidity or national wealth rested upon the tripod of "Land, Labour, and Capital," he maintained that as the first was superabundant in the colonies, and the second and third in the mother country, there was nothing for it but to bring all into closer political union, were national solidity to be secured. Sir Frederick, however, forgot that the aim of the colonies for the past twenty years has been to establish a nationality of their own upon the self-same tripod, and with the land and labour of their own they have succeeded fairly well in obtaining all the capital they want, and more, perhaps, than they should wish for, even under the political relationship of the present time. It is all very well for Sir Frederick to excite the laird of Castle-semble, to declare, while moving a vote of thanks, that Great Britain without the colonies was no power at all, and that the colonies without Great Britain were not worth a fig; but it will cost Sir Frederick and Mr. Shand-Harvey many years of missionary enterprise in the colonies to convince us of this, or to induce us to give up our hopes of a future of our own, through the coaxings of capital when seeking an investment. In a word the colonies are very well satisfied with the connection as it is at present, with the prestige of Great Britain behind us in our budding national enterprises, as a sort of protection *in posse*; and should the people of Great Britain ever come to think that we have the best of the bargain or come to say that Federation or Separation is our alternative, the reply which Sir John A. Macdonald has made in face of the Retaliation proposal may be taken as a hint of what Canada may say under such a threat.

Another of Sir Frederick Young's pet axioms and one which seemed to tickle the ears of his audience as an infallible assurance, has come to be looked upon on this side of the Atlantic as mere Federation cant. "Trade follows the flag," said Sir Frederick, at Johnstone, and we have heard the same from a Federationist in Canada, but only to be greeted with ridicule. Trade may have done so when Great Britain was, beyond all competitors, the manufacturing centre of the world, with the commerce of the world very much in her own hands. But times have changed since then, and probably the fact that they have changed has had something to do with the vitality in this question of Federation, a suspicion which is by no means weakened when we hear of one of Sir Frederick's audience declaring after

his lecture that anything which tended to draw closer together the colonies and the mother country was of the utmost importance, especially to the industrial populace of Great Britain. Were Sir Frederick Young to come over to Canada he would find that the welfare of the industrial populace here is of very much more importance to us than that of Great Britain, and would at the same time find that his favourite axiom counted for little in face of the favour with which, at least, a large minority of us have looked upon Reciprocity, Commercial Union, and the opening up of trade with France, Brazil, and the South American States, even if he overlooked the number of British subjects who pass over from Canada to the United States, and Americans from the United States to Canada every year. In a word the commerce of the world has become a mere market-place in which nations sell their commodities to the highest bidder, and purchase in return at the cheapest rate, and this irrespective of tariffs and national sentiment. Perhaps it ought to be otherwise, or as Mr. Polson, who imports largely to the colonies, said at the Johnstone meeting, "the colonists should make the tariff as hostile as they liked against other countries, but they ought not to make it quite so hostile against us."

The Federationists' project of an Imperial Parliament may well be discussed by the constituencies of the mother country when the question of Local Parliaments for Scotland and Ireland has been disposed of. In the meantime the colonists are quite satisfied with the representation they have through their Agents-General, and the final Court of Appeal in cases affecting the rights of the subject. Further representation they cannot look for without taxation; and further taxation for what would readily enough be considered by the colonists as outside enterprises, would eventually end in serious discontent. Yet, after all, there can be no harm in carrying out the suggestion which Sir Frederick Young has thrown out in regard to the appointing of a Commission of Inquiry. There is in such a suggestion something practical, something through which progress can be reported, and, if acted upon, it will certainly bring out certain facts of which the easy converts to Federation at home are evidently ignorant. Sir Frederick Young seems to think that Federation is neither a Liberal scheme nor a Tory dogma, and that it may lay claim to some virtue on this account. Perhaps when his proposed commission makes its report after going round the colonies, "not to advocate any particular policy, but to ascertain the views of the colonists themselves on the subject," he may be forced to remark how difficult it is to get an expression of public opinion in the colonies on a question which lies outside of practical or party politics.

J. M. HARPER.

SONNET.

SWEET thoughts do scatter from my happy mind
As bees, dispersing, fly from out the door
Of that hive-home, their house and honey-store,
In quest of golden treasure, which to find
Each willing worker, wandering in the wind,
Doth thoroughly search each blossom o'er and o'er,
Returning laden with love-loot galore
Unheedful of the ravage left behind—
On Fancy's wings my soul, all unconfined,
Over the flowers of sense shall ever soar,
The sweets of life that fill the poet's lore
To find for thee, my queen of womanhood!
Nor will I for thy sake this labour fond forego
While life's bright summer lasts, and love's rich blossoms blow.

SAREPTA.

HAMBURG.

BEFORE all things, Hamburg is a city of good living. You cannot take a walk through any frequented part of the town without instantly becoming aware that the nurture and care of the inner man play an important part in the lives of its inhabitants. To an untravelled Englishman the fact of being invited to come and lunch in a cellar by a wealthy friend, instead of at his own luxurious home, appears somewhat incongruous; but whatever may be your misgivings, do not on any account refuse such an invitation, should it come in your way, especially if it chance to be given in the oyster season. Why these excellent Hamburgers should utilize their underground quarters as restaurants, in such a city of palaces, is a great mystery, for one would have thought that most people preferred to take their meals in daylight rather than descend the area steps for that purpose, and dine in the dim religious light that prevails below. Be the reason what it may, it is certain you may count on finding all the delicacies of the season, as well as wine of the first quality at your command, and this privilege is also extended to the weaker sex, who are often to be met, either alone or accompanied by male friends, in these subterranean regions in considerable numbers. As you enter you will find well-spread refreshment bars covered with every relish and condiment dear to the North German heart—the *cuisine* being quite different and infinitely superior to that of other parts of the empire—all presided over by a gentlemen of so refined and aristocratic an appearance that you hesitate to address him on such a vulgar and common place subject as lunch or dinner, but he will speedily put you at your ease, an summon and attendant gnome in the shape of a waiter from some even darker and more mysterious region than that which you temporarily occupy. This being will usher you into the dining-room where you will find the "carte," which you can study at your leisure. In the smaller "Keller" you can have a meal of three courses, from 1s. upwards, or half a portion of beefsteak, unlimited and delicious bread and

a glass of wine from 1s. 3d.; in the more important ones, which are chiefly to be found in and about the locality known as the Alster, the prices are a good deal higher, but the food is of the very first quality. They pride themselves with justice on the number and variety of their soups and ways of cooking fish, but a foreigner, if he be of English extraction and has not the stomach of an ostrich, may be warned to avoid what are known as specialties—such as beer soup, eel or crab soup and certain fish salads, which however palatable, will probably be fatal to his peace.

After partaking of their particular "vanities" at one of these restaurants, it is much the fashion for a party to betake themselves an hour later to a well-known and gorgeous confectioner's shop, where cakes in appalling quantities will be consumed in conjunction with coffee. In the fine season this afternoon refreshment will be taken in the Alster Pavilion, the Zoological Garden, or one of the numerous and pleasant out-door resorts which surround the city. Another convenient arrangement for bachelors is the "Frühstücks-lokal," or "breakfast-place;" if you live in lodgings you need not take any of your meals there—indeed a German would never think of doing so. He would begin the day by a visit to a "breakfast-place," where he would find hot coffee and "fixings" quite ready as soon as day breaks, in fact, as in all German towns, provision is made for small purses as well as large, though here the fact of great wealth is everywhere evident.

Of amusements there are plenty; concert halls and theatres—eight or nine of these last—abound; the "Stadt Theatre" is a fine building, belonging to a company. The opera or play begins about seven p.m., and the very best seat in the house costs 6s. The Thalia Theatre ranks next, and the highest price there is 4s. There are certain out-door festivities, which are peculiar to the place, which the stranger should see if he happen to be in Hamburg at the time they take place; the first is at Whitsuntide, and is particularly a people's fête; the last is the Alster Regatta, which is held in the beginning of September. Neither the climate or the water are particularly to be recommended in this German Liverpool; the former is cold and damp, and the quality of the latter not quite what it should be.

The facilities for locomotion are very great; there is a railway circle connecting Hamburg with Altona, which is only broken by the river; lines diverge from it to Denmark, Kiel, Lübeck, Berlin, Paris, and our experience of them would lead us to the conclusion that they are very well managed, indeed some people think the care just a little too paternal. The tramways are fast driving the omnibuses out of the field. The privileges still enjoyed by this, the most important of the Hanse towns, are to cease very shortly, and travellers will no longer enjoy an immunity from custom house troubles when they arrive within its gates, though this is a trifle compared to the difference the change will probably make in the regulation of the commerce of the town. It boasts considerable antiquity, and was, it is supposed, founded in the year eight hundred; some three hundred years later, it became a member of the Hanse League, and in 1510 was declared a free and imperial city by Maximilian I. The Thirty Years' War affected it but little, but the troubles of the early part of this century were felt severely, and it has weathered more than one great financial crisis. The bank was despoiled by Davoust, and the outskirts of the town burnt down—its losses at that period through the occupation of the French are estimated at 240,000,000 marks.

The general post office deserves a word of notice. It is not only large and commodious, but exceedingly handsome, indeed one might say elegant, in its interior arrangements. There are most convenient sloping desks in the middle of the large room, provided with excellent pens, ink and paper, where you can write a letter most comfortably; they appear to be much patronised, and no wonder. There are innumerable pigeon-holes for the transaction of business; you can buy your foreign stamps at one, your post-cards at another, and so on. But there is certainly too much water about; the inhabitants, however, do not think so, and take the greatest pride in the "Alster Bassin," which indeed looks pretty enough in fine weather; the broad street or promenade which surrounds it on three sides is much frequented, and here are the best hotels and some good shops. At one corner is the Alster Pavilion, a large glass erection over-looking the water, where refreshments are to be had at any hour.

Altona is now nearly as large as Hamburg, but not, of course, of the same importance. The latter ranks itself as the foremost commercial town in Germany, and the third in Europe, allowing London and Liverpool to take the precedence. It is about eighteen miles from the mouth of the North Sea and has three rivers in its immediate neighbourhood—the Elbe, the Alster and the Bille—the harbour is very large, its length is some 5,500 meters, and over 5,000 ships are said to make their appearance there during the year, the largest vessels being only able to enter and leave with the ebb and flow of the tide—the former is of some eight hours' duration, the latter four hours. There are some 500,000 inhabitants, of whom 16,000 are Jews.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "You will be pleased, I am sure, to hear of a new society which is just being formed by a small but cultured body of thinkers in Highbury. It is called the Society for Preventing any Farther Allusions to Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The name, I admit, is lengthy; but we cannot help that. The S.P.A.J.H. will try to induce people by moral suasion only to refrain from comparing everybody they don't like to these two remarkable single gentlemen rolled into one. We shall work by means of lectures and gratis pamphlets, and a special mission is being organized for journalists. In their case total abstinence is not required. We shall be satisfied if they will refrain from saying 'Mr. A. or Lord B. reminds us of the hero of Mr. Stevenson's powerful tale,' more than once a fortnight. Will you allow one of our travelling missionaries to wait on you?"—*St. James Gazette.*

THE PASSING OF SUMMER.

POST-SCRIPT.—I know perfectly well, my hyper-critical reader, that the moment your eye catches the word *post-script* you will exclaim:—"A *post-script* at the beginning of an article! What nonsense! Why did he not call it a *preface*?" Exactly; why did I not call it a *preface*, or a *prelude*, or a *preamble*, or a *prologue*, or a *premiere*? Simply because it was written after." "Then why not put it last?" Because I want it read first. I was about to call it a *pre legendum*, but you know, hyper-critical reader, that you would have stigmatized that as "pedantic" at once, and have gone no further. However, let us not quarrel. I merely want to say, before you begin, that if you are in the humour for something orderly, methodical, logical; some article in which the sentences and paragraphs all come in neat, proper, systematic sequence, I merely want to say, do not read this one. This one is rambling and scrambling, has no particular *motif*, does not elucidate some central idea—does nothing whatever of this sort, in fact. Part of it was written in the open air (this same open air blowing my sheets about wildly), part of it in the intervals between trying to quiet a vociferous young son (he is going through that—to others, as well as to himself, painful business—*teething*). There, by this little bit of autobiography I have made the article more heterogeneous than even it was before; I had better put an end to my *post-script* at once.

It is, or used to be in the days when scholars had the hardihood to "take all knowledge to be their province," and had consequently, I suppose, read everything that there was to be read (they had no transliterations of cuneiform inscriptions in those days, and no "Ostiak dialects of Tungusian," much less Rider Haggards or E. P. Roes), it used to be a favourite question amongst scholars as to what lost or meditated but unwritten works each most regretted the lack of. Generally, in the days of "Grecians" and "Latinists," a learned, if not pedantic, discussion followed on some such things as the tragedies of Euripides, or the history of Livy, or the satires of Ennius—things which most ordinary people think we have quite enough of and to spare. With these ordinary people I am quite at one. With the longings of that classical palate for more classics I am not enough of a classic to be able to sympathize—stay; yes, there is one ancient classical writer for whose lost poems I would give a cart-load of tragedies and histories and satires: the poems of that "violet-crowned, pure, sweetly-smiling" Lesbian.* What a great woman and a true poetess said in beautiful poetry of *love* I would give a very great deal to read. Men and women regard this most complicated of emotions so differently. "Men and women do not speak altogether the same language," says Amiel,† and especially is this the case in the matter of love. As Tolstoi says (I presume I am quite in order when quoting Tolstoi now-a-days): "Women are more material than men. We make something immense of love, they are all *terre-à-terre* [of the earth, earthy]."‡

Women are made of coarser fibre than are men, of less finely tempered metal. It is to man's disadvantage, this. The finer the edge, the less useful the instrument, and it is only finely tempered metal that will take on a fine edge. It is the pocket-knife, not the lancet, that is most often called into requisition. To man love is a sacred religion; to woman it is every day morality. The latter truly is the more serviceable as it is the more valuable—nay, it is invaluable.

Next to Sappho's lost poems I should like a contemplated but unwritten book which few, I venture to think, could guess—Thomas Carlyle's "Exodus from Houndsditch." And next to this, for my tastes are catholic, Ruskin's "purposed" but never undertaken chapters "to show what kind of evidence existed respecting the possible influence of country life on men."§ If any one knew how to "look on nature" it was Ruskin. However, it is as useless to cry over unwritten chapters as it is to cry over spilled milk. What I am about to do is something very different; it is to smile over a recent experience of my own respecting the influence of country life, and the companionship of Nature.

I attempted last May, some few readers of THE WEEK may possibly not quite have forgotten, an unpretentious little description of the pleasures experienced during a ten days' communion with Nature. That short flight from busy and careful life was to me so efficacious a physical, intellectual, and moral tonic, that I concluded it would be not waste, but true economy, of time to prescribe for myself another course of the same medicine. So September once more finds me "with Nature," and with the permission of the editor of this paper, I try again to hand on as best I may some of the delights of her friendship.

It is a magical incentive to thought, is seclusion. Was ever anything great, I wonder, done by any man who did not on occasions retire into himself alone, away from the distraction and friction of contact with the busy world and its people. Surely not. Peter, the great preacher of Crusades, is known as "the Hermit;" John, "the Baptist," was a dweller in the wilderness; Mahomet arrived at the then novel and startling conviction that there is no god but God during one of his yearly sojourns in the desert; Horton, Olney, Craigenputtach, Rydal Mount, are names suggestive of the seclusion in which certain immortal books were composed—throughout human history evidences there are in abundance, that before any great work is undertaken or accomplished, there must be spent in one way or another a forty days in the wilderness.

But it seems to be also a truth there such retirement must be only one of forty days, not of a life-time. It is he who knows because he has mixed with men, not the misanthrope, the "clubbable" man, not the "Alastor," who can teach or benefit his fellow-men.

If we grant this theorem (if I may be allowed a very short digression), a curious lemma, so to speak, follows. May we not ascribe the intellectual dearth of the Middle Ages to the commonness of life-long seclusion, to the prevalence of monasticism? And may we not on the other hand ascribe the present wonderful advance in all branches of human thought and activity to the exactly opposite cause, the extraordinary rapidity and facility of intercourse between both individuals and nations so

characteristic of modern Europe? Where do we find the cradle of English advance in science? In the formation of the Royal Society, in systematic intercourse between thinking minds. However, these are subjects more fit for the pen of the philosophical historian.

But, speaking of solitude, how few of us ordinary people, in these days when the word "privacy" seems to have lost all meaning, know anything at all of the charms of periodical retreat. We are "too much in the sun," the sun of the public gaze; and we so accustom ourselves to do everything by its light that we are puzzled, *distract*, when its glare is withdrawn. In solitude we are left to ourselves and our own thoughts, and ourselves not being often agreeable companions, and the majority of us having absolutely and literally no thoughts, we hurry back to our indispensable but still not over-loved sun, the public gaze.

But even if we ordinary people cannot taste, or can only sip, the deep positive pleasures of solitude, we can at all events enjoy the negative ones of getting away for a time from "the daily task, the trivial round." How one relishes the thought that there is no daily newspaper to be read through, no even skimming of the eternal jangle between Gladstonolaters and Gladstonoclasts, of interminable speeches and leading articles on Parnellism or Retaliation. Truly one eats one's breakfast with a keener gusto away from these. Above all, what a blessed feeling of relief creeps over one when it is remembered that there will be no *Saturday Review* to disturb the serenity of the week. That *Saturday Review*, much as I relish its peculiar pungent flavour, I was thankful to be temporarily rid of. It is like a cream ice: very rich—only a little can be taken at a time, very brilliant—but artificial, coloured with the cochineal of affectation and superciliousness, rarely with the natural colouring of superior wisdom, occupying no regular and stated position in the courses of one's newspaper dietary, only indulged in when the hunger for real fact and argument is appeased—coming in as a sort of *entremêt*, very toothsome certainly, but tickling the palate, not nourishing the system. Above all its essence is coldness; heartless and sarcastic cynicism, at times well directed and deserved, but too generally too universally meted out.

But to return. One antidote there is to the disagreeableness of one's own companionship and the lack of thoughts, and this is an observant eye. It is not gained in a day, nor, as I found to my cost, in ten days; still the very practice is enjoyable. This, in September, was especially the case. The splendour, and above all the variety, with which I was surrounded, seemed, and literally was, infinite.

I was present, in May, at the birth of summer; now I witness her death. I have chosen, this time, the shores of a lake instead of the banks of a river as the site of my tent. In a little land-locked bay, on a rocky slope facing the still reed-strewn water it stands, the embodiment of quiet seclusion. How different is the appearance of nature to that it bore in spring! On the virgin bosom of the lake in the month of opening summer lay not a bud; now, too like too many of her human kind, she is adorned with all that all her suitors offer—reeds, grasses, bulrushes, lilies. The foliage too is different. Bashful light greens have given place to bold browns and yellows; and where once were tender, retiring buds, stout branches flaunt their brilliant reds. Summer evidently has passed her time of youth, and is approaching dissolution. And the signs of coming death are beautiful. Like the flush on the pale cheek of the consumptive, they seem to mock at death, seem to bid you not think of death.

In the closing summer one already feels the touch of winter. Autumn is a mixture of summer and winter, and the mixture is very curious and very interesting to notice. The atmosphere puts on that extraordinary clearness prophetic of a colder season. The nights are frosty, the early mornings often filled with a thick and strange-smelling mist. The clouds call to mind Thompson's apt adjective, "dewy-skirted,"* like the graceful "robe-trailing" Grecian women. The whole face of Nature is changing.

Some of the pictures which this combination of summer and winter afforded were wonderful. One five minutes at the close of a rainy day I shall not soon forget. My tent faced the east. The sun, just before it set, came out and lit up that reed-strewn water with that strange soft glowing reddish light peculiar to rainy afternoons. That all, slender plants rising out of the shallow lake caught the rays, the water and the shores beyond caught them, the vermilions and ochres of the foliage caught them and shone out distinctly against the heavy bank of dull grey *nimbus* behind. Above these came glorious *cumuli*, tinged with pink some of them, blue-grey others. But the picture is not yet complete, gorgeous though it is. In a great and perfect arch, forming as it were the framework of the scene as I saw it from the shelter of my open-doored tent, came a rainbow, calm above all wind and rain, resting peacefully despite the mixture of lightning and thunder, black rain-cloud, and flashing sun.

Another differently beautiful example of the commingling of a soft with a harsh season there was when once the placid full moon rose in the all but cloudless eastern heavens while a huge and angry storm-cloud swept with growls and fire across the western sky.

These, truly, were sky effects indescribably beautiful, but yet I still hold that for pure majesty of serenity there is nothing to equal the sky at night. To see and to admire the undisturbed sky itself, one must see it night-wrapped, studded with its stars, its myriad stars sweeping grandly from east to west as the hours move slowly on. I can comprehend a little of the thoughts aroused in the mind of that great German philosopher† who found an inexplicable connection and a common source of awe in the stars of heaven and the moral faculty of man. If anything will show man the minute place which he occupies in the great *all* of nature and God, and at the same time open his eyes a little to the duties and responsibilities of that place, it is the contemplation of the midnight sky. There, really

* So Alcaeus called Sappho. The extra-ordinary person will please pardon my notes. † *Journal Intime*, p. 226. Trans. Mrs. Humphrey Ward. ‡ Anna Karenina. Pt. II. § xxi. Trans. N. H. Dole. § *Modern Painters*. Vol. v. ch. i. § 7.

* *The Seasons—Autumn*. † Kant.

existing, how or where he knows not, even if subjectively only, yet perceived somehow by him, are countless, stupendous systems of worlds. He is on the confines of the Infinite. And that very perception connects him with, shows him to be in some unknown way a part of, that Infinite. And if he is connected with, and a part of, that Infinite, what does it not entail upon him? Ah! what? It is difficult, impossible, to put into articulate speech the "half embodyings of thought," as another philosopher * calls them, which these glimpses into, these "incipient perceptions of, the Infinite" † arouse. "Our own thoughts," said Shelley once, "are incomprehensible to ourselves," how then shall we communicate them to another?

But the stars are not the sole thought-compelling wonders of the heavens. I saw one morning early, about four o'clock, the moon in its last quarter, just risen. The air that night was clear, every object standing out in impressive distinctness. Nowhere was there any sign of animal life; inanimate nature, the dark land and the gleaming water, lay disclosed alone. Upon this kingdom the moon looked down as still and silent as her realm. Without care she seemed, and to me, thus regarding her, her reposeful influence came. No "pale, sick lady" ‡ she looked. Indeed she was not pale in colour, rather rich golden, almost "red golden" § in comparison with the pallid stars above her. She reclined on her arm, as it were, and gazed pitifully upon her sleeping world. Pitifully but not troubledly. She seemed to know that only queen she was; that on the reigning king of day lay the responsibility of government. But she was a little sad, as if thinking of how her beauty was wasted, of how few regarded her, drank in her matchless charms to the easing of their own cares. Ah! I learned a lesson then. Nature has wondrous "lulling balms" for the healing of man's distempers. The fault is with him if he use them not.

I have met with also again this time, and indeed sought the companionship of more of those interesting inhabitants of the country who so delighted me in May. One dear old couple I made great friends with. Thirty years ago they had bought and settled on some hundred and twenty acres of woods and rocks and soil that had not even heard the sound of axe or seen the furrow of plough-share. To-day fifty acres of that soil produce grain consumed, perhaps, in the heart of well-tilled England. I saw in that old couple the type, the archetype, let us call it, of civilization. They had made hundreds of bushels of wheat grow where none had grown before. In that little rude farm I thought I saw the germ of a nation, the cradle of an empire. Greece, Persia, India, America, Britain—were not the first beginnings of each just what I saw there? Who knows but on that spot may be some day a rival of St. Peter's at Rome, or a branch, more busy than its parent stem, of the London Stock Exchange, or of the Chicago Board of Trade?

They lived quite alone that couple (an adopted daughter had married years ago). What were they living for? That question troubled me. Not certainly to found empires. Not to advance civilization. What were they living for? Themselves? No surely, not altogether; the pleasures of life were to them but few, and those very far between. I frankly confess I do not know. Does any know? It is one of those problems with which life bristles.

But enough of problems. Enough to puzzle the wisest brain there are amongst natural objects alone, without going to metaphysics or ethics to look for them. And problems are some of the very things one tries to leave behind during a summer vacation. I found the best way to keep them at arm's length was to pretend absolute ignorance of their existence and to live, for the time being, a life of thoughtlessness—a life of swimming, walking, shooting, fishing, and so on. And how pleasurable was such an animal life. The before-breakfast dip in a whole lake all to yourself was especially delicious. And what an appetite it engendered. The well-boiled porridge and the fried bacon with a great hunch of stale bread washed down with tea from a huge tin can (the proper breakfast for a camper in my opinion) tasted more delicious than the daintiest dishes city *chêf* ever prepared. And the pipe afterwards when the day begins to warm and the sun to be pleasant. Ah! thee, my pipe, who

"when fears attack
Bid'st them avaunt and black,
Care at the horseman's back,
Perching unseatest,"

thee I back against a score of ethico-metaphysical problems, and, for that matter, problems of a more practical kind also. I wonder did poor Leopardi ever camp out, and eat porridge and bacon for breakfast, and smoke a well-seasoned pipe afterwards?

But here I close, with regrets and apologies to you, reader, for so poorly portraying the beauties of the Passing of Summer. T. A. H.

IN August last a conference of Australian judges was held in Melbourne, to consider various matters connected with the administration of justice in the Supreme Courts of the different colonies. Among other business Mr. Justice Windeyer moved the following resolutions: "1. That in the opinion of this conference it is desirable that upon appeal from the Australasian colonies their Lordships of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council should be at liberty to deliver separate judgments. 2. That their Lordships be requested to obtain the necessary powers to enable them to deliver their judgments individually if they see fit. 3. That their resolutions be forwarded by the president of the conference to the registrar of the Privy Council, with a request that he lay the same before their Lordships." The Chief Justice of South Australia seconded this motion, which was adopted. In our judgment this would be a retrograde step. Our view is strongly in favour of a single judgment when the court is unanimous.—*Law Times*.

* Coleridge. *Lectures on Shakespeare*. † Max Müller. *The Origin and Growth of Religion*. ‡ Shelley. § A favourite word in the *Nibelungen Lied*.

LUTE-STRAINS.

THERE passed a player by my garden gate,
Where I had lingered till the night was late;
Light in his hands he held a golden lute,
Whose chords he touched and made the air grow mute;
Then sang of shattered dreams of fairest things,
To sobbing strings.

He sang of wasted love, of empty years—
Empty of all save fading hopes and fears;
He sang of Life that liveth but to die
With vain desire of immortality:
He sang of the forgetfulness Death brings,
To sobbing strings.

GWYN ARANN.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

DEATH AND BURIAL IN CHINA.

WHEN the Chinese wish to declare the extreme vexatiousness of any piece of work, they say, "It is more trouble than a funeral;" the obsequies of a parent being reckoned the most maddening affair in human experience. Infants are buried summarily, without coffins, and the young are interred with few rites; but the funerals of the aged, of both sexes, are elaborate in proportion to the number of the descendants, and to their wealth. When a childless married man dies, his widow may perform all the duties of a son toward him, may remain in his house, and may adopt children to rear as his heirs and as worshippers of the family manes. If his widow purposes marrying again, a young male relative may, with the consent of senior members of a clan, undertake the services expected from a son, and may inherit the estate of the deceased. When one is about to die, he is removed from his couch to a bench or a mat on the floor, because of a belief that he who dies in bed will carry the bedstead as a burden into the other world. He is washed in a new pot, in warm water in which a bundle of incense-sticks is merged. After the washing, the pot and the water are thrown away together. He is then arrayed in a full suit of new clothing, that he may appear in Hades at his best. He breathes his last in the main room, before the largest door of the house, that the departing soul may easily find its way out into the air. A sheet of spirit-money, brown paper having a patch of gilding on one surface, is laid over the upturned face, because it is said that if the eyes are left uncovered the corpse may count the rows of tiles in the roof, and that in such case the family could never build a more spacious domicile.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

DON QUIXOTE.

THE great excellence, however, of the work of Cervantes lies in the readiness with which the hero conceives, and the gravity with which he maintains, the most absurd and fantastic ideas, but which always bears some analogy to the adventures in romances of chivalry. In order to place particular incidents of these fables in a ludicrous point of view, they were most carefully perused and studied by Cervantes. The Spanish romances, however, seem chiefly to have engaged his attention, and Amadis de Gaul appears to have been used as his text. Indeed, there are so many allusions to romances of chivalry, and so much of the amusement arises from the happy imitation of these works, and the ridiculous point of view in which the incidents that compose them are placed, that I cannot help attributing some affection to those who, unacquainted with this species of writing, pretend to possess a lively relish for the adventures of Don Quixote. It is not to be doubted, however, that a considerable portion of the pleasure which we feel in the perusal of "Don Quixote" is derived from the delineation of the scenery with which it abounds—the magnificent sierras, romantic streams, and delightful valleys of a land which seems, as it were, the peculiar region of romance, from Cordova to Roncesvalles. There is also in the work a happy mixture of the stories and names of the Moors—a people who, in a wonderful degree, impress the imagination and affect the heart, in consequence of their grandeur, gallantry, and misfortunes; and partly, perhaps, from the many plaintive ballads in which their achievements and fate are recorded.—*John Colin Dundop*.

THE TURKISH PEASANT.

THE Turk whom the use of power has not corrupted, whom oppression has not debased, is certainly one of those men who please most by a happy blending of good qualities. Never does he cheat you; honest and upright, he is true as steel to his own folk; extremely hospitable; respectful, yet never servile, discreet, tolerant, benevolent; and very kind to animals. Such is the judgment passed upon the Osmanli by Elisée Reclus, the great geographer; and it were impossible to have said anything better or truer; his opinion agrees, moreover, in every respect with that of those travellers who have made a close study of the East.

To find this Turk, however, whom "the use of power has not corrupted," one must look for him in the heart of the provinces—never in the great towns. It is to him that this praise applies; but, alas! it applies to him only.

The most noteworthy traits of his character are probity and a dread of lying. In this, above all things, he is distinguished from the Turk of Constantinople, who cheats and lies with really admirable impudence. He in no way differs from the Armenian or the Greek, whose pastime it is to

dupe the poor Mussulman yokel, and who laughs at him into the bargain. His sobriety is proverbial; no European peasant could stand such frugality, nor subsist upon such simple fare as coarse black bread and draughts of cold water. Upon this the Turkish peasant easily lives. The dram-shop for him does not exist. In his personal habits he is very clean, for his religion exacts that he shall often perform his ablutions. For all that he loftily ignores the simplest rules of health. His home is a mere den dug out of the ground, without furniture and void of windows.

To all these virtues the Turkish peasant, of course, joins imperfections. He is not an energetic worker. If he delves, it is because he must; and, so soon as he can, he returns to his *kef*, never troubling, never dreaming about his future position. His only care in producing is that his family may live. Why should he do more? It would never profit him aught. First of all would come the tithes-collector, a veritable vampire, who buys from the State the right of that oppression and extortion wickedly practised upon the poor peasant. Then he has to submit to being fleeced by the governor-general (*vali*), the prefect (*mutes sarif*), and sub-prefect (*caimakan*); while, if some exalted personage happens to be travelling through the country with his escort, he must be hospitable and find billet and board for all, as well as for soldiers passing through the village on their way to the depôt. Such is the fear which prevails among the peasantry at the news of the approach of either "functionaries" or soldiers, that often they abandon all and take refuge in the mountains until the calamity be overpast.—*From Truths About Turkey, by Kesnin Bey.*

A GOOD JOCKEY.

A GOOD horse, if he is to figure to advantage, must have a good rider, and, what is more, the quadruped knows perfectly well the quality of the biped on his back. In the hands of an unskilful jockey the best horse that ever trod turf may fail to hold his own, even in the company of second-raters, if the latter have the advantage of being piloted by a clever horseman. And the qualities which go to the making of a first-rate jockey are far rarer than most people imagine. He must not only be possessed of great nerve and coolness, he must have a firm and graceful seat, fine hands, and, above all, must be a good judge of pace, able to calculate whether the horse he is riding can last the distance, up to what stage he will have to be nursed, and when to make the final effort. He must exercise his wits as well as his limbs. Besides, his duties are attended with considerable danger; his life and limbs are constantly in danger, and the wasting process to which he must perpetually submit is not calculated to strengthen either his muscles or his nerves. Taking all these things into consideration, it is not surprising that a first-rate jockey should be in great demand, and that large sums should be paid to secure his services. Moreover, so strong are the temptations to dishonesty, that an owner of race-horses knows that the best, if not the only way to secure the fidelity of the jockey is to pay him well.—*From The Hunt and Rider, by Thormanby.*

THE AMERICAN PHYSICIAN.

THE physician sees, in the sick-room, human nature as it really is, devoid of all mask or concealment; and it is safe to say that those cases are few in which the true nature is not greatly inferior to that usually presented to the world. If his patient succumbs to the disease, the doctor is too often unjustly blamed; while if he recovers he finds that appreciation and gratitude are developed in inverse proportion to the progress of convalescence. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the life of a successful and skilful physician is a most satisfying one to those who really love their profession, and none other should enter it. No calling is more noble or more useful. There is a satisfaction and delight in relieving pain and restoring health and strength, which the physician experiences in all its fulness, even when the patient himself is unappreciative. The practice of medicine furnishes a wide field for the exercise of the scientific faculty, whether it be in the direction of the manipulative dexterity of practical surgery or the more purely intellectual work of the treatment of functional and organic disease. A large proportion of those most eminent in natural and physical science have been men who began their career as students of medicine, and only at a later period of their life abandoned the hospital and dissecting-room for the chemist's laboratory or the naturalist's study. The social position of the physician is, in this country, a remarkably high one. In other countries, notably in England, the case is different. He is there considered as rather belonging to a lower class of society, and only worthy to be ranked with tradesmen. With us, however, the case is very different. The physician is usually a prominent man in the community, and the trusted friend and counsellor of families and individuals, in many cases for generations. It is in the consciousness of his power and usefulness, however, that the physician experiences his highest satisfaction. From the hour of birth to that of death he watches over his fellow-beings, relieves their pain, and preserves and prolongs their existence. Fortunate is he who has for his medical adviser a wise, skilful, and conscientious man, such as is so often found in the profession; and happy is such a physician as is so often found in the profession; and happy is such a physician as is so often found in the profession; and happy is such a physician as is so often found in the profession.—*Popular Science News.*

It was nearly midnight, and she was gazing dreamily into the fire. "A penny for your thoughts, Miss Josephine," he said, airily. "I was thinking, Mr. Johnson," she replied, "how very much annoyed papa was to-day over the amount of last month's gas bill." And then presently he left without giving her the penny.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GEN. LEW WALLACE'S new work, "Commodus: a tragedy," will appear in *Harper's Magazine* early next year.

CARDINAL MANNING is collecting various of his shorter papers for publication in a volume of *Miscellanies*.

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY announce new, cheap, and uniform editions of the works of Charles Kingsley and Miss Yonge.

"THE Effects of Protection," by Charles S. Ashley, will be the leading article in *The Popular Science Monthly* for November.

F. WARNE AND COMPANY are about adding to the "Chandos Classics" a new and complete edition of Poe's poetical works.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE has completed another novel for Inspector Byrnes' note-book. It is entitled *Another's Cruise*, and is published by Cassell and Company, New York.

DR. MACKENZIE'S *Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble* is the book of the year, if we are to judge by the attention it has attracted in England, Germany and the United States.

THOMAS WHITTAKER will publish at once *Our New Mistress*, a story by Charlotte M. Yonge. He also announces a tale of Southern California, *Musgrove Ranch*, by T. M. Browne.

AN illustrated holiday edition of Rev. E. E. Hale's famous sketch, *The Man Without a Country*, the popularity of which seems never to decline, will be brought out by Roberts Brothers.

THE enlargement of the *English Illustrated Magazine* to seventy pages is announced by Macmillan and Company, the price remaining as heretofore. It is just commencing its seventh year.

ROBERTS BROS. announce what is sure to be a book of wide interest—*The Pilgrim's Scrip; or, the Wit and Wisdom of George Merelith*. It will contain a portrait with a biographical and critical introduction.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, has been heard from at Nuka-Hiva, where his yacht, the *Casco*, was on July 28, the date of the letter. He writes every day, and is in much better health than when he was in the Adirondacks.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK has written another of his popular scientific books, which is to be included in the "International Series." It will bear the title, *The Senses, Instincts, and Intelligence of Animals, with Special Reference to Insects*.

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY are preparing a fine new edition of *Wordsworth*, with an introduction by John Morley, a portrait of the poet, and the author's notes. It will, moreover, contain a poem of 700 lines, hitherto unpublished.

IT is officially announced that Prince Bismarck has obtained the consent of Emperor William to prosecute the publishers of the *Deutsche Rundschau* for revealing state secrets in publishing the abstract from the diary of the late Emperor Frederick.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW AND COMPANY will publish, in a few days, an account of the North American Fisheries Dispute, by J. H. de Ricci. The book will contain an appendix, giving the legal bearings of the case from an international point of view.

MAX O'RELL has completed his book about America, but has not yet begun the translation into English, which he will do with his wife's assistance. The French, English, and American editions will be issued simultaneously about January.

LONGMANS, GREEN AND COMPANY will shortly publish *The Life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe*, by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole. It will give an inside view of that eternal Eastern question for which every English diplomatist must find an answer, as to the riddle of the sphinx.

MR. W. T. STEAD, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, will publish, through Cassell and Company, "The Truth About Russia," a work which is likely to make some impression in England, as its author does not share the traditional British attitude on the foreign policy of the Empire.

W. C. BROWNELL, whose papers on French Traits have received such appreciative recognition, will write of "French Manners" in the November *Scribner*. The same number will contain a stirring sea story, entitled "The Port of Missing Ships," by John R. Spears, of the *New York Sun*.

THE library of the great Irish patriot, Henry Grattan, will be offered for sale by auction, in Dublin, at the end of the present month; amongst other things it contains a very interesting MS. by Grattan, entitled *Military Survey*, and a unique collection of pamphlets on Ireland, England, and America from 1747 to 1802.

A PARAGRAPH in the *Nation* asserts that the untimely death of Prof. Richard A. Proctor will not put an end to the publication of his "Old and New Astronomy," which is now appearing in parts from the press of Longmans, Green and Company. The complete work it is understood, was in manuscript before the death of the author.

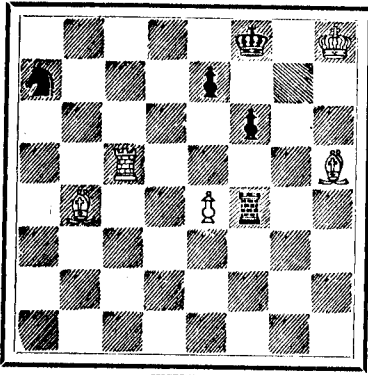
MESSRS. REMINGTON will shortly publish *Love Letters of the Famous Men and Women of the Past and Present Centuries*. This work, which will appear in two volumes, will comprise the most interesting *billets doux* of such noted persons as Farquhar, Swift, Walpole, Pope, Sterne, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Mrs. Piozzi, Mary Wollstonecraft, Charlotte Carpenter, Keats, Leigh Hunt, and many others.

"THE Lower St. Lawrence" will become well-known to the world if the Retaliation business should presently force Canadian commerce to use her own bays and gulfs as shipping-points for Europe. Meanwhile, any one who desires to get earlier information should turn to *Harper's Magazine* for November, where C. H. Farnham has an article on this subject. Mr. Farnham was chiefly after points of picturesque interest, but his description of the great Gulf and the lower River is wide, and gives not only an idea of the wild scenery of the estuary, but suggests its commercial resources and possibilities.

MR. ALLEN, who in a country village prints and publishes all Ruskin's books, finds this method of publication profitable to both. He said the other day to a visitor: "Men said it was publishing in the middle of a field instead of Paternoster Row. Many implied that it could not succeed. Some said I was an expensive luxury to Mr. Ruskin; but I contrive to send him £4,000 a year as his share of profit on the business. He simply pays me a commission on sales. Of course, he has his work done as he likes. We use only hand-made paper, and the books are properly sewn and bound. The printing is done with the blackest of ink and the engravings with the greatest of care. There is all the difference in the world between using good, honest Frankfort black ink and other rubbish. Moreover, I get a good result because I pay fairly and fully. If a man is cut down in price he has to take three impressions of an engraving in the time it would take to do one. Look at those engravings, done evidently by a man working rapidly, according to some contract. Now look at these, done by a man who knows that his only duty is to do the best he can with the engravings."

CHESS.

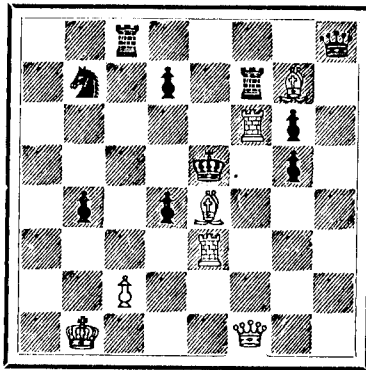
PROBLEM No. 299.
By W. GRIMSHAW.
From *Dublin Weekly Mail*.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 300.
By B. G. LAWS.
From *The Field*.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 299.
- | | |
|-------------------|-------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. B-R 2 | 1. K-B 4 |
| 2. Kt-Q B 7 | 2. K x R |
| 3. Kt-Q 3 mate | |
| | If 1. K-K 5 |
| 2. Kt-Q B 3 + | 2. K moves |
| 3. P or Kt mates. | |

- No. 294.
- | | |
|----------------|------------------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Q-Q B 5 | 1. Q x Q |
| 2. R-Kt 5 + | 2. K-Q 5 |
| 3. P-K 3 mate | |
| | If 1. B-Q 5 |
| 2. Q x B | 2. Q x Q |
| 3. R-Kt 5 mate | |
| | With other variations. |

GAME PLAYED IN THE ST. JOHN'S "GLOBE" CORRESPONDENCE
TOURNEY BETWEEN DR. I. RYALL AND MR. JOHN BARRY.

From the *Quebec Chronicle*.

- | | |
|---------------|------------|
| White. | Black. |
| DR. RYALL. | MR. BARRY. |
| 1. P-K 4 | P-K 4 |
| 2. Kt-K B 3 | Kt-Q B 3 |
| 3. B-B 4 | B-B 4 |
| 4. B-Q 5 (a) | K Kt-K 2 |
| 5. P-Q 3 | Kt x B (b) |
| 6. P x Kt | Kt-K 2 |
| 7. Kt x P | Kt x P |
| 8. P-Q 4 | B-Q 3 (c) |
| 9. Kt x B P | Q-K 2 + |
| 10. Kt-K 5 | Castles |
| 11. Q-K 2 | K-R 1 |
| 12. Castles | P-B 4 |
| 13. Q-R 5 | Q-K 3 |
| 14. P-Q B 4 | Kt-Q Kt 5 |
| 15. Kt-R 3 | P x P |
| 16. Kt-B 3 | Kt-B 3 |
| 17. Kt-Q Kt 5 | B-Kt 1 |
| 18. R-K 1 | Q x P |
| 19. B-Kt 5 | P-Q R 3 |
| 20. R-K 8 | R x R |

- | | |
|------------------|------------|
| White. | Black. |
| DR. RYALL. | MR. BARRY. |
| 21. Q x R + | Q-Kt 1 |
| 22. R-K 1 | P-Q 4 |
| 23. Q-R 5 | B-B 4 |
| 24. Kt-K R 4 | B-Q 6 |
| 25. P-K Kt 3 (d) | B-K 4 (e) |
| 26. P-B 4 | B x P |
| 27. P x B | P x Kt |
| 28. P-B 5 | P-R 3 |
| 29. Kt-Kt 6 + | K-R 2 |
| 30. Kt-R 4 | R-K B 1 |
| 31. Q-Kt 6 + | K-R 1 |
| 32. R-K 6 | R-B 2 |
| 33. B-B 4 (f) | Kt-K 2 |
| 34. Q-R 5 | R x P |
| 35. Kt x R | Q x R |
| 36. Q-K 8 + | K-R 2 |
| 37. Kt-Kt 3 | Q-K 8 + |
| 38. K-Kt 2 | B-Kt 3 |
| 39. Q x P | P-Q 6 |
| 40. Kt-B 1 | Q-K 5 + |
- and White resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) Apparently a favourite move with the player of White. The German Handbuch gives but one variation: 4. B-Q 5, 4. K Kt-K 2; 5. Kt x P, 5 B x P +; 6. K x B, 6. Kt x Kt, with the better game.
- (b) We would much prefer 5. P-Q 3; if then 6. Kt-Kt 5, Kt x B; P x Kt, Kt-K 2, etc.
- (c) Why not B-Kt 3 instead of this cramping move.
- (d) The student will observe that if White had played R-K 8 Black would have replied with B x P +, then R x R.
- (e) The manner in which Black gets quietly but surely out of his constrained and dangerous position is highly commendable.
- (f) Up to this point both attack and defence have been carried on with great precision; we think that White should now have played K-B 2.

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Contents for October, 1888.

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The City of a Prince. A Romantic Chapter in Texas History. I. Illustrated. Leo C. Harby.
The Site of Old Fort Massachusetts. Illustrated. D. D. Slade, M.D.
Vindication of Gen. Samuel Holden Parsons. Hon. George B. Loring.
An Unpublished Letter of John Adams. Charles Holt Dummer.
A Boston Newspaper of the Revolution, 1778. Hon. Horatio King.
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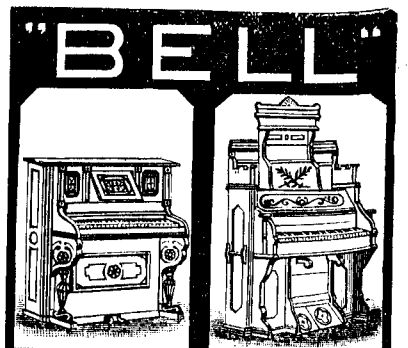
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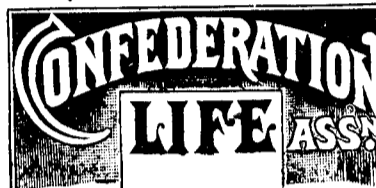
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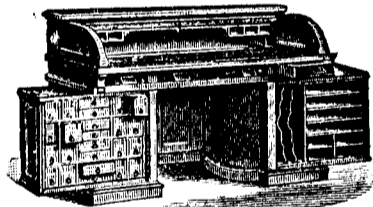
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mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent
headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks"
before the eyes, nervous prostration or ex-
haustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes,
alternating with chilly sensations, sharp,
biting, transient pains here and there, cold
feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or
disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant,
indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending
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complicated your disease has become, the
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will subdue it, if taken according to direc-
tions for a reasonable length of time. If not
cured, complications multiply and Consump-
tion of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease,
Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave
maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner
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neys, and other excretory organs, cleansing,
strengthening, and healing their diseases. As
an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes
digestion and nutrition, thereby building up
both flesh and strength. In malarial districts,
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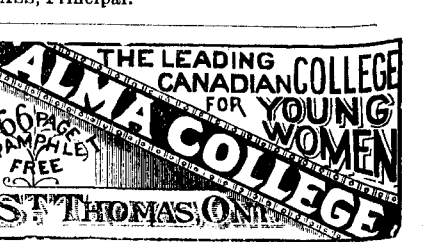
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