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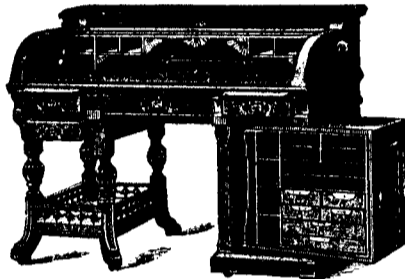
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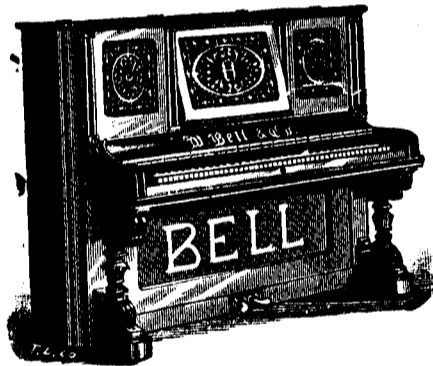
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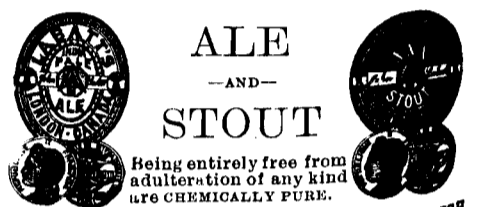
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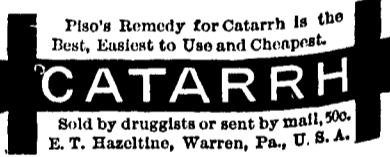
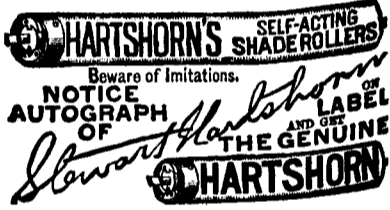


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Eighth Year.
Vol. VIII., No. 15.

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

NEXT to the immediate result of the elections, the most important political event of the hour is the publication of the elaborate paper addressed by the Hon. Edward Blake to the Reform Convention of West Durham. The paper was accompanied with a letter declining the nomination for that constituency, and is a statement of the writer's reasons for severing his connection with the Liberal Party and retiring, for the time being, from public life. The considerations which were thought to impose the "sacred confidence" in which the communication was made, having lost their force on polling day, the document is now given to the public. As an expression of the matured convictions of one of the ablest—in the opinion of many, the very ablest man—who has taken part in the public affairs of Canada during the present generation, as well as one of the most high-minded and incorruptible, the views of Mr. Blake are entitled to a consideration such as is due to those of very few, in Parliament or out. That consideration they will be sure to receive as soon as the intense excitement of the contest, which has for the time being obscured all other issues, shall have subsided. As the paper in question covers a pretty wide range, and as the writer has not felt called upon to state clearly, or at any rate, categorically, his views in regard to the course which should be taken by patriotic Canadians in order to extricate their country from the very serious difficulties with which, in his opinion, it is beset on every hand, our first endeavour shall be to ascertain, as clearly as we may be able, the exact import of his dissertation. We shall merely premise further that all must admire the manly conscientiousness which made it impossible for Mr. Blake "to fight under false colours," or with the mental reservations with which, it is to be feared, too many politicians would have soothed their consciences while aiding the friends for whose success they wished. Differences of opinion may, indeed, exist with regard to the moral courage and patriotism, or their opposites, involved in the policy of silence during the contest. But, in justice to Mr. Blake, it must be borne in mind that, from his point of view, the success of the Opposition was to be desired as the less of two evils on the one side; and, on the other, that he thought the time afforded for discussion altogether too short to admit of the fair presentation and consideration of the views or proposals which it seems to have been his intention to put forward had the general election been delayed until its proper time.

THE first section of Mr. Blake's paper indicates that so far from contemplating retirement from public life, it had been his intention to devote the bulk of his time to the service of his country—an intention which, by the way, it may be hoped has not been permanently changed by the unexpected turn of affairs which has led to his present retirement. He goes on to express his opinion that it is desirable in the interest of the country that the Liberal party should maintain and increase its strength, though the issue of unrestricted reciprocity which it has made "the sole party plank" since 1887 he is unable to approve; that in our present political condition a moderate revenue tariff approximating to free trade with all the world and coupled with liberal provisions for reciprocal free trade with the States, would be, if practicable, our best arrangement, but that the high duties rendered necessary as the result of our course for the last thirteen years, on the one side, and the settled policy of the United States to decline a limited reciprocity, on the other, render the best unattainable; that the Canadian Conservative policy has not only failed to accomplish the predictions of its promoters, but has tended towards disintegration and annexation and has left the country groaning under a burden of accumulated evils, financial, political and moral, which are depicted in the darkest colours throughout two very strongly worded paragraphs; but that we still have a goodly land, endowed with vast resources, and inhabited by virtuous and thrifty populations, and that, therefore, "all is not lost." Turning, then, to the various economic schemes which are advanced with a view to the bettering of our condition in the future, Mr. Blake deals with the principal proposals in order. The idea of a British differential tariff, which finds favour with Imperial Federationists and others, he dismisses, after brief discussion, with the remarks that he cannot bring himself to believe that Great Britain "will ever decide to tax the bread and beef which sustain the toilers in her industrial hive," and that "it seems difficult to conceive a suggestion which, coming from Canada, would be more calculated than this to alienate British feeling; even though accompanied by the sop of a delusive differential duty in favour of British manufactures." Conceding freely the great benefits that would flow to our country from enlarging our exports to Great Britain and elsewhere beyond the seas, and the desirability of making "every prudent effort" to secure such enlargement, he yet believes that "the results of all such efforts must be far below those to flow from a free market throughout our own continent." Unrestricted reciprocity with the United States would give us in practice the blessing of a measure of free trade much larger than we now enjoy, or can otherwise attain,—would bring us "in three words, men, money and markets," the three great needs of our country. Mr. Blake then proceeds to show by an array of arguments which are powerfully presented, though with most of them we are already familiar, that there can be little or no hope of unrestricted reciprocity save on conditions which would be scarcely distinguishable from commercial union, which is "perhaps, the only available plan." But, for obvious reasons, commercial union without some security for permanence would fail to secure the full measure of benefit to Canadian agriculture and the full development of manufacturing and other interests. Permanence is essential to success. Again, commercial union, in spite of high political advantages it would secure to the United Kingdom, would be taken in bad part by the manufacturing interests and other important elements of the population of the Mother Country, and would seriously affect the present tone and feeling in regard to the colonial relation. In Canada, itself, the tendency would be toward political union with the United States. In the United States, while perhaps 50,000,000 of the total population know little, and care less, about free trade with Canada, there is an underlying feeling, deep-seated and widespread, that "some day, sooner or later, a political re-organization of the continent should and must take place; not by force, but by the free consent of its inhabitants." Hence, while it is not absolutely certain that our neighbours would, under existing circumstances, enter into a treaty for unrestricted reciprocity, it is certain that the treaty once made, the vantage ground it would give in various ways which are hinted at or specified, would

naturally be used for the accomplishment of the ulterior purpose of bringing about the unification of the continent.

WHAT, then, is, or would be, were he now at the head of the Liberal party, Mr. Blake's policy? This is a question which, from one point of view, it may seem hardly fair to press in the way of attempting to elicit an answer from his paper, seeing that he more or less explicitly declines to add "any speculations of his own," or to "epitomize the many points which occur upon the several projects for federation with the United Kingdom, for independence, and for political union with the States; all of which are thought to have once been, or still to remain, open in some sense to our choice." And yet this is the question to which, above all others, the many who have been accustomed to look to Mr. Blake for light and guidance, or at least to attach great weight to his opinions as those of one of the clearest, most judicious and most judicial of Canadian thinkers and statesmen, would like a specific answer. We are, we trust, sincerely anxious to do him no injustice by holding him responsible for opinions which he has not explicitly declared; yet it seems to us that no one can carefully follow the course and trend of his whole argument without being convinced that, so far as it is valid, it shuts us up to the conclusion we have above stated, viz.: that political union with the United States is the best if not the only possible escape from the complicated difficulties of the present situation. This is a startling conclusion. We should most gladly see it repudiated on good authority. We should much prefer to be able so to interpret the context as to feel warranted in giving a strong emphasis and a deep significance to the following sentence:—

But next to though much less warmly than political union, they (the people of the United States) would favour Canadian independence; and it is quite possible that in connection with such a policy advantageous international arrangements on various most important points not here brought into discussion might be secured.

But when Mr. Blake can see nothing but disintegration and annexation in the present Conservative policy; when he regards a revenue tax for all the world and restricted reciprocity with the United States—the best policy—as both impracticable and unattainable; when he is persuaded that the sole condition which could make Imperial Federation useful in delivering our country from the slough of despond in which it appears to his eyes to be floundering, is one to which the people of the Mother Country will never consent; when he can dismiss the idea of future independence, which is the hope and inspiration of many young Canadians, in a single sentence; when he can see in unrestricted reciprocity nothing but commercial union, and in commercial union only the prelude to political union; and when the chief objection he has to urge against such a consummation lies, so far as appears, not against the thing itself, but against our thereby allowing our future to be settled "by accident, or unwittingly; by sidewinds or the inglorious policy of drift," instead of choosing it with careful forethought and moving towards it with deliberate purpose—it is certainly not easy to reach any other conclusion than that he, for one, is prepared at least to consider favourably the more direct and deliberate mode of procedure towards an end which the stress of his reasoning goes to present as well nigh inevitable. We say this, not as deprecating or denying the right of loyal Canadians to advocate boldly whatever policy they may believe to be the best for their country. Deep and abiding as is our faith in the ability and purpose of Canadians to carve out a worthy future for their country as a distinct and independent American nation, we recognize as a birthright the fullest liberty of speech in all matters pertaining to her welfare. Nevertheless we have, we must confess, wondered not a little at the way in which Mr. Blake's paper has been received by the loyalist press. Whatever its author's real opinions and purpose, it is a paper which will, in our opinion, do more to encourage whatever of annexationist sentiment there may be in the country than anything that has before been said or written. We venture to hope that Mr. Blake may see it his duty to supplement this negative document at an early day with an explicit, positive declaration of his opinions

and recommendations in regard to the future. If the state of the country be half so desperate as he deems, it is surely a time for men of thought and men of action to come to the front, not retire to the background.

THE struggle is over and the victors and vanquished are anxiously counting up their gains and losses. That they should reach widely different results is nothing new in such cases. The country has, however, once more sustained the Government of Sir John A. Macdonald and its policy. The exact size of the majority it is at present impossible to determine, estimated as it is all the way from twenty to forty-five. Perhaps it may be pretty safely put down as between twenty-five and thirty, though it cannot be forgotten that Government majorities have a marked tendency to grow during the earlier sessions of a Parliamentary term—a fact of which the Canadian general election preceding that just held afforded a striking illustration. The probability, therefore, is that Sir John will find himself sufficiently strong in the new House for all practical purposes and may safely assume that the Dominion as a whole has endorsed the proposed negotiations at Washington, which were the ostensible cause of the somewhat sudden dissolution. On the other hand it is evident that the Government in meeting the House at the end of April will labour under two considerable disadvantages. In the first place it cannot be doubted that the majority supporting it has been considerably reduced. In the second place, and this we are inclined to regard as a still more serious matter, its majority is now very slender in Ontario, by far the largest and most influential of all the members of the Confederation, and has been converted into an actual minority in Quebec, the province next in size and importance. It is easy to conceive of circumstances in which these facts may prove more or less embarrassing, though, of course, the equality of representative rights must be maintained, and the vote of a member from British Columbia or Cape Breton must count for just as much as one from Ontario or Quebec. Such a situation is, nevertheless, not free from danger. Suppose, for instance, a case in which Ontario, which does not hesitate on occasion to remind the smaller provinces that she has to pay the larger proportion of the bills, is outvoted in the matter of a railway or other appropriation for a New Brunswick or British Columbia constituency, by the nearly solid contingents from the smaller provinces, it is not hard to see how such an incident might tend to mar the harmony of the Confederation. There is, however, no means of providing a safeguard against a contingency, which it is to be hoped may never occur. Another somewhat ominous feature of the situation is the fact that the Government losses occurred almost wholly in the rural constituencies, while the cities rallied to its support more strongly than ever. It would be greatly to be regretted should this foreshadow any conflict between the real or fancied interests of city and country. Parliament has been hitherto, happily, pretty free from sectional jealousies of the one kind or the other. We trust it may long continue to be so.

IF it be true, as reported, that Sir John Macdonald proposes to summon Parliament to meet about the last of April—and the session cannot well be put off to a much later date—there will be little time for the proposed deputation to visit Washington and ascertain what can be done in reference to the proposed reciprocity treaty. It has seemed to us from the first that it would have been quite as much in accordance with precedent and preferable in other respects, had the deputation been sent and the outline of treaty agreed upon, or the possibility of agreeing upon one determined, before the dissolution. A majority in the new Parliament could then have been accepted as an approval by the whole people of the draft treaty itself. But the Government chose the other method. It has now received the public endorsement it sought. The course of the election has doubtless deepened in the minds of Sir John and his colleagues the conviction that such a treaty should be secured, if possible on terms consistent with Canadian self-respect, without delay. As any agreement reached will, no doubt, be made subject to Parliamentary ratification, it is specially desirable that the draft treaty should be submitted during the coming session. The whole country will evidently await the action of the Government and the result of the negotiations with anxiety. The interests of the Government, too, are largely involved in the matter, since a failure to obtain some such measure of reciprocity as that indicated as the ground of the dissolu-

tion would give an additional impetus to the agitation for unrestricted reciprocity. This movement, though condemned at the polls, has evidently acquired considerable strength and vitality, and is sure to be vigorously pushed, pending the negotiation of some less objectionable treaty. The Government can hardly hesitate to prove its sincerity and good faith by taking active measures to secure a conference with the Washington Government at the earliest possible moment. In view of these prospective negotiations it is, it seems to us, unfortunate that some of the successful Government candidates, and even the Premier himself, suffered themselves, in the heat of debate, to make use of very uncomplimentary terms in describing the characters and methods of United States' politicians. It may be that those politicians are too well accustomed to that kind of appeal to national prejudices for party purposes to be sensitive to it in their neighbours. Otherwise there might be some danger that the sting left by those disrespectful epithets, whether true or false, might render friendly negotiations between the two Governments difficult if not impossible.

THE bestowal by Mr. J. Ross Robertson, proprietor of the Toronto *Telegram*, of another \$10,000 for the purpose of enlarging and improving the Lakeside Home for sick children, of which he was the founder, is an act which demands thankful recognition by citizens of every class. It is difficult to conceive of a more beneficent charity than this. To have made it possible for every sick and suffering child in the city, whose parents are in straitened circumstances, to be transferred from the discomfort and danger of a close and dingy room in some crowded street or lane, and very likely with unsanitary atmosphere and surroundings, to a pleasant lakeside home with abundance of space, plenty of fresh air, beautiful surroundings and every facility for recovery which kind and careful nursing and good medical attendance can bring, is to have done a work the consciousness of which must bring gratification of no ordinary kind to a generous nature. We congratulate Mr. Robertson on the possession of the means which have enabled him to test the delight which springs from such unselfish deeds, and we congratulate him still more on the possession of the disposition and the motives which have impelled him to undertake and carry out this noble conception.

ACCORDING to a recent careful computation there are, the *Scientific American* tells us, in the United States, in this year 1891, 500,000 seekers for work—a half million people, of both sexes and all ages, looking for employment in gainful occupations—and only 460,000 places to be filled. The figures are based upon actual returns, from the census and other sources, of the total number of persons employed at different periods, and of the increase of the population, showing the average percentage added yearly to the number of persons engaged in all occupations. That is, to keep up the integrity of the work of the country—to keep it up to its full average standard of progression, and fill up the places naturally made vacant—460,000 new places will have to be filled, while the increase of the population shows that there will, in natural order, be 500,000 applicants for these places, without counting, in either case, "the great army of unemployed which through all ages has hung upon the outskirts of civilization." This calculation, on its face, would seem to indicate that after every available situation shall have been filled there must remain in the Republic 40,000 men, women and children, willing and anxious to work, for whom no work can be found. The writer in the *Scientific American* does not use the figures as a basis for any lugubrious forecasts. He even thinks that, in a competition so general and among competitors urged by motives of every degree of forcefulness, it can hardly be said that there is any inexorable law which decrees that only the most fit shall survive. He proceeds, however, to show that for those seeking to obtain employment the main questions will always be in effect: What can you do? and, How well can you do it? The figures are well adapted to suggest a different line of thought. Taken in connection with other facts which recent enquiries have brought to light, showing the depressed and almost desperate condition of the farmers of the Republic, those in the West, as well as those in the East, they present a strange and difficult problem. The first necessities of life are, of course, food and clothing. Both these are directly or indirectly products of the soil, and of the soil only. One might hastily conclude that, given an unlimited supply of arable land, one

of the first and surest results of the pressure of population and over supply of labour would be to stimulate the farming industry and render it remunerative, and consequently to create increased demand for agricultural labour. But in the United States, as well as in Canada, the very opposite seems to be the fact. The price of farm lands has suffered very large reduction in both countries, within the last two or three decades and seems to be still falling. Almost everywhere the farmers are seriously depressed. Many of them are either selling their lands at a very low figure or abandoning them in despair and flocking to the cities, where in thousands of cases they find it very difficult to earn a precarious livelihood. Various explanations have been offered to account for this alarming state of affairs, and many minds of would-be statesmen are even now seeking a solution of the problem, thus far without success. Meanwhile, though it is a poor and unworthy consolation for one in distress to know that his neighbour is as badly off as himself, yet the knowledge of that fact may sometimes be useful in preventing wrong inferences and rash movements. But, while it is well and right that discouraged Canadian farmers should know that the farmers in both the New England and Western States are little if any better off, on the average, it would be we think a *non sequitur* to conclude, as many are arguing, that for that cause we could derive no benefit from reciprocity. It is quite conceivable that two neighbours, equally distressed, may both be greatly profited by freely exchanging with one another those things of which each may have a surplus; and that by a combination of strength and resources they may engage in enterprises and develop industries which will tend to the enrichment of both. That is in fact the very law of trade.

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER, who is just now delivering the course of Gifford lectures in Glasgow University, is, if we may form an opinion from the fragmentary reports which reach us through the press, soaring pretty high in the rarified atmosphere of speculative philosophy. In a recent lecture he seems to have shown at least a decided leaning to a belief in the pre-existence of the soul. He pointed out that man has, everywhere, if left to himself, arrived at the conviction that there is a something within him, besides and distinct from the material body; that this something, this agency within, was conceived of as inhering in or connected with the breath, or *psyche*; and that this *psyche* was not conceived as mere breath or air but as retaining most of those activities which had been ascribed to it during life, such as feeling, perceiving, naming, conceiving, and reasoning. Thus far he does not see what can be brought forward against this primitive and universal form of belief. If there was a something in man that could receive, perceive, and conceive, that something, whatever name we call it, was gone with death. But no one could think that it had been annihilated—*nunquam nihil ex aliquo*. So long, therefore, as the ancient philosophers said no more than that this something, called breath or *psyche*, had left the body and gone somewhere else, he did not see what counter-argument could stop them. So far no exception is likely to be taken by the orthodox to his reasonings. It is when he proceeds to speculate upon the condition of the soul after death that the learned Professor treads on delicate ground. Unless, he says, we can bring ourselves to believe that a soul has a beginning and that our souls sprang into being at the time of our birth, the soul within us must have existed before. In this connection he naturally quotes the familiar lines from Wordsworth:—

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.

Any rising apprehension lest the learned Professor should be about to revive, in some modified form, the old Pythagorean doctrine of transmigration of souls is quelled by a subsequent sentence in which he tells us that however ever convinced we may be of the soul's eternal existence we shall always remain ignorant as to how it existed. The conception of the future state hinted at in the following passage will doubtless appear vague and unsatisfying to those who are accustomed to look forward to such a joyful recognition and reunion as seems inseparable from the Christian doctrine of the resurrection:—

Our soul on awakening here is not quite a stranger to itself and the souls who as our parents, our wives and husbands, our children and our friends, have greeted us first as strangers in this life, but have become to us as if we had known them for ever, and as if we could never lose them again. If it were to be so again in the next life,

there also we should meet at first as strangers till drawn together by the same mysterious love that has drawn us together here, why should we murmur or complain? Thousands of years ago we read of a husband telling his wife, "Verily a wife is not dear, that you may love the wife; but that you may love the soul, therefore a wife is dear." What does that mean? It means that true love consists, not in loving what is perishable, but in discovering and loving what is eternal in man or woman.

W. S. CAINE, formerly a member of the British Parliament, who has recently returned from a tour in India, describes, in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the proceedings at a meeting called to elect delegates to the Indian National Congress, which met at Calcutta in December, and at which he was present. The Congress consists of one thousand representatives. Mr. Caine was deeply impressed with the intense earnestness of the English-speaking natives of India, amongst whom he moved for a time, in regard to the objects for which the National Congress has been formed. They look upon this Congress, Mr. Caine says, not merely as a deliberative assembly in which intelligent and cultured Indians may discuss and resolve upon questions affecting their common weal; they view it as the birthplace of representative government and free Western institutions, which they have been taught to value by the education they have received in their Anglo-vernacular high schools and colleges. "They are familiar with English history, political economy and English classics. Mill, Fawcett, Herbert Spencer, Harriet Martineau and John Morley are household words with them. Their people's associations foster political thought and aspirations, their youth crowd into the universities and colleges, and have their literary clubs and debating societies in every city. The thirst for higher education is unquenchable, and the sacrifice made by thousands of poor families to get their sons a B.A. degree is very pathetic." As a measure of their earnestness Mr. Caine points to the growth of the number of candidates for entrance into the three great universities of Calcutta, Madras and Bombay, within the last ten years. In the year 1879-80 the number of candidates at these universities in the order named was 1,906, 3,300 and 1,003, respectively; in 1889-90 it was 4,802, 7,327 and 3,478 respectively. Mr. Caine pro-

I have not the figures by me for the newer universities of Allahabad and Lahore, but I have no doubt that during the next ten years, the colleges and high schools of India will send at least 300,000 young students into the examination classes for university matriculation, every soul of them filled with ardent political aspirations, based upon the teaching of such writers as I have already quoted.

Does the Government of India really believe they can go on turning out this mass of educated youth, and continue to refuse them all share in the law-making and administration of their own country? If we had intended to keep India subject and servile, we should have kept her sons in Oriental ignorance, and not have stimulated them by a Western education, to the inevitable demand for Western democratic institutions.

LATE European despatches indicate that the soberer second thoughts of the German Emperor and his Cabinet have been wiser, and that they are now inclined to take what seems the more reasonable view, as we indicated last week, of the discourteous treatment of the Empress Frederick in Paris, and to withdraw the orders for the rigid enforcement of the passport regulations on the French frontier. This gathering cloud may therefore soon disappear, unless it should prove true that the war feeling is really reviving, as rumour has it, in France. On the other frontier the alleged movements of the Russian forces are said to be causing some uneasiness at Berlin. Perhaps the surmise that the perpetuation of this feeling is the main object had in view by the Czar in ordering the movements may be their best explanation, though it is not unlikely that the dangerous restiveness of his own down-trodden subjects may be one potent producing cause. As if to aggravate the annoyance arising from these two sources external to the Empire, the Kaiser has suffered his first serious check in the Reichstag, having succeeded, it is said, in preventing the defeat of his Government, in the matter of the proposed addition to the navy, only by the exercise of his own personal influence to prevent members from voting. Be that as it may, the debate seems to have disclosed the significant fact that a majority of the members of the Reichstag, made up of two distinct parties, are resolutely opposed, as well they may be, to the Emperor's ambitious project for making Germany a great naval power. To add to the burden, already almost intol-

erable, imposed in order to maintain their immense army the vast financial obligations involved in the creation of a great navy might well drive even the patient Germans to desperation or despair. Meanwhile, it is said, that either Admiral Hollman or Chancellor Von Caprivi, or both, are in danger of being made the victims of the Emperor's resentment. It is very likely, however, that second thoughts may again prove best. To outside observers the course of events will not be without much interest. Opposition of the kind referred to is well adapted to put the Emperor's liberalism to the test, and one feels disposed to doubt whether a fuller experience of the difficulties of the situation may not tend to cool his zeal for popular reforms, and to harden him more and more into the typical Hohenzollern. Meanwhile we may fancy Bismarck watching the course of events, not without a degree of cynical gratification, especially as there seems a tendency to return to the sterner foreign policy and the more rigorous dealing with the Socialists which were characteristic of the ex-Chancellor's regime.

ART IN CANADA TO-DAY.*

EVERYTHING that grows to-day is from seed planted yesterday. Canadian painters have inherited from the pioneers of the profession in this country the legacy bequeathed by our backwoodsmen to their sons, honesty and industry and a hard but fair field for both. During the later years of colonial life Canada has contributed many brilliant names to the art roll of other lands: the Smillie Brothers, LeClear, Woodward, Rattray, Sandham, Fraser, Walker, Shannon, Peel, Herbert and many more, but in the meantime our own field has been occupied by foreigners. In Western Canada the names signed upon pictures during the last fifty years have been legion. Pilgrims each, as all our fathers were, yet they have helped to plant a stem in the soil of our country from whose vintage we drink to-day. The great majority of visiting artists were British, as their patrons were mostly men whose education and taste were of that careful, academic school. For a time their patronage of art was liberal, but this passed away with the legacies that sustained it; or with the men whose taste and liberality had encouraged the advent of artists of note. But those early days brought to their sons the demands of a busy colonial life, and little opportunity for the culture of the esthetic, and so one by one the artists—birds of passage—disappeared. Paul Kane, the first distinguished Canadian, Sawyer, Fowler, Creswell, Berthon remained. Of these Mr. Berthon's hand alone remains to do honour to the Toronto Law Society in portraits for Osgoode Hall of our distinguished jurists. The Toronto Law Society, inheriting, as many of its members do, the blood and the traditions of the founders of our local commonwealth, has kept alive the spirit of a generous age.

The first, or Upper Canada Art Society, was formed in 1841, the late Mr. J. G. Howard being its chief promoter. It held its first exhibition in the Parliament Buildings, and amongst the pictures shown were a number of valuable works by British painters. The Electoral Division Society next assumed the patronage of the fine arts, and during its existence competitive prizes were offered for both professional and amateur artists. James Armstrong was its most active head; the late Colonel Denison being its first President. This Society was merged into the Industrial and Arts Association, which for years held the gauge of professional merit in the art of the country. In 1873 was formed the first distinctly professional group known as the Ontario Society of Artists, and which, during these eighteen years has placed annually before the people of Canada the best work of our artists. Two years before that date the Art Association of Montreal was organized, and in 1880 H.R.H. the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne inaugurated the Royal Canadian Academy.

Annual exhibitions of meritorious pictures, aided by an Art Union, successfully promoted by the Ontario Society of Artists under the presidency of Hon. G. W. Allan, have contributed much toward an awakening interest in our country's art; but equally potent has been the influence of successes achieved by our younger painters in the capitals of Europe in turning the eyes of the people to what is being done at home.

The art of Canada to-day is a mingling of elements. We refrain from mentioning any names of living men not wishing to discriminate amongst our confrères in any way, although you will not be slow to observe one very natural division, viz.: belonging to the professional society mentioned are fifty members, of these a half-dozen, certainly not more than ten, are native Canadians. The influence of the old world may be seen in the work of many who cherish still the precepts of their masters. Yet it is due to those who have adopted Canada as their home to say they are as Canadian in the faithful reproduction of the pure glories of our climate as those who first saw the sun in our own sky.

Our native artists who have studied abroad are very much inclined to paint a Canadian sky with the haze of Western Europe, and our verdure too as though it grew upon foreign soil. Our art is not Canadian.

* Extract from Paper read before the Canadian Institute, January 31, 1891, by J. W. L. Forster.

The French school to-day rules the art of Europe. No stronger evidence of this is required than the catalogue of the great International Exhibition held in Paris in 1889. The British is the only school distinct from it. Canada furnishes the arena in which the forces of these rival schools contend; and while the restless dispute continues with little sign of truce we may at least expect more universal interest in the true ideal to which our painters look. When a more intelligent conception of the aim of art is possessed by our younger men especially, it may be discovered that both are near a pure and high ideal, and that *rapprochement*, not rivalry, would best serve the occasion; and the union might reasonably be hoped to produce a purer, higher ideal than any yet reached. Material is certainly not wanting nor motif for art of the grandest order.

The first requisite is for a stronger national spirit. Events are slowly developing this, and the signs are full of promise in this direction. The second great need is for a museum equipped with well-chosen specimens of the world's art. Our Government and citizens are establishing schools of industrial and fine art, yet when we would point our pupils to examples of pure art lo, there are none; and when we would know what art has been in order to discover what art may be we must go as exiles and pilgrims to foreign cities, where there is no Canadian air to clear the atmosphere of false traditions, or blow aside the prejudices of antique philosophies—philosophies true enough in themselves, but not adapted to the newer civilization of this continent. We want their history with our hope, their experience with our ambitions, and a museum that gives the best of their art history and achievement will greatly strengthen our hope and give rein to our ambition.

A third need is for capable and generous criticism. There are many men whose discernment and sympathies fit them eminently for the roll of art critic; but as yet journalism has not opened wide the door to advancement in such a specialty. In the meantime, while we wait the advent in Canada of an Albert Wolfe or Hamerton, we declare the unprejudiced impression on the mind of the public to be the fairest gauge of a picture's merit.

No questioning will cast a reasonable doubt upon the claim of an experienced purchaser to first place as connoisseur and critic freed as he is from the narrowing influences of specialties as is the professional artist. But this question we leave for fuller discussion in a later paper, suffice it that for us Canadians in our observation of the nature whose lavish wonders greet the eye everywhere and of the representations of that nature in pictorial art we give our independent judgment the encouragement it deserves. False taste will thereby be corrected and art that is true art greatly encouraged.

PARIS LETTER.

THE Daudet-Hugo marriage was on the verge of becoming a political question. Victor Hugo, who professed no defined creed—save perhaps the worship of himself, as during his later years he was kept alive on incense and flummery—ruled that his granddaughter, Jeanne, should not be married by any clergyman, and as every one in France must be married by the mayor or his deputy, a civil or registrar's marriage is inevitable. This tying up of a lass, not to darken any church door as a bride, was in flagrant contradiction with the poet's writings—unbounded liberty for all, even the Communists. Mlle. Hugo was never "baptized," as is the case too with the daughters of Alexandre Dumas fils and the children of M. Renan; but her civil birth was registered. Victor Hugo never allowed composing poetry and romances to interfere with his book-keeping. He was close-fisted in money matters; he never startled the world with any charitable donation—but he loved mankind. He never "endowed a college or a cat"—but he sang the praises of fraternal help. He invested his vast fortune in the English and Belgian Funds—nothing in French securities. That did not detract from his patriotism, though it may explain the slowness of the coming in of subscriptions for his national monument. The French, however, always generous, expended nearly one million of francs on his pauper's funeral. In addition to a very pretty bride, Alphonse Daudet's eldest son, who is a doctor, receives with her 50,000 frs. a year—her *dot*. Daudet has five children, three sons and two daughters; but he is not rich; royalist by heredity, he has now got on the winning side of politics; his son's union connects them with the republican world. The occasion of the marriage was improved by the publishers of the works of Hugo and Daudet—who advertised accordingly. Henceforth, a civil marriage can be celebrated with all the pomp and circumstance of floral, shrub, tapestry and carpet decorations; plus an orchestra of sixty musicians; and that is the moral of the Daudet-Hugo wedding.

A very important event for Parisians was the opening of the spring racing season at Auteuil. Since November the motely crowd of citizens who live by betting have had no opportunity to put down their money from one fr. up to twenty frs. There was a terrible rush round the betting booths, official or *Pari-Mutuel*, and the private or tolerated. As usual women predominated, then lads, and but too many girls. In addition to the multitudes conveyed by rail the special caravansary drags, with five horses and fifty passengers, were full. I counted no less than sixty-three of these vehicles. The frost being in the air, and deep in the soil, the actual running presented no great attractions. A miracle was witnessed; that of all

the horses entered running. The "submerged tenth" of the horsey world, whose stakes are limited to one or two francs at the book-makers, are deeply interested in the new law or decrees on betting. While denouncing betting as immoral the Government will, till it be ranked among the cardinal virtues, only allow it to take place at the Pari-Mutuel offices on the course when seven per cent. will be struck on receipts, to relieve the poor, as prizes for races, and to promote the breed of horses. The lowest Pari-Mutuel stake registered is five frs. How are cooks, servants, butchers' boys and clerks in their teens to make up such a sum? That's the question. Are the poor not to be allowed to risk their pence?

The Monarchists keep pegging away at Cardinal Lavigerie for counselling those Catholics having no decided preference for any of the five pretenders and three dynasties to adhere to the republic that France has deliberately accepted. The Cardinal reminds all whom it may concern that Catholicism is neither the appanage nor flag of any political party; least of all, he hints, of the royalists who make political capital out of religion, and who while boasting to be the conscience keepers of conservatism did not hesitate to join Boulanger, Rochefort and the anarchists, to overthrow the present constitution—royalists, who at the general elections had not the courage to say they were royalists, and who still at bye-elections conceal their flag in their pocket. Out of the 835 senators and deputies, there are not more than a score of no-surrender royalists. Leave these alone in their glory, and build a golden bridge for the rest.

Macé-Berneau is the policeman's son who, from being a fraudulent bankrupt cooper, was able at thirty-eight years of age to set up in 1886 as a banker in Paris without capital and unknown. He failed a fortnight ago with liabilities to 18,340 gogos, or victims, for 21,000,000 frs. He departed having a stock of bank-notes for 800,000 frs., but without leaving any foot-prints. He captivated his gogo battalions by paying them 120 per cent. on their deposits, and they well knew it was a swindle. But who could resist the fascination of five years' successful gambling? Even the Prince de Monaco cannot separate himself from his Monte Carlo gambling tables. The French papers still daily teem with advertisements offering as high as 60 per cent. for money loaned. The law is powerless to protect those who wish to be swindled.

The card-cheating that Sir W. G. Cumming is charged with committing is not a new trick. Theodore Apoulos, that king of the "grecs"—a cheat at cards is called a grec, and the word is written with a small "g"—was a man of attractive manners, elegant person, and reported rich. He played with princes, and was invited to card parties at Court. But one evening at Marshal Villeroy's, when playing lansquet, a gentleman perceived the Greek assisting Dame Fortune, by dexterously employing his thumbs, which led to Theodore Apoulos being sent to the galleys for life. In the eighteenth century there was a code, *lex non scripta*, that the "grecs" acted upon for their own guidance, fixing the amount of pool credit to be accorded to several categories of people, when playing cards. Thus merchants, goldsmiths and jewellers were game to be plucked to the last feather. A gascon was only good for 18frs.; a prince, for 15 to 30,000 frs.; a lord at court, 300 frs., but his agent, 60,000 frs. While a general was estimated at 3,000 frs., an army contractor was safe for at least 300,000 frs. As for the farmers of taxes, they had an unlimited credit.

The proposed Bill on the right of association will be a great boon, if only for the commencing of the recognition of that right, which does not exist. The Government will not the less keep a grip on the associations, will exercise a veto on their statutes, and will claim the right of dissolution. Social regulations will be applied where the founders of a society are not Frenchmen. Religious bodies will be allowed to have buildings, etc., for hospitals, hospices, orphanages, etc.; but in no case will they be authorized to maintain schools, or industrial and agricultural colonies, for the reformation of juvenile offenders.

M. Thiers hated receptions, and deplored when official life tore him away from his studies. He liked free and easy chats, and never to be interrupted in his flow of talk; but his conversation was ever worth listening to. When he was invited by Louise Philippe to the Chateau d'Eu, his luggage consisted of a trunk full of books, a razor, one shirt, and his night-cap. Having no stock of clothes, he had an excuse to return to Paris.

DR. HANDFIELD JONES defines genius as the highest product of individualism, and says that, while few human beings reach genius, no human unit is without his share of individualism, and it needs only that he be true to himself to develop it. Every man, whatever his station in life, is endowed with a personal equation of thought. He can either simply store the raw material of facts and ideas as they are presented to him by others, or he can digest and reproduce them stamped with the seal of his own individuality. It rests with ourselves either to be mere echoes of knowledge or living voices, recording our own gleanings of truth for the help of coming generations. A man has made a tremendous stride when he has learned to have the courage of his own convictions, and although he may have not reached the first stage of progress until he has subordinated that reverence to a profound respect for his own individual opinion. Think, weigh, analyze rather than repeat, parrot like, the unsupported assertions of others.

MIDNIGHT.

And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and torture, and a touch of joy.
—Burton.

THE busy day hath ceased; the world is still,
And calm, and quiet to my listening ear,
O'er all the tranquil town the dusky night
Hath spread his slumb'rous wing. All, all is peace!
Far off beyond the dimly-outlined church,
Glisten the stones which loving hands have placed
To mark the spot where 'neath the grassy turf
Sleep the departed. Even as I gaze,
With half-suspended breath, the magic wand
Of the magician Sleep, subtle and light,
Touches my eyelids, and the weary years,
That one by one have culled my flowers of youth,
Revolving backward, one by one drop off.
Again I am a child! That gentle voice,
Whose music thrills my heart to tenderness,
That voice low crooning a sweet lullaby,
Is it my mother's? Off ye doubts and fears,
Her arms are round me now; her kisses sweet
Fall on my eyes and lips; her mother-hand
Smooths down my hair, and quiets all my soul.
Ah, this is peace! Surely nor sin, nor care,
May enter through a mother's circling arms!

Poor weary heart, take up thy load again
Now sleep hath fled. That dear delusive dream
Vanished as did the vain, wild dreams of youth.
Still glisten the white tombstones through the night;
The grasses wave to the soft, southing wind;
I almost fancy I can see the rose
Kissing the turf above the sacred spot,
Where, weary years ago, my mother's form
Silent, and still, and cold was laid to rest.
And I was but a child, and did not know
How deep my loss was, but my woman's heart,
Aching, and chilled, and sad, has learned how great.

EMILY McMANUS.

OUR LADY OF THE SLUMS.

AS we all know this is an age in which movements seem to proceed with marvellous rapidity, and in which the unexpected is sure to happen. Had anyone predicted a few years ago that, in an era when science and sensation pretty nearly divide the reading public between them, a book written by the leader of the Salvation Army on the London poor, and the best and most Christian method of helping them, would at once become the book of the season, a large edition being exhausted within three hours; that it would at once be republished on this side of the sea, read by all sects and conditions of men; reviewed in all periodicals, large and small; supply new by-words to writers and talkers in all circles, the prediction would have received as little credence as if he had predicted the Millennium! And had he further predicted that within a few months after the publication of such a book, General Booth would have received expressions of sympathy and substantial aid from peers and prelates, philanthropists and politicians, Royal Academicians and publicists, such a daring individual would have been, with scant ceremony and convenient brevity, denominated "a crank." Yet all this is true, and is already accepted as a matter of course. And it is one of the healthiest signs of the age, and matter for unfeigned rejoicing to all lovers of humanity, that the more fortunate classes have to some extent waked up to the duty of looking upon the things of others, have begun to see that the sin and degradation of "Darkest England" lies in a great measure at the door of that Christian England, which has so long refused to see that it was false to its very name of Christian in taking up the Cain-like attitude: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Many things have helped to bring about this great change of feeling and attitude. The root principles of Christian sociology, so long ignored by the Christian Church, have been brought up in their uncompromising force, to confront her unfaithful inconsistency, by the very secularists who reject the Divine side of her mission, while they have at least retained some of the Christian principles intended to govern all human relations. Stimulated from without as well as from within, the Christian conscience has begun to learn the lesson that the service of God on earth is actually the service of man; and the Salvation Army, as an organization, stands before the world to-day as the most striking expression of Christian love and service for the perishing, of the spirit of the Good Shepherd who goes after that which is lost until he finds it. Of course the work of the Salvation Army is not the only such expression. We all know how many noble hearts and lives are devoted to raising the miserable denizens of London slums. But the Salvation Army had its birth and its very *raison d'être* there; its peculiar features have sprung into being from the sore necessity of the evils it seeks to meet; its history has been shaped and moulded by the work it has set before it, and its long experience and close contact with the "forgotten millions," has placed it in the honourable position of being the first to devise any practicable measure for the solution of this great problem of the day, a measure which has already thrown "Darkest Africa" into the shade (if that is not a contradiction in terms), and divides public attention with Koch's lymph. As a writer in the *Contemporary Review*

recently remarked, no unprejudiced person can fail to be impressed with the great and unprecedented success of the Salvation Army among the lapsed and apparently hopeless classes, and, as we all know, "nothing succeeds like success."

Perhaps none of us out here in Canada—accustomed as some of us are to scenes of poverty and distress—have ever before realized the bitter, abject destitution of General Booth's "Submerged Tenth." Even the distress described in the accounts of the "Dama's" ministrations at the London docks hardly seems to equal, in point of utter wretchedness, the vivid descriptions of the foul and fetid tenement abodes, and of the homeless thousands who must either wander all night, foot sore and weary, or take their chances of rheumatism on the stones of the embankment, or the "soft side of a board" in the park. The description of the plain but clean "Shelters," opened by the Salvation Army, are a blessed relief after the realization of the sufferings of the homeless, and even of the hard conditions of the "casual ward." It is no wonder if the almost hopeless inhabitants of "Darkest England" love and trust the wearer of the dark-blue uniforms, as they learn to appreciate the considerate Christian kindness with which the "Army" tries to surround and soften their hard lots, and too often, also, hard hearts.

The picture of this ever watchful love and self-sacrificing devotion which we find in General Booth's pages and in the other records of Salvation Army work, and the circumstance that so many of the patient devoted alms-workers are women, and that General Booth's great scheme had at least a great part of its inception in the heart of his noble and heroic wife, seem to recall that old poetic conception of the feminine element in the tenderness of the divine Saviour which, as T. W. Robertson truly points out, was the root of the worship of the Virgin Mother. As we think of the multitudes of devoted women who leave comfortable homes, and in some cases West-End drawing rooms, to live amid the wretchedness they seek to relieve, whether they wear the garb of a sisterhood or the familiar Salvation Army bonnet, it seems as if it were scarcely a metaphor to personify the tender compassionate spirit which inspires this multitude of ministering angels under the suggestive name of "Our Lady of the Slums," walking, living, amid the foulest surroundings with unsullied raiment kept pure amid the evil by the invincible panoply of faith and love.

"Our Lady of the Slums" is wise as well as loving—often wiser than the cold professional political economist, wiser sometimes even than the professional "divine." The former will oracularly inform you that it is impossible to raise the degraded denizen of the slums into a respectable worker in one generation. "Our Lady of the Slums" wants nothing impossible—or rather, "what cannot be, love counts it done!" and, in many cases she succeeds, despite the political economist and his dogmas.

And the divine will sometimes ask his well-nourished congregation in well-meant exaltation of the spiritual part of man's being: "What does it matter if a man have not his three meals a day?" It need not matter much to him, indeed, or to the well-fed people he is addressing, if they should occasionally miss a meal which, in some cases, might be a benefit, for which omission they can make ample amends at the next opportunity. But what of those who suffer perpetual hunger—who never have enough to satisfy the natural craving of their physical frames? What of those who have that physical frame depressed and weakened by living for weeks and months on scant and inadequate fare, as many even of our own Canadian labourers do every winter? "Our Lady of the Slums" knows better. "We can't go and talk to people about their souls while their bodies are starving," she says, and says truly: "and sometimes we felt we couldn't go and see people; we had to give up visiting them because we couldn't take them anything." And again, her strong Christian love and common sense speaks out in General Booth's stern, almost scornful words: "Why all this apparatus of churches and meeting-houses to save men from perdition in a world which is to come, while never a helping hand is stretched out to save them from the inferno of the present life. Is it not time that they should concentrate... all their energies on a united effort to break this terrible perpetuity of perdition, and to rescue some at least for whom they profess to believe their Founder died?"

With many honourable individual exceptions, by no means to be overlooked, there is no doubt that the Church at large needs this rousing expostulation; and that it has penetrated to the Christian conscience generally in the clear from the prompt response accorded to his plan for rescue. With this, and with his now famous "Cab Horse Charter," most readers are so familiar that further exposition would be superfluous. And for those who are determined to believe in no poverty save that which is the result of laziness and intemperance this earnest plea to obtain for thousands of brothers and sisters only the privileges of the poor London cabhorse might have both its pathos and its rebuke! For, as he tells us, these privileges are few and simple. The first that where he falls, he is set on his legs again; the second, that every cabhorse in London has three things—a shelter for the night, food for the stomach, and work allotted to it by which it can earn its corn.

The means whereby these privileges are to be secured for many, at least, of the "Submerged Tenth," are very fully and practically detailed by General Booth, with a business-like completeness which of itself shows how thoroughly and practically the problem has been studied. And first it may be observed that "Our Lady of the Slums"

does not stand by the fallen fellow-creature theorizing as to the causes of his fall, or "moralizing the spectacle," like the melancholy Jaques; but sets to work at once to "get him on his legs again," and, in many cases, she succeeds. It is the success she has already had in this labour of love—the good work already done by the hospitable "Shelters," and "Employment Bureaus," and "Labour Factories," that promises success and enlists confidence in the more extended scheme. The "farm colony" which the "city colony" is to feed, and which in turn is to feed it, is a most necessary preliminary and preparation for the over-sea colony, which is certainly by no means a Utopian scheme, on the basis of organization and discipline here set forth. General Booth's remarks on the fatuity and cruelty of encouraging the emigration of a class of emigrants totally unfit to cope with the conditions of a new country should be taken to heart by all concerned, and might surely prevent the recurrence of so many calamitous mistakes which a thoughtless and reckless emigration policy has already inflicted upon us. His sagacity is shown both in the land policy on which his over-sea colony would be founded, and in his recognition of the value of the principle of co-operation to the workers—a principle which should be looked upon as the natural and legitimate complement of the use of the same principle by the capitalists with so much advantage to themselves. Furthermore, the careful and practical consideration for the interests of the poor, in all the different phases of their lives—while it has some numerous aspects of which he is by no means unconscious—has also an irresistible pathos for every thoughtful reader, as bringing out into strong relief the terrible odds against the very poor in almost every aspect of our complex life. Until these odds are, in a spirit of Christian brotherhood, in some way equalized, we cannot hope that the classes, suffering under their pressure, can be much better than they are now. But, in the meantime, it has to be confessed—and bishops and church leaders at home and abroad are freely confessing it—that the conventional Christian Church has too often imitated the conventional Jewish Church in passing by on the other side, or, at best, by presenting the cold and dignified aspect of a well-meaning step-mother, not unwilling to receive the returning penitent, after due admonition, when he comes to abase himself at her feet, and seek in due contrition the shelter of her home. But she is beginning to see the spirit of the true mother in "Our Lady of the Slums," who goes forth to seek for the wandering prodigal in the lanes and by-ways; to throw round him the pleading arms of persevering, unquenchable love; to melt his heart with the tender compassion of her gentle voice and love-lighted eyes; to dare scorn and suffering in the painful search, and, if need will, to follow her divine Lord in laying down her life for the lost sheep. Surely, neither poet nor painter could conceive a worthier ideal of a "Mother of Sorrows"! Let us only learn the lesson that she can teach us, and the problem of the slums, in London and elsewhere, will not be left to perplex a new generation. That a door of hope has been opened, and will open wider still, the prompt response already given to General Booth's impassioned yet practical appeal affords good grounds for hope and trust.

FIDELIS.

A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF AN ANCIENT CANADIAN CITY AND OF THE OLDEST ANGLICAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

OF Canadian cities Three Rivers ranks in age next to the city of Quebec, and is by eight years the senior of Montreal. It is pleasantly situated on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, about midway between Quebec and Montreal, and at the confluence of the River St. Maurice, with its mightier sister. The St. Maurice at its mouth is divided by two islands into three channels, which have the appearance to one sailing up the St. Lawrence of three separate streams. Hence the name given to the spot by Jacques Cartier (or according to some authorities by Champlain), on his voyage to Hochelaga. Champlain visited it in 1603, and marked it as being a suitable place for settlement. Accordingly about fifteen years afterwards it was fixed upon as a trading post for the fur trade, of which it was expected to become a chiefemporium. The year 1618 has sometimes been named as the date of the foundation of the town. At this period, however, and until long after the middle of the seventeenth century, it was chiefly noted as being the scene of the internecine wars which raged between the Indian nations, Iroquois, Algonquins and Hurons, during the early years of the French regime. Under the auspices of Monsieur Montmagny, the French Governor, it was chosen as the place of holding a great meeting of Indian Chiefs about the year 1645, when a short lived treaty of peace was entered into. Before this date it had become the residence of a Deputy of the French Governor. M. D'Ailleboust, who succeeded Montmagny in 1647, had held this office at Three Rivers. Early in the seventeenth century, the pleasantness of the site, the promising prospects of the trading post, and the hope of benefiting the Indians and traders, attracted first the Recollet Fathers, and afterwards the Jesuit Missionaries, to the Trois Rivières as a permanent seat of their work. The first Tripotamian abode of the Jesuits and a fort

were erected in 1634, which is the date, according to most authorities, of the foundation of the town.

Many of the Jesuit Fathers, who afterwards migrated to the Huron country, among them Brebœuf, Jogues and Lallemand, who were barbarously put to death by the Indians, had previously resided and laboured at the Mission of Trois Rivières.

In connection with the subsequent history of Three Rivers the following events may be briefly noted: The 5th February, 1663, was made memorable in New France by the occurrence of an earthquake, graphically and with much circumstantiality described in the "Relations des Jesuites." It was severely felt in Three Rivers and its vicinity. The Fathers relate that "the first shock in that locality was the most violent, and commenced with a noise resembling thunder. The houses were agitated in the same manner as the tops of trees during a tempest with a noise as if fire was crackling in the garrets, and we believe there was not a single shock that did not cause the earth to open more or less."

The above is but a slight specimen of the vivid "relations" of this earthquake. There are those who irreverently suspect that the venerable Fathers made large drafts upon their imaginations when penning the narrative of the phenomenon. There is no doubt, however, that two similar visitations on a smaller scale have occurred within the memory of living man. On November 7, 1842, a shock was felt at Three Rivers which caused the houses to rattle and quiver, many of the inhabitants to rush out into the streets, and a wedding party assembled in church suddenly to disperse. The shock was experienced all along the shore of the St. Lawrence from near Montreal to the Parish of St. Augustine, near Quebec. And again on April 29, 1845, a similar shock was felt in Three Rivers, and also in the city and neighbourhood of Montreal. On this occasion in Three Rivers the concussion caused door bells to ring; the cross over the main entrance to the Roman Catholic church was thrown down, and some of the plaster on the outside walls of the English church shaken out of its place.

But to return to earlier history: In 1684, Baron la Hontan, Lord Lieutenant of the French colony of Placentia, Newfoundland, visited Three Rivers. He describes it as a little town, but states that "its inhabitants are very rich and live in stately houses." He was informed that the natives of the place make the best soldiers in the country. In confirmation of the foregoing compliments, it may be mentioned that another visitor from old France notes in his letters, with evident satisfaction, that the entertainment and viands furnished at Three Rivers equalled those which would have been supplied in many places in old France. And in after years a British Commander in his despatches made specially favourable mention of the Three Rivers militia.

In 1721 the Jesuit Missionary Charlevoix, in the course of his tour through New France, visited Trois Rivières, which he describes as an agreeable place, situated amid a circuit of well cultivated fields.

In 1737 the iron works, long known as the St. Maurice forges, began to be worked near the shores of the river of that name, about nine miles north of Three Rivers. The profits derived therefrom became part of the royal revenue of the kings of France up to the time of the conquest, after which they were worked by lessees of the Government of Canada until the surface ore, which formed the source of supply, having become exhausted, the works were abandoned about twenty years ago.

In June, 1776, during the "Campaign for the Conquest of Canada," which was set on foot by the Congress of the thirteen rebel States, a force of 1800 American troops, under General Thompson, was sent against Three Rivers. They were shelled by gunboats from the river, and after an obstinate struggle on land with the British forces, under Brigadier-General Frazer, were defeated, and the American General with two hundred of his men taken prisoners. The "Battle of Three Rivers" is graphically described in Charles H. Jones' interesting "History of the Campaign for the Conquest of Canada," pp. 72-79.

The edifices which now comprise the Anglican parish church and rectory house of Three Rivers are among the oldest ecclesiastical buildings in America, and probably the very oldest belonging to the Church of England in the Dominion. None have undergone so many changes. Their history in this respect is probably unique on this continent.

Mention has been made above of the residence and mission work of the Jesuits at Three Rivers, but they had been preceded in the field by the Recollet Fathers, a branch of the Order of Franciscan Friars, who had been placed in charge of the missions of New France by Pope Paul IV., in 1618, and had been the only missionaries in that region till 1624.

During the short occupation of the country by the British which followed the capture of Quebec by David Kerrk (or Kirke), in 1629, they retired from New France, and through some occult influence (probably that of the other order of ecclesiastics) were not permitted by the authorities of the Church to resume their work until 1669 or 1670. Soon after this date they returned to Trois Rivières, which had been the scene of their labours half a century before, and erected, probably about 1692, as their residence and their chapel, the edifices above referred to. These they occupied up to the time of the cession of Quebec to Britain, and the consequent change of possession of the lands which had been held by the religious orders under the French regime. In 1760 the Recollet Monas-

tery was converted into the common gao of the District of Three Rivers; the rear half of the chapel into a court house and the front half, in 1762, into a garrison chapel, and the "Protestant parish church of the town of Three Rivers in Canada." This state of things existed till 1820, when, upon the erection of a new gao and court house, the whole building, with the land surrounding it, was granted by the Crown, by Letters Patent signed by the Earl of Dalhousie, the Governor-General, to the Right Reverend Jacob Mountain, the first Anglican Bishop of Quebec, to be held and used forever as a parish church and rectory of the Church of England. The formal consecration of the church, however, did not take place until February 21st, 1830, on which day this ceremony was performed by Bishop Stewart, the church being dedicated to St. James.

The following are the names of the successive rectors, and the years of the incumbency of each: Legère Jean Baptiste Noel Veyssière, 1767-1796; Jehoshaphat Mountain, 1796-1800; Robert Quirk Question Short, 1800-1827; Samuel Simpson Wood, M. A., Cantab, 1828-1868; John Torrance, 1868-1871; John Foster, M.A., 1871-1874; John Hea Jenkins, B.A., 1874-1890. The present rector is the Rev. Henry Coleridge Stuart, M.A., who was appointed upon the decease of the Rev. J. H. Jenkins in the early part of last year.

Besides the above named, several well-known clergymen at various times had temporary charge of the parish. Among these may be named the late Rev. Francis Evans, D. D., afterwards Rector of Woodhouse, Upper Canada; the Rev. J. G. Geddes D. D. now Dean of Niagara; the late Rev. Henry Burges, sometime a master in U. C. College, and for many years incumbent of Nicolet, Lower Canada; Rev. Frederick A. Smith, now Incumbent of New Liverpool in the diocese of Quebec; Rev. G. Heaton, now Vicar of Graine, diocese of Rochester, England.

The existing parish registers date from and have been continuously kept since the year 1768.

A venerable relic of the good Bishop Stewart exists in a small font of Parian marble which he presented to the parish. After a long period of service in Three Rivers Church (having been replaced by one of a more permanent character), it has been transferred to the Indian Mission Church at Lake St John, Province of Quebec, which is now attached to Three Rivers as a Mission Station.

The communion plate of solid silver which belongs to the Church was presented to it in 1824 by the late Hon. Charles Richard Ogden, who for many years represented Three Rivers in the Parliament of Lower Canada, and was Attorney-General of the Province until shortly before his appointment to the same office in the Isle of Man.

The mural tablets erected in the church are worthy of remark. Several of them are memorials to persons of note in the country, or whose descendants have occupied, or do occupy, positions of more or less prominence in Canada. Among the names thus commemorated are: Rev. R. Q. Short, formerly Rector of Three Rivers, and Mary Wood, his wife, one of whose daughters, the late Mrs. Lucy Brock, of Three Rivers, became the wife of the late Captain James Brock, a near relative of General Sir Isaac Brock, and formerly paymaster in H. M. 49th Regiment, from whom that part of Toronto known as Brockton took its name, he having been the grantee from the Crown of a large tract of land in that vicinity. Mr. and Mrs. Short were also the grandparents of the late Edward Carter, Q. C., and the late W. H. Kerr, Q. C., both eminent advocates in Montreal; Harriet Lawrence Ogden, the wife of General Thomas Evans, C. B.; Bartholomew Gagy and Elizabeth his wife, the grandparents of Colonel Bartholomew Conrad Augustus Gagy, a prominent personage in legal, political and military circles in Lower Canada over half a century ago; Ann Mackenzie, wife of Hon. M. Bell; Hon. Matthew Bell, formerly a member of the Legislative Council, and, for more than half a century, lessee of the St. Maurice Forges, the grandfather of Hon. Judge Irvine; of Commissary General Matthew Bell Irvine, C. B., O.M.G., and of Colonel Joseph Bell Forsyth, of Quebec; the Rev. S. S. Wood, the father of S. G. Wood, Esq., Barrister at Law, Toronto; of J. W. H. Wood, of St. Catharines, and of Edward C. F. Wood, of Port Colborne; the Rev. John Torrance; General Thomas Evans, C. B., the grandfather of I. F. Hellmuth, Esq., Barrister at Law, London, Ontario, and father-in-law of Bishop Hellmuth, and of the late Adam Crooks, Q.C., of Toronto. The memorial to the two last named clergymen is a beautiful stained window in three panels over the Chancel. The subject of the centre one, which is more especially in memory of Mr. Wood, is the Good Shepherd.

No space is left for describing the curious old mansion, successively monastery, gao and rectory (the interior of which is now much modernized), except by quoting from the memoir of Bishop G. J. Mountain his pen picture of it. "I delight in the character of this strange rambling building, especially in this country, where there is so little that approaches to the venerable in the works of man. The walls are of the most massive thickness; but what I like most is a heavy arch under which you pass to gain the stairs, and the staircase itself, which is very wide, with an antique and cumbrous banister or balustrade. In the lower part of the building, which is rude and strangely divided, owing to the different uses to which it has successively been put, and in which, although I can-

* "Memoir of G. J. Mountain, late Bishop of Quebec," by Rev. A. W. Mountain, page 148. See also page 223.

not say that the hands of the builders have been employed 'to raise the ceiling's fretted height,' nor in 'each panel with achievements clothing' nor in making 'rich windows that exclude the light' yet there are plenty of 'passages which lead to nothing.'

Not only because of their history and associations are this ancient church and rectory of more than ordinary interest, but also on account of their being one of the few material and visible landmarks and witnesses on the shores of the St. Lawrence in French Canada, outside of the cities of Quebec and Montreal, of the faith and worship of the Church of England; a venerable pile which may be regarded, according to the predilection of the beholder, as a symbol in stone of the work of the Reformation, or as a type of the essential unity of Christendom.

S. G. WOOD.

A PLEA FOR OSTRACISM.

MIGHT not modern democracies profit by adopting some wisely modified form of ostracism? This peculiar institution, so ably defended by Grote, was also approved of by the master-thinker Aristotle. It saved the commonwealth of Athens from sundry dangers for a century, and its principle was copied by other ancient states with democratic constitutions during crises in their history.

It will be remembered by most students that, when the senate and public assembly of Athens decided that any too powerful citizen or citizens might endanger the stability of the state, these bodies named a day for a plebiscitum. On this day each voter was entitled to write on a shell the name of the individual he thought most dangerous to the commonwealth, and to drop this shell into a receptacle provided for the purpose. No name was suggested to the people, but if any individual happened to be named on 6,000 ballots ("one fourth of the entire citizen population," says Grote), he was exiled for ten years. He retained his property and could travel where he pleased, outside of Attica. Ostracism was instituted as a safeguard to the state, not as a punishment for individuals. Indeed it was a strong evidence of a man's prominence in his native country, and a man so exiled usually enjoyed a good deal of prestige abroad.

Have not modern republics in Hayti and Central and South America repeatedly had their Governments violently upset, as Athens had, by intriguing military leaders? Might they not to some extent guard themselves against this danger, as Athens did, by some form of ostracism? When the personality of an untrustworthy individual looms ominously large before the people, would it not be desirable that they should have some method of decreeing his peaceful withdrawal, as a precaution, not as a punishment? Should not the reputable element in a democracy—the men who prefer the welfare of the state to the triumph of any person or party—have the privilege of voting to avert a threatened crisis, instead of being constrained to battle with it?

Were the principles of ostracism adopted by a nation, the machinery could easily be arranged. One method would be to require the president, on the signed petition of a large and specified number of voters, to name a day for the people to give their answer, by secret ballot, to some such questions as these: "Have you good reason to believe that any citizen is so dangerous to the state as to justify his summary exile? If so, who?" If a fixed proportion of the registered voters (not of those voting on the occasion) should name the same individual, this would constitute a verdict of ostracism. What this proportion ought to be would of course need grave consideration. It might, perhaps, vary from a third, a fourth or a fifth of the registered voters, in a small republic, to an eighth or even a tenth in a large one. For it seems clear that the percentage must be greater in a small than in a large state of persons who have direct and reliable knowledge of each prominent citizen and who are qualified to gauge his ambition, his conscientiousness, and his resources.

If the adoption of this expedient might enable Hispano-American commonwealths to get rid of menacing military adventurers, it might help France in dealing with her Boulangers and pretenders. In the great republic on our borders there were some years ago persons who, misconstruing the character of General Grant, spoke much of the dangers of Caesarism and military dictatorships. But dismissing such fears as chimeras, our neighbours may have quite as formidable public enemies in the shape of influential demagogues. May there not arise in the United States, may there not be there now, some great political wire-puller, eloquent and magnetic, shifty and masterful, skilful in playing on passions and prejudices, a leader preferring his own aggrandizement to the welfare of his race, who would stoop to risk the peace of his country for the chance of winning some ignorant votes, and who would not shrink from burning the record of his errors even in the blaze of a fratricidal war? If it has a citizen so brilliant and so unscrupulous, might not the American Union also profit by copying the old Athenian institution?

To get rid of self-seeking demagogues was not, it is true, the original object of ostracism, which was designed merely to guard the Government (which had no standing army to sustain it) from falling into the hands of usurping despots. And this suggests the reflection that, as novel uses of the institution would be probable in a modern community, novel abuses of the institution would be probable also. Though the name of nobody would be placed before the voters, and even though it should be made a misdemeanour

to canvas against any individual, yet some worthy and high-minded citizen might have unselfishly championed a cause obnoxious to so many of his countrymen as to render his ostracism quite possible. An energetic apostle of direct taxation, or of a single-tax, or of female suffrage, or of more generous treatment of the Chinese, or of checking the tyranny of labour unions, or of curtailing ornamental studies in the public schools, might find himself sentenced to involuntary absence from his country. But to such a man his exile would be a glory and not a shame. He would be welcomed and honoured by the thinkers and reformers of every civilized country, even by those who disagreed with his theories. His property would remain in his possession and, if he needed it, lucrative employment would readily be found for a man so eminent as he would necessarily be. Suppose there were in this Dominion enough bigoted prohibitionists to ostracise Mr. Goldwin Smith on account of his disinterested opposition to their favourite panacea, or suppose there were enough bigoted patriots to ostracize him on account of his "manifest destiny" utterances, is it likely that the status or the property of that great writer and honourable man would be impaired? If the machine politicians, who sneer at men who combat their party when they think their party wrong, could prevail on enough voters in the United States to ostracize that arch-mugwump, George William Curtis, they would only send him abroad with his character as a patriot enhanced and his income as a writer doubled. And in case the leaders of any political party were silly enough to remove a worthy but too popular standard-bearer of the opposite party by inducing their rank and file to vote falsely that he was a danger to the state, it is not likely that the blunder would ever be repeated. Sympathy for the distinguished exile and indignation against the dirty tactics of his foes would do more effective work for his party than his presence and his leadership could possibly perform.

As to whether any system based on the principle of ostracism would be workable in a modern nation, or whether its good would outweigh its evil, I can only hazard a guess. This is merely a crude and hasty suggestion, diffidently offered for the consideration of deeper thinkers.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

HER GRAVE.

IN beauty as He moulded her
Four years ago God gathered her,—
A tender lamb, and folded her,
An orphan child, and fathered her.

I stand beside the grave of her
And know that lying shattered there
Is nothing that I crave of her,
For only dust is scattered there.

But springing like the flowers on it
My thoughts spring in the heart of me;
I face the silent powers on it,
Nor fear that death is part of me.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

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CONGREGATIONALISM IN CANADA.

THIS ecclesiastical body, when stock is taken of its history, status and influence, presents the singular and instructive example of a religious denomination that has missed its opportunity. Time was when its future was bright with hopefulness and promise. It is now rather more than fifty years since it commenced active operations in this country. Half a century ago, its chief representative men were Rev. Adam (afterwards Dr.) Lillie, Rev. John Roaf, Rev. Henry (afterwards Dr.) Wilkes. Mr. Roaf, of Toronto was, by all odds, the foremost man of the trio. He threw himself into the arena of public discussion on all the great questions of the day, and was a mighty power in the fight that ended in the abolition of the clergy reserves and the complete separation between church and state. No ecclesiastical person in his day wielded greater influence. He was the rival and more than the equal of the late Bishop Strachan, and won the battle in which they were the most conspicuous generals. Ontario owes much to Rev. John Roaf, and should erect a monument to his memory. In his palmy days, the late Hons. James Harvey Price and Dr. Rolph were members of his congregation and pillars of the church to which he ministered. Other historic men rallied round him. The late Hon. Robert Baldwin was his warm and intimate friend. He did much to mould the late Hon. George Brown into the statesman he afterwards became, and was the trusted adviser of the great leaders of the Liberal party.

The work of planting Congregationalism in Canada was undertaken by the Colonial Missionary Society of Great Britain. From the first Australia was its pet field. It never apprehended the magnitude of the task of Congregationalizing Canada. It began to build a tower without counting the cost, and betrayed a want of large, liberal, energetic ideas from the outset. Results did not come quickly enough. The few missionaries that were sent out were harassed with complaints, funds were doled out with a niggardly hand, and the work was crippled in its earlier stages. The Society tried to do a large business on a small capital, with the usual result.

There has never been at any time a considerable emi-

gration of Congregationalists to this country. The great bulk of the members of this denomination in Great Britain are a comfortable, middle-class, well-to-do people who stay where they are, instead of seeking fresh fields and pastures new. Emigration has largely built up Episcopacy, Presbyterianism and Methodism in this country. The Baptists also have received much aid from this source, especially from the U. S., but the Congregationalists very little. Of the comparatively few who have come here, the larger proportion have joined other denominations, finding in them an able ministry, religious earnestness, and sufficient popular liberty to satisfy them. With absolute equality in the eye of the law, there entered into all the churches in this country advanced ideas as to the rights of the laity. These have been gaining ground year by year, and have rendered the *raison d'être* for Congregationalism less manifest. When one business firm has a monopoly of a certain line of goods, it will do a far larger trade than when all other houses deal in the same article. The same is true of ecclesiastical freedom.

Congregational churches have, in many cases, been in an unfavourable position for carrying out their own principles. Receiving missionary funds, there has been of necessity a degree of supervision hardly consonant with local independence. However wisely exercised, supervision occasions more or less of friction, and, with no nominal authority, there has been much of the real article. The slow growth of churches, handicapped in various ways, has led enterprising spirits to connect themselves with other bodies in which they saw larger scope and greater possibilities. Many leading members of other denominations had a Congregational training, and carried with them where they went a leaven which has been mightily at work. The old foggyism of more than one church that might be named has found the active germ of Congregationalism a source of prosperity, and to-day, in the case of some of them, this is what Sir Robert Peel designated Ireland, which he styled "his difficulty." We need go no farther back in proof of this than the recent troubles in the Niagara and Toronto Conferences of the Methodist Church, where the assertion of the rights of the laity could not be repressed, and where they were asserted in a way that has led to their practical recognition by the General Conference at its meeting lately held in Montreal.

It is impossible to repress a feeling of generous sympathy toward a body, strong in England and the United States; always in the van of every thing calculated to promote the public welfare; noted from the days of Oliver Cromwell, John Milton and John Howe, for all that tends to make a nation great; a liberal contributor to the advanced thought of the past and present; conspicuous at once for learning and piety; struggling here in Canada with adverse circumstances, and barely able to hold its own. The recent union meeting in Kingston had to look in the face a missionary society seriously in debt, and a college in financial difficulties; while its brethman, after delivering a brilliant address, bade his brethren farewell, returning to England because he was too large for the place in which he had been settled, and no other more roomy was open to him. The missionary deficit has grown to what it is because of want of sympathy and confidence in regard to the management. In the west, the churches, largely tintured with the spirit of English independency, kick against ecclesiastical supervision; in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces an opposite feeling prevails. The representative laymen of Ontario, thinned by the occurrence of the Provincial elections, were not in full force at the union meeting, and the opportunity offered for the abolition of the office of the Missionary Superintendent, by the resignation of the incumbent, was not improved, a circumstance that will not tend to loosen the purse-strings or enhance the interest felt in missionary matters. It is passing strange that the Congregationalists should perpetuate an office, which, by whatever name it may be called, is a virtual Episcopate, with powers utterly incompatible with the independence of the local church.

The Congregational College of British North America has had a highly honourable history, and, though now in financial difficulty, deserves to be liberated, if only for the good it has done in days gone by. It has turned out upwards of 120 alumni. Owing to the discouragements of the Canadian field, many of them have gone to other lands and to other denominations. Dr. Cunningham Geikie, author of "Life and Words of Christ," is an alumnus of this institution. Two of its graduates are pastors in London, England. Several are settled in the United States. Among these may be named Marling of New York City, Silcox of San Francisco, McGregor of Providence, R. I., and Sherrill of Cleveland, O. The college has a substantial building, free of debt, in Montreal, with capacity for about twenty students. Rev. Dr. Barbour, formerly of Yale College, is the honoured and beloved Principal. But it struggles for existence. An endowment fund of \$50,000 lacks about \$15,000 of completion. The location of the college is, in some respects, unsuitable. Montreal is a Romish city, and there are practically but two denominations there, Catholic and Protestant. The students lack denominational *esprit de corps*, and are too far away from the Western churches, which are the more numerous and influential of the body, to be in thorough sympathetic touch with them.

The great practical difficulty with the Congregational Churches of Canada is the lack of members fully imbued with the principles of the denomination. Too often they are mere caves of Adullam, in which dissatisfied members

of other churches have sought refuge. They have brought with them heterogeneous and motley ideas of ecclesiastical polity. There is a conspicuous lack of denominational esprit du corps. It is a great misfortune for a church to become the dumping-ground to which the rubbish and refuse of other churches is transported. When the features of a denomination become so blurred that it can with difficulty be distinguished from others, the days of its usefulness are ended. Its faith and polity must be distinctive enough to be magnetic. Those who are drawn to it should come not because it is so composite and comprehensive as to admit stragglers of all kinds, but because it is so well defined that they know it will be home to them. Congregationalism in Canada is a sort of omnium gatherum. Its churches have in them a large percentage of cranks. They have also an undue proportion of men ambitious to be "lords over God's heritage." The phrase, "my lords, the deacons," has become proverbial. Some churches are swayed by a master hand, which has grasped and held the reins of power in spite of all opposition. This has been conspicuously the case in London, Ontario, where the despotism of long years has at length culminated in a lamentable split. In Toronto, the endless divisibility of small churches has been illustrated, resulting in a large numerical count of weak causes, presided over by as many light-weight ministers. With a polity that forbids every thing of the kind, centralization has long been the conspicuous aim, and to-day the destinies of the denomination are controlled by a clique, whose headquarters are in Montreal, Ottawa, and Kingston. Toronto, with all its importance as the chief city of Ontario, is not in the swim at all, and there is talk of a rival college and other enterprises to be located there. The Congregational Union is a misnomer. There is no harmony in council or action. A brave element struggles for old-time independence, but the sons of Zerniah are too strong for them, and the ruling spirits vainly strive to ape the centralizing policy, which, however much it may benefit other denominations, is fatal to the well-working of a system whose corner-stone is local self-government.

These lines are penned in no unkindly spirit. The writer of them would rejoice to see Congregationalism flourishing in a vigorous manhood, instead of drooping beneath the weight of premature old age and unnatural decay. But, unless there is a speedy outbreak of new life, the process of decline which is now going on will gradually result in the absorption of the weaker churches by other denominations, while, at a few chief points only, Congregationalism will continue to "hold the fort," and tell the pathetic story of what "might have been."

WARFLECK.

A PEEP AT THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT IN SESSION.

BY A CANADIAN LADY.

WHEN in England last summer it was my very good fortune to have in town a friend who is an Irish Conservative, and an influential member of the House of Commons. Owing to his kindness I received a ticket of admission to the Sergeant-at-Arms' gallery for a day on which it was expected that some good speeches would be delivered in the House.

As I was very desirous of seeing the Speaker come in, and my friend had promised to take me through some of the different rooms in the building before that ceremony, I drove down Whitehall and reached Parliament Street just as the chimes of Westminster rang out half-past two. On enquiring of a policeman which entrance to seek, he looked at me half-suspiciously before answering, but when I produced my ticket of admission, his manner became distinctly suave, and he condescended to give me a few unintelligible directions. As a whole, the London policemen form a sort of walking encyclopædia; the guardians of the Parliament Buildings alone having a distressing vagueness about them, which arises, perhaps, from their feeling the added dignity of their position.

After interviewing five of them in succession, and thus, piece by piece, eliciting the coveted information, I at length found myself at the foot of the staircase leading to the Sergeant-at-Arms' gallery, where my friend was to meet me. To reach this I had passed through two long halls lined with marble statues and immovable policemen.

Mr. J. welcomed me kindly, and said that there would be only time to go through the libraries before three o'clock. Just as Big Ben was heard rolling out the hour from his tall clock-tower, we rushed into the lobby in time to see Mr. Peel in his wig and robes of state, preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms in his knickerbockers and silk stockings, carrying the mace. The Speaker's long train was borne by two gentlemen, also in wigs.

When we had watched the procession disappear, Mr. J. placed me in the hands of a policeman, and then went into prayers. I was conducted up some flights of small stairs, across a sort of lobby, and from there a messenger ushered me through a turn-stile arrangement and into a long box not unlike a cage, and capable of holding eight persons. Here, my seat being allotted to me, I began to note the surroundings.

Just opposite me on the ground floor was the Speaker's chair, and in front of it a desk at which sat two bewigged gentlemen. Before this desk was placed a long table covered with documents and papers of all kinds. Down either side of the room ran the benches, cushioned in dark

green which were occupied by the members, the Conservatives being at the Speaker's right hand, and the Liberals at his left. Directly above his chair was a cross gallery, devoted to reporters, above which again was the ladies' gallery, the latter protected in front by a frail iron screen, giving to it the cage-like appearance I had noticed in my own quarters.

Just below the Sergeant-at-Arms' gallery are several rows of seats divided off into the Speaker's, Peer's, and strangers' galleries, while those at either side of the House, and above the members' benches are the members' galleries. On the left-hand side of the body of the House and near the door is the seat of the Sergeant-at-Arms. It, however, was invisible from my position.

Prayers over, the members flocked in in great numbers, and soon the Liberal benches were well filled. In the midst of "Questions," remarking no small stir in the ladies' gallery, I ascertained that the cause of the sudden excitement was the entrance from behind the Speaker's chair of a fine looking old gentleman in black, wearing a large button-hole bouquet, and this, together with his collar and no small likeness to the portrait in advertisements of a well-known baking powder company, revealed him at once as the Right Honourable Mr. Gladstone. He advanced slowly and took his seat in the front row on his own side of the House. From that moment his attention never flagged, and in his listening attitude with his hand always placed behind his right ear he kept his keen eyes ever fixed on the face of the person speaking. Next to him sat Sir William Harcourt, burly, and with clear-cut features, whose very gestures and voice alone were belligerent. During his speeches the cries of "Order," "Order" were immoderately frequent.

Opposite to him was Mr. Goschen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose rugged features and harsh voice claimed attention at once. His manner of speaking, though at first rather unpleasant to the ear, had a certain fascination, and I found myself strongly impressed by his curt incisive sentences. His neighbour, Hon. Arthur Balfour, Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was decidedly the handsomest man in the House, and with his charming manner, negligent grace, and exquisite voice seemed incapable of rousing the storm that inevitably followed whenever he rose to speak. Mr. Smith, the first Lord of the Treasury, seemed a quiet little man, but elicited bursts of frequent merriment by his mildly-sarcastic humour.

At five o'clock Mr. J. came to tell me that tea was ready down on the Terrace. First, however, he kindly offered to take me into the House of Lords, and accordingly we made our way there. What a difference between it and the Lower House. Most of the peers seemed half asleep; indeed Lord Brassey with his hat on and his head sunk low upon his chest might have been—probably was—far away in dream-land; and in the drowsy stillness the voice of the Duke of Richmond, who was then speaking, hummed on in a dull monotone, while in the room we had just left all was stir, activity, life—the life of the affairs of the nation.

Strangers visiting the House of Lords are allowed to stand at the back of the room and opposite the Lord Chancellor, a railing dividing them off from the body of the House. The Marquis of Salisbury, a good-humoured looking old gentleman, went out as we were standing there.

Tea on the Terrace is a most enjoyable affair. The long balustraded stone gallery, running along the edge of the Thames, is, at this time of day, and in the evening, crowded with members sitting in groups at different little tables, or lounging on benches, or strolling lazily up and down. Some few ladies are generally to be seen there also. Across the river the Seven Hospitals, known as St. Thomas, loom up, and over the Bridge the ceaseless stream of life goes on unremittingly. From the cool quiet of the Terrace, one watches, as it were apart, the flow of 'busses, carts, cabs, and foot passengers never stopping, never halting, while on the water itself the penny boats and the barges ply restlessly to and fro. I was loath to leave the delightful spot, but a visit to St. Stephen's next claimed our attention. Mr. J. took me through innumerable passages, until, stopping at a small octagonal chamber, he said: "This is where the death-warrant of King Charles I. was signed." With what interest did I gaze into that quiet little room. How one could imagine all the details of that solemn occasion. Passing on we entered what seemed to me the most exquisite place I had ever seen. We were in St. Stephen's or the Crypt. I can not attempt to describe its sacred beauty. The rich colouring of the walls and roof—even of the mosaic floor, in blue, scarlet, and gold—is exquisite. La Sainte Chapelle in Paris can alone be compared with it.

By the time we again reached the Terrace we felt quite ready for dinner, so repaired to one of the members' dining-halls, where Mr. J. had engaged a table. Everything was excellently cooked and served, and between the courses I was much interested in noting the various people around us. At the head of the next table sat Lady Arthur Hill as charming as her own verses, while her mother-in-law, the Marchioness of Downshire, was another of the same party. These two ladies produced an operetta last spring in London.

When we went out on the Terrace for our coffee, the great city was lighted up, and the scene was, if possible, more attractive than before. We were not long left in undisturbed enjoyment of it however, for at the cry of "Division" all the members flew away like a flock of black

birds, and in a few seconds the place was deserted save by the ladies left behind in the general rush. After a moment, however, Mr. J. returned saying that this was a false alarm, but that if I again took my seat up in the gallery I might see a division later on, and his words were prophetic. After a very short time "eyes to the right and now to the left" was the cry from the table before the Speaker's chair, Mr. Peel himself having left the house. The division over, four gentlemen, two from each party, walked up to this table, bowed, and read aloud the returns; when they had been repeated by the Speaker's Deputy the doors were again unlocked.

While down on the Terrace we had been joined by Sir Richard Temple, and I now noticed him among the other members surging beneath me. I was informed that he had not missed one division during the whole of the last session of the House. He is quite remarkable for the regularity with which he attends in his place.

As it was stated that there was not likely to be anything of much further interest that evening, and it was verging on towards eleven, Mr. J. escorted me down through spacious Westminster Hall, where no one is now allowed to pass save with a member, and, still admiring its vastness and its statues, we entered Palace yard, where a hansom was quickly hailed by one of the ever-present policemen and thus ended one of the most pleasant and eventful days of my tour abroad.

K. H. Mcd.

THE SILVER QUESTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE money problem is a difficult one, and it is probably on that account that it is pushed aside by the masses. During the last few years the claims of silver have been vigorously advocated in the United States, with the result that it is now one of the most important questions before Congress. The masses are now taking hold of the subject, and many industrial bodies, including the Farmers' Alliance, are demanding the free coinage of silver.

As is well known, prior to 1873 the United States enjoyed the double standard. That is, silver was as good money as gold, was received in payment of all debts, public and private, of any amount. During that year the Congress of the United States passed a law demonetizing silver and making gold the only standard of values. It is not necessary to enquire into the purpose or motive of Congress in passing such a law; but it is a matter of record that outside of two, or three of the promoters of the Bill, including John Sherman, Congress had no idea that the Bill would demonetize silver, much less of its far-reaching, sinister results. When the Bland law was under discussion in Congress in 1878, Mr. Blaine was made to say in regard to this point:—

"I do not mean ignorance of this particular provision, but I mean ignorance of its effect. He had just admitted while defending the good faith of those who were active in their support of the Bill, that the truth is, nobody cared about it; there was no great attention called to it. We are all a good deal wiser to-day than we were then. . . . We were in pure and absolute ignorance of the whole subject. It was not known."

Mr. Blaine was Speaker when the Bill passed. Mr. Voorhees said: "I frankly say that I did not know anything that was in the Bill at all." Mr. Thurman said: "I cannot say what took place in the House, but I know when the Bill was pending in the Senate we thought it was simply a Bill to reform the mint, regulate coinage and fix up one thing and another, and there is not a single man in the Senate, I think, unless a member of the committee from which the Bill came, who had the slightest idea that it was even a squint toward demonetization." Mr. Kelly, of Pennsylvania, who was himself Chairman of the Committee on Coinage, said: "I was ignorant of the fact that it would demonetize the silver dollar."

The evidence is equally conclusive that President Grant, when he signed the Bill, was ignorant of its purpose and effect. Never was blind legislation followed with more disastrous results, and yet in spite of the fact that the Bill was conceived in wickedness and brought forth in ignorance, in spite of its disastrous results, the law is still upheld as a beneficent one, and the blunder that was made is now exalted into an act of the highest good.

What have been the results? The first result was to destroy nearly half the money of the country. Since then the value of silver has fallen 33½ per cent. and with it, in exactly the same ratio, the prices of all the products of the farm and factory and of the farm itself have fallen. With the fall of prices the purchasing power of gold has appreciated. That is to say, it now requires a bushel and a half of wheat to purchase a gold dollar, while in 1873 it only required one bushel. A study of the prices of the past seventeen years will bear out this statement. According to the Chicago Tribune, in 1874 the price of wheat was \$1.09 a bushel; in 1889 it was 85 cents. Silver in 1874 was \$1.27 an ounce; in 1888 it was 93½ cents. Corn was 65 cents; in 1889 it was 34 cents. Butter was 28 cents, against 18 cents in 1889. Cotton in 1874 was 13½ cents; in 1889, 9 cents. The fall has been gradual. As the money volume gradually became contracted prices gradually fell. As the price of silver fell, English merchants and brokers bought up American silver at 33½ per cent. discount, coined it into Indian rupees, shipped it to India and exchanged it at par for wheat and cotton, thus making

it possible for them to lay Indian wheat and cotton down in Liverpool cheaper than the American product, and enabling the ryot of India to outbid the American farmer and planter.

J. H. Norman, an eminent financier of London, has said: "But if exchange with India should from any cause rise to sixteen parts of silver to one of gold, it would make Indian wheat sixteen per cent. dearer than American." In other words, if silver were remonetized the English market would be given back to America. That one act would place annually \$100,000,000 extra in the pockets of the farmers of the United States for wheat alone. The value of every other product would be increased in the same proportion. The soil itself would increase in like ratio, and it requires no stretch of the imagination to predict what this would mean to the country, what prosperity would follow in its wake.

During those seventeen years the prices have been gradually falling. It has been more and more difficult for the farmer to make ends meet; he has had to work harder every year; he has had to forego comforts; his children have been taken from school earlier; his sons and daughters have left the farms and gone to the cities to live by their wits, and many of them failing to make an honest living have drifted into a life of shame. During that same unhappy period, farm mortgages have doubled all over the North; the old homesteads have sold by the sheriff; crime, insanity, and pauperism have increased. Capitalists have refused to invest more money in the country districts, and money has gone to build cities and railroads. Boom has followed boom, and the history of the world teaches that when people forsake the rural districts, decay and disaster follow.

The objection is raised that with the full remonetization of silver, gold would be driven out of the country and financial disaster would follow. You might as well say that a man who had stolen a horse to match one of his own should not be arraigned before a bar of justice for the theft because it would spoil his team to take the horse from him. The United States had a debt at the close of the war of \$2,500,000,000, payable in either gold or silver, and all other debts were payable in gold or silver. What about the wrong that was done the debtor class by depriving them of the right to pay their debts in silver? What about the gross injustice of adding to the value of every debt and decreasing the ability of debtors to pay their debts? Is it a sufficient reason why justice should not be done to silver and to the mass of the people to say that a few money-lenders and bondholders would suffer? The *London Times* recently said: "It could in no sense be called repudiation if silver were made the sole standard of the United States to-morrow." The Royal Commission appointed by the Imperial Government to investigate the effects of the demonetization of silver, which took volumes of testimony to ascertain the supply of the precious metals, found that there was no surplus silver in the world. The *London Economist* also, in summing up the results of the investigation, was perfectly sure that there was "no accumulation of bullion anywhere in the world." All the silver circulating in Europe is required there for money.

But that is not the point. A wrong was committed by the Act of 1873. Is that wrong to be perpetuated? Are the masses of the people to continue to groan under that injustice, because, forsooth, the return to the natural law would compel the bondholders and money centres to disgorge the tribute which that Act permitted them to levy on the nation for seventeen years? Protectionists gravely assert that a high tariff will bring prosperity to all classes. Free traders have asserted for ages that no country can prosper without free trade. Still England with her free trade regime has her "submerged tenth." Germany with her wealth and her armies has her social problem. Young America, with its protection, with its vast resources, without having reached the full vigour of its manhood, is prematurely bowed under the load of depression. There must be other causes of the hard times. What is needed is a broader statesmanship to search out all the causes, and, among the many wrongs under which the nations are suffering, it may be discovered that the silver demonetization is not the least.

Salt Lake City.

J. DRYDEN, JR.

THE well-informed sportsman can find sport with either rod or gun throughout the year, in spring, summer, fall and winter. In the spring he may go salmon and brook-trout fishing, because these sporting fish have then left their spawning beds, and salt-water fishing, because then there is no harm in taking some fishes of the sea, and take the snipe and duck on the wing as well as many species of shore birds. In the summer he may cast for the pickerel, muskallonge and pike; flail the minnow, helgramite or fly for the gallant black bass, and continue the play at salmon brook-trout, snipe and shore birds, while woodcock may be added to the game bag. In the fall nearly all species of bird and quadruped game may be brought to bag, and many kinds of fishes still be taken. Then the deer, bear, turkey, swan, goose, duck, grouse, woodcock, quail, hare, squirrel and many of the shore birds are all legal game; the pretty grayling is ripe for the creel; the sport with salt water fishes begins in earnest, and, as in summer, camp life is enjoyed, this time more in the hunter's lodge than fisherman's tent.—*Outing*.

TO LOVE IN SILENCE.

If love be known of love and wait
All silent till the years are flown,
The time shall speed, to hearts elate,
If love be known.

Oh love that cannot but be shown!
Oh eyes of love, with longing great,
That see all trials overthrown,—

Keep thou the years inviolate:
When days shall come that are thine own
Thou shalt be seen and see, though late,
If love be known.

HUGH COCHRANE.

Montreal, P.Q.

THE RAMBLER.

I stood on the street at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the surging crowd around me
Forecast each party in power.

I stood till I froze to the pavement,
Where the *Empire's* sheet hung out,
Till the cold of the damp dawn, sending
Even partisans to rout,

Slew feeling and thought, and I wandered—
Far from the *Empire's* star,
Along by a desolate footpath,
To a friendly and warm—street car.

YES. Nobody claimed it of us, nobody expected it of us, yet we went cheerfully down that cold night at ten o'clock to see the Campaign Cartoons and otherwise possess ourselves of the knowledge—how the country was going. We may have been a little disappointed in the "loyal, orderly crowds"; in the appearance of a tatterdemalion crew hoisting aloft an object which was tenderly addressed as "The Old Flag"; in the general unaltered aspect of things. We had expected some unusual demonstrations, a good deal more enthusiasm and a great deal more vituperation. Still we made the best of it and waited till away past midnight for the "returns."

It was extraordinary—what little appreciation our efforts towards understanding the affairs of our country met with from the people at home who had sought the blankets three hours before our return and who complained of our noisy entry at two o'clock in the morning. I fancy they had Grit proclivities, these persons, because they were so very ill-natured indeed.

I will not make the remark that "now the elections are over we may expect to enjoy a little peace," because it is no longer distinguished to make such a statement. Its novelty has worn off. Besides, to an outsider, the world did not change during that momentous period, nor is it changed now. But the curious thing about political feeling is this: You drop into a business friend's to discuss matters in general. He is a strong Conservative, shall we say, and immediately confides to you how fortunate the issue, how confident the country, how encouraged is trade, how happy the outlook. What is the growth of Toronto due to, but (from his point of view) the N.P.? Then you go to another friend, just as capable a man, just as far-seeing, just as—presumably—impartial and gifted, with insight and judgment, equally humane and upright, and he will tell you the country is on the brink of destruction, that there is no prosperity, that racial, social, fiscal and political problems are awaiting our solution, and who is there to solve them?

To an outsider, this condition of things is perplexing, at least. But we have only to remember Macaulay's immortal paragraph. The charm of Habit, the charm of Novelty. I forget exactly how it runs, but it concludes with this sentence, applicable in every age: "The extreme section of the one class consists of bigotted dotards; the extreme section of the other of shallow and reckless empirics."

Bigotted Dotards! This is good. So is Shallow and Reckless Empirics. The "arraignments" were very amusing; occasionally the literary tone was quite unusual. Mr. Cockburn said of Mr. Kerr: "I am amazed that a man of education—a wearer of Her Majesty's silk—should stoop," etc., etc. I have forgotten what Mr. Kerr said of Mr. Cockburn, but it is safe to assume that it was much the same.

As for Mr. Blake's letter, verily we are in a parlous state, and had better go hide our heads for shame. *Vanitas vanitatum*. There is none that doeth good, no, not one. If ever Canada does achieve the distinction of a Nation, it will be in spite of the various pessimistic doctrines which from time to time are given forth by prophets who see in the present only evil, and in the future only humiliation and defeat. "My faith is large in Time." I would say to the prophets—Wait.

Lord Tennyson's ten-dollar-per-word poem appears to have given offence to the religious people. He writes—they complain—as if eternal sleep, in other words, annihilation, were the burden of his song; and so it is. But this does not necessarily imply that "to sleep! to sleep!" is the only future state. The author of "In Memoriam" and "Crossing the Bar" is no Agnostic, in the corrupted sense of the word, though he probably has never felt on

such intimate terms with the Deity as revivalists and that ilk, whose quality of cock-sureness with regard to themes and persons celestials is a detestable one. The veil was lifted once—that sufficeth us. Tennyson probably wrote his poem in the thankful sense of an old man whose journey was nearly over, and to whom—there can be little doubt—rest is the chief good immediately hereafter. We have never heard Shakespeare proclaimed as an Agnostic because he wrote, "To die—to sleep!" Simply because he commented dream-wise upon that sleep of death.

Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit;
Vex not thou the poet's mind,
For thou canst not fathom it.

Mr. Coventry Patmore's sweeping assertion about the eminence of women in poetry provokes a smile, since he is only Mr. Coventry Patmore, and there was once an Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Admirers of a certain English novel, "Col. Enderby's Wife," will be glad to know that the author's latest work, "The Wages of Sin," is attracting the closest and most admiring attention in England. "Lucas Malet," a clumsy *nom de plume* for plain "Mrs. Harrison," is generally agreed to be one of the foremost of living English novelists. The discriminating criticism of current literary papers endeavours to find traces of feminine faults, such as the love for *toilette detail*, too much colour, an inclination to hysteria, etc., etc., but the consensus of opinion proclaims her work conscientious, powerful and picturesque. "The Wages of Sin" is scarcely a pleasant story, but the artist life depicted in it and the various phases and grades of passion are all most forcibly delineated.

A good many remarks are in the air touching the exhibitions of our Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, as to the failure of our representative artists to found a Canadian school. It must be borne in mind, in order to save disappointment, that the materials out of which to construct a Canadian school of *anything* are very limited. Indeed, the limitations are cruel. A School of Literature, it is almost certain, will by slow and painful degrees eventually appear, but it will bear a close resemblance to certain well-founded American schools already in existence, and its importance will depend upon the art of individuals. It is also probable that the Canadian writer who will arrest the attention of the English-speaking world may depend very little upon what we are pleased to term Canadian inspiration.

A School of Music *cannot* be created. A School of Art we have now, in a sense, and in a degree, for our scenery is distinct, and some phases of our civilization graphic enough, and our history not by any means deficient. But that scenery and those phases have already been worked dangerously hard. We shall soon have to turn our backs upon the beaver and the autumn leaves, and the buffalo and the pine-fringed islands. Soon? Why, haven't we forsaken them long ago. What is this we hear about Mr. Verner? "Oh! don't show me anything of his, please! The same old sunset, and the same old canoe, and the same old red man, and the same old bison. I'm tired of it." There you have the fate of the mere local artist. Yet when it was new, and while it was popular, what so novel and what so inspiring is that very Canadian, Muskoka scene! It was a Huronian System in itself, and it spread to England and lived there awhile. Now, the scene is changed. We have glaciers and rows of serrated pines, and great ice plains and melting blue skies, or else the school-house in the backwoods, the school-mistress and the sturdy Canadian boys, or, perhaps, a "logging" up the Ottawa, or a shanty on the Richelieu.

Local art, you see, and very well done, and very patriotically done, but when it is done, that is about all there is of it.

On the whole the *litterateurs* are going to have the best of it. Atmosphere—that subtle quality—is easier, after all, to create in poetry and fiction.

I have just remembered a rejected MS. of my own in which I recognize the deficiency.

I will go and spend an hour with the artists and see if they can help me.

A GENTLEMAN named Abraham, of Bombay, recalls a pleasant story of the late Sir Richard Burton. It seems that the distinguished traveller's first great effort at disguising himself was made at Kurrachee in 1847. Mr. Moonshee Ali Ackbar, of Kurrachee, was seated one evening in an open space in front of his bungalow, with a lot of his friends, enjoying the evening breeze and chatting away as Persians are wont to do. Lieutenant Burton, who was at that time employed with Dr. Stocks, botanist of Scinde, disguised as a Persian traveller, approached them, and, after the usual compliments, enquired for the rest-house, and, as a matter of course, gave a long and interesting account of his travels and of people the *moonshee* knew, and thus excited his curiosity, and got him into conversation. When he thought he had acted his part to perfection, he bade him the time and left him, but did not go far when he called out to the *moonshee* in English, asking if he did not know him. The *moonshee* was completely taken aback; he did not know where the *moonshee* (his friend Burton's) came from, till he was addressed again, and a recognition took place, to the great astonishment of the *moonshee* and his friends.—*Imperialist*, in *the Colonies and India*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE KAISER AND GERMAN EDUCATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Will you kindly afford me a little space wherein to offer a few remarks upon the courteous and, from the popular standpoint, well-considered observations, with which you honoured my communication to you respecting the Kaiser and German education.

Of course I knew I should not have a friend save in the "Verein Germania" of Ottawa, of which I have the great pleasure of being a member. But the "Verein Germania" is just the body to know what Germans think best for Germany. And, even if I stood alone, I should still hold on to my main contention, that there is still room in the world for the beneficent exercise of real kingship; and, by real kingship, I mean a controlling power, used within constitutional limits and with the aid of the best advice obtainable, in the hands of an individual who cannot be removed by popular caprice. I must also continue to think that the Germans may submit to what Canadians may call monarchical and military despotism, because their intelligence shows them that the present stage of their Empire's existence demands the continuance of the present state of things. The question for them is: What is best for Germany? Not what is best for England, the United States or Canada.

The German Empire consists of a large number of States, formerly not very friendly to each other, united, without any lengthy preparation, by a sudden and common danger, and welded together in the heat of a tremendous conflict. It is therefore under the necessity of being ready to defend by arms, for half a century, what was won by arms in half a year. An army, such as it has, is a vital necessity, and I cannot see that there is more of military despotism in Imperial Germany than in Republican France. As to monarchical despotism in Germany, the prevailing notion here appears to be that the Kaiser is an absolute irresponsible despot. People forget that there are two legislative bodies called the Bundesrath and the Reichstag, constituted very much like the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, without whose consent no legislation can be enacted, nor any offensive war declared. But, in Germany, the constitutional advisers of the Sovereign are what the term implies; while in England they are, *de facto*, the Sovereign's unconditional masters. The Kaiser uses those constitutional powers which the Queen has—I cannot help thinking with very evil results—allowed to fall into desuetude. What might become of the German Empire, at the present stage of its existence, were the royal power to cease, and the many parties to work their own sweet will unchecked?

In view of these considerations, I cannot see any contradictions in the article read and approved by the Kaiser, nor any reason why the German Empire should not develop organically from its present conditions, as the Emperor intends it to do, and, as it seems to me, he is labouring to help it to do. Any organism must develop from its own conditions, and may, in the process, pass by the conditions of other organisms. Nor do I see any attack upon freedom of thought. The country which so long ago gave the world printing, Protestantism, and powder—the three greatest levers the world ever had to help it along—and which is now, at last, teaching other countries to dare to think freely, should hardly be twitted with mental slavery by people among whom the very term "freedom of thought" is a title so lofty that perhaps no human being can claim it in its fulness—is a term of reproach.

Let those who pity and lecture the Germans look about them at home, and make quite sure that it might not have been better to make haste a little more slowly. Let them satisfy themselves that the consequences of reducing the royal power to the small end of nothing are in every way such as to put the Germans into a violent hurry to demolish their Kaiser. When a minister's tenure of office depends on the popular breath, he cannot devote half his powers to the service of the State. He is worn out by the constant effort to keep those behind him in good humour, and to resist the demands of a whole army of scallawags. He must consider not so much the merits of a question as the effect his decision may have in alienating votes. Unscrupulous voters know they can bully their representatives into bullying him, and so there is an unflinching spring of demoralization from below upwards and back again from above downwards. At the time of the outcry against Sir John for so righteously hanging Riel, I one day met a leading ex-member of the Liberal Cabinet, to whom I expressed my opinion as to the conduct of those members of Parliament who would turn Sir John out for "that good deed." "Don't you think, Mr. Cross," said he, "that they are there to represent their constituents?" "Not at all, Sir," I replied; "they are there to do right by their country." But, unfortunately, the constituents are not of my way of thinking, and so there is a regular game of "pull devil, pull baker," among the constituents all round. Votes and villainy, votes and villainy; one meets the two in unholy companionship at every turn.

No, sir; I cannot see why the Germans should be pitted as imbeciles and slaves, and taunted with being-in-leading-strings for not crying out to have their Kaiser reduced to a dummy, and for choosing to have their ministers responsible to him, and therefore at liberty to serve them with all their might, instead of being at the mercy

of popular caprice, and having to truckle to a hundred miserable considerations. They are justly proud of their Empire. They love it with a perfect passion. They know that they owe that Empire largely to the genius of that truly imperial race of soldiers and statesmen whose representative sits on its throne. They know that politics is a high science, no more to be successfully practised without proper training than law, physic or divinity. They know that kings are not likely to be the only kind of men left untouched by the enlightenment of the last decade of the nineteenth century. And, if they prefer to leave their country in the hands of those who have proved themselves so competent to do well by it—of those experienced and capable statesmen who have raised it to its present grandeur, I shall not think worse of them for doing so.

Ottawa, March 5.

THOMAS CROSS.

TWO NEW VOLUMES OF AMERICAN VERSE.

TWO very tastefully bound volumes of poems, both by ladies from the publishing firm of Charles Wells Moulton, bear respectively the somewhat fanciful title of "Wyck Elm" and "Magnolia Leaves." In the former, by Belle Bremer, the reason for the choice of the title is not *en evidence* except so far as the decoration on the cover is concerned. The contents of the volume may be characterized as graceful and often thoughtful verse, frequently tender and sweet in tone, and occasionally rising into considerable strength. At times we are reminded of Adelaide Proctor, as, for example:—

In the morning our song is lightest
And our courage is at the best,
And the wounds are not so painful
Where yesterday's burden pressed;
Strength comes to us in the morning,
But the evening brings us rest.

"The Hesperides," "Dream Land," "The Wife's Last Words" are good examples of the authoress at her best, the first especially possessing much lyrical sweetness. "The River of Sunset" is a picturesque little poem, rendering with happy effect one of the most poetic aspects of nature. As it is one of the most original poems in the collection, it may be given almost entire:—

Far up the misty curtain slowly rolls
Above a wondrous scene of twilight dim;
The nearer foreground shows the giant boles
Of trees against the mountain's jagged rim.

And lying just above the headlands bold,
A river—on its breast no sail is furled
Or spread, a river glorious to behold
With blood-red tide that girts the twilight world.

A silent river—ne'er a sound is heard
Of any boat upon its placid wave,
No dip of oar nor cry of any bird,
No whirr of wings, where great night herons lave.

In strange fantastic shapes the clouds are piled
Upon the farther shore of that red stream,
In many a rock and crag and mountain wild—
Tipped with the dying fires of day's last beam.

Where was its fountain head, whence does it flow,
The river, broadly flowing from the west,
With noiseless waves, and whither does it go,
And whence the stain of blood upon its breast.

Occasionally, however, as in the poem which immediately precedes this one in the volume, the authoress shows a tendency to fall distinctly below the level which she generally maintains. Unless she can so completely alter the latter half of that poem as to bring its tone more into keeping with the others, it had better—in justice to the authoress herself—be omitted from any future edition. Here and there, as in some of the verses above given, there are some very pretty and faithful pictures of nature, but the poems are somewhat lacking in strong human interests. Our review may be fitly closed by some stanzas from one of the strongest poems in the volume, "The March of the Years":—

When chill December's wintry wind is blowing
Its drifting snow,
We tell each other that the year is going—
Where does it go?
The years go by in silent, swift progression,
When one is gone,
Another takes its place in quick succession
And follows on.
Soundless they go, as some strong eagle flying
In dim mid-air,
To a mysterious twilight country lying
Somewhere—somewhere,
An unknown awesome land,—the still forever
Where shadows meet.
With shadows, phantom years that never
Each other greet.

'Tis strange to us as 'twas to hoary sages,
This ceaseless round,
This march of time, this tramp of viewless ages
That makes no sound,
But with light muffled feet that never weary
Forevermore
Goes marching on, to that strange land and dreary
The other shore.

The poems by Mrs. B. C. Rude in the second volume "Magnolia Leaves," with its dainty dress of white and gold, are much more difficult to characterize. The title is evidently taken from the occasional Southern subjects introduced—the opening one being dedicated to "Fair St. Augustine"; but the scenery introduced is much more often Northern than Southern. The authoress' artless strains have a good deal of warmth of heart and healthy human nature about them, and her biography might almost be constructed from the personal reminiscences that abound throughout her verses, and give them, certainly, the merit of individuality. As regards *technique*,

the authoress is evidently a law unto herself. In the second poem in the volume the measure is changed three times at least without any apparent reason. This poem, and the one that follows it, read like fragments from an incipient American Crabbe. It seems a pity that Mrs. Rude had not devoted herself to working out more thoroughly her evident *mâture* for this kind of verse, in which she might have done very good work, with a little, or rather a good deal more attention to construction and metre. She is evidently fond of the telling anapaestic measure, and the following short lyric is one of her best:—

SEA MOSSES.

I've gathered sea mosses, all wet with the sea,
And this is the way they came floating to me:
The waves held a carnival. Each wore a crest
Of star-tinted mosses, and lovingly pressed
Each other, and kissed as they laughingly played;
And some of the wavelets made love, and they strayed
Among the rocks on the shore,
And they ruthlessly tore
From the coquettish wavelets, so thoughtless and gay,
This bunch of sea-mosses, all dripping with spray,
And I just came up slyly and stole them away.

Altogether, there is a good deal of nature, and of human nature, about these poems, with an unaffected simplicity and frequently a graphic *naïveté* that disarms criticism—which, indeed, seems almost an impertinence in the case of a writer who evidently troubles herself little about such trifles as *technique*. Some of the poems, especially those intended for juvenile readers, fall considerably below the rest of the contents, which would have been the better for some judicious pruning. Here and there we come upon a lively bit of moralizing which reminds us of Eliza Cook; as, for example, in the poem entitled "Do Good for the Sake of Itself":—

If e'er you've befriended a man on the street,
Just try to forget it as soon as you can;
If he gives you a kick the next time that you meet,
Accept it with pleasure—he's only a man!
And a man is a man—he's only the human,
The residue left after fashioning woman.

Each good that you do makes you less of a brute,
And brings you a step or two nearer the throne;
The recipient's lips may be ever so mute,
There's a feeling of conscious good wholly your own.
Then go to your task of daily well-doing,
Nor the praises of men be forever pursuing.

A good rule for us all, and one, we doubt not, faithfully practised by the authoress herself. FIDELIS.

ART NOTES.

ROSA BONHEUR earned her first money by copying the paintings of old masters, working early and late to help support her family. Her first animal picture was a goat, which pleased her so much that she gave up copying and took up animal painting exclusively. Models in those days being too expensive for the slender purse of the young artist, she would tramp miles to a farm, carrying a meagre lunch in her pocket, to sketch an animal. When nineteen years old she sent her first picture to an art exhibition, and at once the critics pronounced her a genius.

Of a paper on illustrated journalism read recently to the Society of Arts in London by Mr. Carmichael Thomas, the *St. James' Gazette* says: "Mr. Thomas, we are glad to see, had a word of condemnation for the brand-new American method of illustration, which consists of photography pure and simple. The editor of a magazine desires to illustrate a novel. Instead of commissioning an artist, he calls in a photographer and gives him proofs of the passages that are expected to illustrate well. Let us say there is a melting love scene, where the heroine falls upon the manly bosom of the hero. If the photographer cannot induce (he usually can induce) a fashionable actor and actress to pose, he uses his own male and female assistants or anybody, passably good-looking, that he can get. Then he photographs them in the attitude prescribed by the author. The result is purely and simply ludicrous. As often as not the hero comes out as an under-sized, unattractive young man, and the heroine as a bunched, inelegant young woman. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? The beginning and the end of art is imagination, and in illustrations of this kind there is no room for the idealization of anything. Nothing more flat, more commonplace, more truly American could be conceived."

HOPPNER had to contend with a chronic state of ill-health, arising from a constitution naturally weak; and much of his proverbial irritation, if not produced, was aggravated by the ailments which attend a diseased liver. He must have been often tried by his sitters. He told the critic, Gifford, as an example of his annoyance, how "a wealthy stockbroker drove up to his door, whose carriage emptied into his hall in Charles Street, a gentleman and lady, with five sons and seven daughters, all samples of *Pa and Ma*—as well fed and as city bred a comely family as any within the sound of Bow Bells. 'Well, Mr. Painter,' said he, 'here we are—a baker's dozen; how much will you demand for painting the whole lot of us; prompt payment for discount?' 'Why,' replied the astonished painter, viewing the questioner, who might be likened to a superannuated elephant. 'Why, that will depend upon the dimensions, style, composition, and—' 'Oh, that is all settled,' quoth the enlightened broker; 'we are all to be touched off in one piece, as large as life, all seated upon our lawn at Clapham, and all singing 'God Save the King.''" — *From a Century of Paintings of the English School, by Richard and Samuel Redgrave.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THOMAS W. KEENE has been obliged to cancel his dates in the South, owing to a recurrence of his old physical trouble.

RICHARD MANSFIELD will play a summer engagement this season at the New York Garden Theatre. The engagement will begin on May 18, and will last until the end of September. A number of new plays will be produced.

THE WEEK of August 6, 1890, contained "A Madrigal" by "E. G. C." which has been set to music by Mr. Alex. S. Gibson, of Waterbury, Conn., U. S. Mr. Gibson has forwarded us some copies of his meritorious composition as a tribute to the author, as well as to THE WEEK.

THE news that Pauline Lucca was to devote herself to teaching seems to put an end to that oft-recurring rumour that she was once more to be seen in operatic role, where her black-haired "Marguerite" is still remembered as one of the best if not the very best rendition of the part that was ever given by her. She is to devote herself to seven pupils only.

MR. JOHN L. TOOLE is expected to reach London again, from the Antipodes, some time in April. He is timed to be at Colombo about the middle of March, where he has promised to give at least one performance. Of all the countries the great—or small—comedian visited at the other end of the world, he likes New Zealand the best; but he is wisely saying little about this during his return journey through the Australian Colonies. He does not want to lose his scalp just yet.

AN American basso named Bispham, now studying under Lamperti, in Milan, will sing a selection of songs composed by Lady Tennyson and set to unpublished words by the poet laureate, in a concert to be given by the pianist Janotha, at St. James' Hall, London, March 13. A total of fifteen poems, written by the poet at various periods from early manhood, on varied subjects and in various metres, will shortly be published by Macmillan. This work will be dedicated to the Queen, who has consented to become patroness of the concert. The music will be published later. Some of it was composed thirty years ago. The accompaniments will be revised by Janotha.

A CURIOUS accident upset the equanimity of the Gloucester (England) Choral Society during a performance of Sullivan's "Golden Legend." The part of the "Bells" was played upon a set of tubes, and just as "Lucifer" and the tempest were striving most earnestly to damage Strasburg Cathedral, the largest tube fell with a resounding crash upon the unlucky performer's foot. As the effect was not in the score, considerable surprise and consternation prevailed among the orchestra, whose occupants had no reason to expect so striking an illustration of the lines just then declaimed:—

Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and,
Clashing, clanging, to the pavement
Hurl them from their windy tower.

THE Organ and Vocal Recital held by pupils of the Toronto Conservatory of Music at Association Hall on the 7th inst. was a very creditable illustration of the excellent educational work which is being done by the Conservatory, with those two peerless instruments—the human voice and the organ. The various numbers were rendered in a manner which not only reflected credit upon the advanced methods of the skilled professors, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, Signor F. d'Auria, Mr. Edward Fisher and Miss Dallas, but also disclosed the possession of excellent musical talent and judgment by the pupils themselves. Such progressive culture and such illustrations of it are not only a source of gratification to the professors and pupils, but to the lovers of good music in Toronto and throughout Canada, who are, we are glad to say, rapidly increasing in number, and are availing themselves of the great facilities for vocal and instrumental training which the well-equipped musical colleges of Toronto afford them. It may not be generally known but it is none the less the fact that our city is rapidly becoming comparatively one of the most important musical centres of the world.

THIS perfection of mechanism, not so rare in these days of *technique* as in former years, would be worth but little were it not controlled by the musical individuality of the man. In the first place, he knows his composer. He plays Bach with superb breadth, yet every detail is most carefully finished. He recognizes the fact that the passion of Schumann is not the same as the passion of Beethoven. The sentiment of Chopin is never mawkish to him, and the heroic nature of the great Pole, as seen in the Polonaise played last evening, is not tempered by absurd sentimentalism, as some pianists like to think. For Chopin was made of flesh and blood; he was a man of passions, not built out of sugar and rose leaves and moonshine. So Rummel enters into the individuality of each composer and yet preserves his own. Now this is seldom seen. "The playing of Mr. Rummel, then, is marked by intense thoughtfulness, or, if you prefer, intellectuality. He does not play, however, like a pedantic schoolmaster. He is fiery, robust, passionate; but his passions are under control. He is sensuous, not as the languid, heavy-eyed man of the East, but as the strong man of the North, whose frame is racked and soul is torn when passion comes upon him. This combination of keen intellectuality and noble sensuousness is also seldom seen in pianists of the day. And seldom are all these qualities, technical and musical, so united and bound together as in this pianist, Franz Rummel."—*Philip Hale, in Boston Herald.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE SOUL OF MAN. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. 1891; pp. xvi., 458. \$3.00.

The Open Court Publishing Company is maintained by the liberality of a gentleman who believes in Monistic Positivism. All of its publications are "made possible" by his liberality; hence all of its publications are devoted to the teaching of "Monistic Positivism." By monistic positivism is meant a philosophy which postulates "the All"—meaning by "the All" the results of science looked at as a systematic and completed whole, having two sides, an outer or world side and an inner or soul side. It is monistic because "matter and mind are one—not the same but one"; and it is positivistic because there is no reality, no selective activity, mind, but the law of "the All" is mechanical.

Further, the avowed purpose of the Monistic Positivists is to build up a religion on monistic positivism. "The All" is discovered mainly that it may be worshipped.

The book before us tells how far the Monistic Positivists have now got. They have some information about the nervous system—principally cuts taken from authorities—a pretty fair acquaintance with the dicta of the respected upholders of the Double-Aspect Theory, whom they call the fathers of Monistic Positivism, and a vigorous and independent writer in the person of Dr. Carus. If Dr. Carus would dissociate himself—and here we speak seriously—from his present co-labourers and advocate his philosophy for its own sake, he would greatly increase his chances of getting the fair hearing to which his intelligence entitles him. But it is not surprising that a work on psychology is utterly inadequate to its subject when its author avows his intention of building a theory of the mind which shall serve as propædantic to a religion of science. A science which has repudiated in turn the dogmatic of the scholastics and the "natural religion" of Auguste Comte is now too independent to show much patience toward this new form of irreligious seduction.

POEMS BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Vols. III. and IV. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

These volumes form part of the fine series of Mr. Lowell's complete works which has been issued by "The Riverside Press," and they have the merit of being tastefully bound, and printed on good paper with bold, clear type. The third volume has a beautifully executed steel engraving of the author, we presume at middle age. "A Fable for Critics" is the first poem which greets the reader, and an extraordinary compound it is of wit, wisdom and drollery cast in a poetic mould. This is a part of the Fable directed to the reviewing fraternity:—

Nature fits all her children with something to do,
He who would write and can't write can surely review,
Can set up a small booth as critic and sell us his
Petty conceit and his pettier jealousies.

"The Unhappy Lot of Mr. Knott" is another humorous poem in a different metre, as is also "Fragments of an Unfinished Poem." An "Oriental Apologue" is a witty verification of some theological vagaries under an eastern guise. And it is only when we reach "Under the Willows" that we find our poet in a sober vein, and then from the abandon of mirthfulness and rollicking gaiety we are brought in touch with nature and feel her spell. In "Under the Willows" we have such strains as these:—

Frank-hearted hostess of the field and wood,
Gypsy, whose roof is every spreading tree,
June is the pearl of our New England year.
Still a surprisal, though expected long,
Her coming startles. Long she lies in wait,
Makes many a find, peeps forth, draws coyly back,
Then, from some southern ambush in the sky,
With one great gush of blossoms storms the world.
A week ago the sparrow was divine;
The blue bird, shifting his light load of song
From post to post along the cheerless fence,
Was as a rhymer ere the poet came;
But now, oh rapture! sunshine winged and voiced,
Pipe blown through by the warm wild breath of the west
Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy cloud,
Gladness of woods, skies, waters, all in one,
The bobolink has come, and, like the soul
Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what,
Save June! Dear June! Now God be praised for June.

In "Seaweed" we hear these solemn tones:—

The drooping seaweed hears, in night abyssed,
Far and more far the waves receding shocks,
Nor doubts for all the darkness and the mist,
That the pale shepherdess will keep her trust,
And shoreward lead again her foam-fleeced flocks.

For the same wave that rims the Carib Shore
With momentary brede of pearl and gold,
Goes hurrying thence to gladden with its roar
Low weeds bound fast on rocks of Labrador,
By Love divine on one sweet errand rolled.

"Godminster Chimes" ring out these splendid stan-

zas:—

Through aisles of long drawn centuries
My spirit walks in thought,
And to that symbol lifts its eyes
Which God's own pity wrought;
From Calvary shines the altars gleam,
The Church's East is there,
The Ages one great minster seem,
That throbs with praise and prayer.

And all the way from Calvary down
The carven pavement shows
Their graves who won the martyr's crown
And safe in God repose;
The saints of many a warring creed
Who now in heaven have learned
That all paths to the Father lead
Where self the feet have spurned.

But time and space deny us the pleasure of quoting from the tender and pathetic "Auf Wiedersehen"; the noble and lofty commemorative Ode; the rich and impressive "Endymion," or other poems which display the genius of their author at his best. Suffice it to say that Mr. Lowell's poems represent the brightest wit, the broadest culture and the most characteristic features of United States poetry. His track in her literature is a luminous one. No imitator is he, but with boldness and vigour, with vivacity and ease, with sparkling wit or touching pathos, or with subdued and solemn power, he has voiced the choicest culture of his country and the truest genius of her sons.

THE *Canada Health Journal* still wends its modest but useful way. Its short pithy articles and selections teem with information on medical and sanitary subjects. It well deserves a large circulation and careful perusal.

THE last number of *Knowledge*—the timely little encyclopædic magazine published by John B. Alden, of New York—contains useful information on the heredity of deafness, the newspapers of the world, the Constitutions of Aristotle, a sketch of Professor Blackie, and other informing matter.

THE *Know College Monthly* contains an admirable translation by Prof. G. D. Ferguson, of Queen's College, Kingston, of "The Moral and Social Organization of Education—The Scientific Humanities," from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, written by Alfred Fouillée. There is added an important note by the translator on what he considers a dangerous trend in education in Canada.

"THE Tartans of Scotland" is a small pamphlet published by John Catto and Company, Toronto, comprising a descriptive catalogue of the clan and family tartans of Scotland, a note on the antiquity, rolls of landlords and baillies of lands in the Highlands and Isles in 1587. Roll of the clans in 1587-1594. War cries and badges of clans. This would be interesting reading for any Canadian descendants of the old Scottish clans or others interested in them.

THE *Westminster Review* for February opens with an article on "Child Marriage in India," in which C. N. Barham writes: "They have no mothers in India. There is only a race of crushed, down trodden child-bearers." The "Ethics of Copyright" is contributed by D. Chamier. Jeannie Lockhart furnishes an interesting sketch of "The Labour Battle in Australia." "Fairy Tales and Science," by William Schooling, and "Domestic Service," by A. Amy Bulley, are also well worth reading.

"AS OTHERS SEE US: A College Story," by Donald Mucklethrift. This modest little story which has come to us without even a cover and has been anonymously sent is well worthy of wide circulation. It is a simply but cleverly told story of events that happened at Frontenac College, Kingston, in the sixties, where some college chums agreed to write their opinions of one another freely and unreservedly, to have them copied and distributed so as to prevent identification, and of the subsequent results, and the marked effect which this act produced on the lives of all the parties concerned.

"SUPPOSED Tendencies to Socialism," by Professor Wm. Graham, opens the *Popular Science Monthly* for March, in which the Professor states his belief "that we are moving toward a better, to a far-off divine event" which cannot fully be perceived at present. W. T. Durfee continues his series on "The Development of American Industries since Columbus," by an excellent illustrated article on "Iron Working with Machine Tools." "The Cultivation of Sisal in the Bahamas" is a descriptive illustrated paper of a comparatively new industry. There are a number of other able articles on a variety of subjects in this interesting and instructive number.

"ACTS, orders and regulations respecting Crown Lands, etc., in Ontario," collected and compiled by J. J. Murphy, Toronto: Warwick. Mr. Murphy, the compiler of this volume, is well known to the legal profession, and all others whose business has brought them in contact with the Crown Lands Department of Ontario, and his long service and efficiency eminently qualify him for the work which he has undertaken and has so well carried out. This compilation, apart from the collection under one cover of acts in any way connected with the subject of Crown Lands, contains information and advice which make it a very useful pamphlet to all who may require it.

A PORTRAIT of Mrs. Louise Jopling Rowe is the frontispiece of the *English Illustrated Magazine* for March, and we cannot help thinking that Millais will repudiate it when he sees it. "Hospital Nursing" is a sensible and comprehensive article, abominably illustrated, written by Mrs. Hunter. "Impressions of Cairo" is a descriptive contribution by W. M. Fullerton. In "A Day in Kyoto" Roderick Mackenzie has a bright Japanese sketch. A characteristic and appreciative article by Frederick Westmore presents to us "Frank Short and William Strang," two of the cleverest etchers of the day. The illustrations here, though vague, are striking, as they are from designs by Strang. The serial, "The Witch of Prague," completes the number.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for March has a bright, glowing sketch of that able United States journalist, philologist, musical critic and essayist, Richard Grant White, by F. P. Church, of whom Mr. Church says: "Literature was his work, music his pleasure and passion."

hard-worked man of letters turned to music for comfort in his dying hours. Not the touch of death itself could still that passion." Francis Parkman, the historian, begins a spirited and graphic account of "The Capture of Louisburg by the New England Militia." "Railroad Problems of the Immediate Future" is a thoughtful article on an important subject of to-day by Arthur T. Hadley. "Pleasure: a Heresy" is a charming exhibition of womanly culture and literary grace by Agnes Repplier. The serials are well sustained, and other interesting matter completes a good prose number.

THE *Queries Magazine* for March has a pretty frontispiece of a very wide-awake, sandalled, damsel, who is said to be "Dreaming." "William Cullen Bryant" is the first instalment of an extremely laudatory sketch by Phebe A. Holden, in which the name of one of Bryant's well-known poems, "Thanatopsis," is deliberately misspelt with annoying iteration. Surely one who writes of "lares and penates" should know that "Thanatopsis" is "Thanatopsis" improperly spelt. Under the heading "Dom Pedro and the Empress of Brazil," Marion V. Dudley occupies about one-third of her article with some entirely inapplicable remarks about the letter X, George Lewis—whoever he may be—perhaps Lewes is meant, George Eliot, the letter Z, Joaquin Miller, and the cathedral at Milan. In despair we turn to the question department, and are glad to find, it, as interesting as ever.

THE serials by J. T. Trowbridge and Noah Brooks in the March *St. Nicholas* are healthful, as are the illustrations by Henry Sandham and W. A. Rogers, respectively. "Effie's Visit to Cloudland" will be welcomed by parents as also will "Huzand Buz," by Laura E. Richards; "Pauline and the Policeman," and Oliver Herford's drama, "Good-Bye: a Woodland Episode." There are verses and jingles, as the Excellent Emu; "The Turtle and the Katydid"; "What and Where?"; "A Little Boy named Johnny" and others. Older children have not been slighted. They will appreciate "Caesar and Pompey"; "A Polar Bear for a Jailer," by Edmund Collins; "Out of Childhood," by Helen Thayer Hutcheson; Mr. Welles' interesting account of his "Autograph Book"; Miss Elizabeth Bisland's "Alligators' Funeral"; "The Midnight Sun"; the second part of little Miss Ellsworth's "Diary in the East," and the pleasant English story, "Rhoda's Visit."

THE *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for March has a captivating, toned frontispiece of a bewitching maiden, seated in reverie on a rustic bench by flowering shrubs, and beneath the verdant forest leaves. M. Edouard Mahé follows with a graceful article on "Beauty on the French Stage," in which he says that "A beautiful Frenchwoman has both aristocracy of body and aristocracy of mind." The lovely women who appear as types in the accompanying illustrations well sustain this dictum. Edmund Collins has a statistical article on "Protestant Missions." "In Darkest America" is a timely and well-considered article by J. P. Reed on the Indian question. Captain Charles King describes Milwaukee as "The Cream City." Other interesting contributions are: "A Protected Queen," referring to Madagascar's sovereign, by M. A. Schufeldt; "Labor Unions and Strikes in Ancient Rome," by G. A. Danziger, and "How I Shot My First Elephant," by MacMahon Challinor; but a most vivid and interesting article is "The Story of a War Correspondent's Life," with illustrations from battle-field sketches, by Frederic Villiers. Short stories, poems and the usual departments complete an excellent number.

THE March *Arena* opens with a critical essay by Prof. Alfred Hennequin, on "The Drama of the Future." Rev. Chas. F. Deems, D.D., writes on "Evolution and Morality," and argues for conservative orthodoxy. Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan contributes a forceful essay on "Nationalization of the Land as First Presented." Rabbi Solomon Schindler discusses immigration. The Rev. Howard MacQuary writes on "Shelley the Sceptic." Albert Ross treats "What is Immoral in Literature," arguing that a revelation of the actual conditions of society, depicting the fact that the wages of sin is death, and containing a strong plea for a higher moral standard, is not only not immoral but is severely moral, as well as necessary. C. Van D. Chenoweth contributes a well-written paper on the discoveries in psychology. Henry A. Hartt, M. D., argues that drunkenness is a crime, and should be punished as such. Hamlin Garland has a vivid sketch of western life, entitled "The Test of Elder Pill." The No-Name paper is a poem "By the River."

THE *Magazine of Art* for March has for its frontispiece a capital etching after Ludwig Knaus called "Hunger Hath No Ears." The opening article of the number is an illustrated one on "Current Art," by Frederick Wedmore. A poem called "A Village Maid," by Arthur Salmon, is cleverly illustrated by C. Ricketts. Mr. Holman Hunt contributes an admirably-written article on "The Proper Mode and Study of Drawing." This is accompanied by a portrait of Mr. Hunt, painted by himself in 1845. The second and concluding illustrated paper on "Portraits of John Ruskin," by M. H. Spielmann, is given in this number. "The Use of Metal in Bound Books" is the title of an interesting article on this subject. The late Sir Joseph Edgar Boehm is the subject of a sketch, with portrait and two reproductions from his statues, by the editor of the magazine. Another sculptor, John Warrington Wood, is also the subject of an article. "Japanese Pottery" is intelligently described and illustrated by Ernest Hart.

The Art Notes, both foreign and domestic, are as fully and carefully prepared as usual.

"HARVARD COLLEGE during the War of the Rebellion" is the subject of a fully illustrated article by Captain Nathan Appleton, in the March number of the *New England Magazine*. An illustrated article by George H. Stockbridge on the "Early History of Electricity in America" deals with the work of Franklin, Henry, Morse, Vail, Page, and Farmer. This is the first of a series of illustrated articles on electricity. Miss Sarah Freeman Clarke makes a strong plea for the "Indian Corn as our National Plant." Mrs. Henrietta L. T. Wolcott writes on "Window Gardening." Mr. William Henry Downes contributes an interesting article on the "Photographic Illustration of Poetry," illustrated. The magazine's series of papers on Anti-Slavery subjects is continued by some striking "Recollections of Slavery by a Former Slaveholder." William M. Salter, in a paper on the "Problem of the Unemployed," speaks warmly of General Booth's book on "Darkest England." Professor Jameson's "History of Historical Writing in America" is this month devoted largely to George Bancroft. "In an Old Attic," an illustrated article, is another paper on old New England home matters. There is a generous supply of fiction and poetry.

"WAIFS IN PROSE" is the title under which Mr. G. W. Wicksteed, Q.C., probably the most venerable figure in the literature of our country, has put forth a collection at once poetical, journalistic and literary, forming contributions to magazines and journals on a variety of topics, poetic, literary forensic, scientific, each and all bearing the hall mark of genuine ability, wide culture and appropriate treatment. It has been remarked that it is a rare thing to see a man who has attained the advanced age of ninety-two years still wielding his pen with old time vigour and taking a fair share in the intellectual life of his country. Mr. Wicksteed is a true exemplar of what is best in Canadian life and letters. He is capable of recalling in memory important personages and events that have figured in the past and that the enquirer of to-day will have to inform himself of through the pages of history or the traditions of descendants. The reviews of Mr. Kingsford's "History of Canada" must have been "a labour of love" indeed. We may add that no reader of "Waifs in Prose" can come to any other conclusion than that they were written by an able and patriotic Canadian, one of those living links which connect the eventful present with the historic past and who are a strength and an honour to both.

MR. E. B. LANIN opens the *Fortnightly Review* for February with a long article on "Russian Finance: The Racking of the Peasantry," teeming with arguments, illustrations and calculations, which are intended to show that "The agricultural class in Russia has been carrying on a desperate struggle during the past few years of the Protectionist era against adverse conditions that bid fair, in a short time, to reduce it to rack and ruin." On Mr. Lanin showing the condition of the Russian peasant is an unspeakable disgrace to the civilization of this century. Thousands of human beings are rotting with disease, starving for want of food, and dying under the grinding millstone of a barbaric and remorseless tyranny. In an article on "Public Life and Private Morals," M. puts forth these *very moral* views: "Adultery need not, and in many instances and many states of society does not, involve pain for anyone." "There have been many adulterers who have been so consecrated (mark the word) by their passion, that they would be far safer men than most of the professedly immaculate." The parenthesis is ours. This is another *moral* defence of the political and social *purist* Parnell. It is refreshing to get out of the miasma of such an article into the pure air and the wild scenery of Sir Henry Pottinger's "Island Deer Forest." David F. Schloss writes thoughtfully and ably of "The Road to Social Peace." Grant Allen has a scholarly article on "The Celt in English Art." The remaining matter is well written.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE clever English novelist, A. Conan Doyle, is a physician, and writes in the intervals of his practice.

REPORTS of the Exchequer Court of Canada, Vol. I. and Part I. of Vol. II., are announced by L. A. Audette, Esq., Registrar Exchequer Court, Ottawa.

COUNT VON MOLTKE, replying to the editor of the *Revue des Revues*, places Shakespeare, Scott and Carlyle very high in the list of books which he re-reads with the greatest pleasure.

A COLLECTION of stories and sketches entitled "Flute and Violin, and other stories of Old Kentucky," by James Lane Allen, is announced as on the way toward publication by Harper and Brothers.

DR. W. H. RUSSELL, the oldest of living war correspondents, is absorbed in writing his memoirs. He takes time, however, to write innumerable letters, and to edit—admirably—the *Army and Navy Gazette*.

EVERY person interested in the higher education would be interested in the article on "The Growth of New England Colleges," by Prof. Arthur M. Comey, of Tufts College, which appears in the *Educational Review* for March.

HERBERT SPENCER's views on State Socialism are contained in an article entitled "From Freedom to Bondage," which will open the April *Popular Science Monthly*. This

is probably the strongest refutation of socialistic theorizing that has yet appeared.

WORTHINGTON COMPANY, 747 Broadway, New York, announce for immediate publication "Boras Lensay," by Ossip Schubin, translated by Elise L. Lathrop. 1 vol., 12 mo.; illustrated. This work is a sequel to "Asbein" by the same author.

PROFESSORS PALGRAVE AND MASSON, it is said, have in contemplation a new edition of the works of Drummond of Hawthornden. The lately awakened interest in the poet should make this form of commemoration even more popular than the proposed medallion and bust.

ACCORDING to the *Critic*, the English novelist who writes most like Thackeray concerning London people of the clubs and balls, W. E. Norris, cannot stand London for more than three days at a time, and lives on the western side of England, "among fishermen, moorsmen and red deer."

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, the novelist, arrived in Sydney the other day from Samoa, but he proposed to return to the islands again shortly. Mr. Stevenson's health has improved greatly since he settled on Upolu, and he intends remaining in Samoa for an indefinite period, if not for the rest of his life.

ANOTHER link with the past has been broken by the death of Mrs. Emma Moxon, the widow of Mr. Edward Moxon, and the Isola who did so much to brighten the latter days of Lamb. She died at Brighton at the age of eighty-two. She was referred to in the exquisite scrap of a letter by Lamb quoted by Canon Ainger in the preface to his excellent edition of Lamb's correspondence.

A GLANCE at the advance sheets of Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan's new book, "An American Girl in London," with which we have been favoured, has revealed a lot of vivacious, sunshiny literary matter which has completely dissipated the damp and gloom of this dull March weather. Our glance has assured us that Miss Duncan has provided a new treat for her expectant readers which will surpass in merit and success "A Social Departure."

MESSRS. F. WARNE AND COMPANY, N.Y., inform us that they will shortly issue the English edition of Major Casati's "Ten Years in Equatoria and the Return with Emin Pasha," which will be published in two volumes containing nearly two hundred original illustrations and several valuable maps. The period embraced by the work extends from a date prior to General Gordon's appointment as Governor-General of the Soudan, to the return of Mr. Stanley's Expedition.

MR. ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE has in preparation a volume of "poems, grave and gay," which will be ready for publication early in April. Mr. Smythe, like many another poet, and orator, is a native of Ireland and since his residence in Toronto has contributed a number of pleasing, graceful poems to the growing stream of Canadian literature, most of which have appeared in our columns.

THE death of our esteemed contributor, the Rev. K. L. Jones, Professor of English Literature at the Military College, Kingston, deprives Canadian literature of a poet and writer of superior ability, and our country of a worthy and patriotic son, who was ever ready with voice or pen to do her true and loyal service. Professor Jones was delighted in doing honour to individual bravery and worth as witness his stirring poem, "Bravo! Stairs," written in praise of Lieut. Stairs, R.E., a graduate of the college, and Stanley's right hand man, ending with the stanza:—

Weave the maple with the laurel, though its veins are tinged with red,
Place the chaplet, in its freshness, proudly on our hero's head;
Canada grown grander, nobler, from the glory that he bears,
Shouts from all her lakes and forests, Bravo! Stairs.

Canada was always to him a favourite theme, and perhaps his latest published poem was "To Mine Own Countrie," in which occurs this stanza:—

No longer a child of the forest, a woman
Whom destiny waits with a sceptre to sway,
Go bravely to meet or the friend or the foe man,
Who welcomes thy coming or stands in thy way.

The warm personal interest which Professor Jones took in THE WEEK, and the hearty and unselfish way in which he strove to promote the growth of Canadian literature, together with his frank and manly nature, endeared him to us, and though his loss is a deprivation, yet his memory is one that prompts to purer purpose and loftier effort.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Abbott, Evelyn, M.A. Pericles. \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Belton, John Devoe. Foreign Quotations—Ancient and Modern. \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Cabin and Plantation Songs, sung by Hampton Students. 50c. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Carus, Dr. Paul. The Soul of Man. \$3. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.
- Duncan, Sara Jeannette. An American Girl in London. \$2. Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Gardner, Helen H. Is This Your Son My Lord. Boston: Arena Publishing Co.
- Garth, Morris. Cuba and Other Verse. Chicago: Belford Clarke Co.
- Martin, Benj. Ellis. In the Footprints of Charles Lamb. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- Meyer, Annie Nathan. Woman's Work in America. \$1.50. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Toronto: Belden Bros.
- Tourgee, Albion W. Murvale Eastman. \$1.50. Montreal: Wm. Foster Brown & Co.
- Yonge, Charlotte M. Two Penniless Princesses. \$1.00. London: Macmillan & Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE SUNBURNT POET.

To win the Theban prize each brought his ode,
When, lo! a stranger stood, wind-flusht and brown,
Who sang the wondrous world and claimed the crown;
But high gods sing in a forgotten mode.
Then cried he, soaring high—his bright feet shod
With Day that quenched the day and hid the town—
"Ye spurn Apollo as a sunburnt clown,
Ye pallid priestlings of a sunburnt god!"

'Twas Phœbus' self. And now he welcomes thee,
England's brave Burton, dowered of sun and wind,
Whose songs were born in deserts fierce and free,
Mid dusky Bedouins, Mongols yellow-skinned,
In Amazonian woods, in winds of Ind,
And on the breast of Camoens' mother-sea.

—Theodore Watts, in *The Athenæum*.

THE ENGLAND OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

COMMERCE was crippled by monopolies, and of the arable land of the country not more than one-fourth was in a state of cultivation; but large flocks of sheep were kept on account of their wool. Manufactures were only in their infancy. Woollens had been spun and woven only on a small scale throughout the country; Taunton, in Somersetshire, being at that time the most famous for its fabrics of any town in England; and the West of England was to the world's commerce of that day what the North is now. While Liverpool was still a swamp, and Manchester a straggling hamlet, when Leeds was a cluster of mud huts, and the romantic valley of the Calder a desolate gorge, the streets of Taunton, Exeter, and Dunstons resounded with arts and industry, and the merchant ships of Bridgewater and Bristol were going out or coming in from the remotest corners of the globe. The fairest fields, the richest cities, the proudest strongholds lay in this region. The silk manufacture had been established in London upwards of two hundred years; but as yet upwards of a century and a half must elapse before an adventurous John Lombe erects a silk mill at Derby, and so begins the factory system in England. And that mighty cotton manufacture, upon whose prosperity the feeding of so many millions of people depends, at the birth of Shakespeare had no existence in the realm. Our principal foreign transactions then lay with the Netherlands; but already the merchant princes of our island were seeking to bind us in the peaceful links of commerce with all lands. Agriculture was then in the rudest condition; the flower-garden was but little cultivated, the parks of the nobility and gentry serving them for pleasure grounds; some valuable excellent herbs and fruits had indeed been recently introduced into the country, amongst which were turnips, carrots, salads, apricots, melons, and currants, but potatoes were not yet cultivated in Britain, and even for a hundred years afterwards were scarcely known as an article of food; and peas were in general brought from Holland, so that old Fuller might well observe that they were "fit dainties for ladies, they came so far and cost so dear." The cultivation of flax was not neglected, that of hops had been introduced, but as yet our principal supply was from the Low Countries. The old dungeon-like castles of the nobility were giving way to the more commodious halls or mansions, but the houses of the people improved slowly. The art of manufacturing the very coarsest sorts of glass had only been introduced into England seven years, common window-glass and bottles being all that was attempted, the finer articles of glassware being still imported from Venice. Few houses had glass in their windows, and even in towns of importance chimneys were an unknown luxury, the smoke being allowed to escape as best it could from the lattice, from the door, or from openings in the roofs. On a humble pallet of straw would the poor husbandman repose his wearied limbs, and wheaten bread was not used by more than one-half of the population.—From "*Shakespeare's True Life*," By James Walter, Longmans.

VELAZQUEZ UNDER NATURE'S GUIDANCE.

HE discovered also that Nature herself is the artist's best teacher, and industry his sweet guide to perfection. He very early resolved neither to sketch nor to colour any object without having the thing itself before him. That he might have a model of the human countenance ever at hand, "he kept," says Pacheco, "a peasant lad, as an apprentice, who served him for a study in different actions and postures—sometimes crying, sometimes laughing—till he had grappled with every difficulty of expression; and from him he executed an infinite variety of heads in charcoal and chalk, on blue paper, by which he arrived at certainty in taking likenesses." He thus laid the foundation of the inimitable ease and perfection with which he afterwards painted heads, in which his excellence was admitted even by his detractors, in a precious piece of criticism often in their mouths—that he could paint a head and nothing else. To this, when it was once repeated to him by Philip IV., he replied, with the noble humility of a great master and the good-humour which most effectually turns the edge of sarcasm, that they flattered him, for he knew nobody of whom it could be said that he painted a head thoroughly well. To acquire facility and brilliancy in colouring he devoted himself for a while to the study of

animals and still life, painting all sorts of objects rich in tones and tints, and simple in configuration, such as pieces of plate, metal and earthen pots and pans, and other domestic utensils, and the birds, fish, and fruits, which the woods and waters around Seville so lavishly supplied to its markets. These "bodegones" of his early days are worthy of the best pencils of Flanders, and now are no less rare than excellent.

The next steps of Velazquez, in his progress of self-instruction, was the study of subjects of low life, found in such rich and picturesque variety in the streets and on the waysides of Andalusia, to which he brought a fine sense of humour and discrimination of character. To this epoch is referred his celebrated picture of the "Water-carrier of Seville," stolen by King Joseph in his flight from the Palace of Madrid, and taken in his carriage, with a quantity of the Bourbon plate and jewels, at the rout of Vittoria. Presented by King Ferdinand VII. to the great English captain who placed him on his hereditary throne, it is now [1848] one of the Wellington trophies at Apsley House. It is a composition of three figures: a sunburnt, wayworn seller of water, dressed in a tattered brown jerkin, with his huge earthen jars, and two lads, one of whom receives a sparkling glass of the pure element, whilst his companion quenches his thirst from a pipkin. The execution of the heads and all the details is perfect; and the ragged trader, dispensing a few maravedio worth of his simple stock, maintains, during the transaction, a grave dignity of deportment, highly Spanish and characteristic, and worthy of an Emperor pledging a great vassal in Tokay.—*Annals of the Artists of Spain*. By Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart. New Edition.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

LET not soft slumbers close my eyes,
Before I've recollected thrice
The train of actions through the day:
Where have my feet marked out their way?
What have I learnt, where'er I've been,
From all I've heard—from all I've seen?
What know I more that's worth the knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duties have I left undone?
Or into what new follies run?
These self-enquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God.

—From the *Greek of Pythagoras*.

THE SISAL PLANT.

THE leaves are of a dull-green colour, four to six feet long, as many inches wide, and terminated by a stout, dark spine. The margins are commonly described as smooth, as they are without teeth, but in all the plants examined by the writer the leaves were slightly rough on the edges, and in many of the young plants some of the leaves had well-developed teeth. A full-grown plant presents a rather striking appearance, bristling all over with the long, spiny-tipped leaves, thickly radiating from the short cylindrical trunk, which is crowned by a sharp, slender, cone-like bud. Indeed, a large plant makes one think of a gigantic sea-urchin. The leaves as they unfold from the bud slowly assume a horizontal position, but remain rigid and straight, never curving downward, as they do in the century plant. When the plant arrives at maturity, and has a sufficient store of nourishment, it sends up its flower-stem, known to cultivators as the "mast" or "pole." This is from twenty to twenty-five feet high, and about six inches in diameter near the base. On the upper two thirds, branches are developed, converting the pole into a huge panicle, covered with innumerable greenish-yellow flowers. A peculiarity of the sisal plant is that it seldom or never sets a seed. The flowers fall, carrying the ovary with them, then on the ends of the branches young plants develop, so that the pole presents a rather odd appearance, with the small plants growing out in the places usually occupied by the flowers. When these young plants have attained a height of from three to four inches, they fall to the ground and take root. The old plants also reproduce themselves by means of suckers, and hence, when old and neglected, are often seen surrounded by numerous smaller ones, as in the common houseleek (*Sempervivum*).—From *Cultivation of Sisal in the Bahamas*, by John I. Northrop, in the *Popular Science Monthly*.

THACKERAY AND IRISHMEN.

IT was on the same day that a broken-down Irish gentleman, not unlike the great Costigan, fell into talk without being introduced. His brogue was thick and noble, and after a time he said: "Ye might not believe it, Sorr, but I'm an Irishman."—"Good heavens! You don't say so!" answered Thackeray. "I took you for an Italian." This playful love of Ireland and the Irish was for ever with Thackeray, and many of his Irish ballads are little less racy of the soil than Lever's own. But it was not understood, as he always felt he never was. His good-tempered banter was set down as mockery, and one day, in Anthony Trollope's stables, a curious old groom who heard Thackeray's name said to him: "I hear you have written a book upon Ireland, and are always making fun of the Irish. You don't like us."—"God help me!"

said Thackeray, turning his head away as his eyes filled with tears; "all that I have loved best in the world is Irish." Much did he love to talk of Irish oddities, and during his American lectures was delighted to tell how, dining at St. Louis, he overheard one Irish waiter say to another: "Do you know who that is?" "No," was the answer. "That," said the first, "is the celebrated Thacker." "What's he done?" "D—d if I know."—*Life of W. M. Thackeray*, by H. Merivale and H. T. Marzials.

FRESH JOHNSON ANECDOTES.

AT Dunvegan, Miss Macleod, of Macleod, who remembers her grandmother, Johnson's hostess, and her aunts, "the four daughters, who knew all the arts of Southern elegance, and all the modes of English economy," has preserved some traditions more worthy of trust. "One day," she said, "he had scolded the maid for not getting good peats, and had gone out in the rain to the stack to fetch in some himself. He caught a bad cold. Lady Macleod went up to his room to see how he was, and found him in bed with his wig turned inside out and the wrong end foremost, serving the purpose of 'a cap by night,' like the stocking of Goldsmith's 'Author.' On her return to the drawing-room she said: 'I have often seen very plain people, but anything as ugly as Dr. Johnson with his wig thus stuck on I have never seen.'" An elderly man, a retired exciseman, who lived close by, had a story to tell of the learned minister, the Rev. Donald Macqueen, who accompanied Johnson on part of his tour. A crofter, seeing the two men pass, asked the minister who was his companion. Macqueen replied: "The man who made the English language." "Then he had very little to do," rejoined the crofter; meaning, according to the Gaelic idiom, that he might have been better employed.—*Footsteps of Dr. Johnson*. By Geo. Birkbeck Hall. Sampson Low and Company.

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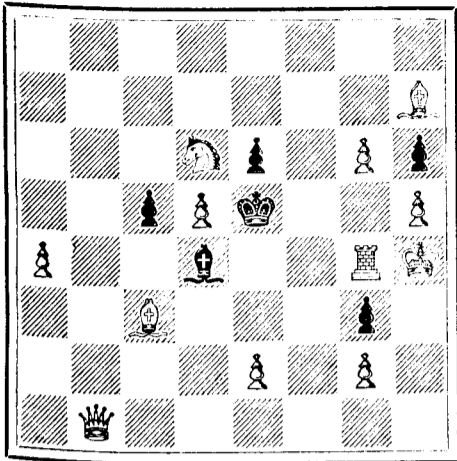
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CHESS.

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By S. Loyd, New York.

BLACK.



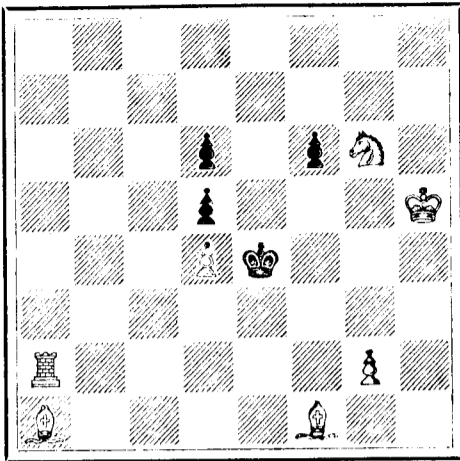
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 548.

By W. Grimshaw.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 547.

- White. 1. Q-R 7, 2. R-Kt 4, 3. Kt-B 7 mate. Black. 1. R x Q, 2. K x R, 1. R-Q 2, 2. moves.

With other variations.

No. 548.

P-K 4

GAME PLAYED IN THE GUNSBERG AND STEINITZ MATCH AT NEW YORK.

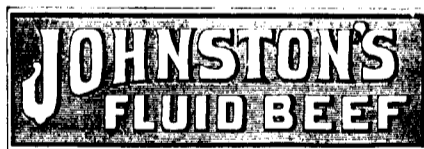
ZUKERTORT'S OPENING.

- W. STEINITZ. White. 1. Kt-K B 3, 2. P-Q 4, 3. P-K 3, 4. P-B 3 (b), 5. B-K 2, 6. Castles, 7. P-B 4, 8. Kt-B 3, 9. P x P, 10. Kt-K 5, 11. P-B 4, 12. B P x Kt, 13. B-Q 2, 14. B x B, 15. Q-R 4 (c), 16. Q R-B 1, 17. P x P, 18. Kt-K 2, 19. R-K B 3, 20. Q R-B 1. I. GUNSBERG. Black. Kt-K B 3, P-K 3, B-Kt 5 + (a), B-K 2, Castles, P-Q 4, P-Q Kt 3, B-Kt 2, P x P, K Kt-Q 2, Kt x Kt, P-Q B 3, B-R 3, Kt x B, Kt-Kt 1, P-B 3, B x P, R-K 1, Q-K 2, R-B 1.

NOTES.

- (a) A novel departure from the usual course; P-Q 4. (b) Better than to interpose either Kt or B. (c) White has the inferior position of pawns, but a good attack. (d) A very good move. Black cannot capture the pawn now because of 27. Q-Q 3. (e) An error. Instead of which he ought to have played P-K R 3. (f) If B takes Kt then, 28. R takes B, followed by Q-Kt 7. (g) Sealed by Mr. Steinitz. (h) Excellent play. This brings the game to a speedy termination. (i) Intending R takes B.

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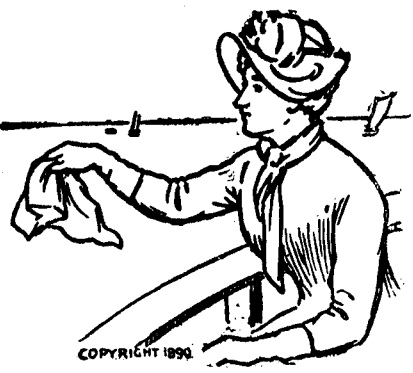
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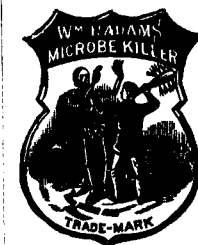
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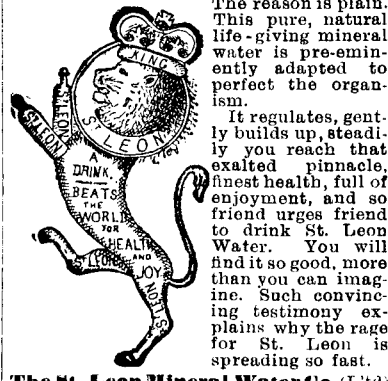
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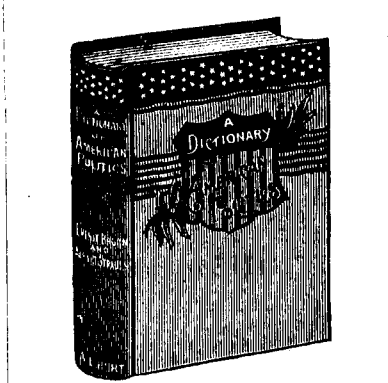
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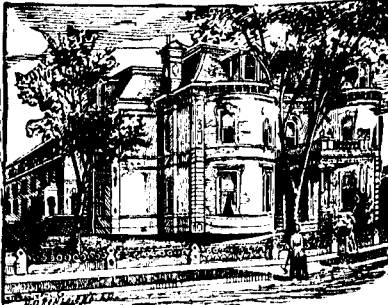
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