

THE WEEK

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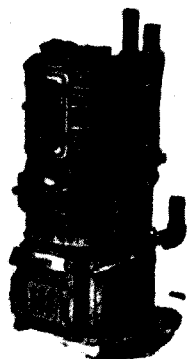
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his address at the Conference on Social Problems held a week or two since in Toronto, said that he once knew an English clergyman, a very kind-hearted man and very active in his calling, who used to say that at the day of judgment he would be able to plead that he had never given a penny to a beggar. Being "very active in his calling," it may be hoped that he would be able to reinforce this negative plea by a goodly array of positive good deeds for the amelioration of the condition of the "lapsed" by whom he must have been surrounded, else he might be in danger of being seriously embarrassed by some of the tests proposed by the Apostles James and John, touching his relations to the destitute. But while much might be said as to the greater blessedness to the giver from a personal contact with the objects of his charity, there can be no doubt of the absolute necessity that, in a city like Toronto, the work of helping the poor should be thoroughly organized and every precaution taken against the fostering of professional or fraudulent mendicancy.

The thanks of every charitably disposed citizen are due to those who have given so much time and attention for the accomplishment of this most desirable purpose.

No doubt, too, those who control these organizations will see to it that, so far as possible, no one who is able to work shall be relieved except in return for honest labour of some kind. "Stick to the unemployed, John; work is our only hope," was the hoarse whisper of a prisoner in the exercise yard of the Pentonville prison, which, John Burns says, in his Nineteenth Century article, is still ringing in his ears. John Burns believes that the cheapest, best, and safest way to prevent the idle man, the potential loafer, pauper, or criminal, from becoming a burden upon society, is to provide him with work which will benefit the community while it saves the man or the woman. Mr. Balfour, late Secretary for Ireland, said in a recent speech that more attention was being now paid in some quarters to the distribution than to the production of wealth, though the latter was by far the more important matter. That opinion may be open to question. There is doubtless plenty of wealth in Christendom to-day to supply the needs of all its population, if only it were better distributed. Nor do men as a rule need to be urged to greater diligence in its production or acquisition. But how to secure on just principles such a distribution that thousands may no longer starve, no matter how willing to work, is surely the question of most pressing moment, at least from a humanitarian and moral point of view.

The single-tax experiment which is about to be tried in New South Wales will be watched with great interest from many quarters of the outside world. Our cousins in the Southern Hemisphere are bold innovators, but this is, perhaps, the most radical step which has yet been taken. The Legislature of that Colony has adopted by a majority of considerably more than three to one a resolution declaring that "in the opinion of this House a system of raising revenue by the direct taxation of land values, irrespective of improvements, would greatly promote the welfare of this country." Both the Premier of the Colony, Sir George Dibbs, and the leader of the Opposition, supported the motion. Hence there can be nothing to prevent the new system from having a fair trial. Whether it succeed or fail it will set before the world an object-lesson such as it has not hitherto seen. Should it unequivocally succeed we shall all be adopting it some day.

According to a letter said to have been addressed to a clergyman in Pittsburg by Hon. Yung Wung, formerly Commissioner of Education for the Chinese Government, that long-suffering nation has at last been roused to adopt a well-considered and vigorous plan of campaign for the protection of its people in the United States. The first appeal will be to the

United States courts to test the constitutionality of the Exclusion Act. Should it survive this ordeal an appeal to public sentiment and to Congress will next be tried. If that fail to bring about the overthrow of this unrighteous legislation, the Chinese Government will try the effect of formal and energetic remonstrance and protest. Should all these measures prove ineffectual, retaliation will follow in the form of abrogation of all treaty rights, discontinuance of all commercial intercourse, and the withdrawal of Government protection to Americans in China. This latter step would no doubt be equivalent to swift banishment or massacre for the merchants, numbering, it is thought, about 1,500, and for the missionaries to the number of several hundreds, who are now in the Celestial Empire. It would be hard to blame the Chinese Government and people should they, after every other means had been tried in vain, resort to these extreme measures, but it would be none the less a calamity to civilization. It is to be hoped that, under pressure of the better sentiment of the republic, the incoming Administration may be able to wipe the stain of this unjust and cruel legislation from the statute book.

While the opponents of Home Rule are ridiculing or denouncing the proceedings of the "Evicted Tenants' Commission" appointed by the Gladstone Government, and Mr. Goschen and other Opposition leaders are waxing satirical over its alleged disposition to renew instead of redeeming the "promissory notes" by which it obtained office, the admirers of that Government are, on the other hand, pointing with smiles of satisfaction to brave reforms already wrought and a prodigious amount of preparatory work said to have been already accomplished. The proof of the latter can be given to the public only when Parliament meets. For the former we are pointed to the wise solution—the wisdom of which has yet, however, to be proved by the stern test of time and trial—of the Uganda difficulty; to the proposed Commission of Inquiry into the bearing of the Poor Laws on the relief of honourable age, and other minor matters of internal administration, including of course the Evicted Tenants' Commission itself. Mr. Asquith's qualified concession of the liberty of public meeting in Trafalgar-square was certainly an act which required, under the circumstances, some courage and a good deal of faith in the Liberal principle of freedom of speech. But probably the boldest reform yet effected, some say the boldest step that has been taken by any one in a responsible position since Mr. Gladstone's abolition of purchase in the army, was Mr. Fowler's decree, reducing the qualification of Guardians of the Poor to the low uniform level of a five-pound assessment. The Minister had, it seems, power to fix the amount of the qualification, which has hitherto been so high as virtually to exclude any one not possessed of considerable means, but not power to abolish a property qualification altogether.

Sir Adam George Archibald, who passed away at his home in Truro, N. S., on the 14th inst., at the ripe age of seventy-nine years, was one of the rapidly diminishing number of the fathers of the Canadian Confederation. Prior to that consummation he had been a Liberal in Nova Scotia politics and a friend and supporter of the Hon. Joseph Howe, under whom he twice held office in his native Province, first as Solicitor-General and afterwards as Attorney General. So early as 1857 he was a delegate to England, in company with the late Judge Johnson, then Attorney General and leader of the Conservative Government of Nova Scotia, charged, amongst other business, with feeling the pulse of the British Government on the question of union of the Provinces. He was one of the delegates at the Conference which met at Charlottetown, in 1864, to consider the question of a union of the Maritime Provinces. When that was merged in the larger Quebec Conference he was one of the Nova Scotia representatives in that body, and he also was a member of the conference in England by which the structure was finally completed. At the proclamation of the Union, in 1867, Mr. Archibald was sworn in as Secretary of State for the Provinces, but in consequence of the wave of hostility to the Confederation which swept over Nova Scotia, he failed of re-election. Two years later he was elected to the Commons, where he retained his seat until 1870, when he was appointed Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba. After his resignation of that position, in 1873, he was appointed Judge in Equity for his native province, and, a few months later, on the death of the Hon. Joseph Howe, he became its Lieut.-Governor. In 1888 he again entered the House of Commons, as member for Colchester. For the past year or two he has been living in retirement. He was appointed C.M.G. in 1873 and K.C.M.G. in 1885. He was a man of ability and integrity, and highly respected by all who knew him.

Much interest attaches to the utterances of the Papal delegate, Mgr. Satolli, now in the United States, in regard to the school question. It is possible that too much importance is being attributed to what may prove after all to be but the expression of the opinions of an individual or of a party, but there seems good reason to believe that his presence and pronouncements mark the taking of a new attitude by the authorities of the Vatican towards the public school system. If such prove to be the case, the fact will afford another evidence of the wisdom of the Holy See in adapting itself to the inevitable, and making the best of a system it may not approve but cannot control. It is true that Mgr. Satolli's expressions are carefully chosen and modified, yet they can scarcely admit of any other meaning than that the Church of Rome is prepared to accept and use the public schools in all cases in which it is impracticable to establish and maintain efficient parochial schools. He declares that "there is no repugnance" to schools by means of which "citizens are formed to moral goodness while they live peaceably together," that "the Catholic Church in general, and especially the Holy See," while shrinking from the absence of religious instruction, is "far from condemning or treating with indifference the public schools." He goes further and says unambiguously: "If Catholic parents make sufficient provision for

the religious training of their children, let them be free to secure in other ways that education which the position of their family requires."

This is as it should be. If Mgr. Satolli goes on to lay down strict conditions and injunctions touching the religious training which he deems needful to the fulfilment of the Church's duty to her children, no one will find fault with that. No State in which the principles of religious freedom are understood will interpose any unnecessary obstacle. Rather will all proper facilities be afforded. Sectarian religious instruction during school hours is, of course, out of the question. It is perhaps doubtful whether it would be wise to make provision for it in the school-room at other hours. But to the proposal to give it in some other, perhaps adjoining building, immediately before or after school hours, for all who choose to receive it, there can be no possible objection. In fact that is a proposal with which the State authorities have really nothing to do. But the probabilities are that the Catholics will find it necessary to rely largely, as do the Protestants, upon the Sunday School, for formal religious teaching. This whole agitation and movement in the United States has a special interest for us in Canada, at the present moment. It is evident that there are many among the more intelligent and progressive Catholics on that side of the line who are loyal supporters and advocates of the public school, realizing that in it alone can they secure thorough work according to the most approved methods, and thus save their children from being placed at a disadvantage in the struggle for existence in all their after lives. Doubtless there are many in Ontario who take the same enlightened view of the subject. If only some beneficent influence would lead our French Catholic fellow-citizens to do the same, one of the most serious problems which now perplexes us would be happily solved.

Every one who believes in hearing both sides of a question must have been glad of the opportunity given to the people of Toronto and vicinity, the other evening, to listen to the eloquent presentment by Mr. T. W. Russell, M. P., of the case against Irish Home Rule, from the point of view of a British Liberal Unionist. It has been stated that Mr. Russell came to Canada mainly with a view to studying for himself our system of home rule, in order that he might be the better able to judge of the feasibility of such a system for Ireland. A cynic, after hearing his impassioned speech in the Adelaide Street rink, might insinuate a doubt as to the judicial quality of the temper in which the eloquent orator is likely to approach such an investigation. Without attempting a review of that speech in detail, we may mention two things which struck us particularly in regard to it. The first was that to plead repeated acts of simple justice wrought by the British Parliament for Ireland as so many reasons for withholding from her other privileges which she claims also in the name of justice, is not the most convincing kind of argument. "What," Mr. Russell asked, "had the Imperial Parliament done for Ireland? It had emancipated the Roman Catholics, disestablished the Church of the minority, established national education and brought it to the door of every peasant in the

land, etc." So far good. But how did it happen, one might query, that Catholics needed emancipation, that there was a Church of the minority to disestablish, and so forth? Should one restore to a dependent a sheep which his father had taken away by violence, it would be a little unreasonable to accuse the recipient of ingratitude if he should also demand the restoration of the cow which had been taken at the same time.

The other remarkable point, as it seemed to us, in Mr. Russell's address was his contention that, notwithstanding the loss of so many of her people, Ireland has still as many as she can support. That some portions of the island are overcrowded we all know. But are there no other fertile portions which are far from having their fair share of inhabitants? Are there no great estates largely unoccupied, no vast game preserves in the hands of absentee landlords, no undeveloped manufacturing and trading possibilities?

That the agitation for protection in Great Britain is gaining considerable strength among the agricultural population is not at all wonderful. The succession of poor crops, combined with the almost unprecedentedly low prices of most kinds of farm produce, has caused a great straitness and depression among those who live by the cultivation of the soil. Naturally discontent and unrest follow, and those who suffer begin to cast about for some means of relief. It is not unlikely that, if a return to a broad tax were possible, the farmers' condition might be improved, just as the condition of some manufacturers in Canada has been improved by the N.P., though no doubt the capitalist landlords there would reap the lion's share of the gain, just as the capitalist manufacturers have done in Canada and the United States. There would be this difference, however, that while the Canadian system of protection enriches the few manufacturers at the expense of the many farmers, the protection desired by the British landlords would help the few landlords at the expense of the many artisans. It is the misfortune of the British agriculturists that the low prices of food products which impoverishes them is the greatest boon to a large majority of their fellow-countrymen. This renders the agitation for protection hopeless. But it is almost inevitable that the depression may compel somewhat radical changes of another kind in England. It is evident that the land is no longer able to support all who have hitherto relied on it for a living. The Kentish farmer may have to take hold of the plough stilt with his own hands, and the landlord will have to become a producer of some kind, and no longer a mere consumer of the fruits of others' toil.

AN INDEPENDENT CANADA.

Those who are studying the currents of public opinion in Canada at the present time can scarcely fail to have observed, notwithstanding their sluggish flow and somewhat bewildering eddies, that during the last few months some of them have been setting very perceptibly in the direction of national independence as the ultimate solution of the Canadian question. Having long been of opinion that an independent Canada was at

once the noblest and the most inspiring goal towards which the aspirations of our people could be directed, we confess that we have been often discouraged by the feebleness of the response that could be evoked from press or people to any such sentiment. The vote at the late public meeting in Montreal was but one of a number of indications which seem to us to show that our people, especially many of the more ambitious and energetic of our young men, are beginning to shake off the lethargy which has so long paralyzed our national ambition.

Why should Canadians desire national independence? Why not remain as we are, seeing that every agitation for constitutional change is more or less disturbing and dangerous? We might ask in return, why does the spirited and self-reliant son prefer to leave the paternal home and act for himself when he has attained his majority? But more practical answers are many and obvious. Some of them have been so prominently before the public for some time past that it is unnecessary to do more than allude to them. The census of 1891, with its startling revelations; the loss of one million of our best citizens, who have been forced to expatriate themselves to the United States; the depression felt in almost every department of our trade and industry; the growing unrest, manifesting itself in some quarters in a desire for political union with the United States, all forcibly suggest the necessity for a new departure. The tedious and roundabout process by which all our negotiations with the next-door neighbour, to whom we stand in so close relations in many ways, must be carried on, indicates the kind of change needed. And the almost universal feeling which has taken hold of our people that constitutional change of some kind is imminent, and which is working itself out in the various schemes for Commercial Union, Imperial Federation, Political Union, etc., affords pretty clear evidence that we have gone about as far as we can well go under our present system and that the time is near when it must be superseded by a better.

What is to be gained by Independence? It would bring us the power to make our own commercial treaties. We put this first because a betterment of the commercial and financial situation, and the consequent more rapid development of our vast resources, lie at the foundation of all national strength and progress. Theoretically we have no admiration for commercial treaties. The fullest freedom of trade amongst nations, such as will prevail in the good time coming though as yet it is unhappily in the dim future, would do away with the necessity for all such narrow and partial arrangements. But in the meantime the necessity exists, and Canada should be as free as any other country to make the best arrangements possible, looking to the welfare of her own citizens. Again, Independence would give us the national status which is one of our great needs. This would bring with it a sense of dignity and responsibility at home, and would call the attention of the world to our resources, advantages and prospects. The sense of responsibility which complete nationhood would bring is needed to develop proper self-respect and self-reliance. Every parent and school-teacher knows that there is nothing like a weight of responsibility to develop strength of character. What is true of the individual is true of the nation. So long as we are but a dependency of the Empire the tendency to rely

upon the Mother's strong arm to get us out of any difficulty into which we may blunder, or jingo statesmen in other nations may force us, is irresistible and debilitating—we might almost add, demoralizing. Can any thoughtful person doubt, moreover, that as an independent nation Canada would become a much more attractive field for immigration than she can possibly be so long as she has nothing better in the way of citizenship to offer those who choose to share her fortunes than colonialism, with all its suggestions of inferiority and subordination? Once more, an independent Canadian nationality would do more than anything else to awaken, especially in the breasts of the young and ardent, that spirit of patriotism the absence or feebleness of which is now almost the despair of the Canadian who is ambitious for his country.

But the difficulties? They are many and serious. Nothing is to be gained by belittling them. To our thinking the first and greatest are those springing from geographical barriers and from racial incongruities. It is no slight obstacle to consolidation in any form that the different provinces of which Canada is composed stretch as a narrow belt from ocean to ocean; that they are separated from each other by natural barriers which may for a long time, possibly for all time, cut off that continuity of population which might otherwise go far to counteract the divisive effect of our magnificent distances. These obstacles are not necessarily insuperable. Were we once to set ourselves in downright earnest to overcome them in order to build a nation, as did Canadians twenty-five years ago in order to build a federation, why should we be less successful? Nor should it be forgotten that precisely the same obstacles stand in the way of Imperial Federation, prolonged colonialism, and every other possible future, save perhaps Political Union, which few of our readers will admit to be as yet our "inevitable," much less our "ideal," destiny.

But we should be, we are told, incapable of defending ourselves against attack, or of protecting our commerce in all quarters of the world. As to the first, we have but one neighbour whose hostility might be feared. We know no reason to doubt the reiterated assurances of the leaders of thought and legislation in the United States that they have not the slightest desire to interfere with the right of Canada to shape her own political future. Be that as it may, the Great Republic, which has taken the initiative in inviting the other self-governing nations of this continent to enter into solemn treaty arrangements for the settlement of all future disagreements by arbitration, could hardly hesitate to enter into a similar agreement with independent Canada. As to the alleged necessity for a great fleet to protect our commerce, we simply decline to admit the existence of such necessity. Other small nations trade and prosper without large iron-clad navies. We have before pointed out that the United States for many long years, at a time too when she had a merchant marine worth moleating, found herself quite able to meet all the requirements of the situation with a war-fleet no stronger than Canada could easily maintain in ways that we have not now space to describe. Most Canadians of spirit will admit, too, that we cannot much longer preserve our self-respect without contributing in some way to the support of the British fleet, if we continue to rely upon it for protection. Hence some out-

lay of this kind is inevitable. Moreover, Canadians are not, we take it, a race of cowards, and all arguments of the class in question are simply appeals to our timidity.

But the disloyalty of it! To think of deserting the Old Land after all she has done for us! To cut ourselves adrift, too, from all the glories of British history and all our heritage in the grandest literature the world has ever known! Is it disloyalty in the grown-up son to leave his father's roof and set up for himself? Does it necessarily diminish mutual regard and affection? Does it not often rather increase them? We cannot here follow up this thought, but we hold it highly probable, if not absolutely demonstrable, that Canada as an independent nation, allied by the closest ties of heredity and intercourse with the two great Anglo-Saxon nations, and partaking as she might and ought to of the better qualities of both, might really be more serviceable both to the Mother Country and the world than she can ever be in any other capacity, at the same time that she would free the former from a source of constant anxiety and danger. The history, literature and traditions of Great Britain are the heritage of the race. Nothing can deprive us of our share in them. And what prouder position can even she aspire to than that of Mother of nations, great and free?

OTTAWA VERSUS WASHINGTON.

Time was when an interchange of courtesies between statesmen through the medium of the newspaper interviewer would have been thought too undignified to be possible. But those were times when the business of government as well as of diplomacy was held to belong to Governments and the governing classes. Seeing, therefore, that under democratic institutions the people who look to the newspapers for their information on all matters of current history are, or believe themselves to be, the real rulers of the country, we are not sure that we should too hastily condemn the method employed by Mr. Foster, the Finance Minister of Canada, and Mr. Foster, the United States Secretary of State, in thus taking the people into their confidence, with a view to making them arbiters in their disputes concerning matters of fact connected with the reciprocity conference at Washington. Seeing that no official report of the proceedings, much less of the discussions, of the Conference has been given to the public in either country, we certainly are now learning more about them than we could otherwise have hoped to discover. The pity of it is that the accounts given by the two authorities disagree in important, nay, in what many Canadians at least would regard as vital, particulars. To say nothing of the misunderstanding concerning the affair which the American members of the Conference understood to be a promise on behalf of the Canadian Government to discontinue the obnoxious discrimination against American ports in the matter of canal tolls, but which the Canadian representatives interpreted merely as a promise to consider the question—for it is possible to conceive that such a misunderstanding might innocently take place in the case of a merely conversational interchange of views—how are we to account for such glaring discrepancies as the following:

Mr. Blaine was asked as to certain conditions of a possibly wider arrangement; among others, whether the United States would in-

CHRISTMAS.

assist upon a uniform tariff and would demand preferential treatment in our markets as against British and foreign goods. The answer was that a uniform tariff would be necessary, and that, too, on the line of the present United States tariff.

During the reciprocity conference of last winter Mr. Blaine did not insist that in a reciprocity arrangement a uniform tariff would be necessary for both Canada and the United States, much less that it should be on the line of the present United States tariff.

And yet the former are the words attributed to the Canadian Minister of Finance, and the latter the words attributed to the American Secretary of State. As we have seen no denial of their correctness on the part of either, we must, we suppose, regard both as authentic. Surely if any reliable record of the deliberations was kept it is time that the veil of official secrecy should be lifted by mutual consent of the two governments, and the question of the reliability of the memories of the two Mr. Fosters authoritatively settled. If our memory serves us, our own Mr. Foster has indicated his wish that the two statements should be tried by that test.

The question is, as we have said, important, because of its bearing upon the possibility of reciprocity at that time, so far as the United States representatives was concerned. But as no further light can be thrown upon it, save by the action of one or both of the parties immediately concerned, further discussion is in the meantime useless.

We have always thought that the Washington Government had some just cause for resenting the manner in which the fact of its consent to a private conference for the consideration of the question of reciprocity was used by the Ottawa Administration for the manufacture of political capital. If so, the account is now balanced, for nothing could be in much worse taste or spirit than the manner in which President Harrison referred to Canada, in his Address to Congress. On this we have before commented. The point of interest just now is the attempt of the Secretary of State to justify the President's severe animadversions by reference to the two specific instances of Canada's intervention in the Behring Sea negotiations, and her refusal to fall in with the International Copyright arrangement. The utter unreasonableness of denying Canada's right to protest against a settlement of the sealing dispute, which would have been equivalent to a complete surrender of the rights and a betrayal of the interests of her fishermen, must be obvious to every disinterested observer. The Copyright question is perhaps a little more complicated, yet it is not easy to understand how any fair-minded American can fail to perceive the oneness of an arrangement under which every American publisher could have copyright in Canada by simply procuring it in England without any onerous condition, while no Canadian publisher could obtain a copyright in the United States without having his work actually printed in that country. Fair play is a jewel, but such reciprocity would be worthless as paste, without even the deceptive glitter.

When our actions do not our fears do make us traitors.—Shakespeare.

They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts.—Sir Philip Sidney.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth.—Bacon.

The mother knows
A barn's rude shelter in her travail hour,
She lays her baby soft where with less power
The night wind blows.
Outside sweet voices sing: "The Lord of all
Is come, let earth and heaven before Him fall!"

A wailing cry
Through the black stillness, and the cattle move
Uneasily, and the pale mother's love
Breathes lullaby.
Outside bright choirs hymn the Eternal Word,
The God who speaks, and angel hearts are stirred.

Two tiny hands
Feeble and powerless droop in helpless wise
On the hard straw, and the pale mother ties
The swaddling bands.
Outside in cold night air heaven's angels sing
A Prince's mighty will, the power of a King!
SOPHIE M. ALMON-HENSLEY.

UP THE WEST COAST OF AMERICA.

Though a great deal has been written about the trip up the west coast of America to Alaska, scarcely more than the half has been told. If ever England made a mistake it was when she declined to purchase Alaska at the time it was offered to her by the Russian Government. The United States, wiser in their generation, quickly bought the estate, and a good investment it has proved to be. England and Canada have the mortification of seeing an unfriendly neighbour in possession of a valuable territory which she refused to buy, and of seeing that neighbour hold a strip of shore line extending past her door and shutting her out from the great highway of the sea. A glance at the configuration of southern Alaska will make this plain. The cost of the arbitration over the Behring Sea difficulty, which would have been avoided had England accepted Russia's offer, will amount to a large proportion of what Russia offered to sell the whole territory for. However, the tide was not taken at its flood, and the fortune was lost.

But while it is not on account of the scenery that England's refusal is to be regretted, it is that feature which has principally led to the ever-increasing stream of traffic up the coast. United States tourists patronize the steamers which run from San Francisco and Puget Sound ports, in ever increasing numbers, and the facilities afforded by the C. P. R. to reach the coast has led many Canadians to visit Northern British Columbia and the regions beyond. Those who take the trip are well rewarded. The scenery is magnificent. One literally sails through a sea of mountains. Beyond the northern point of Vancouver Island the coast line is cut up by a succession of arms of the sea extending inland for miles, and which will furnish magnificent harbours for the fleets which will visit the coast to bear away its products when the natural resources with which it abounds are developed. Off the coast lies a series of islands behind which is the steamboat channel, so that a safe and sheltered passage is afforded, secure except at a couple of places, soon crossed, from the roll of the Pacific. Its character is well described by Lord Dufferin, in the following words: "This wonderful system of navigation, equally well adapted to the largest line-of-battle ship and the frailest canoe, fringes the entire seaboard of your province."

And so it is. The water is deep enough almost everywhere for the largest ship to navigate with safety and sheltered enough for the tiniest canoe to pass without danger of a capsizing. The only danger to be guarded against is the tide, which rushes through some of the narrow channels with great velocity, and has to be taken when it is on the turn, even by some of the steamers.

The scenery is sufficiently varied not to be monotonous. Now we are passing through a river-like channel. Before us the passage appears to be entirely closed. A sharp turn opens up an exit, and we pass into an archipelago through which we wind and twist, ever discovering new beauties. Now we cross a bay or pass an inlet, on the shore of which an Indian wigwam or a loggers' camp may be seen. On both sides the mountains rise, in some places to a height of four thousand feet or over, while occasionally peaks of the coast range may be seen in the distance rising to a greater height and covered with eternal snow. Mountain streams may be seen like silver threads, tumbling down the slopes, and occasionally there are evidences of a land slide which has swept away the trees and left a scarred track through the dense growth of small trees with which the mountain sides are for the most part clothed.

At Alert Bay we come to the first of the salmon canneries on the coast, the fish which supply the raw material being obtained in the Nimpkish river, which flows into the Gulf of Georgia from Vancouver Island. Not far off is a clam cannery, a new industry, which promises to be a success, the clams taking the place of oysters on the west coast, the latter found in these waters being very inferior to the eastern oysters. At Fort Rupert, an old Hudson's Bay post, near the north end of Vancouver Island, there is quite a settlement. The sachem of the place is a man named Hunt, who has been here since 1849, and to whom the Company sold out. Bella Bella, and one or two other posts, have been abandoned in the same way.

While the channel is well sheltered most of the way there are two places—Queen Charlotte Sound and Dixon Entrance, the former at the north end of Vancouver Island, the latter at the southern extremity of Alaska—where the steamboat passage is exposed to the roll of the Pacific, and when the passenger, if at all disposed that way, may experience an attack of mal-de-mer, but if rough they are soon crossed, and the chances during the tourist season are that the Pacific Ocean will prove true to its name and not disturb one's comfort.

About 600 miles north of Victoria the Skeena River is reached. The north of this stream is becoming quite a busy place. It is a prolific salmon stream, and canneries are numerous, nearly half the British Columbia pack coming from this point. At Port Essington there is a large fish freezing establishment, and a place for the manufacture of dog-fish oil. Saw mills are being built at numerous points, and though the Douglas fir, for which British Columbia is famous, does not grow so far north, the spruce is remarkably fine. Logs of six feet in diameter and upwards are not uncommon. There is also good cedar in abundance. At Claxton the British-Canadian Canning Company is building up a fine trade in salmon and lumber, and by the construction of a dam they will convert a valley through which a beautiful mountain stream runs into a lake from

which ice can be supplied to the entire coast. At present the cities of British Columbia have to depend principally for their supply on what is produced by artificial means.

Though so far north considerable gardening is done at Port Essington, and an interesting Chinaman has succeeded in raising some hardy varieties of apples. Small fruits are abundant in the gardens, and vegetables grow plentifully.

The story of Mtlakatto has been so often told that it is unnecessary to repeat it. The abandoned appearance of the place, as the steamer calls there, brings to mind the blundering policy which led to the removal of Mr. Duncan and the Taimpsean Indians, which he had done so much to civilize, to the neighbouring territory of Alaska, where, under the Stars and Stripes, they enjoy what was denied them under the Union Jack. Though there is still a settlement at Mtlakatto it is not what it was when Mr. Duncan was there.

The Naas river, a little further up the coast, is another important salmon stream. Port Simpson, near its mouth, looks forward to being the terminus of another transcontinental railway, though whether its dream of future greatness will be realized is a matter of doubt. It enjoys the distinction of being the rainiest place on the coast, and as it has a meteorological station—the furthest away from headquarters, by the way—the figures, though almost incredible, must be accepted as correct.

The Alaska scenery is somewhat different. Glaciers are abundant, and when at last the steamer drops anchor off the Muir glacier, whose icy sides, with the snow-capped mountains beyond, reflect the sun's rays with dazzling brilliancy, one experiences a new sensation. Scenery such as this is rare. Glaciers may be seen on the Alps, the Rockies, and other mountains, at high altitudes, but not often is to be seen a mountain of ice with its foot in the sea. This is our turning point, and from here the steamer directs its prow southwards towards civilization and friends.

While sailing through Alaskan waters the steamer touches at a number of points of interest. First in importance is Sitka, the capital, on the west side of Baranoff Island, with its fine scenery, of which Mount Edgecumbe, on Kruzoff Island, directly opposite, is a prominent feature. The deserted castle will well repay a visit. Then there is Fort Wrangel, near the mouth of the Stickeen River, one of the largest rivers of Alaska, also famous for its salmon, and which is navigable for 150 miles from the Fort. At this village may be seen to perfection those strange totem poles characteristic of the west coast Indians. Some of them are 100 feet high and must indicate the dwelling place of some very great chief, because the higher the pole the greater the chief.

Juneau is named after a Frenchman who discovered gold in the neighbourhood. He still resides there, not so prosperous as at one time, for which whiskey is largely responsible. The village contains about 1,500 inhabitants, who live in constant jeopardy of being swept away, for behind it is a perpendicular mountain, from which a landslide might occur at any time.

Douglas Island, another calling place, has the largest gold stamp mill in the world, which is kept in operation day and night, under the glare of the electric light, reducing the rich

ores which form one of the principal products of Alaska.

At Killisnoo is a great market for herring oil, of which 400,000 gallons are made yearly. And then there are the numerous canneries, where the Chinaman and the Indian may be seen at work in myriads during the season, earning good wages for himself and bringing great gains to his employer. So profitable are these canneries that instances came under my notice in which, though they cost between one and two hundred thousand dollars, they paid for themselves in one year and left a good profit besides.

Yes, England made a sad mistake when she refused to take Alaska, with its 532,000 square miles, its population of 50,000, its gold mines, its stores of other minerals, its vast wealth of fish, its valuable sealing interests, and its trade, which in 1888, the last year to which the figures at hand refer, amounted to \$9,100,000, all of which she could have secured for \$7,200,000, the sum which our more enterprising neighbour paid for it. Nor is it the frozen region that many suppose. Against its shores, at least the more southerly, beats the warm Japan current, which ensures a mean temperature of 44.7°, and seldom allows of the formation of ice at the sea level.

If the tourist is fortunate enough to go one of those trips when the steamer diverges from her usual course to call at the Queen Charlotte Islands, which are separated from the British Columbia coast by Hecate Strait, so much the better. He will have the opportunity of seeing something of the Hydah Indians, fast becoming extinct, and whose place may be occupied in the near future by the hardy Crofters, whom it is proposed to settle on portions of Vancouver and the Queen Charlotte Islands. The Hydahs are an interesting people. They are more skilful than most of the aborigines, their carving in wood and stone, and their silverwork being of a high order of excellence.

The two weeks spent in a trip up the northern portion of the west coast of North America is not wasted. The trip across the continent is not complete without this appendix. The lover of nature, the invalid in search of health, the sportsman who loves to hunt big game, the ethnologist giving his study to races fast becoming extinct, and the politician or the political economist who wishes to see for himself the extent and resources of this great country, will all be amply repaid. And a kodak will be found a good travelling companion.

J. JONES BELL.

RONDEAU.

Here underneath the glowing sun,
A landscape fair before mine eyes,
Above me the blue smiling skies,
I counted friends full many a one.
With ghostly tread time hath but run
A few short months; the old year dies!
Here underneath the glowing sun,
A landscape fair before mine eyes.

Within my soul, of fancy spun,
A new ideal doth arise:
Seek thou the highest! Duty cries.
Old ties are broken, vows undone,
Here underneath the glowing sun.

MARY MORGAN (GOWAN LEE).
Montreal, December, 1892.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—Milton.

Sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues.—Longfellow.

WORDS.

There is no study more interesting than that of the origin of language; whence came and how originated this wondrous power of articulate speech? For man alone is the speaking animal. He has been called the laughing animal, the fire-using animal. It has been said, again, that his chief distinction from the lower animals is that he alone has grasped the power and potency that lies in the thumb. But more than aught else, he is the speaking animal. It is true others have means of communication of various degrees of excellence, but man alone has articulate speech. No scientist has gone so far as to claim a grammar for even the most highly developed lower animals; for the apes, for example, which most nearly resemble man in form, or for the ants, which, Sir John Lubbock tells us, most nearly resemble him in intellect. Man, therefore, is the only animal whose language is progressive in any true sense. The tame dog barks somewhat differently from the way in which the wild dog barks; the tame canary sings somewhat differently from the way in which the wild canary sings. But in all its essentials the language of the lower animals is non-progressive. The language of man alone is capable of development; he alone has written speech and literature.

There are various theories as to the origin of human speech. First: That of the Bible, which represents our first parents as perfect, in language as in everything else—which represents, for example, the animals as being brought before Adam to be named by him; "and whatsoever Adam called every animal, that was the name thereof. What this first language was, according to this theory, we do not know. The pious Jews believed it to have been Hebrew; the Highlanders of Scotland are said to believe it to have been Gaelic. According to this first explanation, that language sprang into being full-grown, as did Minerva from the head of Jove, there was but one language for all the world until the tower of Babel did its fateful work, "and the Lord confounded the tongues of men." Speech, then, is directly a divine gift. It is the last seal of divinity stamped by God upon His intelligent offspring, and proves more conclusively than does his upright form or than "his countenance commercing with the skies," that he is made in the image of God. Secondly: That man is endowed with a linguistic, as he is with an artistic, and many another faculty, and that, under proper conditions, this linguistic faculty becomes ever more highly developed. That is as with other things, so here. Præ-terval man had this germ, as it were, within him, and cultivation has evolved therefrom the myriad forms of speech found in the world to-day. This theory is, I believe, the one now generally accepted, supported, as it is, by analogies in so many fields of Nature and of Art.

Hardly less interesting than this question are the many others resting upon or connected with it; the origin of man—whether he was created in one spot or in several spots, and whether perfect or not; and how arose the diversities of language; and how there came to be such a thing as a grammar—whether the primitive words were mere interjections, exclamations of joy, fear, and so on, and many another. An attempt to answer these would take us too far afield; but, at any rate, one thing is plain: the study of language is of

intense interest. This for many reasons—I mean apart altogether from its value for practical means of communication. Interesting especially because language is like a geological stratum, and the science of language is like geology; it is the key to the reading of the history of the past. Emerson calls language "fossil poetry." "As the limestone of the continent consists of infinite masses of the shells of animalculæ, so language is made up of images or tropes which now, in their secondary uses, have long since ceased to remind us of their poetic origin." So, as another writer has said, "A dead language is full of all monumental remembrances of the people who spoke it. Their swords and their shields are in it; their faces are pictured on its walls, and their very voices still ring through its recesses." Again, another writer says, "Language is not only as 'fossil poetry,' but also fossil philosophy, fossil ethics and fossil history. As in the pre-Adamite rock are bound up and preserved the animal and vegetable forms of ages long gone by, so in words are locked up truths once known, but now forgotten—the thoughts and feelings, the habits, customs and opinions, the virtues and vices of men long since in their graves. Compared with these memorials of the past, these records of ancient and modern intellectual dynasties, how poor are all other monuments of human power, perseverance, skill or genius. Language is thus a poem on the history of all ages, a living monument on which is written the genesis of human thought. For language, as it is the mirror, so it is the product of reason; and, as it embodies thought, so also it is the child of thought." Still another writer says, "Often where history is utterly dumb concerning the past, language speaks. The discovery of the footprints on the sand did not more certainly prove to Robinson Crusoe that the island of which he had fancied himself the sole inhabitant contained a brother man than the similarity in the inflections of the speech of different peoples proves their brotherhood. On the stone tablets of the universe, God's own finger has written the changes which millions of years have wrought in the mountain and the plain. In the fluid air which he coins into spoken words man has preserved forever the grand facts of his past history and the grand processes of his inmost soul."

To take only one example. What an amount of history is wrapped up in the word "Pagan"! Pagan is derived from the Latin "pagus," a village. The pagans were, among the Romans, the villagers, or rustics, i. e., the peasants, for "peasant" is but another form of "pagan." As Christianity was accepted chiefly in the towns and cities of the Empire, and as the old faith lingered chiefly in the country, those persons who did not accept the new faith were, therefore, called countrymen or pagans. An exactly similar case is found in the word "heathen," the name applied to the people of the heath, the country people, who retained longest their old beliefs.

But, if the study of language in general is interesting and instructive, how much more so is the study of our own Anglo-Saxon tongue! And this mention of Anglo-Saxon recalls the fact that our language is not a simple, but a composite language. This is one of the chief advantages that the English language possesses, "its special dowry of power in its double origin; for the Saxon part of the language fulfils one set of functions and the Latin another.

Neither is good or bad absolutely, but only in relation to its subject and according to the treatment which the subject is meant to receive. The Saxon has nerve, terseness and simplicity, but it has neither height nor breadth for every theme. Anglo-Saxon is the framework, the skeleton, upon which the structure of our language rests; but it no more fills out the full, rounded outlines than skeleton and sinews form the whole of the human body. It is the classical contributions, the hundreds and thousands of words from the Latin, the Greek, the French and other tongues which, since the beginning of the sixteenth century, have found a home in our English speech, that have furnished its living conceptions and have endowed the body with a living soul." The rich results of this blending of the two great sources of our language are seen nowhere more clearly than in the Bible. For, although the translators have employed a large preponderance of Saxon words, they have never hesitated to use a Latin or a Greek word wherever the sense or the rhythm demanded it. Therefore, while we read: "My heart is smitten and withered like grass"; and again: "Under the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice," yet we read also: "And I heard, as it were, the voice of a great multitude and as the voice of many waters and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

This mention of Anglo-Saxon leads naturally to that other question: a universal speech: whether there ever shall be such a speech; and if so, whether it will be English. Certainly, its composite character, its wonderfully easy grammatical structure, the ever-widening sway of the English-speaking race, the tendency to colonize and the ability to rule; all these would seem to point to this conclusion. So, while a century ago the English language was far behind certain other languages as to the number of millions that spoke it, and still more as to its use for diplomatic and commercial purposes, now it occupies the foremost place of all. Well may we say:—

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom,
And error flees away,
As vanishes the mist of night
Before the star of day.
But grand as are the victories
Whose monuments we see,
These are but as the Dawn which speaks
Of noontide yet to be.

But it was not of language in general or of the English language in particular that I wished to speak. It was of individual words.

Words, *ta epea pteroenta*, the winged words, of the Greek! And truly winged words they are, flying to the uttermost parts of the earth, bearing their messages of hope and joy and fear and sorrow to the end of time. For four things, the Arab proverb tells us, can never be recalled: a wasted life, a lost opportunity, an arrow that has been shot, and a spoken word. Not only can never be recalled, but the effect produced by the spoken word can never be destroyed; for truly "Words are things; and a small drop of ink falling like dew upon a thought produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think." So deeply did the ancients value individual words that the Goths believed their Runic letters to possess magical power—power to excite love or hate, to arrest a ship in its course, even, in certain combinations, to produce death. Just as it is that among many savage races to-day a man's name is written on a skull or other "uncanny" object, which, having been placed

'neath the shadow of some magic tree, or where two paths cross each other, works a dread enchantment upon him whose name has been so written. The Romans always took care to enroll in their levies first the men with lucky names: Victor, Felix, and so on. The Jews would not write down the name of God, they used a circumlocution. The Spartans so valued words that they fined him who threw them away, him who used three where two might have sufficed. Hawthorne, in writing on this subject, says: "Nothing is more unaccountable than the spell which often lurks in a spoken word. A thought may be present to the mind so distinctly that no utterance could make it more so; and two minds may be conscious of the same thought, in which both take the profoundest interest; but as long as it remains unspoken, their familiar talk flows quietly over the hidden idea as a rivulet may sparkle and dimple over something sunken in its bed. But speak the word, and it is like bringing up a drowned body out of the deepest pool of the rivulet, which has been aware of the horrible secret all along, in spite of its smiling surface."

Let us consider, then, a few suggestive things about individual words. (1) Words affect our thoughts as much as thought affects our words. Bacon very wisely said: "Man believe that their reason is lord of their words; but it happens too that words exercise a reciprocal, a reactionary power over the intellect. Words, as a Tartar's bow, do shoot back upon the understanding of the wisest, and mightily entangle, and pervert the judgment." Again, as an able ecclesiastic said: "Bad language easily runs into bad deeds. Select any iniquity you please; suffer yourself to converse in its dialect, to use its slang, to speak in the character of one who approves it; and your moral sense will soon come down to its level."

It is, therefore, a sign of national decay when it is sought to soften the names of crimes and of evil-doing by euphemisms, by elegant circumlocutions. Thucydides tells us in his history that the Greeks tried to conceal their degradation by perversions of the customary use of words. Unreasoning rashness was called manliness; cowardice, caution; forced taxes, generous contributions to the State; the repudiation of debts, a mere disburdening ordinance. Just as in England certain kings styled the contributions which they demanded from their subjects "benevolences." There is in the present day too great a tendency to this "softening of words"—to call wilful crime the effect of heredity; stealing, kleptomani; premeditated murder, the result of momentary insanity; and so on indefinitely. This is but one phase of that unfortunate tendency towards the use of "fine words"; the preference of long foreign expressions to short Anglo-Saxon words. A man does not begin—he takes the initiative. He does not eat—he partakes of a collation. He himself is not a man—he is an individual or a citizen. He no longer gives—he donates. A play is not well acted—the rendition of the drama is excellent. This is no new thing. Aristotle said in his day: "Our cultured Athenians do not now go to the public games they visit the collected assembly of the athletes of our nation. A man is not bountiful now—he is the creator and distributor of universal largess. Thought now is not thought at all—it is the incursive impulse of the mind toward the desired end."

This tendency to inflation, to exaggeration,

cannot be too strongly resisted; this mistake of supposing that great words necessarily clothe great thoughts. There is a strength in monosyllables, in the simple words of our childhood, that all importations from the classics or from the Romance tongues cannot supply. Is there any lack of force in this passage from the Bible? "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offering. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. They were swifter than eagles; they were stronger than lions. Very pleasant hast thou been unto me, O Jonathan: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman." Or again, in Byron's "Destruction of Senacherib"—

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew chill.

But after all, the great thing is clearness of expression, whether the words be large or small, Anglo-Saxon or Classic. Not so much speaking—there is altogether too much speaking in the Legislative Assemblies of the world to-day. Most of the really great men of history have been somewhat silent men. Moses was "slow of speech," yet he was preferred to Aaron. The late General Von Moltke could keep silent in eight languages. Napoleon said that he owed his power over others chiefly to his silence. Washington and Franklin and Jefferson were all silent men. It is not so much a matter of speaking; it is expressing our thoughts clearly and succinctly; that is the power which we need. For one half of the controversies of the world are about words, not about great principles; and half the disputes of the world would be settled if men only defined their fundamental terms. The juggle of sophistry lies in equivocal expressions—words that may do duty in a double sense. We see the necessity of clear definition every day. Free-Trade vs. Protection. What is meant by Free-Trade and what by Protection? The infallibility or "inerrancy" of the Bible. But what is meant by these words? The Christian world was torn asunder for centuries by the question of the nature and essence of Christ: whether He was of the same essence as is the Father, or of like essence with Him. And again, for centuries over, that other question, whether the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father and the Son, or from the Father alone. And yet no human being could be found to define God's essence or to explain how the Holy Ghost could proceed from one or from both the persons in the Godhead.

Words, in fact, like everything else in nature, are continually changing their meaning. Modified continually by their surroundings, they are subject to the universal law of development. For example, in the Book of Common Prayer we read: "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings," i. e., go before us—the derivation of "prevent" indicates, not "hinder us from evil," as many persons suppose. Again, Milton writes:

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the vale,
which does not mean "recounts his story," but "counts his sheep," keeps his "tale," or tally of his flock. Again, "imp" originally signified a scion or graft, as Bacon says: "Those goodly young imps, the Duke of Sussex and his brother." So again, "idiot" at

first meant merely a private citizen, as distinguished from an office-holder; and "silly" meant "holy" (the German *selig*), as an old writer says, speaking of Christ, "that harmless, silly babe."

It will be noticed that in a great many cases the word has deteriorated in meaning. This is a sad commentary on human nature, that in course of time, words usually become debased. Multitudes of examples might be given. Three will suffice. "Knave," originally a youth, now a bad man. "Villain," originally a peasant, now a rascal. "Craft," originally skill, now low cunning.

But this desultory disquisition is already too long. I cannot close it better than by repeating that as our every act exerts an influence for good or for evil upon the world, so so does our every word; and the difficulty with each is that it can never be recalled.

Boys flying kites draw in their white-winged birds,
One can't do that way when he's flying words.

Hamilton.

J. H. LONG.

THE CHRISTMAS TIMES OF NOW AND THEN.

Here on this merry winter night,
Within a cloud of fragrant smoke,
I, musing, retrospective grow;
And all my memories invoke
Of those lost winters, long ago,
When seasons smiled for me, and when
I dreamed of no comparison
Tween Christmas times of Now and Then.

The Christmas trees were stately things,
I dreamed no forest ever held
Such firs as towering ceilingward
In that proud Christmas time of old.
My stockings ne'er were long enough—
They've shorter grown since we were men;
And Nick but fills them up with thoughts
Of Christmas times of Now and Then.

And faith in all the dear old lies,
And all that lives in Fairyland—
So small has grown—the world's so wise—
My five-year-old can understand;
And laughs to think that I'd believe
In Santa Claus and elfin men.
He wonders what my thoughts can be
Of Christmas times of Now and Then.

Dear Christmas times of Now and Then!
'Tis only years that lie between;
And though grey hairs must crown the head,
The heart is still as young and green.
But this hard age of disbelief
Has made so sage our lads of ten
There lies no sympathy between
The Christmas times of Now and Then.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

PARIS LETTER.

The current of public opinion respecting the terrible Panama scandals commences to be comprehensible. It relies on the action of the Parliamentary Committee, composed of thirty-three deputies, and no matter what may be the results, the sum total of the infamies must be exposed to the world. Clearly that is the only way to free the republic from its putrid surroundings. Those whose turn has not yet arrived to be impaled hope that the trial of M. de Lesseps and his co-directors in January next may lead to so many tricks and law's delays as to interfere with the actual hearing of the case earlier than the Greek Calends. Then the Senate has galvanized itself into a kind of constitutional censor of the Committees presuming to clear out the Augean stable, when the only legislators so far hooked in the scandals are two of their own body.

With a view of avoiding all conflict with the judicial authorities, a short bill has been introduced by a deputy, and its principle approved of, conferring on the Committee every power it needs to seize and examine papers and persons, to punish false witnesses, and ultimately to send before the criminal judges such legislators, functionaries and members of the general public guilty of corruption or of swindling the Panama shareholders. The bill will pass the Chamber au galop, and if the Senate displays opposition, then will burst the pent-up popular explosion that would sweep away the patricians and beget the unknown. It is a moment when any attempt to "bulldoze" the people or to amuse them by repeating political mummeries would have disastrous results.

Each day brings forth its fresh contribution of filth, but when the Committee possesses its new powers the unearthings will progress at electric pace. As each new delinquent is crucified, he naturally contributes to involve his pals. The name of the "Panamists" are pretty well known, and the Committee has, it is said, piles of accusations and mountains of proofs; the moment has not come for the complete emptying of that Pandora's box, and the three newspapers that lead this campaign of political salubrity only produce their trump cards by degrees. As Pope says, "At every word a reputation dies." It is remarked that a great many persons are mysteriously betaking themselves just now to foreign travel, and not a few are transferring their property to new holders. This is useless: the sentences will make short work of such attempts to escape responsibility and confiscation of fortune.

It would be useless to deny that the debacle of the Panama Company has injured the Republic. Perhaps it would be more truthful to say that it is a corrupt and exhausted layer of society that is disappearing; that portion of the middle classes in a hurry to "get rich," as Guizot preached to them to practice; the devotees of the golden calf, parvenus without education, destitute of scruples, crassly ignorant, and seeking in ill-gotten riches a veneer for the absence of character. And the most astounding characteristic of the Third Republic is the army of nobodies of yesterday and the know-nothings of all time that have surged into a milieu of gold, place and power. After the Committee has made its report, the next move of public opinion will be to demand that the general elections, constitutionally due next October, be decreed at once. This will allow the honest trader and the hard-working artisan to take stock of a new order of candidates—for the old is used, and to insist that they shall have other means of existence than supplementing their pay of twenty-five fra. a day as deputy by becoming "boomers" of financial speculations or "drummers" of patriotic industries. In a word, to put the extinguisher at once upon all who cry, "In the name of the Prophet—figs!"

"Panama" will remain for many a long day the scare-crow, of the humble folks especially, as to investing their frugalities in any sort of industrial or commercial enterprise. The offer to pay them ten per cent. per month, or 120 per cent. per annum on their capital, as several exploded banks till lately did to thousands of dupes—"the poorer clergy" being the greatest martyred, would not draw a single five-franc piece from

out of the old stocking. Now it is capital for bona fide business that France stands in need of more than ever; fabricants and traders have been since a long period drawing on their capital to tide them over the persistent hard times; they looked forward to the foreign markets as the sources from which they could recuperate losses and realize fresh gains. However, now the lament is heard, that the French Chambers of Commerce abroad—that of Constantinople for example, and which too is the most important—will have to shut up shop, owing to want of funds. Now it is principally on these Chambers that French exporters relied for light and leading.

The evening schools of the city intend to be supplied with classes for the acquisition of Russian. Of course like all education in the primary schools, it will be free. Since years, instruction in German and English has been similarly afforded and gratuitously; but I cannot recognize the "results" amongst the rising generation. Commercial clerks rely on Spanish, which is quite natural, France having, till of late, her chief export markets in Central and South America. The young people who may have acquired the "gift of tongues" show not the slightest inclination to go abroad and utilize the tongues *cui bono*? France has no important commercial relations with Russia, and even the "alliance" will hardly induce young France to try the Steppes, or the gold fields of Siberia, in which to seek their fortune; they have too a weakness for a nation holding on to "universal suffrage"; that is about the last article Russia will import.

Public attention is drawn to the subject of cremation—the committee of thirty-three on the Panama Scandal is the crematory of most attraction at this moment—as practised at Pere La Chaise Cemetery, and which is devoid of more than common respect for the dead, and but scant consideration for the feelings of the relatives. The building for incinerating the remains is repulsive, not quite as eye-pleasing as gas-works; the body is placed on the truck and rolled into a kind of puddling furnace; the "furnacers" grease the waggon before it is started, and the hollow bars filled with water to avoid being molten, hiss and steam. And all this time five delegates only of the family are allowed to peep at the operation; the latter endures one hour, during which period the mourners walk in the neighbouring alleys among the tombs; survey the stock of coal for the furnace, and be enveloped in more than clouds of "smoke" from the chimneys. At the end of the hour a mason's labourer arrives with a tilla coffin under his arm; this is the "sarcophagus"; the truck is retired; the calcined bones dropped into the terra cotta vessel, which is fastened with cement and a leaden seal if at hand, and a ribbon attached. Then the workmen bring the sarcophagus, as if a hood of bricks, to the columbarium, where it is pigeon-holed, till future city improvements doubtless require the site.

Heinrich Heine repudiated Fatherland to become French; and Guizot paid him 10,000 frs. a year from the Secret Service Fund to chant hallelujahs in honour of the Gauls. He was a Jew, but became a Protestant to gain a living; he said: "I was called a Pagan when a Jew, and now a Jew when I am a Christian."

Z.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.—Shakespeare.

I THINK OF THEE.

The day is breaking and the battle smoke
Hangs thick and low upon the frozen ground;
The horses snort impatient at the fire
Which flashes yellow from the thundering
guns.

We wait but for a signal ere we dash
Across the snow-clad ground to meet the foe,
And hearts that know no fear are beating high
And hands are clasped that never more may
meet.

Dear love, I cannot see thee,
Thou art far away—
But, ah! I think of thee.

'Tis noonday, and the conflict rages still,
Hoarse cries are sounding o'er the battle's
din;
Red drips the blood from many a gaping
wound

And blanched and wan is many a gallant face.
The screaming shells are flying overhead
And spurs and scabbards clank and jangle
loud,

Our swords are hacked and crimsoned to the
hilts

And still the cry is ever: "Lads fight on!"

Dear love, I cannot see thee,
Thou art far away
But, ah! I think of thee.

The stars are shining, calm the night and still,
The flickering camp-fires throw gaunt shadows
round;

The snow is red with blood, and on the wind
The moaning of the dying comes and goes.

Dim is my vision, cold my heart and numb,
I know that death is nigh; but thy dear face
Is near me, and I hear thy gentle voice
Calling my name across the troubled sea.—

Dear love, the night grows dark,
I cannot come.—
Remember me.

Hamilton.

A. D. STEWART.

THE CRITIC.

"The Americans," said Coleridge, "respect the opinion of an Englishman concerning themselves ten times as much as that of a native of any other country on earth." If so, it may be that Mr. Kipling, who has once again held the mirror up to America, has done a good work in his diatribe on the rush and hurry of life in the States in his article in *The Times* of the 29th of last month. To an Anglo-Indian accustomed to a large part of the day to take things very easily, with of servants a multitude, and in a climate conducing to languor, this picture of life at high pressure which presented itself from San Francisco to New York must have made a keen impression indeed. But this characteristic of modern cis-Atlantic life is not confined to the latitude of New York or of San Francisco: it exists to a greater or lesser extent also from Halifax to Vancouver. Not perhaps in the country-side, that can go without saying; but certainly wherever there springs up a city, and of cities Canada has not a few—a fact not as far and as widely known as might be. And every year these cities grow, grow fast; and the haste and the hurry keep pace with or outstrip them. Ten years ago and Bathurst Street was outlandish; to-day we go home to Mimico for luncheon.

There seems to be something in the air that compels this restlessness. Perhaps its dryness compared with that of climes washed by the Gulf Stream has much to answer for. Life, too, one would think, would burn fast or not at all in the crisp atmosphere of a still, clear prairie with the spirit out of sight of zero. Besides, whatever may be said of overcrowded Europe, the struggle for life here is keen enough in all conscience, keen enough,

in the language of the people, to necessitate some little "hustling." But again it is spoken of the cities; in the country there seems to be time enough and to spare.

Mr. Kipling has diagnosed, but he has offered no prescription. Rather he has spoken with just a semblance of a sneer of those who go about preaching gospels of rest—for the reason of the apparent futility of such preaching, as it would seem. Perhaps he views the fever as a symptom, not as the disease, and will not treat empirically. Certainly his prognosis is by no means favourable, for he looks to the hurriers dying out, and a "slow-footed breed" to take its place. But will nothing stay this haste? Whence comes it? Is it a making haste to be rich? With some perhaps; with others surely it is a mere keeping the wolf from the door. Primarily probably it is climatic, aggravated by the conditions of modern livelihood; to wit: extreme centralization, consequent upon extreme division and sub-division of labour, the first leading to insanitary dwellings, the second to unhygienic habits and modes of life; resulting high rentals, driving population to the suburbs, this in its turn proving a new factor in the development of this demon of haste, for transportation takes time, and to shorten time we relinquish wholesome pedestrianism for horses, and horses for electricity; as a further result come concomitants that jar upon the nerves and keep the senses too much alert: dangerous crossings, crowded streets, noise and jostle, all the toil and turmoil of struggle for life in a narrow space. As causes moving in echelon, too, these hostile conditions give rise to others as hostile. Jaded systems and strained nerves are spurred to further action by abnormal means. The use of stimulants for the one and of narcotics for the other is rife; with the result that there is a double, a treble, drain on the vitality towards which at the outset Nature was not too kind. Truly it seems as if society were painfully putting together a sort of Frankenstein's monster, bound some day to devour its own progenitor.

With all these intricate and interacting conditions, no wonder that the preaching of a gospel of rest is of little or no avail. The climatic influences are unchangeable; natural ambition cannot be allayed; the resulting economic and social conditions it would take ages to alter. Even the physiological aspect of the question—for it is many-sided—is one difficult to deal with in the extreme. There are those who look to amelioration from a greater and more systematic stress being laid upon the hygienic elements of the problem, upon dietetics, hydropathics, even gymnastics; as if the masses were able to vary their food or could appreciate the advantages of a farinaceous diet, much less resort to more extravagant reforms. But after all it is a question for the individual. We do not cure by batches, neither will this continental hexis be eradicated by any wholesale therapeutics. It is a question for the individual. If a whole nation chooses to rush, that is no reason why anyone should be a party to it. At least to set one's own face against it is possible, and this may be half the battle. If something is lost pecuniarily, surely something will be gained vitally—and not alone to this generation. Mr. Kipling was assured that the punishment of lagging was "to be left." But surely the punishment of hurrying is to be left also, left at fifty or even forty years of age, while the more staid live on to

their three score and ten. Neither are the suggested hygienic and dietetic aids altogether useless to the enlightened. Still it will take very many individuals, and no doubt very many generations, to cause any subsidence of the national fever.

IN THE NIGHT VISIONS.

Methought the silken blue above was torn
By an impatient flight of seraphim.
Poured downward dread with sudden gleam and
song,

To snatch a soul to heaven, that, draped,
Hovered and faintly rose, its earthly weakness
Still on it, from the grave it had but left.
There was a delicate colour in its robes
Like a child's cheek, a smile upon its face;

A lifelike streaming of the pale gold locks;
And yet the stars undimmed did twinkle
through

As if it all were scarce perturbed air.
Then lo! it vanished, and the undimmed
stars

Kept twinkling ever in the silken blue.

ALCHEMIST.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BALANCE OF TRADE.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir, I would probably have offered nothing further on this question at present had not Mr. Crerar (unintentionally, no doubt) misrepresented me in two or three particulars. He assumes that I said the thousand millions of the world's excess of imports over exports represented the cost of carriage and distribution, whereas, I said it represented the cost of carriage or distribution; that is, the distribution between different countries as the cost of moving the goods from one country to the other, not the cost of distributing within any country.

Again when we ask: "But if the over-importing half imports one thousand millions yearly to pay freight and charges, how are the freight and charges incurred by the other over-exporting half to be paid?" He not only makes an enquiry not pertinent to anything I said, but he shows that he has failed to grasp the situation, for he himself, subsequently, in his quotation from the disciple of Say, supplies the answer.

When the Canadian merchant took \$100,000 worth of wheat from Montreal to Liverpool and there exchanged it for \$140,000 worth of English goods, Canada was the over-importing country, and paid freight and charges, for which she received the \$40,000 worth of English goods; but, other than this, England, the over-exporting country, had no freight or charges to pay, and the \$40,000 excess of Canada's imports over exports was simply a portion of what was described in my previous letter, as "that part of the cost of distribution, or the earnings of the world's carriers, that is included in the value of imports and excluded from that of exports."

Had an English merchant taken \$100,000 worth of iron or salt from Liverpool and brought it to Montreal, he might have exchanged it for \$140,000 worth of wheat. In such a transaction Canada's exports would have exceeded her imports by \$40,000 and the English merchant would have paid the freight and charges. There is no reason why the one transaction might not be as profitable as the other, to either of the merchants; but in the latter case the earnings of the carriers would accrue to England, in the former, to Canada. Or, if, as Mr. Crerar appears to imply, the merchant from whom the goods were purchased in Liverpool, had to pay freight and charges, or lay them down in Montreal, these would have to be added to the price of the goods, and assuming equal freights each way, the \$140,000 would procure goods of but the value of \$100,000 in Liverpool, the remaining \$40,000 being required to pay cost of transportation to Montreal, and in this case exports and imports would be equal.

Turn it as you will, it will be found that the increase of stock in either country produced by the exchange will be due to the labour of the carriers, and that just to the extent that this labour is invested in foreign goods may the imports of a country exceed its exports without creating a liability. With some classes of goods, such as ice shipped from Quebec to the West Indies, the labour of carrying produces the greater part of the value, and it is consequently by no means surprising that one thousand millions of dollars should be added to the value of the world's exports by carrying them from the producing to the consuming countries, but it does not necessarily follow that a country may not import more than she can pay for, nor that she may not by so doing, become burdened with debt so as to seriously retard her progress.

Mr. Crerar again accuses me of contending that a profitable commerce should exhibit more exports than imports. I did nothing of the kind; the profit of the commerce, at least so far as the consuming nation is concerned, will depend largely on the character of the goods purchased. It may be profitable to go in debt for steel rails or machinery, or any other commodity that will tend to increase or develop the wealth-producing power of the country, while it would be dangerous to incur heavy liabilities for French brandy, absinthe or opium, or even for silks or broadcloth.

A principal, perhaps the principal, advantage resulting from foreign trade, is the stimulus it gives to the productive forces of the trading country. May the same end not infrequently be more readily attained by restricting certain classes of imports, thus encouraging their production in the country in which they are consumed?

But neither of these things affects the fact that, if we import more foreign goods than we can pay for, either by giving other goods in exchange or by giving our earnings in the carrying trade, we must give in pledge the future labour of our people. Canada has done this in the past, so that she now has to export goods of the value of fifteen millions of dollars annually to pay interest on her five hundred millions of debt. It is doubtful if her earnings or "profits" in foreign trade very much exceed that amount; so the greater part of her excess of imports over exports becomes a further liability. She may go on in the same way another twenty years, and at the end of that time have a debt of a thousand millions; and, though this may not be a "destructive tide," I confess I would not be sorry to see it "turn."

England never had a national debt in the sense that Canada has one, for she was never required to pay interest to foreign countries; and it is doubtful if there ever has been a time when her exports, plus the earnings of her merchant marine did not exceed her imports—certainly not unless in some very recent years, or during a war. The balance of trade is now, almost of necessity, against her, for her income from foreign investments is five hundred millions yearly, while the earnings of her carriers are probably still larger. If, in addition, she paid for all her imports by giving goods in exchange, she would very soon absorb the wealth of the world. This is what she hoped to do through free trade or unrestricted competition, if she could get other nations to adopt it, and it is what the United States is trying to do in the American world through reciprocity treaties.

The prosperity, or apparent prosperity, of a nation that is brought about by excessive imports is sure to produce impaired credit, stagnation, and distress and a decreasing demand, until the producing in some measure overtake the consuming forces. It did it in this country previous to the crash of 1857; it was an important factor in producing the depressed condition from which we suffered during the McKenzie regime, and the adverse balance of "nearly three hundred millions" during the last ten years is certainly sufficient to account for any depression that now exists. That the National Policy had a tendency to increase that balance will, I think, not be contended for by even Mr. Crerar. Fortunately the recuperative forces are at work. The balance was very

much reduced last year, it will probably be altogether obliterated this year, and we may reasonably hope for a better condition of affairs for some years to come.

So long as mankind is divided into nations more or less hostile, those nations will in some way protect the industrial, as they will the other interests of their people, and the day when this shall cease is as distant as the dawn of the Millennium: we may hope that this is near, but it does not follow that it is safe to conduct our business, either individual or national, on the assumption that it is in sight.

ADAM HARKNESS.

Iroquois.

ART NOTES.

The Speaker says that art circles in Germany and Scandinavia have been much agitated by some recent extraordinary proceedings in the Berlin Artists' Society. The Norwegian painter, Munch, undoubtedly the most "advanced" of Scandinavian impressionists, had been invited to exhibit his pictures in the said society at the instance of the famous Munich painter, Uhde. Munch's pictures have always called forth a very considerable amount of hostile criticism, although he of course has his supporters and admirers. In Berlin he did not by any means meet with a flattering reception—quite the contrary, in fact—and some of the older painters went so far as to call a general meeting of the society for the purpose of censuring the standing committee in connection with the exhibition, which was to be forthwith closed. This resolution was carried, in an extremely stormy meeting, by 120 votes against 105. Upon this result becoming known, half the members of the committee forthwith resigned, and some eighty members asked to have their names removed from the books of the society. The "old ones" have for their leader M. Anton Werner, Director of the Academy, but several of the older painters, including such a celebrity as Ludwig Knaus, were against the resolution.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MR DEANE'S PIANO RECITAL

A small but unusually select audience assembled in the lecture-room of the Young Men's Christian Association building on the evening of the 15th inst. to hear a piano recital by Mr. Frank Deane, an English pianist, when he played the following numbers: "Pastoral Symphony" (from Messiah), Handel; "Harmonious Blacksmith," Handel; "Gavotte," Bach; "Moonlight Sonata," Beethoven; Weber's "Invitation to the Dance"; one of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words"; "Warum" and "Whims," from Schumann's fancy pieces; Chopin's D flat major Prelude; Impromptu in F sharp; and three pieces from his own pen—"Andante," "Impromptu," and "Minuet." Mr. Deane has considerable execution and power, and in some respects a good touch, although in cantabile passages he produces a hardness of tone which is unavailing to a degree, the melody sounding brittle and unvoiced, because his pianistic equipment is almost devoid of elasticity, and in consequence the blow of the hammer is too distinctly heard against the strings. He is best in the bravura of fortissimo passages, as his forte and piano are invariably produced by the aid of the soft pedal instead of by the touch alone, as they should be. The so-called "Moonlight" sonata received a most unconventional rendering. The slow movement was too agitated, the time too much broken, and the melody which Beethoven has indicated to be played pianissimo, was given out fortissimo; and evidently in order to more thoroughly punctuate the melody, the first note of the accompaniment (which is written in triplets, and moreover doubles the melodic tones for a richer effect), was omitted, consequently a thinness of both harmony and melody was noticeable, the tone was metallic, and the beautiful, soothing melancholy which pervades the movement was entirely obliterated, a restlessness quite apart from its character re-

sulting. The second and last movements were played better, although many liberties were taken with the form, passages being repeated where no repeats are marked, and where a repetition is absolutely desirable, as in the first part of the last movement, immediately before the thematic development, none was made. The Chopin numbers were not very Chopinesque in their style of interpretation; the prelude, for instance, which should be literally sung on the piano, was often blurred and the embellishments robbed of their grace and delicacy. The Bach Gavette, on the contrary, was played excellently, and with freedom and dignity. Mr. Deane's own compositions show him to be a well trained musician, they being clever works, and of the three numbers played, the second (Impromptu) was the best, as there was more contrast between the themes; these he played with good judgment and skill. Miss Constance Boulton, who assisted Mr. Deane, is a mezzo-soprano, and has a voice of light calibre, showing cultivation, although lacking in strength. She sang three numbers very acceptably, notwithstanding the fact that she was suffering from a cold.

THEODORE THOMAS.

Theodore Thomas and his excellent orchestra, will give one grand concert in Toronto, under the auspices of the "Canadian Society of Musicians," on the 27th inst., in the uncomfortable structure known as the Pavilion Music Hall. This concert following the one by the Seidl Orchestra a few weeks ago, will enable music lovers, and all those interested in the highest forms of absolute music, to not only enjoy the magnificent programme which will be presented, but to compare the playing of the two orchestras, so much having been written about their relative merits and defects since the above orchestra was here. Theodore Thomas is a great conductor, and always has a body of trained players under his baton, so the public can be assured of a treat genuine and lasting. Associate members' tickets (which can be bought from members of the Society) cost but one dollar, and entitle holder to all concerts of the Society as well as the Thomas concert.

The choir of Jarvis Street Baptist Church will repeat "The Holy City" in the near future, and have begun the study of a work, "The Light of Asia," by Arthur Sullivan, which will be given some time in March.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE BUNNY STORIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By John Howard Jewett. With seventy-eight illustrations by Culmer Barnes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; Toronto: Presbyterian News Company. 1892.

The Bunny Stories have already delighted thousands of young readers in the merry pages of St. Nicholas. They are now reproduced in book form with numberless illustrations. The volume no doubt will be hailed with delight by many happy children who will follow the bunnies and their companions through all their instructive, amusing and varied adventures.

THE WORLD'S BEST HYMNS. Compiled and illustrated by Louis K. Harlow; with an introduction by J. W. Churchill. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

"This compilation," says Mr. Churchill in his introduction, "is not a hymn-book, but a book of hymns." The words are true, and these beautiful lyrics have for the most part a distinct literary as well as a religious value. Amongst well-known hymns in this volume may be mentioned William Cowper's "Light Shining Out of Darkness." Cardinal Newman's exquisite "Lead Kindly Light" is there, as is also a translation of the "Dies Iræ," by Robert C. Winthrop; the original would not have been out of place in this really beautiful selection of hymns. Keble's "Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear," Longfellow's "Hymn," and "A Sun-Day Hymn" from the pen of Oliver Wendell Holmes, are contained

in this volume. The original illustrations by Mr. Harlow help to render "The World's Best Hymns" a most attractive and artistic publication.

MY FRIEND PASQUALE and other stories. By James Selwin Tait, New York; Tait, Sons and Company, Union Square.

"My Friend Pasquale" is a powerful but uncanny story. An Italian, beautiful as a Greek god, brilliant and fascinating, with apparently every gift of heart and brain, is at the same time a prey to a homicidal mania. The maniac commits the most frightful crimes, the man—the real, tender-hearted Pasquale—unravels them! Neither de Boisgoby nor Gaboriau have ever conceived such an idea as this; "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" pales before it. It is, we repeat, powerful but also horrible; nowadays the two are almost invariably companions and yet neither implies the existence of the other. "The Lost Wedding Ring" is well told, as are also the other stories included in this volume. The author has undoubtedly the power of depicting "strong situations" in such clear colours that their very improbability is forgiven. For the rest, this book is in every way readable, and is written in a style at once natural and lucid.

POEMS OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. Vignette Edition. With numerous new illustrations by Frederick C. Gordon. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; Toronto: Presbyterian News Company.

This volume, with its companion "Aurora Leigh and Other Poems," comprises the complete poetical works of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The volume before us commences with "A Lament for Adonis," that charming poem from the Greek of Bion, and ends with an "Ode to the Swallow" from Anacreon. The "Wine of Cyprus" is included, in which the poet has caught the very essence of not the least subtle of the Greeks:

Our Euripides, the human,
With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touches of things common
Till they rose to meet the spheres.

Those exquisite lines commencing with
O rose, who dares to name thee?

are also in this edition. But it is superfluous to praise these poems; Mrs. Browning had in very truth quaffed deeply "of the wine that's meant for souls." The Vignette Edition possesses very fair illustrations, the printing is excellent, and all lovers of Mrs. Browning's poetry will find many of her best and sweetest lyrics in this small volume.

DANCING: AS AN ART AND PASTIME. By Edward Scott. London: George Bell and Sons. 1892.

It is difficult for anybody not inspired with the impulses of harmony and rhythm of movement to take a dancing-master au sérieux. The ordinary teacher must preface his work with the "Odi profanum vulgus,"—not so Mr. Scott. This book—a great deal of it at least—might be read with interest by any one. The broad standpoint of the author may be seen from the following:—"In the very highest sense, perhaps the finest lessons may be obtained in the art galleries of Rome and Florence. I do not of course mean lessons in practical dancing. But in these galleries the perceptive faculties may be gratified; the understanding enlightened; and, above all, the taste refined by the contemplation of all that has ever been accounted most lovely, most graceful, most perfect in art." The book is full of allusions to authors ancient and modern, to Plato and Xenophon, Darwin and Herbert Spencer, to Bacon and to Dr. Johnson. Though entering into the minutest details of the technique of his art, Mr. Scott's book is in every sense a readable volume. We feel sure that to the large number of people to whom dancing is something more than a hurried and undignified shuffling of the limbs, this carefully written work will appear at once a novelty and an attraction. The abundant illustrations will also interest and instruct the reader.

A WONDER BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Nathaniel Hawthorne, with sixty designs by Walter Crane. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

This famous reproduction of six mythical stories by Hawthorne has been chosen with singular appropriateness by the above named enterprising firm of publishers for republication as a holiday gift book. Those who delight in the exquisite art of Walter Crane and enjoy the chaste and delicate workmanship of the best specimens of modern printing will welcome most heartily this beautiful volume, assuredly one of the choicest gifts that could be placed in juvenile hands. In the preface, dated by the author so long ago as 1851, he truly says: "Children possess an underestimated sensibility of whatever is deep or high in imagination or feeling, so long as it is simple likewise. It is only the artificial and the complex that bewilder them." As in bygone years, so now multitudes of young readers will revel in "The Gorgon's Head," "The Golden Touch," "The Paradise of Children," "The Three Golden Apples," "The Miraculous Pitcher," and "The Chimera," set forth for their enjoyment by that master of the mysterious, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and in this choice volume so exquisitely and abundantly illustrated by Walter Crane, and so beautifully printed by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE ON THE MEDITERRANEAN. By Lee Meriwether. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

This interesting volume is the result of careful observation in countries where the dullest will find much to wonder at. The author however has not confined himself to descriptions of magnificent scenery; everywhere he has an eye for those sociological problems which cannot be ignored, even by the shore of the sun-lit Mediterranean. In Portugal he discusses the condition of the labouring class in that country. In Spain the endless question of tariffs is introduced; convict life is studied and the general social life is treated upon, and more particularly the Spanish system of marriage. In Italy the prison arrangements are considered; "Italian judges" he observes sententiously "lean toward long sentences." Of France he does not say much, but the following is significant: "We had no difficulty in visiting Spain's chief arsenal at Carthagena, and subsequently were allowed to visit arsenals in Italy and England—but in France we were obliged to take on faith the statement that the Toulon arsenal is one of the largest in the world." The description of Tangiers is most interesting and the author has a high appreciation of what civilization there is left amongst the quondam illustrious Moors. This narrative is a most readable account of a trip through perhaps the most charming places on the globe, and will be read with interest by all who have made it, as well as by those whose happiness is always in the future—they, we mean, who die before seeing Naples.

THE GUINEA STAMP: A Tale of Modern Glasgow. By Annie S. Swan. Toronto: William Briggs; London and Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.

We are introduced to an orphan girl alone in an English village with her dead father. An uncle arrives and offers her the position of maid-of-all-work in his home at Glasgow. The girl accepts the generous invitation and gives the old man (a miser of the commonplace type) tea, "home-made bread, and firm, wholesome butter." After this he naturally relaxes. "Now if you don't mind," he said almost cheerfully, the good food having soothed his troubled mind, "I would like to take a last look at my brother. I hope they have not screwed down the coffin?" What French realist has produced a more hideous picture in a few words? Abel Graham becomes more or less softened towards Gladys, as time goes on and, as one naturally expects, leaves her an heiress at his death. Gladys, who is really a beautiful, loveable girl—eventually marries Walter Hepburn, whom she first meets as her uncle's "young assistant." The story is not without a certain power; and the

development of Walter under the influence of Gladys—he would have developed in other directions without her—is clearly sketched. This author possesses undoubtedly the faculty of presenting sordid little scenes from real life in colours so vivid that it is impossible to forget them. At the same time it is unfair to suppose her devoid of the sense of the beautiful—the heroine of this book alone could relate such a charge.

BOYHOOD IN NORWAY. Stories of Boy-Life in the Land of the Midnight Sun. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs. 1892.

It is the custom to palm off many imbecilities in fiction under the heading of "boys' books," but here is an example of the genuine article from the pen of a world-famed litterateur. "The Battle of the Rafts" is the name of the opening story. Viggo Hook and Halver Reitan are the generals of opposing armies, and are fifteen years old. "It was the Round-head hating the Cavalier; and the Cavalier making merry at the expense of the Round-head." The main interest of the tale, however, is not centred upon either of the generals, but upon "Marcus Henning, an under-grown, homely and unrefined drudge, whose noble dexterity to his chieftain, Viggo, earned for him the title of 'the bravest boy in Norway.'" "Biceps Grimlund's Christmas Vacation" is a capital story, and one to be especially welcomed now that another Xmas presses so close upon us. "The Nixy's Strain" is different from most of the others, and will perhaps appeal more to older people. "Wise Nils," says the author in the conclusion of this story, "is many years older now; has a good wife and several children, and is a happy man; but to this day, resolve as he will, he has never been able to abandon the effort to catch the Nixy's strain. Sometimes he thinks he has half caught it, but when he tries to play it, it is always gone." How many names could be substituted for "Wise Nils!" The remaining stories, three of which have appeared in Harper's Young People, are all real tales of "Boyhood in Norway."

IN THE LEVANT. By Charles Dudley Warner. Illustrated with photogravures. Two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: The Williamson Book Company.

Perhaps the chief charm conferred by the artistic reproduction of a well-known volume in a new and attractive form is that many a reader will thus welcome in the edition-de-luxe coming to his hands (as with all the gay bravery of a wedding guest) some well-enjoyed companion of other years. To the writer, whose first acquaintance with Mr. Charles Dudley Warner as a writer was through the pages of a minor book of travel some seventeen years ago, the republication of the present work is most welcome. Written, as the author says in the new preface, "seventeen years ago," it may without fear of contradiction be said that each succeeding year since first it appeared has increased rather than diminished its circle of appreciative readers. Mr. Warner is at his best in writing of travel. Those who have visited the scenes he so well depicts, and moved among the stolid Eastern races whose characteristics he describes, will have their imaginations touched and their memories quickened by his graphic and vivid narrative. To those who have not been so favoured and who have not traced his glowing pen in its Levantine wanderings, we say, you have a rich treat in store. It is not only the information which Mr. Warner conveys, but the rare charm with which he conveys it, that gives such delight to his readers. This new edition is worthy of the season, and the book: the new type, excellent paper, appropriate illustrations and chaste ornamentation add to its attractiveness. A beautiful toned portrait of the author forms the frontispiece of the first volume. The substantial and easily-opened covers are tastily ornamented in red, olive and gold, and are imprinted with a scroll surmounted title in gilt, and protected by Italian slip covers in red. We heartily commend these volumes to our readers.

THE FOOT-PATH WAY. By Bradford Torrey. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

This charming volume could not be better summed up than by the author's quotation from Milton:—

Herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds.

The chief attraction is perhaps the last, but the other three are by no means neglected. The author, it appears, also dabbled with insect nets and moths. "The kind-hearted lepidopterist," a lady and a savant, assured him on the occasion of his "most brilliant catch being nothing more important than a 'beautiful Io,'" that "the specimen would be all the more valuable because of a finger mark which my awkwardness had left upon one of its wings. So," continues the author, "to the credit of human nature be it spoken—so does amiability sometimes get the better of the feminine scientific spirit." The book is full of graceful touches and the author's style in itself would commend it to the uninitiated or the "lay" readers as he has designated them. "The hermit's note," he tells us, "is aspiration rather than repose. 'Peace, peace!' says the veery, but the hermit's word is 'Higher, higher!' 'Spiritual songs, I call them both, with no thought of profaning the apostolic phrase." This interpretation of "thrush music" seems marvellous, but, as the author observes, "For the sympathetic observer every kind of bird has its own temperament." Space will not permit our describing even one of the many "jaunts" of which the author speaks so merrily, but amongst much of beauty and absorbing interest we would call the reader's attention to the chapter on "Flowers and Folks," and to that entitled "In Praise of the Weymouth Pine."

PRIMARY LATIN BOOK. By Adam Caruthers, B.A., and J. C. Robertson, B.A. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book is divided into three parts, the first being confined to "Introductory Lessons and Exercises," the second to Syntax, and the third to Accidence. The vocabulary, both as to words and idioms, is based to a large extent on Cæsar's, so that the pupil on commencing his "authors" will find himself not altogether in a strange land. The exercises have been carefully arranged, the gradation being as genuine as that of the celebrated "Paulatin" itself, not to mention "Smith's Principia." There is a great deal of memory work contained in the vocabularies of Part I., but it is undoubtedly better to introduce this work into the exercises than to leave it entirely to those associations of sounds which make for so many of us the sum total of Latin grammar. The "Paradigms" perhaps follow each other a little too closely, and, on the whole, the old method of supplying mnemonics for "Genders" and "Prepositions" was the more easy, if the less scientific, method of driving these important items well home. The chapter on metre is distinctly good. We feel sure that the "Primary Latin Book" will meet with that recognition which is due to all honestly prepared and carefully written text-books. The authors have not forgotten the value of Socratic teaching, but the volume is a teachers' as well as a pupils' text-book. The value also of proportion has been fully recognized, and the authors are to be congratulated upon having made use of the new methods without altogether shelving the old; they have, in the phrase of M. Taine, "lopped off" rather than cut down.

GIOVANNI AND THE OTHER: Children Who Have Made Stories. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs.

Giovanni and "The Other" were two Italian boys who lived in the Citta Vecchia of San Remo and who used to sing before the windows of hotels. Giovanni, through the kindness of an American lady, becomes a successful tenor, that is to say, a celebrity. "The Other" loses his voice and—dies. Giovanni was a sensible, common-place sort of

a boy, but "The Other" was cast in a different mould. Giovanni had prosperity and a good voice, "The Other" a touch of genius during the few years he lived and that was all. Into this simple story the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has infused we know not what subtle charm of her own. It is a story of a mother's love for her dead son, for it is "Leo," the son of the Signora, who is the benefactor of Giovanni. For the mother had "a strange wish that he should seem still to live on earth and do things for other boys." So Giovanni is one of "Leo's Friends," but ever in the background of the story, shadow-like even in life, is the figure of "The Other." There are several more stories by this graceful and sympathetic author, amongst which we may mention "Illustrissimo Signor Bebe," "A Pretty Roman Beggar," and "What Use is a Poet?" We cannot better show our appreciation of this book than by quoting the following words of the author herself; "Remembering that to my own childhood the story of a child who was a real, living creature had a special fascination, I have put some of these sketches into words, trying to give them the colour which surrounded them and made them stories and pictures to me, thinking that perhaps other children may like to read of small creatures who were as real as themselves, and not only beings of the imagination." Such a volume we have before us.

A FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY: EIGHT YEARS OF TROUBLE IN SAMOA. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

It would be quite unreasonable to suppose that because the needs of health or a desire for retirement led Mr. Stevenson to forsake England and take up his abode in far-off Samoa, the sensuous languor of the sunny south would rob the world of one of its most delightful writers. It was but the shifting of the keen, observant romancer from civilization to semi-savagdom. In the unpretentious volume above mentioned we have a statement of the strange political position of affairs in Samoa. This island has for long been a scene of native outbreak and diplomatic contention among the Samoans on the one hand and the powers who have interests at stake on the other. The island is divided into districts, each with power to appoint its governing chief, and the five districts have power to unite in appointing one sovereign over all. Early in the narrative three of the districts combined in selecting a chief named Malietoa, but the two remaining sections selected each a chief for themselves. Then followed a course of intriguing, and a chief named Tamasese was placed in the foreground through German influence, Malietoa having been deposed and removed from the island by the same influence. Later on another applicant for regal honours appeared in the person of Mataafa, who, though vigorously opposed by the Germans, gradually increased his influence. With rare self-denial, however, this popular chief held himself subordinate to Malietoa. The latter eventually became sovereign in name, while the regal dignity and influence remained with Mataafa. The power and policy of the great German firm; the character of their one time manager, Weber, and of his successor, Captain Zumbach; the frolicsome pugnacity of Captain Leary, U. S. N., and the diplomatic moves of the British, German and American representatives are all well described, as is the tension between the powers, its causes and incidents. The author strives to deal impartially with each and all. He finds the Germans most blameworthy, and appeals to Germany and her Emperor for fairer and more generous treatment of the Samoans. The tremendous hurricane at Apia; the damage and destruction of German and American war ships, and the gallant and successful dash for liberty of Captain Kane and H.M.S. Calliope, are vividly and powerfully portrayed. The magnanimous chivalry of the Samoans in risking their lives in aiding their German foes is a feature of the picture, of pointed interest to their civilized opponents. Friends of Mr. Stevenson and Samoa alike will read this book with pleasure. It throws

new light on a vexed and complicated political question of international interest, and shows that hard facts do not suffer at the hands of a master of romance.

ZACHARY PHIPS. By Edwin Lassetter Bynner. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The Riverside Press Cambridge.

This is a third historical novel by Mr. Bynner. It is the story of a small boy who runs away from school at the age of eight, and who at twenty-four has already made his mark in the diplomatic service. It is at once an historical romance, a tale of "voyage and venture," and a psychological study. His account of the political schemes of Aaron Burr is most interesting, and here is an excellent description of the arch-plotter himself. "Where, all this time, was the commander? Day and night, in his waking hours, Zach pondered this riddle, as there came back to haunt his boyish fancy that military figure sitting in the stern of the boat, that cold, handsome face, those shining eyes, that inscrutable look, telling of measureless force in reserve, and of a calmness impregnable to assault. Over and over again those words rang in his ears: 'Zach, you're the kind of boy I like. Some day I shall have work for you.'" All the characters are true to life, from "Sandy" (who plays a part in the book somewhat similar to Strap's in Roderick Random) to "Mrs. Becky," the hero's step-mother. Perhaps one of the best drawn characters of them all is Zach's father—the shrewd old Yankee, whose wink the son never fully comprehended, and who lived "a life within a life." Zach had been left for his share of the maltster's property the old "malthouse," a tumble-down building covering a large area. Zach reads the will in disgust, then, "like a flash of light, a new thought came into his head. Clear as a picture his father's image came back to him, and, as he gazed at the well-remembered features, one of the shrewd, grey eyes, gleaming forth from between the lines of that final clause, seemed distinctly and knowingly to wink at him." In fact his father had left him a rich man, and very soon afterwards he marries Silvia, the charming heroine of the story. But ever in the background there is another figure, the figure of an Indian girl, whose strange love for Zach, who never understood it, is admirably depicted. Malee dies by her own hand, and the description of her dead body is amongst the most powerful in the book. The development of Zach from the time we are introduced to him is closely studied. Boy or man, however, he is the same "born fighter," morally and physically, and the development, although seemingly enormous, is yet strictly normal and in accordance with natural rules. We can honestly say that there is literally not one dull page in this most fascinating novel.

THE GREAT STREETS OF THE WORLD.

By Richard Harding Davis; Andrew Lang; Francisque Sarcey; W. W. Story; Henry James; Paul Lindau; Isabel F. Haggood. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs. 1892.

This beautiful and artistic volume, composed of reprints from Scribner's Magazine, is commenced by Richard Harding Davis, who writes upon the celebrated "Broadway" of New York. It is not merely a study of Broadway from the architectural point of view, but of New York life, from the lodging-house shark and bunco-steerer to the business man and "visiting statesman." All these types are shown clearly and forcibly in the excellent illustrations of Mr. A. B. Frost. Andrew Lang follows with "Piccadilly," and treats the subject with that playful cynicism which seems half laughing at itself. "The fresh air of Venice" he writes, "blowing in from the sea is as alien to London as are the noiseless wet ways of Venice. Nature, in short, except as far as trees are concerned, is out of view and out of the question." Speaking of the fact that he has never considered Piccadilly as a "specially lion-haunted shore" he remarks: "Let me confess that I have not a good eye for a lion, and often do not know the monarch of the forest when I see him.

Besides, nobody can see him in a fog, and the extreme west of Piccadilly is particularly foggy, probably because one of the many 'bournes' or brooks over which London is built flows under it, and its dankness exhales in clouds of yellow vapour." The illustrations by Mr. W. Douglaz Almond are particularly good, especially "a chat in Piccadilly." Then comes "The Boulevards of Paris," by Francisque Sarcey, illustrated by G. Jeanniot. "I do not exactly mean," exclaims the writer, "that the boulevard is Paris; but surely without the boulevard we should not understand Paris," and then he takes us into this "perfume of Parisian life," and shows us everything from Sarah Bernhardt to the perennial Gavroche. Apropos of the former he gives us an excellent anecdote—a brand new one we believe, perhaps in our simplicity—which is unfortunately too long to give verbatim, very much too good to manipulate. "The Corso of Rome" and "The Grand Canal" are by W. W. Story and Henry James, and are illustrated respectively by Ettore Tito and Alexander Zezzos. Paul Lindau gives a charming sketch of "Unter Den Linden," the illustrations of which are by F. Stahl. The last but by no means the least attractive is Isabel F. Haggood's description of "The Nevsky Prospekt," with excellent illustrations by Ilya Efimovitch Repin. We cannot praise too highly this most interesting and agreeable volume, which may be read by everybody, from the savant to the schoolboy; one which is especially adapted for a Christmas gift.

PERIODICALS.

The reviews in the December issue of Book Chat are most readable, and, now that so many of us are choosing books as a safe form of Christmas present, it would be most advisable to glance through this interesting little publication. The "Editorial Notes," by the by, are particularly suggestive upon this subject.

The Bookman for December is full of interesting literary items, amongst which we may mention a letter from J. W. D'Albeville upon "The Origin of Tennyson's Rizpah," Joseph Bell contributes "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," which is followed by the continuation of "George Henry Lewes." This issue also contains the continuation of the series of "Unpublished Letters of George Eliot." The "Novel Notes" for this issue are most readable.

We have before us two bound volumes of St. Nicholas from November, 1891 to October, 1892, inclusive. This popular magazine for "Young Folks," appreciated as it is by no less a person than the famous "Autocrat" himself, will be eagerly welcomed in this substantial form. The volumes, needless to say, are illustrated, and children from six to sixty will avail themselves of the pleasure of reading in a compact form a magazine whose monthly issues are so deservedly popular.

We have received the bound volume of the Century Magazine, comprising numbers from May to October of the present year. It is pleasant to greet old friends when gathered together under some cheerful roof. It is also pleasant to again look over the cheerful pages of the various numbers we have already noticed, now bound up together in this attractive volume. Here the serials and related articles can be read continuously and all the varied literary dainties which have been spread over six months are combined within its covers.

Accompanying the Christmas number of the Illustrated London News there is a "Children's Christmas number" of the same periodical. Amongst many excellent contributions to the Christmas number may be mentioned "Princess Ice-Heart," a fairy tale by Mrs. Molesworth; lines entitled "Next December," by Barry Pain, and "Pallinghurst Barrow," a story from the pen of Grant Allen. As to the Children's number, it is for the children to decide upon its merits and we have little doubt of what their decision will be. Both numbers are in fact all that could be desired, and the supplements, four in number, will prove most acceptable to old and young.

We have before us a "Souvenir of the Youth's Companion, 1893." The booklet is full of information in regard to this well-known weekly, and contains several illustrations of different parts of its buildings. The paper, we are told, was issued for the first time on April 16th, 1827. Since then it has increased enormously in circulation, its weekly edition being no less than five hundred and fifty thousand. Among its famous contributors we find the names of W. E. Gladstone, Sir Edwin Arnold, Walter Besant and Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, and many others of world-wide reputation.

The Expository Times for December begins, as usual, with some well-written notes on current topics, followed by an excellent article on "Professor T. H. Green" by Rev. Dr. Iverach, some more papers on the inexhaustible subject of the "Revised Version," an article—very reasonable and useful—by Professor Driver on the "Devotional Use of the Old Testament." Professor Banks writes well on our "Debt to German Theology," showing not merely an acquaintance with the greater writers but a fine appreciation of their genius. We may instance his remarks on Schleiermacher. Under the Great Text Commentary there are some good hints for sermons.

Christmas stories are always welcome and more particularly at Christmas time. Apropos of this undeniable fact, we are pleased to call the attention of our readers to the Xmas number of the Detroit Free Press. This number contains two stories. The first is from the pen of that versatile and agreeable writer, "Luke Sharp" and is entitled "The Herald of Fame;" a most readable story and one moreover which ends happily, which is becoming at this season if at no other. The other, "The Tale of the Raven Inn," is by Angus Evan Abbott and the two, together, ably illustrated as they are, form a pleasing and timely number.

Bertha T. Herrick opens The Californian Illustrated Magazine with "California Wild Flowers," which interesting paper she concludes with a quotation from J. G. Holland: "There are crowds who trample a flower into the dust, without once thinking that they have one of the sweetest thoughts of God under their heel." "Some Heads of Napoleon" is the title of a carefully-written paper by P. C. Remondino, M.D. Thomas Crawford Johnston contributes a second paper upon the important question—"Did the Phoenicians Discover America?" "Two Great Jews" is the name of an article by Gustav Adolf Danziger. Charles Frederick Holder contributes a descriptive paper on "An Isle of Summer, Santa Catalina." The December number is a very fair issue.

Beatrice Glen Moore commences the December number of The Dominion Illustrated Monthly, with a story of habitant life entitled "How Remi was Satisfied." A. C. Winton writes an interesting paper upon "Newfoundland and its Capital," in which, speaking of Newfoundland, he remarks: "It is to be hoped that she may ere long throw off her obstructive policy of isolation, and take her place in the family of provinces to which she belongs." A. M. MacLeod's "A Summer in Canada," is concluded in this number. "Scraps and Snaps," by F. Blake Crofton, are most readable. "The Brown Paper Parcel" is the name of a story from the pen of Walton S. Smith, while F. Clifford Smith tells the tale of "A Christmas Adventure." We would suggest that the supplement be reduced in size, for in its present form the portraits are obviously damaged. The December issue is well up to the standard of this magazine.

Grant Allen commences The English Illustrated Magazine for December with "Tennyson's Homes at Aldworth and Farringford." The writer concludes a most interesting paper written, it is to be observed, during the life of the poet, with these significant words: "Leave him undisturbed in his retreat, oh prying race of tourists, and spare him your verses, oh aspiring poetasters! Why should a man pay for supreme artistic excellence by being made the butt of all the shafts of in-

competence?" Frederick Hawkins writes upon "Lear on the Stage." "Winter on the Catskills" is the subject of a short but vivid sketch in this number. Philip Norman discusses Herbert Jenner-Fust under the heading of "Famous Veteran Cricketers." Charles Dickens file contributes some delightful pages upon "Pickwickian Topography." Bret Harte's serial, "Sally Dows," is continued in this number.

"A New Canon of Taxation," by Edward Alsworth Ross, is the name of the opening paper of the Political Science Quarterly for December. Mr. Ross concludes his paper with these words: "I propose that the following proposition be accepted as the canon of social economy, co-ordinate and complementary to that of administrative economy laid down by Adam Smith: A tax for purposes of revenue should have the least possible prohibitive effect." "Railway Accounting" is the name of a paper laden with statistics from the pen of Thomas L. Greene. Charles Bourgeaud writes upon "The Origin and Development of Written Constitutions." The object of the paper is "to show, from the historical point of view, how the written form was selected and developed first in America, then in France, and finally in the rest of continental Europe." William Z. Ripley contributes a most valuable paper upon "The Commercial Policy of Europe." "The Early History of the Coroner" is the name of an article by Charles Gross. "Bureaucracy," says Isaac A. Hourwich in an interesting paper entitled "The Russian Judiciary," "Bureaucracy is essential to autocracy; the two must stand or fall together. That is the reason why it may be truly affirmed that opposition to autocracy in Russia has become a struggle for justice."

We have before us the Christmas number of the Toronto Saturday Night, and a very artistic and pleasing issue it is. "Tom's Little Sister," by the author of "Helen's Babies," commences the number and is followed by an illustration entitled "The Floral Offering." Octave Thanet tells a most readable tale of "The Nephew of His Uncle." E. Pauline Johnson contributes one of her characteristic poems entitled "The Avenger." It is without doubt a strong poem:

Last night thou lendest a knife unto
My brother; come I now, O! Cherokee,
To give thy bloody weapon back to thee,

as the very hiss of sustained hatred. "The Rich Relation" is the name of a good story from the pen of George Parsons Lathrop. Edmund E. Sheppard writes a very good tale of Mexican life, the name of which is "Senor the Engineer." "Little Lady" is the name of a pathetic story by Ida Burwash. R. K. Kernighan (the Khan) writes some spirited lines entitled "A Convert to Theosophy," from which we quote the last four lines:

But in my mind I'm satisfied
That this strange thing is so,
My Nellie was a lady
Ten thousand years ago.

Julian Hawthorne brings a really excellent issue to a close with an interesting and timely short story, "Kate Gordon's Christmas Miracle." The illustrations are a very important factor in this number.

The Rev. Stopford A. Brooke commences The Contemporary for December with a very carefully written and thoughtful study entitled "Tennyson." Speaking of the poet's religion the writer says: "Had Tennyson defined his view of Jesus, he would never have said 'Ring in the Christ which is to be.'" This reminds us of that French thinker who observed: "It is not difficult to believe in God provided one will not force oneself to define him." In reference to that oneness which is so often and so justly imputed to the Anglo-Saxon the writer says: "There has been no ingratitude so great in the history of humanity as the ingratitude of Europe to France, and Tennyson represented with great vividness this ingratitude in England." "The Uganda Problem" is discussed by Joseph Thomson, which is followed by an interesting paper on "The International Monetary Conference" from the pen of H. S. Foxwell. Alfred E. P. R. Dowling contributes a charming paper upon the "Pleasant Lore of the Christmas Flora." F. S. Stuart

Glennie contributes an important paper upon "Aryan Origins." D. W. Simon is the author of a paper entitled "Idealistic Remedy for Religious Doubt." An article upon "Elementary Education and Voluntary Schools" brings to a close a most interesting issue of The Contemporary.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Mark Twain will have a story in the January number of the Century Magazine with the strange title, "The £1,000,000 bank note."

Books on India increase in number rapidly. A "History of India from the Earliest Times to the Present Day" is being prepared by Mr. H. G. Keene.

Dr. Kingsford has sent us a letter commenting on Mr. Lindsey's review of his "Early Bibliography of Ontario," which will appear in our next issue.

Messrs. Macmillan will publish shortly a volume entitled "Footprints of Statesmen during the Eighteenth Century in England," by the Hon. Reginald B. Brett.

Messrs. Cassell and Company's new Biographical Dictionary, containing memoirs of the most eminent men and women of all ages and countries will soon be ready for publication.

The story of an independent invention of the lightning-rod by a Bohemian contemporary of Franklin, named Divis, will be told in the January Popular Science Monthly. The account is accompanied by two figures of the apparatus.

Mrs. Oliphant's forthcoming history of the "Victorian Age of English Literature" will have an uncommonly interesting feature in the shape of hitherto unpublished letters from distinguished authors, discussing their own works. Mrs. Oliphant, it is stated, does all her literary work at night.

William Watson, an English poet who has attained distinction by the excellence of his verse, and who recently received an honorarium from the Queen for the best poem published on the death of Tennyson, has, we are sorry to hear, become insane. It is to be hoped his trouble may be but temporary.

Mr. Francis Darwin says, concerning his father's method of work: "It was his habit to work more or less simultaneously at several subjects. Experimental work was often carried on as a refreshment or variety while books involving reasoning and the marshalling of large bodies of facts were being written."

Oliver Wendell Holmes says of St. Nicholas: "I find the magazine almost too captivating. It makes me homesick for my far-off boyhood and childhood. If I could go back seventy-five years and carry St. Nicholas and a few more of our illustrated books for young people with me, what a happy decade of years I could spend!"

The Academy states that Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane are about to publish Mr. Oscar Wilde's play "Salome," which, it may be remembered, was accepted by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, but was refused the Lord Chamberlain's licence. The play is not only written in French, but has been printed in Paris, in the format usual for such works.

Macmillan and Company announce two important fine art books: Mr. Hamerton's sumptuous volume "Man in Art," illustrated by photogravures, etchings, heliogravures, line engravings and wood engravings, and Mr. Harry Quilter's "Preferences in Art, Life and Literature." This volume includes an important history of "Pre-Raphaelitism and an Essay upon Contemporary English Painting."

A fourth volume has been edited by Mr. J. P. Wallis for the new series of "State Trials" (Eyre and Spottiswoode). It will contain Frost's trial for high treason, and the trials of Feargus O'Connor, Thomas Cooper and others, during the troublous times between 1839-43. Non-political trials of interest included are those of Mr. Moxon for publishing Shelley's "Queen Mab," and of Lord Cardigan before the House of Lords for his duel with Captain Tuckett.

Brentano's announcements include "Chicago," thirty photogravures with descriptive text; "The Buildings of the World's Columbian Exposition," also in photogravures; "The Great Composers," "The Great Singers," "The Great Virtuosi," by the Comtesse de Bremont; and Motteux's translation of "Don Quixote," with Lalauze's etchings, limited to 300 copies.

A posthumous work by M. Renan, entitled "Studies of Religious History," and consisting admittedly of "fragments" that have appeared in periodicals, is published in English this week by Mr. Heinemann. In an unusually long preface the author pleads, with great persuasiveness, for liberty of thought, and in conclusion sighs for some "corner of the world where we can think at ease."

Under the title "Echoes of Old County Life" the Macmillans will publish shortly an illustrated volume of interesting recollections of the sport, society, politics and farming of the "good old times" in a typical English county. The author, J. K. Fowler, gives personal reminiscences and anecdotes of many well known men, among whom are Lord Beaconsfield, the Count d'Orsay, the Rothschilds, Bishop Wilberforce and others.

Paul Lindau, the brilliant if somewhat pessimistic German novelist, says the Boston Weekly Bulletin, has lately written a story which deals with life in this country as well as in Berlin. A translation is to be published soon by the Appletons. Herr Lindau has spent the past year or two in the United States as the travelling correspondent of a Berlin journal, and his pictures of American life will probably be truthful ones.

Dutch literature has suffered a great loss in the recent death of Mr. J. H. Hooyer. From 1876 onward he was a constant contributor to De Gids. His literary and critical essays—the best of them studies of foreign writers, such as Daudet, George Eliot, Tolstoi—were perhaps less original and characteristic than the short stories and sketches, humorous and pathetic, which have from time to time appeared in that periodical.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford, probably the best known of American novelists, is giving readings this winter from Zoroaster, Sant' Ilario, and a later book, "Children of the King," still unpublished. It is said that Zoroaster, which has been translated into French, German, Danish, Italian and Russian, is considered by the author his best work. We are informed that Mr. Crawford will appear as a reader in Toronto and we bespeak for him a hearty reception.

Sir Frederick Pollock has taken Mr. Walter Besant's place as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Society of Authors. Before resigning Mr. Basant explained that by so acting he would make it impossible for people to speak of the Society as his society in the way they had been doing, intending to imply that men and women of letters held aloof from it. "We have," he said, "850 members, including, with very few exceptions, all the leading men and women of letters."

For the forthcoming biography of Lord Aberdeen by his son, Sir Arthur Gordon, Queen Victoria has allowed the author to make use of the vast amount of confidential correspondence respecting the secret history of Lord Aberdeen's administration, preserved in her private library at Buckingham Palace. The proof-sheets of the book have been read and annotated by the Queen and Mr. Gladstone. Lucky author, says The New York Critic, who can press such eminent proof-readers into his service!

Mr. Ruskin's forthcoming book, "The Poetry of Architecture," will contain a collection of essays, the first part describing the cottages of England, France, Switzerland, and Italy, and giving hints for picturesque cottage building; and the second part treating of the villas of Italy and England, and concluding with a discussion of the laws of artistic composition and practical suggestions of interest to the builders of country houses. The text will be accompanied by fourteen plates in photogravure from unpublished drawings by

the author, besides nine full page and other new wood-cuts.

Mr. Douglas Campbell's "The Puritan in Holland, England, and America," recently published by Harper and Brothers, has called forth a eulogistic letter from Mr. Gladstone in which he thanks the author for "criticism vigorously directed to canvassing the character and claims of the English race," and parenthetically adds "I am a pure Scotchman." We should be glad to hear the views of some distinguished member of the unfortunate "English race" on this latest curio of the British Premier.

The London Literary World says that Mr. Andrew Lang has settled down for the winter at St. Andrews. His recent speeches in Edinburgh have not been regarded as altogether happy, but he has done his best to minimize criticism by issuing a general invitation to the literary gentlemen of the capital to dine with him at the Golf Club in the old Gray city. Mr. Lang's health is not of the best, and there are cynics who insist that his occasional growls at his profession have an intimate connection with his liver.

A brilliant romance of American history, entitled "The Refugees," by Dr. A. Conan Doyle, with illustrations by T. de Thulstrup. A new novel, by Constance Fenimore Woolson, entitled "Horace Chase." A number of short stories and sketches by Julian Ralph, Richard Harding Davis, and others. A farce, entitled "The Unexpected Guests," by W. D. Howells. An exposition of popular and millitary social life in the Western Provinces of Russia, by Mr. Pcultney Bigelow, illustrated by Remington; "The Story of the African Slave Trade," by Henry M. Stanley; a number of entertaining contributions from the pen of Thomas A. Janvier, on "Old New York," and a new novel by William Black, will appear in Harper's Magazine for 1892.

Mr. David Patrick, the editor of the new edition of Chambers' Encyclopædia has just been feted by the Edinburgh "Cap and Gown" Club, in honour of the completion of that notable work. Mr. Patrick, replying to the toast of his health, gave a more than usually felicitous speech. He attributed the success of the Encyclopædia in great measure to the services of his staff, about a thousand strong, and twenty at least of whom are members of the "Cap and Gown," including the Lord Justice Clerk, who contributes the article on Volunteers to the last volume. The fact was noted at the dinner that while the first edition of the Encyclopædia extended over ten years—1859-68—the present edition has been produced in half that time.

The Boston Advertiser has the following characteristic sketch of Eugene Field: "Mr. Field looks somewhere between twenty-five and fifty-eight years old. His face is smooth, and so is much of the rest of his cranium. He looks the New Englander of the Hosea Biglow type, and the only thing that surprises one when he owns up to having been born in Massachusetts is that it was not New Hampshire. His frame is tall and osseous, and his hands, complexion and furrowed facial surfaces would do no discredit to the worst specimen of the genus horny-handed labour. The shining roof to his brain cavity is only smooth when his conversation is in a state of comparative repose. When he speaks, the moment he begins to grow interested in his subject is marked by the corrugation of his forehead into a horizontal frown, in deep and many furrows that extend from one temple to the other, and show where the underscores should come in in the emphasizing, italicizing and capitalizing of his enthusiastic conversation."

David Christie Murray, the novelist, writes: "Eight or ten years ago I was sitting in the Savage Club in the company of four distinguished men of letters. One was the editor of a London daily, and he was talking rather too humbly, as I thought, about his own career. "I do not suppose," he said, "that any man in my present position has experienced in London the privations I knew when I first came here. I went hungry for three days, twenty years back, and for three nights I slept in the park." One of the party turned to me.

"You cap that, Christie?" I answered, "Four nights on the embankment. Four days hungry." My left-hand neighbour was a poet, and he chimed in, laconically, "Five." In effect, it proved that there was not one of us who had not slept in that hotel of the Beautiful Star which is always open to everybody. We had all been frequent guests there, and now we were all prosperous, and had found other and more comfortable lodgings. There is a gentler brotherhood to be found among men who have put up in that great caravansary than can be looked for elsewhere. He jests at scars that never felt a wound, and a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

The Athenæum announces the publication by Messrs. Macmillan and Company of the following theological works: "The Gospel of Life: Thoughts Introductory to the Study of Christian Doctrine," by the Bishop of Durham; "The Doctrine of the Prophets," being Warburtonian lectures, by Rev. Professor A. F. Kirkpatrick; "Cathedral and University Sermons," by the late Dean of St. Paul's; "Restful Thoughts in Restless Times," by Dean Vaughan; "Discussions on the Apocalypse," by Professor Milligan; and "University and Cathedral Sermons," by Rev. J. R. Illingworth. Dr. W. Peterson, Principal of University College, Dundee, has interrupted his critical edition of Quintilian's "Institutes" in order to prepare for the delegates of the Clarendon Press an edition of Tacitus' "Dialogus de Oratoribus." Besides a reconstitution of the text, based on an independent study of the manuscripts, Dr. Peterson hopes to be able to throw some new light on the romance of the finding of Tacitus in the fifteenth century. The introduction will deal also with the disputed question of the authorship of the "Dialogus."

The St. James' Gazette stated the other day, says The Colonies and India, that "it is a pity that no really first-rate library of colonial literature exists in the capital of the greatest Empire in the world, the best being the libraries of the Colonial Office and of the Royal Colonial Institute." On this Sir Frederick Young writes to point out that, whilst in his opinion it is not possible to procure a thoroughly complete collection of colonial literature, the library of the Royal Colonial Institute is a very complete one—valuable additions being still constantly made to it to render it still more so—and is considered by those who have had cause to consult it "a first-rate" colonial collection. Since the year 1868, when the Royal Colonial Institute was founded, it has always been the earnest endeavour of the Council to obtain every work bearing upon colonial questions, and upon each individual colony, a special annual grant being set aside for the purpose. The library, in fact, has become a recognized centre for the dissemination of information to students of colonial history, legislators, business men and all those in search of intelligence relating to the various portions of the British Empire, who have invariably acknowledged the efficient aid afforded them in their enquiries.

We take from The Times this interesting note: The Egyptian tombs, which have preserved so many records of antiquity, this time give us new and valuable documents illustrating the early history of the Church. In the winter of 1886-7 a parchment manuscript was found in a tomb at Akhmim, in Upper Egypt. The writing belongs to the period between the 8th and the 12th century. The volume has only been printed this year and been published by the French Archaeological Mission. It contains part of the Greek text of the Apocryphal book of Enoch, a writing which hitherto was known only in the Syriac and Ethiopic, and two fragments of other works, which were rightly identified by the French editor as the Apocryphal Gospel of Peter and the Apocalypse of Peter. Dr. Harnack was the first to call attention to these fragments; their existence was only known in England a few weeks ago. With admirable promptitude, two editions are just appearing in Cambridge—the one by the Regius Professor of Divinity contains the Greek text of the Gospel; the other, and more important, con-

tains the text of both works, with a translation, as well as a valuable commentary put into the form of two lectures. The documents, short as they are, deserve attention, because they add considerably to our knowledge of early Christian thought. Both of them were known before by references in Eusebius and other authors.

Borrowians, says The Speaker, or even those who, without being quite Borrowians, have enjoyed Mr. Birrell's delightful essay on the author of "The Bible in Spain" in "Rea Judicate," will experience some disillusion on reading the anecdotes concerning him which appear in Dr. Gordon Hake's book. If Dr. Hake's memory is to be trusted, Borrow was a most unpleasant creature, ill-mannered and ill-tempered to a rare degree. When Miss Agnes Strickland was introduced to him, she asked his permission to send him a copy of her "Queens of England." He exclaimed: "For God's sake, don't, madam; I should not know where to put them or what to do with them." Then he rose, "fuming, as was his wont when offended," and said to a friend, "What a d— fool that woman is!" This is given as a characteristic specimen, but we are reluctant so to take it. The author of those immortal passages on "The Bruisers of England" and "The Horses of the Moslems" must have had more sympathetic traits than this would show. Borrow, by the way, is still a force in militant controversy. We met him recently, freely quoted, in one of those raw-head-and-bloody-bones pamphlets in which the Church of Rome is proved to be the Beast of the Apocalypse.

In May, 1891, says the London Times, an Edinburgh collector had a public sale of his treasures, the most remarkable feature of which was the very low prices which they brought. In August last, this same collector was rash enough to send to an Ayrshire paper copies of two autograph poems of Robert Burns, the originals of which he declared to have been in his possession for twenty-five years and which had never been printed. One of these poems was entitled the "Poor Man's Prayer," and in the course of it Chatham was appealed to. The collector expressed the opinion that no one could read the verses without being convinced that they were the production of the national bard. I quote three of the verses in order that the ordinary reader, to say nothing of the literary critic, may be able to judge of the kind of stuff that is described as worthy of Robert Burns:—

Amidst the more important toils of state,
The counsels labouring in thy patriot soil;
Though Europe from thy voice expect her fate,
And thy keen glance extend from pole to pole,

O Chatham, nursed in ancient virtue's lore,
To these sad strains incline a favouring ear,
Think on the God whom thou and I adore,
Nor turn un pitying from the poor man's prayer.

While I, contented with my homely cheer,
Saw round my knees our prattling children play,
And oft with pleased attention sat to hear
The little history of their idle day.

But this is not merely a question of judgment; it is a question of fact. For Mr. George Stronach, one of the librarians of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, has found, not only these verses, but a great many more of the same stamp, printed in the London Magazine for 1776. The verses are there described as "Extracts from 'The Poor Man's Prayer,' addressed to the Earl of Chatham; by Simon Hedge, labourer." It might, of course, be argued that "Simon Hedge" was a nom-de-plume of Robert Burns; but, unfortunately for this supposition, Burns was in 1766 a boy of seven years, and the notion of his "prattling children" playing round his knees at that age is too absurd to need refutation. This discovery has given the coup-de-grace to the whole scheme of forgeries.

"Jack and the Fairy" is the name of a bright little publication for sale by the Presbyterian News Company. This will prove a very welcome present to children at this gay season of the year, and its price is anything but prohibitive.

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READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

Under the old regime, when cannons were sometimes removed from their places on board a man-of-war for the sake of accommodation, they were replaced by short wooden dummies, which looked externally like the real thing but occupied much less room. A naval officer, who had taken offence at something which had been said at a dinner party by a clergyman who had just been made an honorary canon, and who was somewhat autocratic, resolved to be avenged. He invited the whole party to inspect his ship next day, and when inquiry was made as to the use of one of these sham substitutes, which he had placed in a conspicuous position to attract notice, he replied, in a tone which all could hear, "Oh, that wooden thing! Its only a dummy—a sort of honorary cannon."—The Memories of Dean Hole.

And here I must relate an incident, which created such an intense excitement as I have rarely seen, and which was followed by a discussion, never to be solved, whether it was the result of intention or of accident. There was to be a great match between Nottingham and Kent. Mynn had recently made a big score, over one hundred runs, off Redgate's bowling at Leicester (in which operation, playing without pads, he was sorely bruised, and for some days was unable to leave his bed), and William Clark was absorbed by one anxious ambition, to bowl him or to get him caught. He walked about the ground before the play begun, and murmured at intervals to a friend of mine, who reported the interview, "If I can only get him—if I can only get him!" The ground was cleared; Mynn and his colleague went to the wickets, and the umpire called "Play." Then Clark bowled, and Mynn seemed to prepare to hit, but changed his mind, and quietly blocked the ball halfway between wicket and crease. Clark bowled again with a similar result, but the ball was stopped much nearer the wicket. A third ball came, but the batsman went back so far that as the ball fell from his bat, a bail fell also! For two seconds there was a profound silence; there might have been nobody, where many thousands were. The Notts men were mute with amazement,

dumb with a joy which hardly dare believe itself. The "Lambs" would not utter a bleat. Then they roared like lions! They left their seats, and, not satisfied with shouting, they danced and capered on the sward!—The Memories of Dean Hole.

It was like bringing water to some fair plant which was drooping in drought, food to the hungry, fuel to the frozen, to tell Leech a good story which the public had never heard, and which none could repeat to them so charmingly as he. I see that dear face light up once more as I relate how the farmer at the rent dinner (it took place, I think, on the Belvoir property) smacked his lips over the rich liqueur, and, turning to the footman behind him, said, "Young man, if you've no objection, I'll tak' some o' that in a moog"; how the coachman, unaccustomed to act as waiter, watched with agony of mind the jelly which he bore swaying to and fro, and set it down on the table with a gentle remonstrance of "Who-o, who-o, who-o," as though it were some restive horse; with other histories, many in number, which he made famous.—The Memories of Dean Hole.

In a London home it was the custom to place a foot-warmer, before the repast began, in front of the chair of the hostess, who was chilly and infirm from old age. On this occasion the guests were early, or the footman was late, and the latter was still under the table when the former took their seats. The lady of the house became conscious of some motive power below, and thinking that it came from a favourite retriever, who was allowed to roam where he pleased, fondly addressed it as "Rollo, good Rollo!" and, failing to hear the protest, "It's not Rollo, grandmamma—it's Alfred," affectionately patted the head as it emerged from the table, with a halo of powder, and an expression of perplexity which Leech himself could not have copied.—The Memories of Dean Hole.

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There were in Ceylon, at the beginning of last year, 264,580 Indian-born persons, including 171,342 males and 93,238 females. The estate population numbered about 263,000, of whom nearly 90 per cent. were Tamils. In every thousand of the Indian-born persons the proportions were 887 Tamils, 96 Mahomedans and 17 others.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

The thousand-mile telephone line between New York and Chicago is now open. At the inaugural ceremony forty-two receivers were employed, and, notwithstanding this, conversation could be heard perfectly. A cornet solo was also quite audible, but was no doubt toned down by distance till no longer fatal. The line consists of two No. 8 B.W.G. hard-drawn copper wires, on thirty feet to thirty-five feet poles, about forty-five to the mile. No. 8 is, of course, a very large wire to use for telephone service.—Industries.

Much concern is being manifested along the south-western border of Queensland at the incursion of rabbits from New South Wales. In spite of a wire-netting fence, stretching for 400 or 500 miles along the threatened boundary, rabbits are making their appearance in sufficient numbers to show that they are thoroughly at home in the Colony. They have been noticed at Hungerford, Barrington and Wannamulla, and have already crossed the Warrego. Last month nearly 500 were killed by two blackfellows, so that doubt can no longer exist as to whether the rabbit can thrive in Queensland, or in competition with the marsupial.

Azo-Bordeaux and azo-cochineal are two new azo colours. Azo-Bordeaux dyes wool and silk in an acid bath a red, while azo-cochineal gives them a bluish red, much like cochineal red. They are excellent colours on account of their clearness and brilliancy, are fast to air and light, and do not bleed. They give even shades, and can be used for heavy shades upon heavy goods, also for light and delicate shades. These two colours furnish shades that are absolutely fast to alkalis and sulphur, but those obtained upon silk do not resist washing, while those on wool are not fast to fulling and cannot be fulled with whites. Azo-cochineal and azo-Bordeaux can be used in mixtures with all azo colours which are dyed in an acid bath. These products cannot be used upon vegetable fibre. Method of dyeing.—Dye the well-scoured goods for one hour in a boiling bath, with from two to five per cent. of sulphuric acid, ten per cent. of sulphate of soda, and sufficient colour to give the shade; rinse, and, if necessary, add more acid, as the two colours take evenly, even in the presence of considerable acid.—Journal de Teinture.

Catarrh in the head is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. It gives an appetite and builds up the whole system.

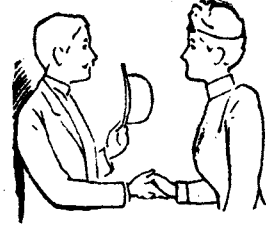
Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

Sleep is one of the least understood of physiological phenomena. A new theory of it (we learn from the Revue Scientifique) has been offered by Herr Rosenbaum. He supposes the essential fact in the fatigue of the nervous system leading to sleep to be a hydration of the nerve cells, an increase of their water content. The greater the hydration, the less the irritability. This hydration arises through chemical change of the nervous substance during activity. A small part of the water escapes by day through the lungs, but the greater part is eliminated during sleep. Its passage into the blood takes place by virtue of the laws of diffusion, and depends on the quantity and density of the blood, its amount of fixed principles, speed of its flow, etc. Elimination of the expired air takes place according to the laws of diffusion of gases. The assimilable substances of the body take the place of the water eliminated in sleep. The repair of the physical and mental forces through sleep is due to this elimination and replacement. Intelligence is in inverse ratio of the proportion of water in the brain, and may be measured by this proportion, at least in the

child. It may be doubted whether this theory explains the sleep of hibernating animals or that caused by opium and anæsthetics.—Nature.

Mr. B. Bowdler Sharpe, F.R.S., is reported in The Colonies and India to have delivered an interesting lecture at the London Institution, Finsbury Circus, recently on "Curiosities of Bird Life." The lecture was illustrated with limelight slides. Mr. Bowdler Sharpe, in speaking of the nesting of birds, mentioned the tailor bird, which makes the framework of its nest by sewing together with cotton two plantain leaves; the weaver bird, whose wonderful structure is tied, knotted, and woven in a manner which would task human skill; the oil bird of the West Indies, which builds its nest in a cave; and the hornbill of India and West Africa, which boxes the female up in a tree before she lays her eggs, leaving only an aperture large enough to introduce food. If the male be killed, the other hornbills in the vicinity undertake the feeding of the imprisoned female and her young. Next Mr. Sharpe mentioned some of the bower-building birds and then gave an account of the sun birds of Africa, as supplying an illustration of Darwin's great theory of selection, and an explanation of the development of bright plumage in birds. In one variety of these birds, he said, the plumage was of an unrelieved brown colour in the case both of the male and the female. In other varieties, while the female birds presented no variations, the male birds displayed a steady development of brilliant plumage. The first advance was found in two yellow tufts at the side of the head; the next had the yellow tufts and bright green head feathers in addition; the third had green throat as well as head; and the fourth had a brilliant red breast besides all the other distinctions. The theory suggested that the most brilliantly coloured bird was the most recent development. The huia of New Zealand was remarkable as the only bird in which the male and the female differed structurally instead of in plumage merely. The male bird had a short strong beak, and the female a long curved beak; and the natives said that, in extracting grubs from trees, the male bird broke away the bark, and the female dug down for the grub. With the button-quail of the East Indies, the female bird was, in violation to rule, handsomer as to plumage, and larger and stronger than the male, and she used her strength to compel the male bird to hatch out the eggs after they had been laid. Mr. Sharpe then adduced some examples illustrative of projective resemblance and mimicry in birds. The owl parrot of New Zealand, he pointed out, had perfectly-formed wings, but could not fly, and it evaded pursuit by rolling into a bank of moss the colour of which was the same as that of its plumage. The button-quail, in the presence of danger, stuck out its feathers, so that it resembled one of the little brown cactus plants which were characteristic of its habitat. As to mimicry in birds, the brown oriole and the brown honey-sucker of the Philippines supplied the most wonderful example. These different species resembled each other exactly in plumage, though they were not related in any way. The oriole in each island presented marked variations from the oriole in the other islands of the group, and the curious fact was that exactly the same variations were found in the corresponding specimens of the honey-sucker. Another curious fact had been observed in the Philippine Islands. It was the universal rule that where the male and female birds differed in plumage the newly-hatched young should resemble the female; but the black-coel, a species of cuckoo in the Philippines, was an exception to this rule. The male black-coel was black, but the female was brown; and it was the habit of these birds to deposit their eggs in the nest of the black-myna. If, therefore, the ordinary law obtained, and the young resembled the female, as soon as the eggs were hatched, the myna would discover the intruder and eject or destroy it. As the young resembled the male coel, however, its colour was not distinguishable from that of the young mynas, and it was accordingly reared by its foster mother.

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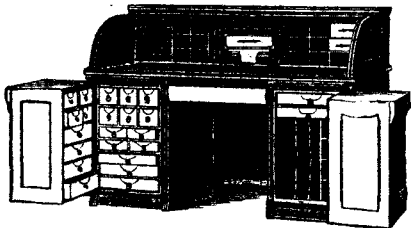
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MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

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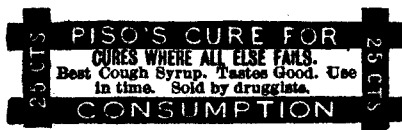
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The British North Borneo Herald states that the volcanic eruption at Sangir has been followed by heavy rains, resulting in wide-spread floods. This has checked the island's recovery from the original disaster, but the people have regained sufficient courage to begin building houses and cultivating the land, the Government meanwhile supplying rice to those in need. The damage done to coconut cultivators by the eruption is estimated at about 40,000 piculs of nuts, and the surviving trees are not expected to yield a crop for another year. Trade in produce has come to a standstill, owing to the short supplies of copra. Many stores and shops are closed, and large numbers of Chinese have left the island.

RACING WITH WOLVES.

Many a thrilling tale has been told by travellers of a race with wolves across the frozen steppes of Russia. Sometimes only the picked bones of the hapless traveller are found to tell the tale. In our own country thousands are engaged in a life-and-death race against the wolf Consumption. The best weapons with which to fight the foe, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This renowned remedy has cured myriads of cases when all other medicines and doctors had failed. It is the greatest blood-purifier and restorer of strength known to the world. For all forms of scrofulous affections (and consumption is one of them), it is unequaled as a remedy.

In a paper recently read before the Society of Chemical Industry Dr. Charles Drefus calls attention to the revolution now taking place in chemical manufactures owing to the introduction of new coke-ovens in France and Germany. Till recently the coke for ironworks were entirely prepared by processes which involved the loss of the most valuable by-products in the shape of gas, benzene, anthracene, etc. As fifteen million tons of coal are "coked" in this country alone for metallurgical purposes (ordinary gas-coke being useless in this case), the waste has been enormous. With the new Hoffmann-Otto and Semet-Solvey furnaces it appears that gas for lighting and heating purposes, benzene, etc., and coke for the iron masters, can all be made at the same time economically. The result of the introduction of comparatively few of such furnaces has been to reduce the price of benzene fifty per cent. The general public will be more interested in looking forward to the cheap coke and gas, by the combined use of which in our domestic fires we may hope in the immediate future to diminish the smoke-cloud and fog which hang over our big towns.—*The Speaker.*

Of the remarkable comets that have visited our system, that discovered by Biela is of the greatest interest. In the year of discovery, 1826, it was computed to have an elliptic orbit with a period of revolution of six and a half years. The next returns to perihelion, or, in other words, the next nearest approaches to the sun, took place as predicted in 1832 and 1839, but in 1845, although following the same path, the comet was found to be divided into two portions, the distance between them, as estimated in 1852, being a million miles. Since this time the twin comets have never appeared as such, but when the earth on November 27th, 1872, passed through the point where her orbit intersected that of the comet, a brilliant display of shooting stars occurred. The same phenomena occurred in 1885, and the point from which the meteors appeared to radiate, or the radiant point, was situated in the constellation of Andromeda. These meteors were no doubt remnants of the comet, since both their times of appearance and direction of motion were the same; but astronomers are still ever on the look-out to pick up the comet if it should by any chance return again. The recent announcement of a very bright comet situated in Andromeda, created greater interest than usual, owing to its possibility being the long-looked-for return mentioned above, but a careful computation from accurate observations has shown that the elements of the new comet's orbit are quite different.—*Labor omnia vincit.—The Speaker.*

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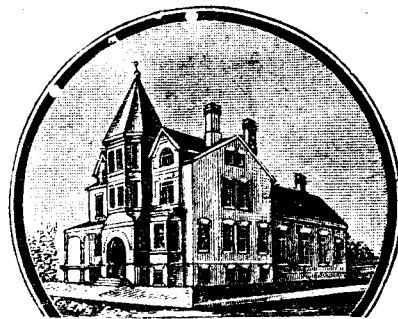
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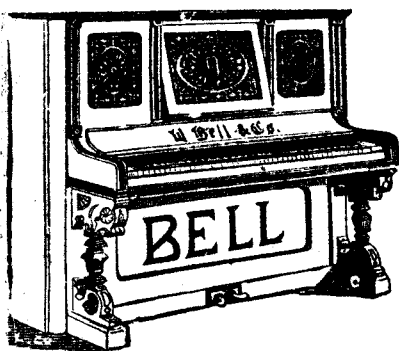
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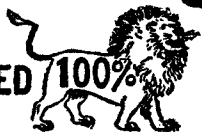
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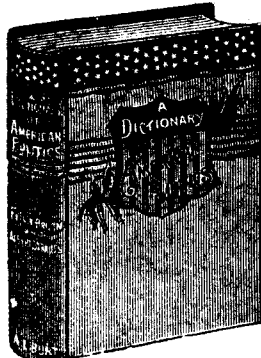
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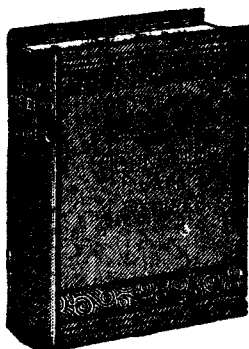


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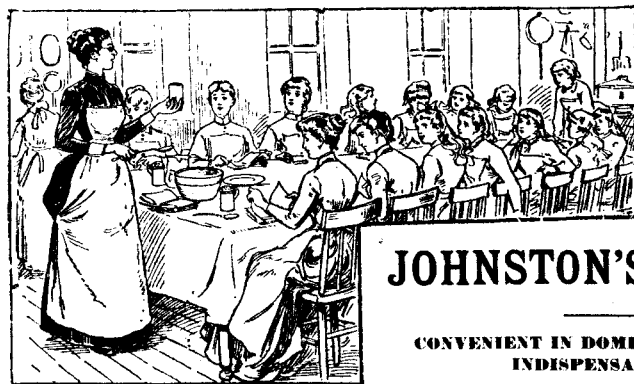
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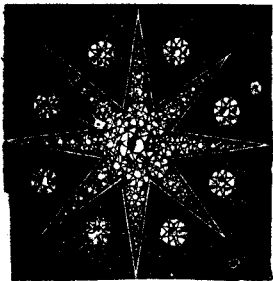
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