

This Number Contains: "The Death of Dr. Huxley," by Professor Clark, D.C.L.; "Marie Corelli," by Hon. J. W. Longley; "London Literary Affairs," by J. H. Isaacs; and Letters on the Canadian Flag.

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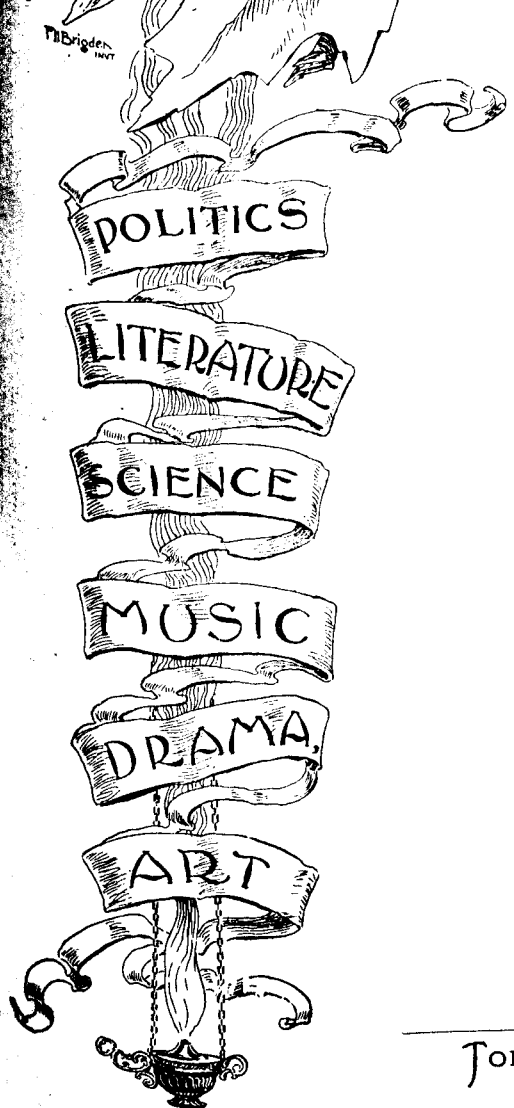
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THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, July 5th, 1895.

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Current Topics.

From news received late yesterday evening it is now abundantly evident that no Remedial Legislation, with respect to the Manitoba School Question, will be introduced during the present session of Parliament. A telegram from Ottawa advises us that the Honourable Mr. Foster will, to-day, announce in the House the decision of the Government. From private sources we learn that Mr. D'Alton McCarthy sails for England to-morrow, so it is quite clear that he is satisfied that the Government policy will leave him free to absent himself from the House without imperilling the cause he has so much at heart. It is reported that the Government whips privately polled the Conservative members and found thirty-nine or forty of them fully prepared to vote against Remedial Legislation. It was further reported yesterday evening that the French Conservatives are no longer confident of success, and that Honourable Mr. Ouimet has resigned. To-day's events will prove whether or not this is the case, but it is hard to see how Mr. Ouimet could act otherwise after all he has said on the matter—that is, if the decision of the Cabinet should not be according to his wishes, and there is not the slightest chance now that it will be. Mr. Foster's own constituency is strongly Protestant, and it is not likely that he would make an announcement in the House which would deprive him of his seat. We deeply regret that this unfortunate question should have arisen, and the Government has our sympathy in the matter. It is one of immense import in Canadian national affairs, and we appreciate the extraordinary difficulties which surround the Cabinet in dealing with it. To make political capital out of these differences is a very small and mean piece of business and will only react with disastrous results on the heads of those who delight in it. In its race and so-called religious difficulties, Canada has a problem to settle which will task the energies of her ablest men to the fullest extent. In the present case neither the Conservatives nor the Liberals could devise a scheme which would meet with the cordial and unanimous support of the Parties' respective followers. It is not a question for a Party to settle. Neither Party is a unit on the question.

The make-up of the new British Ministry, which was announced last week, will, by this time, have been carefully scrutinized in all quarters of the civilized world. That a cabinet composed of such men as Salisbury, Balfour, Chamberlain, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir Henry James, etc., is an exceptionally strong one, goes without saying. The appointment in which Canada is most directly interested is, of course, that of Colonial Secretary. The assignment of this portfolio to Mr. Chamberlain is somewhat of a surprise, but the improbability that it will satisfy his ambition for any considerable length of time is so small that it seems hardly worth while to speculate much as to what position he is likely to take in regard to such questions as that of the Canadian Copyright Act, the fate of which is becoming a matter of considerable interest to Canadians. In fact, so much of Mr. Chamberlain's attention has hitherto been directed to Ireland and its demands, and to questions of social and industrial reform in England, that we have not much material at hand from which to form a definite opinion as to his probable attitude towards the self-ruling Colonies, but it is generally believed that he is not wholly ignorant of the affairs with which the Colonial Office is supposed to be conversant, and that he is not quite indifferent to the expansion of Greater Britain. Nothing of importance as tending to reveal the special character and policy of the new Administration can, of course, be known until after the general election. Perhaps the question of greatest moment, and that which will have most to do with determining the history of Government and Parliament for the next few years, will depend upon the relations between the Administration and the Irish Parliamentary representatives after the election. For our own part, as we have often intimated, we have no idea that the Ministry has any intention of so conducting itself as to provoke a revival of the old system of obstruction in the House and disorder across the Channel, if it can possibly be avoided. Indeed we should be not at all surprised to find a liberal measure of Home-Rule holding a prominent place in the programme of the Government, when it returns, as no doubt it will, victorious from the polls.

England and
Turkey.

The Salisbury Administration is now fairly in the saddle. There is no reason to suppose that any serious obstruction to its proposal of an almost immediate dissolution will be offered either in the House or in the constituencies to which the members, whose seats have been made vacant by the acceptance of office, are returning for re-election. Some of the most prominent leaders have already been returned without opposition, and the same favour will, it is most probable, be accorded to all. While the Premier naturally refuses to announce a definite home policy till the general election shall have given him a majority in Parliament, it is likely that the pressing and critical condition caused by the embroilment with Turkey may compel him to show his hand, so far as his foreign policy is concerned, at any moment. Vigorous and energetic action is certainly needed in this matter, and to such action his predecessors were, it is be-

lieved, fully committed. If Lord Salisbury and his colleagues share the views of the defunct Cabinet in this regard, which views are evidently those of the great majority of the British people, it would scarcely be safe for the new Government to act less promptly and decidedly. In almost any other case of which we can conceive, involving the nation in danger of a great war, a very influential body of the people would be pretty certain to disapprove, and to voice their disapproval in no uncertain terms. But one of the peculiarities of the situation is that in this matter, the principle involved is of such a nature that those very persons who would ordinarily be most anxious to avoid warlike complications are in this case among the strongest supporters of stern measures, believing it a sacred duty not only to fulfil to the letter the pledges of the nation, but to give the protection of Britain's mighty hand to save an oppressed Christian people which has already suffered the most horrible barbarities, from further oppression at the hand of the "unspeakable" and pitiless Turk.

The Cromwell
Monument.

It is generally conceded, we believe, that the Cromwell incident had considerable effect in bringing about the defeat of the Rosebery Administration so unexpectedly. Of course that defeat was but a question of time, but it seems pretty evident that the withdrawal, in deference to Irish feeling, of Government aid from the proposed statue to Cromwell, so far injured the *morale* of a part of the Government's following as to facilitate its defeat, on the first opportunity. Much contempt has been heaped upon the Irish representatives for what is deemed their narrow sectionalism in remembering and perpetuating the racial animosity against Cromwell. But is it so wonderful, after all, that he should be remembered by them as the relentless conquerer of Ireland, rather than as the deliverer of England and the founder of the Commonwealth? It sometimes seems as if there were an unconscious tendency in many minds to measure Irish feeling and aspiration by some other standard than that which would be applied to another people in their stead. Probably this is due, in large measure, to the peculiar characteristics and methods of the people themselves. But irrespective of these, it is surely not surprising, under the circumstances, that they should remember the man whom the nation was about to honour, rather by his relations to their own country and ancestors, than by the services which he rendered the nation, of which he made them, or rather a part of them, an unwilling appendage. No other race, such as the Poles or Hungarians, would be expected to vote very cheerfully for the appropriation of a sum from their own taxes to perpetuate the memory of their subjugator. The incident seems well adapted to cast doubt upon the propriety of national celebrations, of any kind, in honour of those whose deeds of heroism are fraught with memories of humiliation for a part of the nation. It is meet that the British nation should do honour to the memory of Oliver Cromwell, but it is most fitting that this should be done, as it is now being done, by the voluntary offerings of those who appreciate his character and achievements.

A Chicago
Memorial.

A commemoration of a different kind was the dedication of a monument in Chicago, on Memorial Day, erected to the memory of the Confederate soldiers who died in the prison camp in that city, during the war. This is the first monument which has been raised in the North to the memory of Confederate soldiers. The event naturally evoked wide differences of opinion. Congressman Boutelle appealed to the Mayor of

Chicago to prevent the "desecration of the day solemnly devoted to the memories of the preservers of the Union." A few influential newspapers sympathized with that view and uttered strong protests against the "desecration," on the ground assigned by the *Iowa State Register*, that "*treason should be made odious.*" But the great majority of the representatives, both of the people and of the press, seem to have joined heartily in approving and promoting the celebration. The Chicago press, without exception, gave it sympathy and support. "The monument was dedicated," says *The Literary Digest*, "with much pomp and enthusiasm. General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, was the chief orator, and the Illinois National Guard and the Chicago Hussars furnished the military escort. Northerners as well as Southerners took part in the ceremonies, and there was a general interchange of cordial greetings between the Southern and Northern representatives." The North could well afford to be magnanimous in such a matter. Moreover, as a matter of policy and patriotism the course they took was eminently wise and will do not a little to strengthen the sentiment of unity the statue is supposed to betoken. But, for obvious reasons, such a tribute to the memory of dead Northern soldiers in the South would be another matter. We shall hardly hear of that in our day.

The Labour
Problem.

In a late number of the *International Journal of Ethics*, Mr. William R. Salter, the Lecturer of the Philadelphia Society for Ethical Culture, puts some familiar aspects of the Labour Problem in an interesting and suggestive, if not exactly new, light. The first thing to be done is, to his thinking, to get men to feel that there is a labour problem. By this he means, if we understand him, than an essential pre-requisite to any permanent settlement of the struggle of the representatives of labour for better terms is the general recognition of the fact that the question of the proper division of the products of industry between the capitalist and the labourers is essentially an ethical as well as an economic, if not an ethical rather than an economic question. It is not merely a matter to be adjusted by competition, or by what we call the laws of political economy, but one which can be permanently settled only on the basis of righteousness; in other words, by the eternal laws of right and wrong, interpreted by active and enlightened consciences. "We can only speak of a labour problem, in the real sense of the word, if the labourer not merely fails to get what he would like, but if he fails to get what, according to some standard of right, we think he is entitled to." "No one in his senses can imagine that there is any natural law which obliges a railroad president to take \$25,000 or \$50,000 a year as his salary." Granting this, and assuming that there may be, on the other hand, a moral law which, rightly interpreted, forbids him to take more than say \$8,000 or \$10,000 a year, it is evident that the recognition and hearty acceptance of such a law, leaving the difference to go to increase the wages of the labourer, would go a good way toward making a solution of the labour problem possible, on the basis of justice or righteousness. The same reasoning might be applied to the claims of capital. It can hardly be thought that there is any natural law which demands that capital invested in any given industry should return an interest of twelve or fifteen, or even of six or eight per cent. But should it ever come to pass that three or four per cent., or even less, should be considered its just share, the moral consideration would again have done more than many strikes or lock-outs toward settling the labour problem on the basis of justice. As things are at present, under the operation of what is called the economic

Canada's Natal Day.

law, the advantage is largely on the side of capital. "The quantity of land, the quantity of capital, the quantity of employing or business talent, is limited; while the quantity of labour, particularly of the lower grades of labour is, comparatively speaking, unlimited." In thus putting the matter we may not have accurately presented the line of thought underlying Mr. Salter's article. In fact we have hardly attempted to do so. We have rather hinted at some considerations suggested by his remarks, and, as we venture to think, in harmony with them. He and we are surely safe in assuming that there are many among the capitalists and employers of labour who would shrink from taking advantage of what is euphemistically called economic law, but is really the iron rule of a law of necessity utterly destitute of moral quality, in order to force his employees to work for him at a rate of wage too low to satisfy the demands of the higher moral law which should govern the relations between man and man. It may hasten the coming of a better day if such men can be induced to look at the problem as one which can be solved righteously only as it is solved in accordance with moral rather than economic law.

The Trusts a Failure.

A few years ago not only the independent business concerns but the trading and consuming classes generally were almost terror-stricken by the prodigious expansion and insatiate greed of the great trusts which were being organized on every hand, and which threatened to swallow up all smaller enterprises and destroy competition. Events in the United States, the birthplace and home of these gigantic monopolies, are now believed by many to indicate that, as a business experiment, the trust is a failure. Left to themselves, without special aid from partial laws, or natural monopolies, the competition which is sure to be provoked by their enormous profits is said to become, after a longer or shorter period, irresistible. Two of the most formidable of these institutions, the Whiskey Trust and the Cordage Trust, are now in the hands of receivers. The same fate would, it is thought, have befallen the Sugar and Oil trusts, but that they have been bolstered up, the former by the United States Senate, and the latter by the Pennsylvania Legislature. Left to themselves, the indications are that the trusts will inevitably collapse under the influence of competition which keeps bringing perpetually into the field rival establishments, formed for the express purpose of compelling the great trusts to buy them out. This process soon becomes ruinous. Says the *Philadelphia Ledger*: "There cannot be a true monopoly in any article which all men are free to make or sell. The trusts aim to get control of the market for one article or another by associating together all manufacturers or dealers, but the moment they get well started on a profitable business, based on their so-called monopoly, some one else enters into competition. He must be undersold or bought off, and no sooner has he been put out of the way than another arises, and the process must be repeated. The time always comes when the trust has been so far inflated that it collapses, unless it has been sustained in some way by Government grants or favours." Before it reaches the point of collapse, it may, however, "have done great injury to the buying public, and to honest competitors." Surely the time must soon come when these will refuse to tolerate legislation, of any and every kind, which enables favoured trusts to perpetuate their monopolies.

* * *

Professor W. M. Ramsay, of Aberdeen, has written for immediate publication by the Clarendon Press a volume entitled "The Cities and Bishoprics of Phrygia."

BRAVE men were they who dared, thirty-five or forty years ago, to dream of a Confederated Canada, reaching from Cape Breton in the East, to the shores of Lake Superior, or some other more or less indefinite locality in the West. Yet a few such bold dreamers had existed and predicted it at an even earlier date. It was somewhere near the end of the fifties that an imaginative student, in an eastern college, ventured in a class-room essay to predict a union of the then existing British American Provinces, and to paint a glowing picture of their future prosperity and greatness, only to draw from the cool-headed professor a gentle sarcasm in regard to the exuberance of his powers of imagination. But the most romantic youthful patriotism had at that time probably never dreamed of a Confederation stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes and the forty-ninth parallel to the pole.

We have now, after twenty-eight years experience of the advantages and disadvantages of federal union, reached another of those anniversaries which invite the thoughtful to look backward and forward. As we glance back over the history of the past twenty-eight years, there are, no doubt, widely varying degrees in the confidence and enthusiasm with which we, as individuals, proclaim the Union a great success, but very few, indeed, are the Canadians who will be pessimistic enough to pronounce it, in any important respect, a failure. Very serious mistakes were made at the outset, first and greatest of which was, we have always thought, the bringing of Nova Scotia into the compact, not only without the consent, but against the will of the majority of its citizens. The injurious effects of this inconsistent act, albeit Nova Scotia's own leaders were the responsible doers of it, are still manifest in Dominion politics. The first and second Reil Rebellions are other grave examples of the fruits of inexperience in nation-building. But we have so far survived and out-grown the consequences of these and other blunders that it cannot be said that they any longer menace the stability of our Confederation. We have always thought and still think that a less serious but still important mistake was made in naming the Confederation after its most populous and powerful member. This gave to the whole original process, so far as the smaller members of the Union were concerned, too much the appearance of an annexation or absorption. Sentiment counts for a good deal in inter-provincial as well as in international affairs, and we have little doubt that the sentiment awakened by this choice of a name, which had, nevertheless, its undoubted advantages, has done not a little to retard the process of unification upon which the ultimate success of the movement depends.

On the other hand the progress of the Confederation has in many, indeed, in most respects, been remarkable. The incorporation of the Great West, with its unsuspected and vast resources of wealth and prosperity, was accomplished with a facility that was, under the circumstances, truly wonderful. Though the slow increase of population has been disappointing, and we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that we are even now but five millions, while just across our southern boarder is a great nation with twelve or thirteen times our population, yet we have abundant ground for encouragement and hope. Taking man for man and woman for woman, it cannot, we believe, be seriously doubted that in physical and intellectual energy, capacity for hard work, power of endurance, in short, in the qualities of body and mind which betoken the most vigorous races, our people, like other northern peoples, are distinctly superior. If any doubt this they have but to turn their eyes towards the

United States and note how large a proportion of the sixty millions is made up of the unlettered and indolent dwellers in an enervating and southern climate and under other conditions tending to indolence and consequent deterioration, to be compelled to accept the fact. We do not now turn aside to discuss the disappointingly slow growth of our population, or to lament its chief and most regrettable cause, the exodus of our people, especially our young men, to the larger field of industry and the better chances for remunerative employment, which draw them to the other side. Suffice it to say that any inequalities in this respect which may have hitherto existed are rapidly becoming things of the past, and that we are confidently looking for better things in the near future.

We purposely avoid reference now, and here, to conflicting economic theories and political differences of opinion as to the influences which have prevented more rapid growth in the past, or to the racial and religious differences which threaten to mar our internal peace and hinder our prosperity in the future. We have faith to believe that these difficulties will be overcome without serious injury to the Confederation, without open rupture between jarring and rabid sectaries, Roman Catholic or Protestant. We have confidence, too, that they will be settled on the sound basis of moral and religious freedom, not by any weak and unstable compromise of fundamental principles.

By no means the least of the encouragements the present outlook affords is the growing spirit of enthusiasm and hope in reference to the country's future. Canadian patriotism is, as yet, but a young plant, but it is rapidly developing into a sturdy tree, whose roots strike deep in the fertile soil, and broad branches bid fair to overspread the whole land. The growing enthusiasm with which each returning First of July is observed, affords encouraging proof of the spread of a true national sentiment. Certainly the day was never before so generally and enthusiastically celebrated as on Monday last.

A kind Providence has given us a grand and fertile country. We have a heritage in history of which we may well be proud. Our people are homogeneous to a gratifying degree. The fact that the homogeneity runs in two distinct channels should not be permitted to impair our essential unity. The blood which flows in the veins of the great majority has descended through a long line of the world's most imperial races. We have much reason to have confidence in ourselves and faith in our national destiny. While eschewing everything which savors of narrowness in our patriotism there is every reason why we should set before us lofty ideals, cherish noble ambitions, and aspire to share eventually on even terms with our powerful neighbours the empire of the continent.

Marie Corelli.

THIS is the age of novelists—perhaps of teaching by the novel. The number of publications of works of fiction is now beyond reckoning. Men and women vie with each other in this field of literature, until the world seems about to be inundated with an ocean of story.

The degrees of merit are no less varying than the purposes of the writing. What a novel should be and what it should aim at is a problem concerning which persons have such an endless variety of opinions that no impartial person can reach a definite conclusion. Some say that the only thing to be thought of is to have a story of sustained interest with a well devised plot and a graceful literary style. Others maintain that the novel should be used now as the parable was in ancient time—to point a moral, to teach some wholesome lesson. Some write for fame; others for money. Some write because they have an unconquerable taste in that direction; others because they desire to enforce some great burning thought, which should come as a gospel to a careless and slumbering world.

A young woman who writes under the *nom-de-plume* of "Marie Corelli" belongs to the last type and occupies a unique position in the world of fiction. Little is known of her yet in the literary world. Her real name, I believe, is Miss McKay, and she belongs to Scotland. One other thing is alleged in her behalf—that Her Majesty, the Queen, regards her as her favorite novelist, and prefers her stories to all others.

Little personal details of great writers are always interesting, and the world is bound to have them and gape over them. Shakespeare managed to live within himself to a wonderful degree, but to bring to light a half-dozen very unimportant incidents in relation to his career, the most profound critics have wasted lakes of ink and created libraries of books. After all, Shakespeare is Shakespeare, and we have to go to those score or more of unparalleled plays to see what he was and what his genius could do. In like fashion let us give over our gaping curiosity as to who Marie Corelli is, and when she takes her breakfast, and how she writes, and whose companionship she enjoys, and judge her by the books she has given us.

Three, at least, of these books may be styled extraordinary. They are quite different from the ordinary novel, and yet we cannot help reading them with interest. All of them plunge into the regions of the unknown and unnatural, yet this is not done capriciously or merely to feed a fantastic fancy. The soul of some mortal is sent to the spirit world for the purpose of bringing back some definite and conclusive utterance on the subject of human duty.

The three books referred to are:—"The Soul of Lilith," "A Romance of Two Worlds" and "Ardath." Marie Corelli distinctly disdains the idea of simply gratifying the purely human desire to be amused and interested by a mere story. She appears to have gained a profound and all-pervading conviction that the world in which we live has degenerated into a cold and soulless materialism; that the transitory things of earth are absorbing almost the entire attention of men; that selfishness and greed are reigning supreme in human affairs; that even our professions of religious worship are artificial and perfunctory, and that above all things the world needs to be aroused to the sublime beauties of Christian love, to the exalted worth of the soul, which is more real and more important than any mere earthly matter, and to a true and overwhelming conception of Christ and His love, and the lofty truths He taught, which were designed to do nothing less than lift men out of themselves and their selfish comforts and make them ministers to the wants of others and zealous only for the good and happiness of others.

The most prosaic person will concede that this is a lofty mission, even if it savors of enthusiasm; but it happens that it is just the sort of mission which evokes but slight interest in this unheroic, work-a-day world. Hence, Marie Corelli has received but scant consideration from the critics; and the great annual encyclopedias, which gather together, almanac-like, the productions of the press, have scarcely yet discovered that such a person as Marie Corelli exists, and has written a series of the most remarkable books of the day. But she is read, nevertheless, and by thoughtful persons, and it is not too much to say that the chances are that many of her books will get a permanent place in literature long after the vaunted publications of the encyclopedias have been forgotten.

Of the three books I have named, "Ardath" seems, upon the whole, the greatest and best. All three are very alike in their great central thought—this seems more mature and more profoundly wrought out. The plot is very simple. The hero, Theos Alwyn, is an English poet, who, like others of his class, is ambitious for fame—has become a cynic in respect to the world, and a skeptic in respect to God and religion, which he has concluded are mere idle myths. But he is unsatisfied with life, and hearing that in a monastery, situate at Dariel, near the Caucasus mountains, is a profound scholar and mystic, who has power to send the soul into the spirit world, he seeks out the monastery. He finds his man, Heliobas, at the head of the monastery. With him he has profound discussions on the mysteries of religion, the existence of God and the immortality of the soul—Alwyn sneering with sardonic incredulity, Heliobas affirming with assured faith. At length Alwyn defiantly demands that Heliobas assert his power to free the soul and send it to the unseen world, which Heliobas resists until Alwyn becomes

menacing, when he exerts his power. Alwyn falls into a swoon like death and remains thus for a day, when the soul comes back and animates once more the body.

In the interval Alwyn has roamed the spirit world and met a radiant angel-girl, who tells him she has been waiting for him for long years and has loved him all the while. Theos is completely captivated by her beauty, as she leads him lovingly over the beautiful scenes of the spirit world. At last she tells him they must separate—she to return to her place among the spirits, he to go back to his star. Her last words were: "*Seek thou the field of Ardath! As Christ loves, I will meet thee there! Farewell.*"

As Theos returns to consciousness he seizes paper and writes a poem in a sudden inspiration, the greatest ever written. When he has finished, Heliobas enters and he consults him with eagerness as to the Field of Ardath, and tells him he now begins to believe that God lives and that the soul is immortal, because he feels the throb of immortal love. Heliobas refers him to the Book of Esdras in the Apocrypha, and tells where it may be found near Babylon.

Theos at once starts for this place, and at length, one moonlight night, about midnight, he finds himself in this field, which seems barren and uninviting. At length he discovers a maiden, the angel of his dream. He is once more infatuated, but she tells him, in tones of sweetest love, that his unbelief separates them.

"O my unfaithful beloved! what can I do for thee? A love unseen thou wilt not understand; a love made manifest thou wilt not recognize. Alas! my journey is in vain, my errand hopeless! For while thine unbelief resists my pleading, how can I lead thee from danger into safety? How bridge the depths between our parted souls? How win thee pardon and blessing from Christ the King?"

She leaves him and he falls into a trance, in which he seems to enter a great and beautiful city. He is in danger from the crowd because he does not yield homage to the Goddess Lysia. He is rescued by the poet-laureate of the city, and the most courteous of men, Sah Luma, who takes him to his house and makes him his friend. He finds this city given over to worldly passions. The divinity of the city, Lysia, he finds to be the goddess of sensuality. Sah Luma he finds to be a poet with only one thought—fame and personal enjoyment. He has all luxuries about him, including devoted and beautiful female slaves, who burn incense to his genius. He goes to the festivals of the king and Sah Luma sings his great poems, and he finds to his amazement they are exactly his own, which he has written and published before he left England. After various experiences in Al Kyris, the city, where all are bound up in self-indulgence, self-enjoyment, at last the city is destroyed, and he wakes from his trance to find himself still on the Field of Ardath. The maiden, Edris, was by his side, tender and loving as before. He falls at her feet—he tells her he has no longer doubt. His old self has been thrown away, and now, with a sense of deepest humility, he looks with faith to her to be taught all the mysteries of the soul and its duties.

Then she tells him the vision he has seen is to show him himself. The poet, Sah Luma, was his former self—when his aims were for selfish fame and glory. He was now dead and a new spirit has come in its place. She thus tells him of himself and what he should do. It is certainly beautiful writing.

"All the wide ungrudging fame given to earth's great poets in ancient days was thine. Thy name was on all men's mouths; thou wert honoured by kings; thou wert the chief glory of a great people. . . . Christ had not come to thee save by dim types and vague prefigurations, which only praying prophets could discern; but God has spoken to thy soul in quiet moments and thou wouldst neither hear nor believe in Him. . . . Things of the earth, earthy, gained dominion over thee; by them thou wert led astray, deceived, and at last forsaken; the genius God gave thee thou didst misuse and indolently waste. . . . But thy spiritual indestructible essence lived on and wandered dismayed and forlorn through a myriad forms of existence in the depths of perpetual darkness which *must be* even as the everlasting light is. Thy immortal but perverted will bore thee always further from God, and so far from me that thou wert at times beyond an angel's ken. . . . Enough! by a happy chance, through my desire, thine own roused better will, and

the strength of one who hath many friends in heaven, thy spirit was released to temporary liberty. . . . He who hath himself shared in human sorrows and sympathies, he who is the embodiment of the essence of God's love, came to my aid. Plunging thy senses in a deep sleep, he summoned before thee the phantoms of a portion of thy past—phantoms which, to thee, seemed far more real than the living presence of thy faithful Edris. Alas! my beloved, thou art not the only one on the sorrowful star who accepts a dream for reality and rejects reality as a dream!"

Then she sends him back to earth and thus speaks to him of his duty and mission:—

"Go! the tired world waits for a gospel of poesy, a new song which shall arouse it from its apathy, and bring it closer to God and all things fair. Write! for the nations wait for a trumpet-voice of truth; the great poets are dead; their spirits are in heaven, and there is none to replace them on the sorrowful star save *thee*. Not for fame do thy work, nor for wealth, but for love and the glory of God; for love of humanity, for love of the beautiful, the pure, the holy; let the race of men hear one more beautiful apostle of the Divine Unseen, ere earth is lost in the light of a larger creation! Go! perform thy long-neglected mission—that mission of all poets worthy the name *to raise the world*. Thou shalt not lack strength nor fervor so long as thou dost write for the benefit of others. Serve God and live! Serve self and die! Such is the eternal law of spheres invisible. The less thou seest of self the more thou seest of heaven. Thrust self away, and, lo! God invests thee with his presence!"

I know not what others may say, I regard this as magnificent writing, and it breathes a sentiment the world needs to hear. The rest is easily told. Theos Alwyn becomes a believer in God. He sees the glory of self-effacement. His poetry, inspired by love, becomes immortal. It makes him famous, but he despises the fame. In the words of the author:

"Though the fame of Theos Alwyn widens year by year, and his sweet clarion-harp of song rings loud warning, promise, hope and consolation above the noisy tumult of the whirling age, people listen to him merely in vague wonderment and awe, doubting his prophetic utterance and loath to put away their sin. But he, never weary in well doing, works on ever regardless of self, caring nothing for fame, but giving all the riches of his thought for love. Clear, grand, pure, and musical, his writings fill the time with hope and passionate faith and courage; his inspiration fails not, and can never fail, since Edris is his fount of ecstasy."

Let all who believe in God, in Love, and the Soul, and that something exists better and higher than self, seek the writings of Marie Corelli and find satisfaction and inspiration.

J. W. LONGLEY.

* * *
Death of Dr. Huxley.

THE death of Professor Huxley, although hardly unexpected, will give to the world of science and of literature a painful shock. It is true he was not a young man. He was born at Ealing, in the County of Middlesex, on the fourth of May, 1825, so that he had passed the three score and ten which is supposed to be the normal limit of human life. But we have come to think that this is not old age; and, besides, the activity of Huxley as a thinker and writer and controversialist had continued up to the very last, so that we had a sense of his abiding strength and vigour. At the time of his death, he had begun to answer Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief."

The outward events of Huxley's life were of no great importance. His father was one of the masters of the Grammar School at Ealing, and there he received his early education, proceeding to the study of medicine at Charing Cross Hospital. At the age of 21 he became an assistant surgeon in the navy, where he remained for four years (1846 to 1850). During this time he served under many latitudes and obtained experience and knowledge which he knew how to turn to account.

There was in Huxley a very remarkable combination of qualities by which he was prepared for the work of his life. A remarkable power of observation, immense powers of close and earnest work, a high sense of duty and of the responsi-

bilities of the man of science cannot be denied to him by those who differ most widely from his premises or his conclusions. On the other hand, it must be admitted that he had a certain impatience, bordering sometimes upon contempt, for principles and theories which did not square with his own opinions, even if they were the settled convictions of men no less distinguished than himself.

When Huxley returned to England after his service in the navy (1851), he had already made contributions of importance to the cause of science, and these had met with such recognition that he found a hearty welcome from the new republic of which he had become a citizen. Referring to this period, he says himself, that "the veterans were civil, and the younger men cordial; and it speedily dawned on my mind that I had found the right place for myself if I would only continue to stop in it."

That he did occupy this place with conspicuous and consummate ability is shown alike by the positions to which he was called as a teacher and by his contributions to the literature of science. In 1865, at the age of 30, he became Professor of Natural History in the Royal School of Mines and Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution. The University of Aberdeen, in the year 1874, elected him to the dignity of Lord Rector for a period of three years. He was Rede Lecturer at Cambridge in 1883 and President of the Royal Society from 1883 to 1885.

It is superfluous to remark that he became a disciple and adherent of Darwin, like Professor Tyndale, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and many others. Yet he was no blind adherent to the evolutionary theory of Darwin; but thought and spoke for himself. For example, referring to Darwin's quotation: "*Natura non facit saltum*"—Nature makes no leap; he declares that nature does make leaps, an assertion which, we imagine, would now hardly be accepted, at least not in every sense of the words.

It was in the department of biology that Huxley was most distinguished, and to this subject he has made important contributions. His publications in the form of books, lectures, and essays, were very numerous, and it would not serve any good purpose to give a list, or even a partially complete list of them here. Among his writings which would be intelligible to others than the specialist, we may mention the following: *Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature* (1863), *Comparative Anatomy* (1864), *Lay Sermons* (1871)—one of his most popular works and in many respects admirable—*Critiques and Addresses* (1873), *Evolution and Ethics* (1893).

This is hardly the time to consider his relation to religious thought and to the subject of divine revelation; yet a few words may be said. It may not be generally known that he was the author of the term *agnostic*, a word which is now familiar to every one who speaks our language, and to those who speak many other languages as well. The word describes very well his own position. He was not one of those who sneered at the Christian for believing in the spirituality of man and the hope of a life to come. For his own part he declared that he could obtain no satisfaction on the subject, and he was contented to live this life if no other were reserved for him. If he had kept to this philosophical temper and mood, the believers in the supernatural would have had little fault to find with him. Unfortunately he sometimes became sarcastic and scornful when such a spirit had no proper place; and those who recall his controversy with Bishop Magee will mostly confess that the witty Irish prelate had the best of the controversy, not merely in the way of argument, but in the matter of temper. But this is hardly the time to revive these memories. The Frenchman, before laying his head under the guillotine, declared that he was about to know the great secret. Dr. Huxley knows it now better than we do.

WILLIAM CLARK.

Criticisms of Some Magazine Articles.

PART I: MR. GOLDWIN SMITH ON "THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL."—THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THERE is a need for a sounder criticism—than from various causes is now given—of some of the articles appearing in the magazines, which either misinform readers, or, on the other hand, are of great merit and are not done justice to. An intelligent and careful reader is

often impressed by the unequal merit of the various contributions. Some excel in style, or show that the writers have taken pains with their themes. But with respect to others, he who carefully reads, observes a lack of manner, or else that the writers have written carelessly so far as facts or reasoning are concerned. The reader may be far from being fully informed upon the particular subject treated of, but he often knows enough to be aware that it represents slipshod work. The satirical article in *Blackwood* (December, 1894), anent Mr. Gladstone's "Horace," is a case in point. There the spirit of the poet is supposed to review the work. It concludes, "Admire this book of Gladstone's as much as you please, only do not think it is me." Mr. Gladstone is a very clever man, but attempts to pose—after the manner of Lord Brougham—as an "admirable Crichton." Cobden wrote (Morley's abridgement, p. 110): "It is this attempt at universality which has been the error of Lord Brougham's public life."

The carelessness referred to is more especially to be seen where figures are concerned. Some writers are heedless in such cases, and without due consideration quote crude and palpable misstatements as authentic. Only a small minority combine: (1) a judicial mind, which presupposes a high degree of carefulness; and (2) the requisite ability to reason correctly upon the facts.

There is, I respectfully submit, sometimes a lack of an intelligent, honest and fearless criticism in cases where there are unintentional or intentional deviations from the real facts or faulty reasoning; and on the other hand a non-appreciation of highly meritorious articles. The usual brief notices are practically of little value. Editors—and even those on the staff—cannot always spare the time to thoroughly read up, nor is there always sufficient space to give the results. The mutual admiration magazine is often too optimistic.

A CELTIC STATISTICIAN.

Mr. Mulhall, the Statist, poses as a good object lesson where figures are concerned. He illustrates the relative rareness of the judicial faculty among the Celts in comparison with the Teutons. His specialty is statistics—a satirist might say—tempered by patriotism. It served the interest of his party to greatly exaggerate the number of persons who were evicted in Ireland subsequent to 1847. A patriot who invents a good Irish grievance achieves Hibernian fame, and often something more tangible.

On this side of the Atlantic if tenants refuse to pay, they are, as a matter of course, evicted, but to do so in Ireland is the eighth deadly sin. Mr. Mulhall had all the official returns before him and posed as an Irish expert, and yet he Munchausened the facts. He stated that 3,668,000 persons had been evicted. If he had thought for five seconds, or examined the returns with the slightest care, he would, unless he patriotically shut his eyes, have avoided such a misstatement, one so sure to be exposed. The official returns quoted by him showed that the total number evicted in about thirty-three years, including men, women, and children, was 524,000. This on the Irish statistical average of five to a family means about 105,000 families, roughly, about 3,180 every year, not near one per cent. per annum of the tenants. But many who appear in the returns as having been evicted had, as Mr. Mulhall knew, been reinstated as caretakers or otherwise. In the city of New York, during the same period, there had been in proportion to the population more than a dozen times as many evicted. Mr. Mulhall actually multiplied the real number by seven. It was a good second to Falstaff's eleven men in buckram. Such statistics "smell woundily" of the national beverage. He assumed that every man, woman and child, had a family of six depending upon him or her. It was a good specimen of "patriotic facts." But such "patriotic facts" are, as Cobbett humorously observed of the preserved eggs of two generations back, "things to be run from and not after." This statement, coming from a supposed reliable authority, made a great sensation and formed the basis for much indignant speechifying. On his misstatement being exposed he frankly acknowledged it, making a very lame explanation of how it happened. But notwithstanding his acknowledgment of the truth, the Munchausenism is still published by some Nationalists as being true, and it was used as an electioneering weapon in Great Britain during the general election of 1892.

A BRITISH STATESMAN'S MISLEADING ARTICLE.

An eminent British statesman contributed an elaborate paper to a leading American magazine, in which he treated a great historical subject in—to put it mildly—his peculiar manner. To speak masculinely he Gladstonized the facts. With all the documents before him and writing leisurely, he, for party purposes, actually stated the exact opposite of the truth. He repeatedly represented a deceased statesman as having, in a great speech, said the exact contrary of what he really had said. The dead peer's voluminous address and the magazine article, both before me, conclusively prove that my charge is true. The gentlemen referred to excels in giving "tithe of cumin and aniseed." Some votaries of what the London *Times* satirically called the "New Religion" deem it almost a sin to doubt his solemn statements. But such as he dig pitfalls for the unwary and even for historians. We are all too apt to think—notwithstanding the denunciations of the founder of Christianity—that piety proclaimed from the housetops and street corners, is of greater worth than that which goes into the inner chamber to pray.

I propose in a subsequent issue to show the real truth. It would be a public misfortune to permit such gross fabrications to pass unchallenged as reliable history, more especially so on this side of the Atlantic. Unfortunately the public have, without investigation, accepted his statements as being true. One of the labours of the Hercules of the future will be to cleanse sundry historical Augean stables; one being the accumulations of this particular statesman.

ARTICLES OF EXCEPTIONAL MERIT.

On the other hand there are contributions of great merit which the public often overlook and fail to appreciate. Among many such there was one by a Frenchman which lately appeared in a leading magazine. It was after the best English manner, no rhapsodies, Celtic inflations, or windisms; but giving a simple, clear, and unvarnished account of French rural life. It gave, from various points of view, a really good idea of the modes of living and of thought in the country districts. I doubt if there has been during this age anything of equal value in English literature upon that subject. As somewhat corresponding facts relative to English rural life (although not so full) have been officially published, a reasonably fair comparison can be made between the two countries of great value to those interested in sociology or history. There is reason to believe (subject to further investigation) that, including Protection, farm labourers in Republican France, directly and indirectly, pay in taxes—in proportion to their income—50 per cent. more than the similar class do in Monarchical England. It is a question of great moment to ascertain the exact truth. His valuable article will be quoted in time to come, like Arthur Young's *Travels in France* are at the present time. He is gifted with the judicial mind, which is exceptional in Britain and America, but far more so in France and other Celtic countries.

There is also a valuable paper by a Hindoo Moslem in the June number of the *Nineteenth Century* which indirectly will have a perceptible influence in the political world.

SOME EDITORIAL OVERSIGHTS.

There are very few good judges of rough diamonds. Twenty-five years ago a leading London expert stated that there were not half-a-dozen such in the metropolis. I do not, in the slightest degree, insinuate that this ratio applies to magazine editors; nevertheless it is certain that from various causes some either lack sound judgment, or else perform their duties carelessly. Sometimes they accept pebbles for diamonds. When a contributor makes sun-clear deviations from the truth, the editor should reject his article; but if from social, business or political causes, he is not a free agent, he should, at the least, strike out every gross falsehood or slander. For instance in the *Westminster* for April, there is an article entitled "The Rulers of Ireland," written by a Nationalist. It contains many misstatements, and painfully illustrates Archbishop Whateley's sorrowful statement "that the ancients said that truth lay at the bottom of a deep well; but from long experience he had found that in Ireland it lay at the bottom of a deep red bog."

The writer naturally denounced the Crimes Act, which when enforced restrains the terrorising irregulars of the Nationalist host. On the principle of "half a loaf being better than no bread," that act gave half-loaf protection to

law-abiding men. If the sterner French law prevailed and was carried out in Ireland, there would be whole-loaf protection and scarcely any agrarian outrages. For in dealing with organized crime the French law is more searching, far surer and sterner than is the case in Ireland. No clerical in France could do, or would even wish to do, that which numbers in Ireland have done with impunity. Read what the Paruellites—who number one-third of the Nationalists—say of their clerical opponents. Many of the priests have been chairmen of the local branches of the National League, whose gross misconduct has been officially condemned by the Pope.

The Nationalist writer used the phrase, "During the Unionist Reign of Terror." The editor if compelled by the policy of his magazine to accept such a misstating paper should at any rate have interpolated, as was really the fact, "to the village ruffians so sternly denounced by the R.C. Bishop of Cork." It was morally wrong to allow such a sentence to pass. Cattle-maimers and outragers disgrace their country, and all Irishmen, whatever their politics, should unite to bring men guilty of agrarian crimes to justice. Opinions will widely differ upon politics, but there ought to be unanimity in voting for an Act of Parliament, vindicating the work-a-day commandments, by punishing ruffians for mutilating cattle, or outraging law-abiding men. We must bear in mind that the majority of such outraged men are poor Catholics, unable to protect themselves. Let us hope that a time will come when all editors will resolutely set themselves against those writers who pen falsehoods or champion crime.

PROPOSAL.

I therefore respectfully propose to review four or five magazine-articles which have not had affirmative or negative justice done to them; for my decided opinion is, that among the patrons of *THE WEEK* are to be found those who mould public opinion in Canada, and shine as litterateurs, legislators, or statesmen. It is also of great moment—with reference to the articles referred to—to impress upon the minds of all, Erasmus's warning to the student: "Why learn that which you will afterwards have to unlearn?"

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH.

Before noticing Mr. Goldwin Smith's article upon the "Manchester School," in the *Contemporary* for March, it is proper to say a few words about the man himself. With the very great majority I have a high opinion of him for his personal and literary qualities. A dozen such citizens as he, and Toronto would not have suffered as it has from civic shortcomings, follies and frauds. There are very few public men on this continent who are his equals in moral courage, and scarcely any in literary gifts. He has the courage of his opinions, and does not, like so many, fish for popularity. If there is any fishing, it is for unpopularity. The painful pondering by so many of our politicians and prominent men, "Will this subject pay in influence, votes or dollars?" is repulsive to straightforward men. I am inclined to think that the one great point where he of late years has run counter to Canadian opinion, is in part a reaction in his mind against the overpraise by some of Canadian and British ways and institutions. In Canada there is sometimes a little of that feeling which in the United States was ridiculed by Dickens, "we must be cracked up." In geographical England it is more often "we must be cracked down." Few outsiders understand the marked difference in character between the three nationalities which together form the United Kingdom.

ANNEXATION.

Mr. Goldwin has, of late years, propounded opinions directly and indirectly leading to annexation to the States. Annexation is thoroughly repugnant to Canadian public opinion. With 99 out of every 100 I differ from him. During 24 years in Quebec and Ontario I have not met with six native-born annexationists. Apart from all sentiment, the main objections are simple. (1) All intelligent Canadians know that our system of government, including the administration of justice, is vastly superior to that of the States. There has been a barefaced attempt to introduce here that which takes place in more than one of the States, namely, to manufacture and pay for false evidence. It failed to succeed. The crown ought to prosecute. Annexation would mean paid perjury, and its abettors homing here. (2) If we are dissatisfied with our Government we can, as in England,

immediately turn it out. In the States they can only do so in a slow and roundabout manner. In dismissing objectionable rulers it takes the Americans years to do what we can do in a week or a month. The President can appoint whom he pleases for his cabinet, and when appointed Congress can't displace them. Imagine—as was the fact there—a very high official, for value received, engineering capitalists' Bills through Parliament and being afterwards, in defiance of enlightened public opinion, appointed a cabinet minister. Yet that was done with impunity in the States, and the guilty man was afterwards within an ace of being elected as President. "By their fruits ye shall know them." (3) Practically, as all intelligent men know, Congressional legislation is largely the work of "rings." There was a cynical saying in Scotland before Cromwell introduced indifferent justice—"Show me the man and I will show you the law." It might now often be said: "Show me the banking account of the ring and I will show you Congressional legislation." If a Bill is brought by the Government before the Parliament of Great Britain or Canada, all know what is intended, and if not revolutionary or subversive of the work-a-day commandments—what, with modifications, will ultimately be the law. But in Congress no one can tell up till the last day what changes may be engineered by rings and logrollers. It is notorious that the Silver Bills which caused such ruin were passed by bribery. (4) Annexation would also mean that the growing empire of Canada would be broken up into half-a-dozen States, pulling in different directions, and that, like the Americans, we should be victimized by the notorious Washington rings. (5) Practically the future of our patriotic aspirants and of our leading public men would be destroyed, and instead of being the leaders or statesmen of a great nation they would hold an inferior position to the thieves of Tammany. Limited space precludes stating other good reasons against annexation or any legislation tending that way.

One reason why Mr. Goldwin Smith has erred anent annexation is that he has never been in business. He has always been Professor or else a leading literary man. Therefore he has not had the practical experience of business contact with others in daily life. Had such been the case he would have seen matters from different points of view and would not have been misled. An historian may look forward to what may happen hundreds of years hence, but we, as practical men, must consider the present and the near future. One fact is absolutely certain, namely, that the two nations will never be united until the U. S. as a political Government, rises to the Canadian level in the being able to promptly displace objectionable ministers and Governments when requisite. The British system of government has grown naturally, that of the States came cast-ironed out of the furnace. Their constitution is so framed that it will take generations to remedy this glaring defect. Here a generally admitted evil can be promptly remedied.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S STYLE.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's style is very attractive to the cultured reader. It is simple, clear, polished and incisive. With few exceptions he is careful as to his facts. He also reasons well, takes large, far-seeing, and often original views and has an abundance of moral courage. From his wide knowledge and intimate acquaintance with so many leading men in England and elsewhere, he is admirably qualified for his unique position of being the leading historical authority on this continent upon subjects that he is conversant with, and where he will heedfully consider all the facts. To be a great historian requires among other gifts that a man should have a judicial mind. This is an exceptional gift—even few judges on the bench possess it in a high degree. Recent great trials in Canada illustrated this. A large subject like this cannot be properly discussed in a few sentences; but in the mental furnishing of such a man it is necessary that he should be well endowed with what the phrenologists call the organ of cautiousness. If he is relatively weak in that he is apt to accept evidence without sufficient investigation, and to come to conclusions too hastily. The Celtic races are usually only moderately gifted with this faculty and this helps to explain some of their hasty utterances and actions.

If Mr. Goldwin Smith had, in addition to his numerous other qualifications, a larger endowment of cautiousness he would occupy the leading position as historian among all the English-speaking races. It will be seen, after considering

the following criticisms upon his article, "The Manchester School," that some of his mistakes are the result of a comparative lack of cautiousness shown by his accepting as true the allegations of unreliable witnesses; also to some extent from sentiments of friendship and loyalty to old-time comrades and leaders. It is not a pleasant thing for a Radical to say, but the truth is, that as a mass Radicals are not quite such reliable historical witnesses as are (1) moderate Conservatives (mind, moderate) and (2) moderates, such as the old-time Whigs. This is the same as saying that men with extreme views are more apt to make mistakes. Extremists who often barnacle themselves upon the Radical party, act like the irregulars attached to and the bane of a regular army; arousing unnecessary hostility and doing far more harm than good. Of course there are exceptions.

THE RUPERT OF ESSAYISTS.

Fifty years ago the then Mr. Stanley, M.P., afterwards Earl of Derby, was styled "The Rupert of Debate." It exactly pictured him. Versatile, brilliant, prompt, skilful and incisive in attack, always for charging home, he was one of the very few who were able to successfully cope with the blackthorn orator.

Prince Rupert, his archetype, was the greatest Royalist cavalry general during the Civil War. Brave, daring, and a consummate horseman, it was his delight to lead his fiery cavaliers straight upon the foe. When he charged home man and horse went down before him. But he lacked timely self-control to make the most of opportunities and thus let slip great chances. At Marston Moor and at Naseby, the two great battles of the war, he missed victory by not knowing when to draw rein. His fiery real was overborne by the steady, earnest purpose so grandly described by Carlyle, who, speaking of the Puritans, says: "Their earnest purpose finds no resonance in our frivolous hearts."

On another plane and in a far nobler sense, Mr. Goldwin Smith may be styled "The Rupert of Essayists." He has the lofty aims which the Prince lacked. On reading his best papers one is impressed with the parallelism to the Rupert of Debate, although mentally ranking far higher. He also is for charging home and he usually succeeds. This is not saying that he is always right. Who is so?

The present trend of historical criticism is towards the rectification or destruction of historical legends—for instance those of the French Revolution and of Napoleon.

A SAMPLE HISTORICAL LEGEND

If a truth-seeker wants an illustration of historical legends he should refer to the various encyclopedias and read what they state about the origin of the war between France and England in 1793. To refer to the account of that affair in any given history is a crucial method of testing its reliability. With few exceptions the inquirer will find misleading or falsified statements—either pure inventions or in the follow-my-leader style. Fox, then raging in opposition, invented history, and, since then, Whigs and Radicals, with few exceptions, have accepted his statements as being true. There has been a systematic falsification of history as to who was then in fault. I was thirty-eight before—harking back to original documents—I discovered that, in common with the vast majority, I had been deceived. The following fact will suffice to convince sensible men. The French Republic applied to the United States for armed assistance against England. Washington was a cautious statesman, and before he replied, he laid all the facts and documents before the three leading members of his cabinet (one being hostile to Great Britain), with this question: "Is the war in which France is engaged an offensive or a defensive war?" Their unanimous answer was, "An offensive war." Clearly the United States had no intention of joining in anything so wrong. The verdict of that Grand Jury, agreed to by that Grand Jury foreman, outweighs the fictions of the whole tribe of historical "accident makers." What is an accident maker? About twenty-eight years ago a little girl was examined as a witness in a London police court. The magistrate asked, "What is your father?" Answer—"Please sir, he's an accident-maker." Magistrate—"An accident maker! What on earth is that?" Answer—"Please sir, when there's no news in the papers, father writes out accidents, takes 'em to the papers and they pay him." Evidently he was a degraded specimen of the old-time penny-a-liner, and had in his time swindled editors out of many pounds.

Parisian Affairs.

THE Franco-Russian Alliance, being now an official fact, appears to many people as if the end of the world had come. "Stands Scotland where it did?" In France the feeling is very mixed on the whole matter. No one can see what France gains exactly, while Russia scores, is making hay while the sun shines. The two questions that absorb the attention of the French are the repossession of Alsace and the ejection of the British from Egypt, two very difficult nuts to crack. It may be accepted as a fact that Russia will not go to war with Germany and England to change the European Congress settlement of these two questions. On the contrary it is likely to have the opposite effect. The French have only one fear of the alliance—Russia may drag them into a diplomatic dead lock. The bestowal of the order of St. Andrew on M. Faure by the Czar shows that the latter has no hedging about the alliance. And people smile at the timing of the movements of the allies that will now march, like Juno's swans, coupled and inseparable.

France and Russia have as good a right to ally, or execute a *mariage de raison*, as any other powers; only they must not become sour if other powers form new alliances. At present the trump card is in the hands of England. Can she play it well? That is to be hoped rather than expected. However, her independent situation will make even allied powers march cautiously; she must show henceforth more resolution, more energy, more decision than heretofore, while not ceasing to be on the best terms with all. The officious and official journals here are in raptures at the alliance; it seems that they can bid the sun stand still like Joshua and blow down all Jericho's walls with a few trumpet blasts. No later than Saturday last I was talking over the political situation with a very distinguished Russian writer. He says that England and Russia were born to be enemies and that enemies they would remain, but so long as England commands the sea she may snap her fingers at all the allies. Her fleet, at present at Kiel, would, he says, smash up the whole of the other navies assembled there. Perhaps so, but not the less she will have to put her house in order and lean on the triple alliance. By the sealing of the treaty of friendship and mutual defence into France Bismarck's influence, that is to say Germany's, is reduced to nothing in Russia.

Till after the Kiel high jinks be terminated the action of diplomatists will be suspended. Neutrals now become the deciding factor. The dual has not as many soldiers to put in line as the triple alliance, but where and how are the united five millions of armed men to encounter? The route by sea may be held as blocked from the firing of the first cannon shot. The past can throw no light on the future; the conditions are not the same. Unlikes cannot be compared.

That a section of the French do sincerely deplore the appearance of the French fleet at Kiel is true, and that some dry-rot politicians endeavour to make capital out of that feeling cannot be denied. But all the manifestations of socialists and sensitive patriots will not change the situation. There is no Government to be turned out, there is not even a Boulanger to speculate in a *coup d'etat*. Alsatian women may be represented in chromo illustrations weeping at the French ships in German waters, being applauded by the 1870 victors; but that will not modify the order of things. It will, of course, knock the bottom, perhaps, out of the Alsace legend; the Sisters Anne will not see anything coming to Strasburg for many a long day. France has to bow to the consequences of her defeat as other nations she defeated had to do.

So far as is perceptible at present, Russia seems to have out-witted all the Western Powers by her financial compact with China. The Son of Heaven has pinned his faith on the Muscovite, but he must now count with powers that will show him the cold shoulder and who will carry over their influence to Japan. It may be the destiny of Russia to complete the work of Japan—that of breaking up the Chinese Empire; such would not be opposed to Russian interests. When the concessions given to Russia are known, it is not likely the Muscovite will be allowed to help himself to what he objected giving to the Japs. The scramble for the big *debris* of the Flowery Land will proceed more rapidly than the snapping up of territory in Africa. The Chinese can just keep their secrets as closely as the Japs. Will the

Sino-Russo loan find subscribers enough in France, as British and German financiers do not feel inclined to bless the transaction?

There has been an extraordinary avalanche of dry-as-dust literature recently bearing upon Napoleon. Now a rest has set in to produce histories and legends about the power of cruisers in war—that is viewed as the weapon for the annihilation of England's maritime strength and wealth. Russia is to have a fleet of volunteer cruisers, but England will have a baker's dozen of fleets to catch them. Jean Bart and Paul Jones would not be able to go far in these days of steam cruisers and intelligence departments with all the round the world telegraphic wires in the hands, as they are, of England. Where are the cruisers to coal, where the havens in which to dispose of their captures? A harbour that shelters a cruiser would be at once shelled, and, if in a neutral port, the cruiser would have to leave after 24 hours' notice. If outside the Baltic or Vladivostock in winter, where would Russian war-ships hibernate? French writers cannot see this eventuality.

A discussion is now taking place over the subject of cremation, not versus inhumation, but of the folly of storing the ashes of the incinerated in an urn, and placing the latter, like a letter-box, in a Columbarium or a sort of Poste-Restanto. One party desires that the ashes be scattered over the soil, perhaps as a fertilizer, or into the Seine, as were those of Jeanne d'Arc. But the majority, and they are the ladies, the "warmest" advocates of cremation, who defend the urns. Is it of such importance to store up *restes* that will be so quickly forgotten? The remains of Lamennais and Mozart, no one is aware where they were precisely interred, yet the souvenir of the departed live in hearts they leave behind, and we know that is not to die. Under the First Revolution, a citizen undertook to incinerate all the Paris dead, at his own expense, if allowed to utilize their ashes for agriculture; he pointed with pride to his garden crops, fertilized by the *centres* of relatives. The age is not yet arrived at that degree of utilitarianism.

French architects and builders are bound by law to be liable for the structures they run up, for a period of ten years following the completion of the work. Unable to have that clause abolished, they have claimed that the ten years ought to commence to run when the house, for example, is finished. The Council of State has just ruled that the commencing date is that from the moment the owner formally accepts the completed building. Both architect and builder have to give solvent security for their ten years' responsibility, and which is done for them by a special insurance company. This explains why there are no Jerry houses in Paris. A house in the city is solidly built of stone and iron, almost no wood is employed and is destined to last 300 years. Between 3 and 4 per cent. is the interest, or rent, yielded for the capital invested. It has been said that fools build houses for wise men to live in. The knowing people with cash to lend, prefer a mortgage on house property as the best of securities. When a Frenchman makes sufficient money, his first act is to erect a house. By living in one of the apartments he saves rent, but the worst house in which to reside is that where the landlord is a co-tenant. He has curfew bell rules and regulations, and martial law judgments.

London Literary Affairs.

The "Vagabonds" have eaten their dinner, and the lady guests did full justice to the invitations. They came "looking indiscreet," as they are supposed to do, chatted amiably with each other, ate generously of the good things provided, smoked sparingly their gold-tipped cigarettes, and envied very heartily the fortunate ladies who were placed nearest the chairman. Mr. Moncure Conway had a fearful responsibility which he carried as mildly as he does his evening dress. Fortunately for him he did not hear of the little quarrelling among the lady guests for the best positions on the "high table," else he might have frowned. But a brother "Vagabond" did, and for very shame he lowered his eyes, stopped his ears and murmured to himself, "I wish the New Woman were a little more of a gentleman." However, everybody was at last made comfortable and enjoyed herself or himself right merrily. After the meal, the chairman rose

and said something. What it was only a privileged few heard; the unprivileged many simply didn't care. When he had finished there was a general rising and drinking, with one or two exclamations of "The Queen." Then we knew that the chairman had been proposing that good lady's health. After some more undistinguishable remarks from headquarters, we had some music, a speech from Mr. Frankfort Moore, and another from Mr. Anthony Hope. Mr. Moore was funny, but long-winded. Mr. Hope was witty and brief. When they had both finished we had time to reflect on their remarks. They had been toasting and replying to the lady guests, and they did both well. But if the New Woman knows all she says she does, and if Mr. Moore and Mr. Hope are right in their estimate of her, I must come to no other conclusion than that she is a very bold, bad man. The songs and speeches finished we had our likenesses taken and then we thought it time to go home, and "then to bed," as old Pepys has it. The next morning we knew that we had dined at the "Vagabonds."

* * *

Mr. Hall Caine was "had." Just at present he is consumed with a desire to annihilate the publisher. On every possible occasion he vents his spleen on them in interminable speeches. The other day a secretary of an insignificant Newsagents' Society offered him the opportunity of addressing its members holding out the bait that the newsagents were forming a Booksellers' Union. The vanity of the author of "The Manxman" could not stand against this, and he seized the occasion with alacrity. He gave a long speech on the wickedness of publishers generally, and gently caressed the booksellers in his most suave diction. The bookseller is become almost an historic personage. Once upon a time he was an honourable and even dignified man, to-day he can hardly earn bread and butter. And all because the wicked publisher allows him no margin of profit. The publisher it is whose hand is against bookseller and author alike. Let the author and bookseller combine together and there will be no necessity for a middleman to step in and swallow all the gain. This and much more silly twaddle of a like kind was the tenor of the speech. But Mr. Hall Caine did not stop at this: knowing as he said, all about the publishing business, he gave figures to prove that out of a six-shilling novel the publisher makes a good shilling profit, the cost of its production amounting only to 1s. 7½d. Unfortunately for the effect of the speech it was pointed out by several publishers, in the leading "dailies," that Mr. Hall Caine had omitted to include the cost of paper! But Mr. Hall Caine had his little say, and I expect that is all he really wanted. If, instead of displaying his woful ignorance on matters beyond his ken, he were to sit quietly at home and meditate, he might become a little bit of a hero to the lovers of melo-drama. As it is, he has hung up his "glory" on a back yard wall. The truth of the whole matter must be that Mr. Hall Caine is not quite satisfied with the royalty his publisher allows him. In that case would it not be better for him to have it out with Mr. Heinemann quietly, in Bedford Street?

* * *

We have almost got accustomed to talk of Sir Walter Besant and Sir Lewis Morris. At first we hardly realized that it was a serious matter. We all thought that Lord Rosebery was poking fun at us, but it turns out to be quite true, incomprehensible as it may be. What Sir Walter Besant and Sir Lewis Morris have done to merit the honours conferred on them nobody as yet has been able to fathom. Still we felt that they were to be congratulated, and we did so accordingly, except the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*. These found it a very big pill to swallow, and they strained at it with very gruesome faces. I understand that both Sir Walter and Sir Lewis are very good Radicals, as well as lovers of the aristocracy, and that may account for something. But it seems that their honours were for literature. In that case one is nonplussed. However, I must again congratulate them on the realization of hopes for which they have so assiduously and so perseveringly laboured. Sir Walter has spun a good many yarns and Sir Lewis a good many miles of verse, but I doubt if there be in either of their spinning the stuff to make a lasting fabric. There is a serious side to these "birthday honours" and that is that the Government is going the right way to make them cheap. We shall be soon having a host of minor poets marching in procession

along Whitehall clamouring to be knighted, and that would be more than even the Philistine Englishman could stand. About Sir Walter Besant, well—it will be enough to remark in the words of a *Decalogue* that he "and Providence have exhausted the obvious."

* * *

I don't know whether you on your side of the Atlantic see much of *The World*, but in a late issue of that capital journal appeared a delightful parody on Mr. Lewis Carroll's "Jabberwocky." It was entitled "The Second Coming of Arthur," but it might better have been called "Yallerbocky." It is so good that I take the liberty of transcribing it for the benefit of your readers:

" 'Twas rollog, and the minim potes
Did mime and mumble in the cafe;
All footly were the Philotes,
And Daycadongs outstrafe.

" Beware the Yallerbock, my son!
The aims that rile, the art that racks,
Beware the Aub-Aub Bird, and shun
The stumious Beerbomax.

" He took Excalibur in hand;
Long time the canxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Jonbul tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

" Then, as veep Vigo's marge he trod,
The Yallerbock, with tongue of blue,
Came piffling through the Headley Bod,
And flippered as it flew.

One, two! one, two! And through and through
Excalibur went snicker-snack!
He took its dead and bodless head,
And went jucanding back.

" 'And hast thou slain the Yallerbock?
Come to my arms, my squeamish boy!
Oh, brighteous peace! Parlieu! Parlice!
He jawbled in his joy.

" 'Twas rollog, and the minim potes
Did mime and mumble in the cafe;
All footly were the Philotes,
And Daycadongs outstrafe."

The literary world just now is very quiet. We hear only of rumours as to what is to come when the publishing season commences in the coming autumn. Miss Marie Corelli, I understand, has finished a new novel which is to be published in October. It has nothing to do with Barab-bas, for it is about modern society. Mr. Crockett is working hard at a story which he calls "Lochinvar." Mr. Stanley Weyman still gives us instalments of "The Red Cockade," and Dr. Conan Doyle does ditto with his "Adventures of Brigadier Gerard." The author of "Dodo" has just published a little story entitled "The Judgment Books," the idea of which we have already met in Oscar Wilde's "Dorian Grey." Miss Arabella Kenealy's "The Honourable Mrs. Spoor" is a powerful history of a new Mrs. Tanqueray. Mr. George Moore's "Celibates" has not had a remarkable reception. We don't like short stories, unless they are by Rudyard Kipling. A new "series" has just been inaugurated; it is called the "Zeit-Geist" series. So far the novels which have been included in it are by ladies. The new volume will also be by a lady, Mrs. Mannington Caffyn, the "Iota" of "Yellow Aster" fame. It will be called "A Comedy in Spasms." Perhaps it will deal with a late meeting of women writers which, from the report of the speeches delivered at their annual dinner, must have been a comedy of hysterical fits. The *Pall Mall Magazine* with its August issue will be increased in price to 1s. 6d. Evidently the promoters can't afford to give so many good things for a shilling. One doubts the wisdom of the change. Two important art books are to be issued in the autumn, one, a life and works of Sir Frederic Leighton, the other, a monograph on Velasquez. Both will be choicely illustrated with photogravures. My last piece of information is a volume of essays from the pen of Sir Walter Besant to be called, "As we Are, and As we May Be." He might have said "As I Was, and As I Am." I must not forget to mention Mr. Gilbert Parker's new novel "When Valmond came to Pontiac." It is, perhaps, the best work he has written, and it has received an open welcome. J. H. ISAACS.

London, England, June 19th, 1895.

Montreal Affairs.

THE unveiling of the Maisonneuve monument, which had been delayed for nearly three years by various causes, took place on the morning of Dominion Day in the presence of a gathering that filled the Place d'Armes. The speaking was in both languages; and there was a strong representation of the English section of the population on the platform. Judge Pagnuelo, who had been chairman of the committee from the inception of the undertaking, in the course of his address said: "We, the citizens of Montreal, nay, of the Dominion, to whatever race or religion we belong, have inherited this estate of land and glory, which is common to us all. Maisonneuve and his illustrious companions are properly our forefathers; they have founded this city and laid the basis for a grand nation; for, according to the prophetic words of Father Vimont, the small grain of mustard seed has grown up and developed, and is covering the whole land, enjoying in peace, abundance, and contentment the possessions they have acquired for us. All things that we see standing accomplished around us are properly the outer material result, the practical realization and embodiment of thoughts that were in them. Well may we be proud of our ancestry and grateful for our heritage." The unveiling was done by Lt. Gov. Chapeau, who, speaking in his mother tongue, was characteristically eloquent. The Consul-General of France was present as the official representative of the Republic; Lord Aberdeen was represented by a letter; while Sir William Hingston was the English speaker for the occasion. Hebert, the sculptor, was highly commended in some of the speeches, while almost at the same moment, at Ottawa, Sir Adolphe Caron was also, at the unveiling of the Macdonald monument, congratulating Canada on having produced such an artist in bronze and marble as M. Hebert. Hebert's studio is in Paris but he frequently visits Canada, and a large proportion of the fruits of his genius find their way here. He has had no less than three of his monuments unveiled within the past fortnight—the Maisonneuve in this city, the Macdonald at Ottawa, and the Marquis de Levis at Quebec. The last is one of a series of historical figures which he is making for the grounds around the Legislative buildings at Quebec. M. Hebert is not the only Canadian sculptor who has achieved reputation in Paris, for a young man named Hill, born in Danville, in this Province, gives promise of being one of the great sculptors of the day. He studied in Paris and has now opened a studio there.

The very sudden death of Alderman Kennedy will make necessary a by-election for the Legislature, and it will be certain to be an interesting one. The impression prevails that the Taillon Government is not popular in the city because of its taxation policy and its action in regard to the French Loan. How much foundation there is for this impression will now be revealed. Centre Montreal, the division left unrepresented by Mr. Kennedy's death, includes west and centre wards, which are essentially business men's wards; and if there is any deep feeling against the Government it will show itself in the vote. The floating in Paris of a three per cent. \$5,000,000 loan for forty years at 77 per cent. was followed by the resignation from the Taillon Government of Hon. John S. Hall, Provincial Treasurer, who represents the St. Antoine division in Montreal; and he went into opposition on this issue, followed by some six English-speaking Conservatives, among whom was the late Mr. Kennedy. It is this defection which makes the outlook not promising for the Government. The business men of the city are uneasy at the apparent domination of the Government's policy by a clique whom they view with distrust. Of Mr. Taillon's disinterestedness and probity there is fortunately no question, but he is thought to be easily advised to disastrous courses, as in the case of the French Loan, where the Paris bankers drove a bargain by which they made half a million dollars out of this Province in the first stage of the transaction. Affairs in this Province are, without doubt, shaping themselves for a coalition of the best men in both parties with the purpose of giving the Province a non-partizan business administration. If the English would stop fighting one another in provincial elections on Dominion issues, and unite with the better class of French-Canadians, who are prepared to join hands with them, it might be possible to stop the carnival of waste which has been going on in the administration of public affairs in this Province, almost uninterruptedly for twenty years; and which, though checked by the

events of 1891 and 1892, is beginning to assume its old proportions again.

One of Montreal's poets whose fame is old world, but is now beginning to spread on this side of the sea, is Robert Reid, who writes under the pseudonym of "Rob. Wanlock." It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Mr. Reid is a Scotchman. He took his pen name from his native place, Wanlock, a little leadmining village, perched high up among the Lowthers between Dumfriesshire and Lanark. Mr. Reid published his first volume "Moorland Rhymes," in Dumfries as long ago as 1874, and established a reputation as a tuneful Scottish poet. He has now been a resident of Montreal for some years, and is associated with the management of the great mercantile house of Henry Morgan and Co. He published last year a collected volume of his poems through a Paisley bookseller. Many of the pieces have a Canadian setting. Some of his poems are in English and others in the Scottish dialect. His absolute mastery of the latter is well shown in a sonnet which he recently wrote. It is good Scotch and good poetry; but I am afraid not many readers of THE WEEK will be able to follow it. It is as follows:—

The hinmaist whawp has quat his eerie skirl,
The flichtering gorcock tac his cover flown;
Dine dwines athort the muir; the win' sae lown
Can scrimply gar the stey peet-reek play swirl
Abune the herd's auld bield, or haflins droon
The laich seep-sabbin' of the burn doon by,
That deaves the corrie wi' its willyart croon.
I wadna niffer sic a glisk—not I—
Here, wi' my fit on ane o' Scotland's hills,
Heather attour, and the mirk lift owre a',
For foreign ferly or for unco sight,
E'er bragg'd in sang. Mair couthie joy distils
Frae this than glow'r'in' on the topic daw'
Or bleezing splendors o' the norlan nicht.

A translation of this into English has been published by the Boston *Transcript* as below:—

The ling'ring curlew's stayed his eerie skirl,
The fluttering red-cock to his cover fled;
Day fades athwart the moor; the wind so dead
Can barely force the slow turf-smoke to swirl
Above the herd's old cot, or partly stay
The low, sad sobbing of the brook near by,
That deafens off the glen with 'wildering lay.
I would not barter such a glimpse—not I—
Here, with my foot on one of Scotland's hills,
Heather around, dark firmament o'er all,
For foreign marvel, or for wondrous sight
E'er praised in song. More loving joy distills
From this than gazing on dawn tropical,
Or blazing splendors of the Northern night.

Coroner MacMahon of this city has been investigating the St. Henri murder this week in a manner slightly at variance with established judicial customs. A married woman, Mrs. Demers, was found dead in her bedroom with her throat cut one afternoon about one o'clock under circumstances of the greatest mystery. The coroner's method of investigating is to put the suspected persons in the box one after the other and ply them with leading questions. He surpassed himself on Friday last when, the husband of the woman being in the box, he led off with this staggering question: "Did you murder your wife before going to work?" The reply was a direct negative; whereupon the coroner asked him whether he had been in the habit of beating his wife, or otherwise ill-treating her; whether she had not had occasion to be jealous, etc. An old man, a neighbour, whom the coroner evidently thought might have been the guilty party, was treated to a similar inquisition, while his daughter was also asked to answer a series of direct questions about her father, in the direction of fishing for evidence. All these surmises of the coroner have been published broadcast in the newspapers. There has been a good deal of feeling over this bold transplanting of the inquisitorial methods of the French tribunals to the British system; and the coroner may get himself into trouble over it.

* * *

At Street Corners.

THE bright sunny atmosphere of these early July days is favourable to the habit of standing at street corners talking, but everybody's subject is "getting away." People have come to believe that they cannot do without that. Some of them do it expensively, others cheaply; but the main reason for their wish to get away is that they are somehow not quite satisfied with their life and are anxious for a change.

For it is the lot of but few people to become absorbed and interested in their work to such a degree as to be scarcely able to tear themselves away from it. Yet this is the true condition of work, is it not, if that work is to be effective? I don't want to preach, but it seems to me that in these days there is an increasing crowd of young fellows who regard their work as the *bête noire* of their existence—to be done, of course, but to be escaped from as soon as possible. That is why there are so many young failures walking about.

There is young ——— for instance, who is a law student. He is not interested in law, as law, a little bit. What he is anxious to know is exactly how little law he can read so as to *pass*. He would like to know to a page. But he doesn't care how much boating he does or how much time he spends at his athletic club, or going out on his wheel. And now that the holiday season has come round again, he thinks it a shame that he should be cribbed, cabined, and confined in a musty-fusty law office. But it is not of this sort that great lawyers are made.

Holidaying, or not holidaying, may run to extremes. A German merchant once told me that in early life he was apprenticed in Hamburg to a wholesale dealer there. He had to work very long hours, and, as a rule, five or six hours on Sunday. When he had been doing this for ten years he thought he should like to go and see his father, and approached his master to ask for the necessary holiday. His employer stood aghast at his audacity. "Is there a death in your family?" "No." "A wedding?" "No." "Well, upon my word, I never heard of such a thing. And you want to leave work and go into the country to see your father. Well, things are coming to a pretty pass! You can go—but you need not come back again. I will not employ a young man who has such foolish ideas."

That was the old-fashioned extreme that demanded close attention all the year long to business—the devotion of a life—the feeling that a man's business was his great concern, intended to take precedence of every other, which demanded that a man should be in love with his business, married to it, charmed with it, utterly engrossed by it. And there is no doubt that the old-fashioned plan produced some results of thoroughness that were very different to anything that is produced now when a man's chief ambition is to get away from his business as often and as far as possible.

Some of the cablegrams that come from Europe and are dished up by our newspapers as despatches bear evident marks of being manufactured to order by enterprising American scribes whose effort it is to send something across the cable that will be read with avidity by the readers of American and Canadian newspapers. Now, there was that description of the life of Oscar Wilde in prison the other day. If ever there was a despatch that bore marks of imaginative manufacture it was that. There was probably no basis of fact for the whole long story, though there was a certain melodramatic effectiveness about some of its details.

The newspaper liar is not prosperous though. I have known several in my time, and though they were brilliant falsehood-fakers and laughed at more plodding and reasonable people they never came to much. There are always two or three in most cities, and to listen to them the uninitiated might think them the most brilliant men in existence. I have been told by one capable liar that he had a regular arrangement to supply news to the six principal American papers and that he netted \$200 a month by it. I wondered how it was that his collar was frayed and that his shirt was continuously and evidently unchanged. I have had it intimated to me by another that he was engaged to write for the London *Times* through the influence of his uncle who was Lord A——'s cousin. Yet after he had made this brilliant connection he was still glad to borrow a quarter now and then. I often wondered how it was, poor fool!

I heard of a man going this week to one of our city newspapers and expressing a wish to have the fact published that he was in town. He particularly wished to be spoken of as the "Hon." Mr. ——— because, as he said, he was the

son of a French Duke, and was called "Honourable" by special permission of the Queen. What funny snobs there are in the world to be sure! How they push and scramble for notice!

I understand that a new magazine is to be published in Toronto shortly. The first number is to come out in January and the contents and get-up are to be everything that can be desired. Moreover, there is money behind it—enough to pay contributors handsomely and to keep it going for two years without reaping a cent of profit. So I am told.

The artists of Toronto will not reap many of the fruits of union until three or four of them can get over the habit of going about and venomously stabbing each other in the back. These unfortunate persons appear to be at daggers drawn, and the tales they tell of each other are of a deep dye. If they only knew how such conduct on their part puts them entirely beyond the social pale and causes them to be avoided by decent people they might change their tactics. But perhaps they are no worse than the musical people, though *they* are bad enough in this way in all conscience.

The visiting artillery regiment from Montreal won golden opinions on Dominion Day in Toronto from all with whom they came in contact. They are a smart, well-conducted, highly respectable body of men who are a credit to the city from which they hail. It is to be regretted that their stay was so short, and that coming as they did when so many people were out of town it was impossible to show them such an amount of hospitality as under other circumstances would no doubt have been theirs.

The "hay-fever" season has come round again and several of my friends are having their annual attacks of that disorder of the mucous membrane that goes by this name. They tell me that their eyelids feel sometimes as if they had sand under them, that their breathing is asthmatical, their noses fountains of tears, their attacks of sneezing prodigious and earthquake-like. Yet they take some pleasure in the statement, which is undoubtedly true, that "hay-fever" only attacks intellectual people. DIOGENES.

* * *

A Youthful Canadian Poetess.*

WE believe our readers will thank us for making them acquainted with a very remarkable collection of poems written by a young lady who produced the first division of the little volume when she was eleven (1892) and the second when she was twelve in the following year. We should add that we are happy to find that her literary efforts are being repressed for the present. It is somewhat dangerous to the health for too much work to be imposed upon the nervous system in early days; and, as we hope for much good work from Miss Dorothy Knight in days to come, we rejoice to think she is being taken care of.

The Preface, written by the young lady's father, Mr. R. S. Knight, Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, London, informs us that the poems were written in the year 1892, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, at the foot of the Thousand Isles. Those published are selections from some sixty pieces written during the year 1892, and are printed for relatives and friends. The verses show a fine sense of nature and natural influences, great powers of observation for one so young, a sweet poetical sentiment and no small power of expression.

It is not quite easy to do justice to a writer by extracts, but we will select one or two at random. Here is one of the shortest, which we can see to be the absolutely genuine expression of the writers own feeling:

SWEET CLOVER.

There's none so fair and modest,
And none so gay and sweet,
In Summer, as the clover
We tread beneath our feet.

* "Echoes from the Thousand Isles" Verses by Dorothy Knight. Eleven years old. 10 cents and 15 cents. Toronto: Row-sell & Hutchison.

Oh, you may boast of roses,
But clover's sweeter far,
A growing by the roadside,
Than any roses are.

Here is another, a good deal longer, but equally true in its ring:

SPRING.

I longed and looked for Spring-time
I longed and looked for flowers,
And now the Spring is coming,
And with it April showers.

The grass is growing greener
And greener every day,
The robins chirp and warble
Their April roundelay.

Hepaticas' are sprouting,
The sun is shining warm,
The trees are budding, tho' afraid
To meet an April storm.

The ice has left the river,
It curls its wavelets blue
Around the sun-thawed islands,
Where once the snowflakes flew.

The pines look just as lovely
And quite as free from snow,
As when I came to Brockville
Just twelve long months ago.

I love the freshening west wind
I love the shining sun,
Yes, winter's gone and over,
And Spring, fair Spring has come.

These are from the first part of the volume, written at the age of eleven. But some of the later poems, produced in the following year, seem to strike a fuller note; but they are generally longer. We will, however, give a few stanzas of one of them.

SWEET HOME.

Give me back the old home cottage,
Which of all I love the best,
There's no place on earth beside it,
That affords me peace and rest.

Give me back the little cottage
With its old and rough-cast wall,
And the creeper climbing o'er it,
And the maple green and tall.

Yet, I think I see in fancy—
Mother in her old arm-chair,
And below the window blooming
Little flowers fresh and fair.

This is very charming, and there are nine more stanzas in the poem equally good.

* * *

The Book Daniel.*

"Daniel in the Critics Den," the happy title of an article in *Blackwood*, exactly describes this volume. More than one-third of the work is devoted to the questions of date, authorship and authenticity. This is a large allowance for critical questions in the Expositors' series. But perhaps in the case of the book of Daniel it is warranted.

Dean Farrar is in agreement with the great majority of modern scholars as to the late date of the book of Daniel. He is rather scornful of any other view. But we see no reason to be angry with him because of his opinions. His critical position is not the result of first hand work. He is here simply a compiler. He has been convinced by the critics and says so with something of the eager impetuosity of the recent convert. Surely he has a right to his convictions as he certainly has the courage of them.

As regards the main question the critical position appears to be very strong, unless the critics are very gross deceivers which is improbable, or very grossly deceived, which, though not impossible, is not probable. For unlike the Tubingen theories about the dates of the New Testament books, the critical view of the date of the book of Daniel seems to be the conclusion to which many lines of evidence seem to point. Are we then convinced that the book was written in the second century, B.C.? No! by no means. But we are inclined to allow, in view of the evidence, that

it may have been, e.g., if the book of Daniel was written at the time of the captivity, it is one of the most wonderful and circumstantial of prophecies. Why then did the Jews rank it not with the Prophetic books but with Ecclesiastes among the Hagiographa? If it was, as the leading modern scholars almost to a man suppose, written in the second century, B.C., then the important question arises as to how the canonization of such a book affects the question of inspiration. The Bible has not defined what follows or does not follow if a book is inspired. The church has not defined this either. If the critical view of the late date of Daniel comes to be adopted as proved, then the phenomena presented by the canonization of this book will be among the most important for determining what inspiration is and *is not*.

The book is admirably arranged in three parts. Part I, critical; Part II, commentary on the historic section; Part III, commentary on the Prophetic section. The exposition is characterized in general by Dean Farrar's well-known strong and weak points of style, in particular, by a little bad temper and an air of patronage that detracts somewhat from the value and charm of the work.

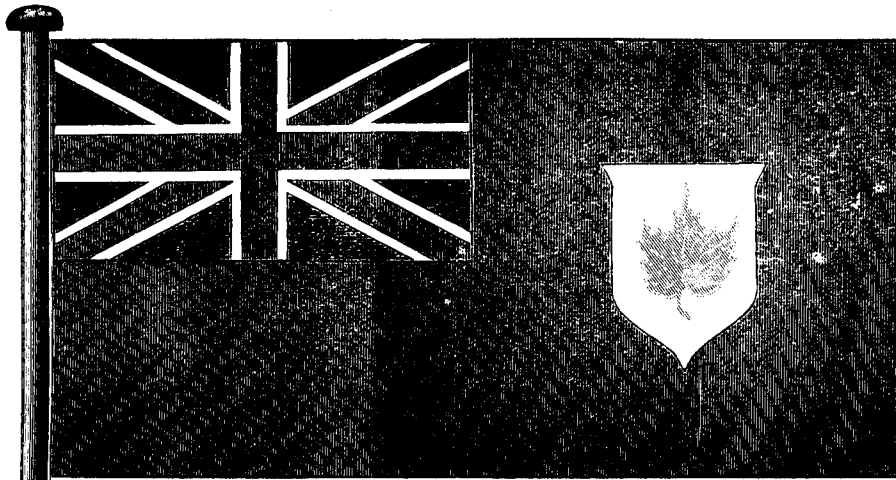
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BRIEFER NOTICES.

The Aims of Literary Study. By Hiram Carson, LL.D. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)—In a prefatory note to this curious but interesting little volume, Professor Carson explains that the main portion of its matter was contributed to *Poet-Lore*, and that in the opening section he has repeated much of an address entitled "What Does, What Knows, What Is," a title which Canadians will think very American indeed. "When Christ said, 'follow Me,' he addressed the 'What Is' in human nature. Follow me, not from an intellectual apprehension of principles involved in my life, but through deep sympathy . . . through a response of your spiritual nature to mine. . . ." But "to sharpen the intellect, the 'What Knows' without rectifying the 'What Is' is a dangerous thing." As a means of educating the 'What Is,' Professor Carson dwells particularly on poetry. "In poetical study, the basal principle of spirit to spirit must be all-controlling; to it all other features of the study must be subordinated." He gives some very good hints on systematic literary study, and warns his readers against histories of literature which he very rightly says cannot do much for literary education. All sensible people will agree with him when he says that examinations are the bane of literary study. He gives a wealth of illustration to prove this fact, and all he says on the subject we commend to the examination fiends who are stultifying all literary study by their present system.

The Lions' Gate and Other Verses. By Lily Alice Lefevre. (Victoria, B.C.: The Province Publishing Co.)—The readers of THE WEEK have had the opportunity of perusing in its columns occasional verses by a lady who wrote over the *nom de plume* of "Fleurange." Few Canadian writers possess, in larger degree, the spirit of true poetry, and Mrs. Lefevre's friends have often regretted that she did not favour the literary world more frequently with the productions of her pen. Yielding to their solicitations she has consented to publish a little volume, which has just appeared, under the title of "The Lions' Gate and Other Verses." Those who have visited Vancouver, Mrs. Lefevre's home, will appreciate the significance of the lines from which the book takes its title. The rocky lions which guard the entrance to Canada's great trans-continental highway have inspired the authoress in her opening lines to one of her best efforts. "The Eagle's Pass" renders historical a well known incident in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has the right ring, and breathes the true spirit of poetry. "The Spirit of the Carnival" is the poem which won *The Witness* prize in connection with the Montreal winter carnival some years ago. "The Valley of Time," written for the Queen's jubilee, "Song of the St. Lawrence," "Moritura to Saluta," and "Credo," as well as many of the shorter pieces, are full of the truest poetic sentiment. But there is hardly a line in the book which is out of place, and both Mrs. Lefevre's friends, of whom she has many, and those who rejoice in the growth of Canadian literature, will hail the appearance of this little volume with unfeigned pleasure.

* "The Book of Daniel." By Dean Farrar. Expositor's Bible. London: Hodder & Stoughton Toronto: F. H. Revell & Co.



Letters to the Editor.

A PROPOSED CANADIAN FLAG.

SIR,—The design given above is one which appears to me to be most fitting and suitable for the Canadian flag. It represents the Red Ensign of England, with a green maple and stem, veined with dark green, borne upon a white shield, and placed in the centre of the flag. The design is simple, easily made, and can readily be seen, even at very considerable distance. Attention has been directed to the fact that the Australian colonies have each upon the flag, a device, carried upon a white disc. Whether this disc is placed in the centre of the "Jack" upon the Governor's flag, or upon the fly of the ensign, is not stated. If the latter; the maple leaf shown on the white shield conforms to the general principle recognized by the British Government, yet does not slavishly follow in exactly the same lines. The shield being different in form from the disc, it follows that the distinction between Canadian and Australian vessels flying their respective flags, is more clearly emphasized, and is capable of easy and ready cognizance at sea. Any flag seen to bear the white disc would at once be known as Australian, though the badge upon it might not be as soon "made out" by the observer. The shield would not likely be mistaken for the disc on account of the essential difference of form, and any vessel whose flag showed a white shield in fly would at once be known to be Canadian.

It has been urged that the maple leaf is not distinctively Canadian, in that the tree is not found in British Columbia, Manitoba or the Maritime Provinces. An appropriate device could not well be made which would include the maple leaf, a sprig of Douglas pine, a leaf of the poplar, and a May-flower, in any case such a badge would be incomplete after the admission of any other province, and in a sense, it would partake more of the nature of group of specimens, and so loose in great measure, the desirable emblematic feature. It is not necessary, when deciding upon an appropriate emblem, to select a leaf or flower which grows in every province and in spite of varying conditions. Nor is it essential, for that reason, to exclude on which does not appear in this country at all longitudes. The maple leaf is certainly associated with the name Canada, and the extension of the name from the two old Provinces to be the name of the whole Dominion lends strength to the argument, that the emblem may also be considered to fairly represent the whole confederation of provinces.

It is interesting in this connection to notice the fact that the maple leaf, at present, is found on the Canadian coinage, which passes, of course in all the provinces. It was found, as Mr. Chadwick has pointed out, in the coinages of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, prior to Confederation, and has been placed also upon the North-West medals. The crest of the Royal Military College at Kingston, is a mailed arm, the hand holding three maple leaves. This College has no exclusive connection with any one Province, but is distinctly a Dominion institution, and the maple leaves so used would seem to indicate the wider conception of Canadian nationality. The flag authorized by the British Government for all colonial Governors and Lieutenant Governors appears to be a square Union Jack with a shield

borne upon that portion where the arms of the crosses intersect. Upon this shield are placed the arms of the country or province, as the case may be, the whole surrounded with a wreath of laurel leaves. This holds good for all dependencies of the British Crown with one exception. The flags used by the Governor-General of the Dominion, and the Lieutenant Governors of the Provinces depart from the general practice, by having the shield surrounded by a wreath of maple leaves instead of laurel. In this instance, then, the Province of British Columbia sinks the indiginous, and, perhaps otherwise, appropriate Douglas pine out of sight and uses the emblem associated with the name of

Canada. In like manner the other provinces, while retaining their distinctive coats of arms upon the shield, indicate their Canadian connection by the wreath of maple leaves. In view of these facts it seems hardly fair to assume that the maple leaf would represent only Ontario if borne upon the flag of the Dominion.

The Maple leaf also appears upon the escutcheon of Quebec. The Provinces of Ontario and Quebec were formerly known by the names of Upper and Lower Canada respectively. The leaf may not have been officially authorized as the distinguishing badge of the Dominion, but it certainly has received the sanction of custom. The maple leaf has always been connected with the name Canada, and Canada now means the whole Dominion. If the old Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada gave the name to our country, there seems to be no incongruity in accepting, as national, the emblem with which that name has always been most intimately associated.

GEO. S. HODGINS.

Windsor, Ont., 29th June, 1895.

SIR,—It is with much surprise that I have read Mr. Sandford Fleming's letter in THE WEEK, of 28th ult., in which he asserts that the Maple Leaf is not regarded as an emblem of Canada, but only of the Province of Ontario. The evidence of coinage, which in the same issue I referred to very briefly, affords overwhelming evidence to the contrary. I will not repeat or enlarge upon what I have said upon this point, except to refer to Quebec, which I did not mention in my letter. There the Maple Leaf appears on coins and medals both official and unofficial, and issued by French-speaking as well as - or perhaps more than - English-speaking people, during Confederation, prior to Confederation, and prior to the Union of 1840. It is, in fact, the only national badge which appears on the coinage of Lower Canada. The Maple Leaf, besides being since Confederation the accepted and recognized badge of all Canada, was previously used as such by at least four of the Provinces, two of the others having no emblem at all; and Mr. Fleming may rest assured that it will never be displaced by a Star, which many, and I believe the great majority of those of our people to whose notice the suggestion has been brought view with extreme dislike, regarding it as the badge of republicanism and annexation. In writing thus, I do not merely express my own opinions, but echo what I have heard said in various forms, and sometimes in much more vigorous language than I have thought well to use, since the Star arose upon our horizon. To the Maple Leaf on the contrary there has not been, so far as I am aware, an objecting voice raised, except by Mr. Fleming, whose objections are forced and illfounded. The very limited approval which has been given to the Star has, I have no doubt, its *raison d'être* simply in the respect and esteem which the people of Canada entertain for Mr. Fleming personally, and if the Star had been suggested by any one of less note or less popular, no notice would have been taken of it.

E. M. CHADWICK.

1st July, 1895.

SIR,—When I first publicly discussed the question of a new emblem on our flag, in my letters to *The Empire*, commencing October 27th, 1893, I said: "What we want is some well-known emblem, one which has been dear to us in

the past, one which shall abide with us in the future, and ever remain the Canadian emblem on the British flag." Now, with all due deference to Dr. Sandford Fleming—for whom I have the greatest respect—could these remarks apply to a "star"? Has a star ever been associated with the national life work of our country? (Except as the rebel-badge of republicanism, as pointed out by Mr. Chadwick). Of course, we know that the maple tree is to be found in the United States and that stars shine over Canada, but it is an undoubted fact that, to Canadians, a "star-flag" is always suggestive of the neighbouring republic; and we should lose much of our identity were we to discard the Maple Leaf for a fraction of the pepper-box corner of the flag of the Union. It is, indeed, news to most of us that the Maple Leaf represents Ontario only! As to Dr. Fleming's objections to the colour, I think that a green leaf on a white disc or shield would form one of the most conspicuous devices it is possible to imagine; it is nature's everlasting colour, symbolic (according to the latest work of reference) of: that which is "characterized by strength or youthful vigor; undecayed, flourishing, fresh as, *green* old age." Mr. Barlow Cumberland strikes the nail on the head when he says that the Maple Leaf is already the flag emblem of Canada, and that if there be a change, the Leaf should be the cognizance in place of the arms. In my last letter to THE WEEK, I spoke of the Yankees boasting that we were obliged to copy a portion of their banner; and the ink was scarcely dry when the *Philadelphia Record* said that we were doing a "delightful thing" in adopting "the same flag," while we were making up our minds to join heart and hand with the United States; that one day we will "undoubtedly be added, seven points and all, to the Star Spangled Banner," where our little star would "shine with a lustre and brilliancy it never knew before!" Thus it is, as might be expected, because some of our people wish to see the star emblem on our flag, the Americans, naturally, imagine that we are anxious for political annexation; but they need not insult us by saying that *then* our national ensign will be crowned with a glory "it will never before have known!" We Canadians repudiate the idea; for we know that there is a glory that is grander, and a lustre that is far more brilliant, ever to be associated with the flag we love so dearly, which has "braved a thousand years"—the British Ensign.

H. SPENCER HOWELL.

Galt, June 29th.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

SIR,—The impending catastrophe, as I fear it must be deemed, of Upper Canada College, will be deplored not by Old Boys alone. Upper Canada College has a history which is valuable in an unhistoric country; it is a centre of attachments and associations, while the pupils of one of our ordinary Public Schools, whatever may be their feelings towards their teacher, have, I suppose, little more feeling towards the school than one has towards a telegraph office or a fire station. It is about the only institution by means of which our wealthy class can pay to the common-wealth the most precious of all their tributes, that of youths who have undergone the very best attainable education without regard to mere commercial results. It has more over a certain measure of educational independence and is more regulated by the general intelligence of the country and less by a bureaucracy than the ordinary High School. We acquiesce in the bureaucratic machine which may be taken to be unalterably established; but we do not want to be rolled quite flat.

It seems too probable, after what has happened, that the College will commence the next term with about a score of boarders. In fact, as matters now stand, it is doomed. The instruction in our High Schools has now been brought up to such a point that we can hardly expect parents to incur a large additional expense for the sake of withdrawing their children from the High School and sending them to a College in convulsions.

Justice to the members of the Managing Board requires us to say that duties have been imposed upon them by the Act of Parliament which they could not be reasonably expected to perform. Most of them are men of business whose time is much occupied, and none of them are experts in education. But they are called upon by the Act of Parliament almost to run the College. Their ordinary duties should have been

limited, as those of English Boards of Trustees practically are, to the supervision of the finance.

This, however, will not account for so extraordinary a step as the abrupt and ignominious dismissal of the principal and whole staff of the College without explanation or specific charge of any kind. It must surely have been evident to the members of the Board that they would thereby shatter public confidence and bring on the disaster which has ensued. The Government, I believe, has a veto on all the proceedings of the Board. Why did it not interpose? Its acquiescence gives colour to the suspicion—which I hope, however, is entirely unfounded—that it wishes to be rid of the financial difficulties connected with the College, and was not unwilling that the Board of Management should cut the knot.

The College, it is to be feared, has now little chance of life, unless the management can be at once transferred to the hands of men whose names are sufficiently well known in connection with education to regain the confidence of the public. It seems that there are nearly seven thousand Old Boys. Among that number surely a sufficient body of competent managers could be found.

If Upper Canada College falls, our wealthy men will very likely be led to send more of their boys to English schools, a practice, which, with all my respect and affection for English places of education, I cannot help thinking injurious to boys who are destined to pass their lives in Canada as well as to this country.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Toronto, June 29th, 1895.

THE PROPOSED QUADRI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

SIR,—It is very gratifying to know that preparations are being made for the fitting celebration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of this continent by Sebastian Cabot, on the 24th June, 1497; and I am quite sure that the people of the Dominion at least will be extremely grateful to Mr. Howland and his associates for assuring them of the opportunity for assisting in so agreeable an event.

But whilst I say this, may I be permitted to correct several historical errors in the committee's programme which appear to me to have crept into it, perhaps quite accidentally. In Mr. Howland's letter to you, published last week, that gentleman, as chairman of the committee, states that "on the 24th of June, 1497, John Cabot sighted that extreme eastern part of Nova Scotia known as Cape Breton. It was the first discovery of the continent of America authoritatively recorded in history." There are several mistakes in this quotation from Mr. Howland's letter which I desire to rectify. (1) There is no historical record to be found anywhere that John Cabot ever visited any part of this continent. (2) It was his son, Sebastian Cabot, who effected its discovery on the 24th June, 1497. (3) Nor is there any record anywhere to be found that Cape Breton was the first point of Cabot's contact with the continent. There is, however, abundant evidence that, in that day, Sebastian Cabot, in command of an expedition composed of five vessels, manned by about 300 men, "caught the first glimpse of Terra Nova" (Newfoundland); that he gave the promontory which he first sighted the name of Prima Vista (now Cape Bonavista); and that "in such abundance were fish discovered in its waters that Sebastian called the country-Boccalieu," a name borne by an island in its neighborhood to this day, which I have visited more than once. As Pedley says in his history*, "the explorers then proceeded southward and westward, taking observations of Nova Scotia and a considerable part of the coast," and necessarily of Cape Breton Island, its outlying north-eastern extremity. From the same history I quote the following "extracts from an account of the privy purse expenses of Henry VII., now amongst MSS. of the British Museum," and "copied from a note to Anderson's History of the Colonial Church (vol. i. p. 8):" the payments being made at periods immediately and some time after the return of the Cabotian expedition:

1497, Aug. 10.—To him that found the New Isle, 10*l*.

1498, March 24.—To Lancelot Thirkell, of London, upon a present for his ship going towards the New Isle, 20*l*.

April 1.—To Thomas Bradley and Lancelot Thirkell, going to the New Isle, 30*l*.

*"History of Newfoundland." By Rev. C. Pedley. London: Longman & Co. 1863. Pp. 5-7.

1503, Sept. 30.—To the merchants of Bristol that have been in the Newfounde Land, 20*l*.

1504, Oct. 17.—To one that brought hawks from the Newfounde Island, 1*l*.

1505, Aug. 25.—To Clay's goying to Richetaurnot with wyld catts and poppingays of the Newfounde Island, for his costs, 13*s*. 4*d*.

I could add any quantity of confirmatory evidence as to the historical accuracy of the facts which I state; but I think you will agree with me that further elaboration is unnecessary.

As I stated before, everybody throughout the Dominion, as well as in Newfoundland, I daresay, will be delighted to know that in this celebration of Cabot's assumed discovery of Cape Breton that heroic voyager's memory will be honoured and preserved. But let it be understood that it is his discovery of Cape Breton, and not of the continent, that is being celebrated, provided there is historical evidence of the former incident. Above all things the perpetuation or attempted perpetuation of errors in reference to accepted historical data, should be avoided. There is nothing to be gained by it and much to be lost. It is, moreover, a domestication of Yankee plagiarism, of which we have too many glaring and grievous instances to complain already. I trust the committee will go on with its very creditable work, but that it will go on with it only on its merits and for what it is really worth.

R. WINTON.

Toronto, June 25th, 1895.

بِسْمِ اللّٰهِ الرَّحْمٰنِ الرَّحِیْمِ .

In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful!
Say I take refuge with the Lord of man,
From the malice of the lurking whisperer,
From evil spirits and evil men.—Koran, chap. CXIV.

SIR,—Allow me to point out that your Paris correspondent is in error in stating that the Prophet Mohammed depended on the sword for the conversion of the Arabs, and that he offered the alternative of the Koran or the sword. Such assertions are wholly unjust. The second chapter of the Koran distinctly lays down, "Let there be no violence in religion." (Sole's translation). "This passage was particularly directed to some of Mohammed's first proselytes, who having sons that had been brought up in idolatry or Judaism, would oblige them to embrace Mohammedanism by force." (Note by Sole). Entire freedom of belief is commanded: "Say, (O, Mohammed) the truth is come from your Lord, so let him who will believe, and let him who will disbelieve." (Koran, chapter XVIII.) War is strikingly limited to self-defence: "And fight for the cause of God against those who fight against you; but commit not the injustice of attacking them first. Verily, God loveth not the unjust." (Chapter II.) "Permission is granted unto those who take arms against the unbelievers, because they have been unjustly persecuted by them and have been turned out of their habitations injuriously, and for no other reason than because they say 'Our Lord is God.' And if God did not repel the violence of some men by others, verily, monasteries and churches and synagogues and mosques, wherein the name of God is frequently commemorated, would be utterly demolished." (Chapter XXII.)

Moslem writers have clearly shown that Mohammed was the most peaceable of men. I beg to refer you to a work by Moulavie Cheragh Ali, of Hyderabad, India, author of "Reforms under Moslem Rule," etc., entitled "A critical exposition of the Jihad, showing that all the wars of Mohammed were defensive, and that aggressive war or compulsory conversion is not allowed in the Koran." I would also refer you to the chapter entitled "The Church Militant of Islam," in "The Life and Teachings of Mohammed," by Syed Ameer Ali, M.A., C.I.E., Judge of the High Court of Judicature in Bengal.

It was the Prophet Jesus, not Mohammed, who said (according to the New Testament) that he came not to bring peace but a sword, and who directed his followers to sell their coats and buy swords. (Luke XXII. 36). However, the words of the Christian Bible must be taken *cum grano salis*, as it has suffered manifest corruptions. Moslems certainly do not believe the absurd story of Jesus cursing the fig tree when disappointed at not finding fruit on it, although it was not the season for figs. (Mark XI. 13).

Circumcision is not obligatory on the convert to Islam, your correspondent to the contrary notwithstanding. "Conversion to Islamism involves no religious formality, and depends upon the authorization of no one. It is sufficient to believe and to proclaim one's belief. The religion of Islam has for its basis faith in the unity of God, and in the mission of His most blessed servant Mohammed. "There is but one God, and Mohammed is His prophet." He who honestly makes this profession of faith thereby becomes a Mussulman. Whoever makes this declaration becomes our brother, for all true believers are brothers." (Vide translation of a letter from Ahmed Essad, Sheikh-ul-Islam, to a German convert, in *Library Magazine*, June, 1888.)

It would be just as reasonable for a former co-religionist of a Japanese, say, on his conversion to Christianity, to suggest that he become private chaplain to Joseph Smith, as to suggest that Père Hyacinthe become private chaplain to the Mahdi. The Mahdi (who died in 1885) was a heretic, and a traitor to Islam.

As to the claim of Père Hyacinthe that Islam is true Christianity, permit me to quote from a proclamation issued by the Church of Islam, Secunderabad, India, which will give an idea of Moslem opinion on that question: "One object of the Church is to prove what all enlightened thinkers must be convinced of, that primitive or Nazarene Christianity and Islam are identical. Christianity, considered apart from the dogmas superadded to the teaching of Christ and his apostles by the Councils of Nicea and Chalcedon, is Islam; and Islam, when the place which Jesus and the Bible occupy in the Koran is recognized and admitted, as all enlightened Mohammedans now admit it, is Christianity.

"Nothing can be more childish than the popular supposition that a Christian, by embracing Islam, denies or abandons Jesus. So far from this being the case, he becomes, by being a Moslem, a true Nazarene or follower of Jesus. The true Jesus, a real and human being, who, mortal, like ourselves, yet lived our mortal life without stain of sin, is revealed to us. We realize and love the human, the suffering, but pure and holy Master, as we never can realize or love the mythical and impossible God-man. He who has realized the true Jesus is found to be a Unitarian; and a Unitarian is bound to follow Mohammed, the greatest of all Unitarians."

Islam asks you to acknowledge the claims of Moses, Jesus and Mohammed as great teachers of revealed religion, and not reject any one of them. Many Moslems also recognize Zoroaster, Buddha and Plato as inspired religious teachers, and it is quite permissible to do so. In short, the Moslem view of the prophetic office and of inspiration is far more broad and liberal than that which is found in the teaching of Christian doctors.

MUSSULMAN.

Goderich, Ont., 28th Shawal, 1312.

CANADIAN BIBLIOGRAPHY: SOME MORE OLD PAMPHLETS.

SIR:—Some time ago Dr. Kingsford and Mr. Lindsey had a correspondence in THE WEEK with reference to old Canadian pamphlets. I felt satisfied at the time that I could supplement the lists of these two gentlemen, the former as given in his Bibliography, and the latter as published in the correspondence referred to, by pamphlets contained in the library of my father, the late Robert Bell, of Carleton Place. Circumstances prevented my examining them at the time, but I have just now obtained a list of those in the collection dated previous to 1850, or bearing no date, but evidently printed prior to that year. I have not compared them with Dr. Kingsford's or Mr. Lindsey's lists, but as I know many of them to be rare, I feel confident that there are some which will not be found in any previously published list. A few are of no historical value, being simply reprints, such, for instance, as the shorter catechism, but interesting as specimens of early Canadian typography. As, however, the collection has, since my father's death, been placed in the library of Queen's University, Kingston, where they are accessible to the student, I send you the list complete, both for the information of students of Canadian history, and with the hope that Dr. Kingsford may be able to find some new titles to add to a later edition of his Bibliography.

J. JONES BELL.

133 Bedford Road, Toronto.

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* * *
Music.

It is astonishing how quickly an instrumentalist or composer jumps into fame sometimes. The world never heard of Mascagni until his "Cavaleria Rusticana" was produced and suddenly his name was on everybody's lips and he was famous. Five or six years ago Paderewski's name was unknown: a few months afterwards he was regarded as one of the greatest of the world's pianists. Some time the early part of last winter the musical people of Berlin were astounded at the marvellous violin playing of a young man, who came upon them without any flourish of trumpets. A pale, modest, delicate young man he was, having no knowledge that he was especially gifted or, indeed, out of the ordinary. The power and brilliancy of his play was such, however, that the audience was dazzled, almost startled. People spoke of Paganini, of witchery, of the superhuman, and expressed the opinion that in works containing feeling, intellectuality and repose, the sensational player would fail. Accordingly a second and a third concert was arranged, the nature of the programmes being such that the most important works in the literature of the violin were performed, and that in a manner almost beyond criticism. His tone was described as glowing with warmth and vitalized passion, his technic so extraordinary that the most complex and torturous difficulties were overcome with apparent ease, and his expression so beautifully refined and symmetrical, as to appeal with irresistible force to the most exacting musical mind. His name was Willy Burmester. No one had heard of him before, and now, almost with a bound, as a brilliant meteor flashes across a darkened sky, he became famous. His subsequent appearances have been just as electrifying, for at this moment all London are wagging their heads to the rhythm of his intoxicating play.

In the June number of *Music* the editor, and excellent writer, Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, writes at considerable length, and very interestingly too, of Louis Moreau Gottschalk, the one time famous American composer and pianist.

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Gottschalk was undoubtedly a great artist and a genius. If we allow our minds to wander back along the years to the time when he was the pet of society, lionized by every body young and old, and then consider what the state of music was in America, and how the people were incapable of appreciating only the commonest trash, we can the better appreciate what Gottschalk was under such conditions, and what we owe to him for the musical culture we now possess. His was a pleasure loving nature; and perhaps he sacrificed the future somewhat for the present, because, living in such an atmosphere and environment, with such a dreamy languorous temperament, it was only natural, without any stimulating influences urging him onward to aim for great and classic ideals, to compose as he felt, and live his own life in his music.

This life was one of yearning and sadness. A yearning for something which never came, and which was destined to tinge his imagination with a sort of passionate regret, and unhappy, plaintive melancholy. Play over his two charming little pieces "Ossian," or the scintillant *Danse Ossianique*, or the fascinating mazaruka, "Souvenir of the Ardennes," with its subtle grace and suggestiveness, and notice how the music lingers around one, and almost saddens.

Or again, play that wail of anguish, "La Morte," with its funeral pathos and march-like rhythm, so filled with grief, and one feels a heart almost breaking, pain and sorrow are expressed as forcibly as if by words. The music of this piece is worthy of any master. It is art. The music of Gottschalk is also original in its way as that of Chopin. It is distinctly American. His "Danse Cubaine," "La Gallina," "Le Banjo," "Columbia," "Printemps d'Amour," "Murmures Eoliens" and many others, shown this character to such an extent that even an uncultivated musical listener detects it at once. The *Trovatore* transcription is wonderfully effective and brilliant, and might have been made by Liszt; and the *Tremolo Etude*, *Pasquinade*, *Morceau de nuit*, *Ricordati*, *Scherzo in d Minor*, *Berceuse*, and the piano arrangement of his symphony "A Night in the Tropics" are pieces which still might be studied by the pianist, and not to his disadvantage either. There can be no doubt that Gottschalk by his finished and brilliant piano playing, and the influence his original and effective piano music had on the minds of the people, was a force in American music which cannot be over-estimated. We owe much to his memory, and it is questionable whether America with all its present day advantages has

as yet given to the world an artist of such dazzling brilliancy and genuine originality.

The musical season in Toronto has at last slipped away, and for the next two months at least, summer band concerts in the Parks and on the Island, with the music of the birds, the murmuring waters and whispering trees, will be all that greets the ear. And in the hot months of July and August we do not wish for more, for the tranquilizing influences of natures grateful and joyous music which always delights and inspires, is all the majority of us desire anyhow, and I for one am going to give way to its seductiveness, and revel in its restful eloquence. So until September at least this column will be closed.

W. O. FORSYTH.

Art Notes.

Although the name of Henry Moore is associated almost exclusively with marine pictures, he did occasionally paint a landscape, a pastoral scene generally, treated with the same breadth as the sea-scapes, and showing the same mastery of effects of atmosphere and light. I was not aware until I saw his "one man" exhibition in Bond street (in 1890, I think) that he had essayed to paint any other than his favorite subject, the sea; but this little exhibition revealed a versatility unsuspected by many. From a commercial stand-point the Bond street venture was not very satisfactory, at least, not during the first few days, for I "happened" in there shortly after it had opened and heard the painter complain that whereas people would buy his work in Burlington House they did not consider it a good investment in Bond street.

In recalling the individual pictures of Moore, one is confronted by a formidable difficulty. It is that there is rather a lack of distinctiveness about his titles. It is easy to remember the names of Turner's pictures, "The Fighting Temeraire," "Ulysses Defying Polyphemus," and "The Burial of Wilkie"; but the class of titles employed by Moore, being merely a nomenclature to designate natural phenomena in given marine situations, is too featureless to be easily memorized. On looking through the catalogues of the Academy you find his pictures named somewhat as follows: "A Ground Swell," "A Choppy Sea in the Channel," "Off the Isle of Wight," "Homeward Bound," "The Ebbing Tide." None of these are particularly impressive titles, but the pictures themselves are so expressive, so unmistakable in their intention that it is almost superfluous to name them at all.

In speaking, last week, of the character of the work of Moore, I made no reference to the distinguishing characteristics of his technique—the manner of the brush. This was mainly because I thought it proper to write my introductory notes on the painter in a way which would recall something of his spirit; and to make an outline impression of the personality of the man unincumbered by considerations of his methods in a strictly technical sense. But to describe him as a craftsman is no easy matter, for he was singularly free from mannerisms; and, having no royal road by which, with a turn of the wrist, he might express his thought, it is difficult to trace the meanderings of his brush. There was a degree of magic in his painting. What Henry James says of Sargent applies almost equally well to Moore: "The process by which the object seen resolves itself into the object pictured is extraordinarily immediate." There is something superficial about the work of a painter whose method is discernible; and there is always a charming mystery about the works of those masters who, having almost unconsciously achieved the desired result, are unable to explain how they did it. The palpable methods attract the vulgar, however. I once

heard a man who was something of a scholar but who was devoid of the aesthetic sense, say that Orchardson had told him that "it was all in the mixing of the colours on the palette." This was of course a libel on Orchardson, who is the least mechanical of painters, but it illustrates the satisfaction felt by the uninitiated in supposing that they have fathomed the mystery of pictorial art. "It is all done by sleight of 'and ye know,'" said a Cockney, who, with his 'Arriet, had noiselessly approached me as I painted the dome of St. Peters from the Campagna. And this is the common opinion. But so long as the National Gallery contains a Rembrandt, and the Louvre a Leonardo; so long as these "painter chaps," like Swan and Guthrie and Sargent and Moore, devote their lives to the single-hearted pursuit of an ideal, there will be pictures which are as moving as a prize song by Wagner, and as unaccountable.

E. WYLY GRIER.

Between Life and Death.

THE NARROW ESCAPE OF A WELL-KNOWN NEWBURGH MAN.

By the Loss of a Finger, Mr. Chas. Moore, of that Village, Nears Death's Door, but is Rescued after Doctors Have Failed.

From the Napanee Beaver.

In the pleasant little village of Newburgh, on the Bay of Quinte Railway, seven miles from Napanee, lives Mr. C. H. Moore and family. They are favourably known throughout the entire section, having been residents of Newburgh for years. Recently Mr. Moore has undergone a terrible sickness, and his restoration to health was the talk of the village, and many even in Napanee and vicinity heard of it, and the result was that *The Beaver* reporter was detailed to make an investigation into the matter. Mr. Moore is a carriage-maker and while working in Finkle's factory last winter met with an accident that caused him the loss of the forefinger of his right hand. It was following this accident that his sickness began. He lost flesh, was pale, suffered from dizziness to the extent that sometimes he could scarcely avoid falling. He consulted physicians and tried numerous medicines, but without any benefit. He was constantly growing worse and the physician seemed puzzled, and none of his friends thought he would recover. One day a neighbour urged Mrs. Moore to persuade her husband to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and after much persuasion he consented. After a few days he began to feel better, and it no longer needed persuasion to induce him to continue the treatment. A marvellous change soon came over him. Each day he seemed to gather new strength and new life, and, after eight boxes had been taken, he found himself again a well man. Mr. Moore is now about sixty-five years of age, he has been healthy and has worked hard all his life until the sickness alluded to, and now, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he is once more able to work in his old accus-tomed way, and does not hesitate to give the credit to the medicine that restored him to health, at a cost no greater than a couple of visits to the doctor.

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LETTERS

DOUBLE SUMMER NUMBER.
June-July, 1895.

ALLADINE AND PALOMIDES. A Prose Play. (Com-
plete). *Maurice Maeterlinck.*
THE DEVIL INSPIRES THE MONK: An Anglo-Saxon
War Story. *Lindsay Todd Damon.*
VIRGIL'S ART. *John Althe.*
THEOCRITUS: Father of Pastoral Poetry. *Joshua
Kendall.*
GREEK TRAITS IN WALT WHITMAN. *Emily Chris-
tina Monk.*
URIEL ACOSTA. (Translated). *Karl Gutzkow. Trans-
lated by Richard Horey and Francois Stewart Jones.*
RUSKIN'S LETTERS TO CHESNEAU: A Record of
Literary Friendship. III. *William G. Kingsland.*
CHOICE OF SUBJECT-MATTER in the Poets: Chaucer,
Spenser, Tennyson, Browning. Part II. of
Annals of a Quiet Browning Club. *I. N. Cog.*
RECENT BRITISH VERSE. P.
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Literary Notes.

The "new woman" is not the growth of the past year or two nor the creature of this country alone. Indeed, her most striking appearance is in Russia, and in the person of Sonya Kovalévsky, the story of whose life is to be published by The Century Company on June 15th. The book has excited great interest in Europe, comparable only to that awakened by the appearance of the memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff; but while the latter was only a morbid, self-conscious girl, Sonya Kovalévsky was a great genius, a mathematician crowned with honours by the leading universities.

Macmillan and Co. announce "The Modern Reader's Bible," a series of books from the Sacred Scriptures presented in modern literary form. The purpose of this series has regard to the Bible as part of the world's literature, without reference to questions of religious or historic criticism. It is based upon the belief that the natural interest of sacred literature is considerably impaired by the form in which the Bible is usually read. The division into chapters and verses was made at a time when the literary significance of Scripture was not much considered. Moreover, the proper arrangement of the printed page, which to a modern reader has by familiarity become essential, and which is adopted as a matter of course in a modern edition of a Greek or Roman classic, has never been applied to our Bibles. Such arrangement includes the distinction between prose and verse; in verse passages the indication to the eye of different metrical forms; the insertion of the names of speakers in dialogue; the assignment of titles to such compositions as discourses and essays. It may be added that the inclusion of many diverse kinds of literature in a single volume is unfavorable to the due appreciation of each. The first volume issued will comprehend "Wisdom Literature." Four leading representatives of this (in the Bible and Apocrypha) will be issued in the order calculated to bring out the connection of their thoughts: *Proverbs*, a miscellany of sayings and poems embodying isolated observations of life; *Ecclesiastus*, a miscellany including longer compositions, still embodying only isolated observations of life; *Ecclesiastes*, *Wisdom of Solomon*, a series of connected writings, embodying, from different standpoints, a solution of the whole mystery of life; *The Book of Job*, a dramatic poem, in which are embodied varying solutions of the mystery of life. Each of the four numbers of this series will be issued as a separate volume, edited, with an introduction, by Richard G. Moulton, M.A. (Camb.), Ph. D. (Penn.), Professor of English Literature in the University of Chicago. The introductions will be confined strictly to the consideration of the book as a piece of literature; what little is added in the way of annotation will be of the same kind. The text will be that of the Revised Version, the marginal readings being usually preferred.

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One would think that sufficient publicity had been given by the papers to the fact that hydrophobia is now definitely known to be a germ-disease, communicable only from one infected animal to another; but the following quotation from *The British Medical Journal* indicates that there is yet room for a "campaign of education," at least in Great Britain: "It is surprising and melancholy to see how the most mischievous popular fallacies seem to die the hardest, and still more vexing is it to find them kept alive by want of what is really ordinary knowledge on the part of a medical practitioner. Of this the following is an example. At an inquest recently held at Chaddle in the case of a child which had died of hydrophobia, the medical practitioner who had attended the patient is represented in the local press as having replied, when asked by a juror whether a child would be liable to take hydrophobia from the bite of a dog not suffering from rabies. 'It just depends upon the constitution of the patient. It does not necessarily follow.' In other words, the occurrence of hydrophobia is not due to the introduction of the specific virus of rabies, but may be caused by any bite of a healthy animal. Such a distressing lack of familiarity with the commonest-known facts about rabies is only paralleled by the celebrated occasion on which a certain surgeon-general stated that if a man broke his leg hydrophobia might result. But such a mistake unfortunately is no merely ridiculous; it causes endless misery, and the worst apprehensions in the minds of those who may endure the common mischance of a bite from a healthy dog. The present instance is an illustration of the very old story that too often a medical man in the witness box forgets when he is speaking as an ordinary witness to facts and when as an expert he should always be on his guard never to express himself in an *ex cathedra* manner on questions of pathology which he is absolutely sure of the facts upon which his opinion is based. It has been truly said that the 'misfortune of ignorance is publicity;' it is doubly so in an instance of this kind."

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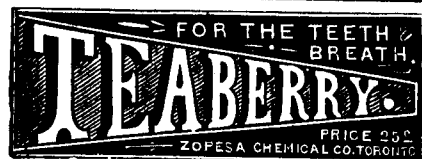
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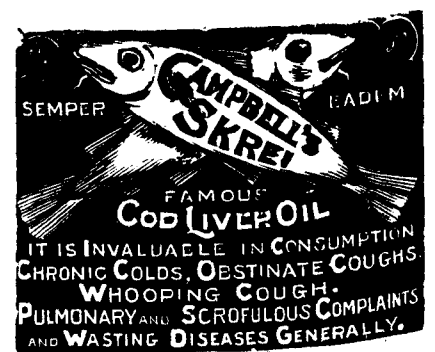
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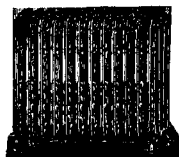
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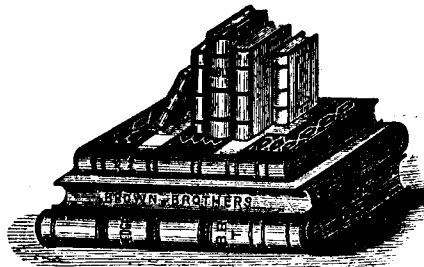
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