

THE WEEK:

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

Seventh Year.
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Shakespeare and the Russian Drama.
Nathan Haskell Dole.
A Musical Setting to Tennyson's "Thros-
tle Song."
A Chat with Madame Modjeska. Char-
lotte Porter.
Studies on the "Merchant of Venice."
Dr. W. J. Rolfe.
A List of Browning Reference Books.
Portrait of Chaucer.
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Imitations and Translations of Medieval
Poetry.
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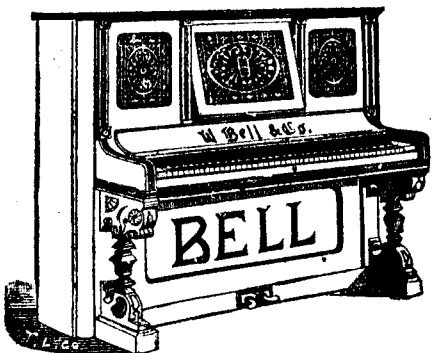
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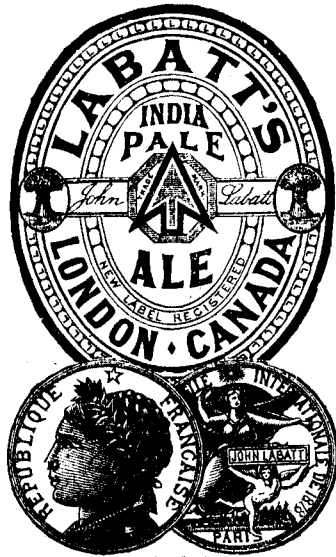
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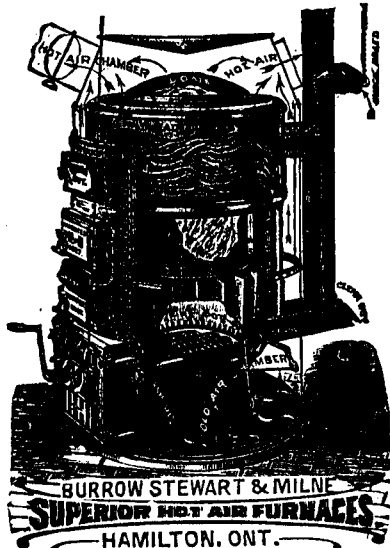
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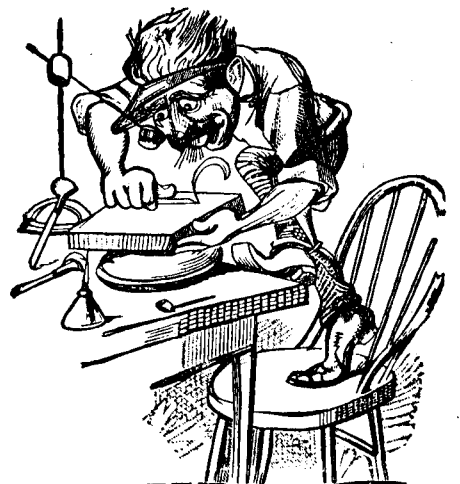
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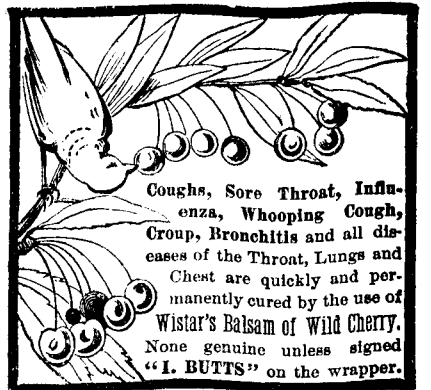
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THE WEEK.

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

A GOOD deal of discussion, some of it not in the most amiable spirit, has been evoked by a Washington telegram from Ottawa, to the effect that the Dominion Government proposed to discontinue the *modus vivendi* at an early date, and to resume the strict enforcement of Canadian rights under the treaty of 1818. In strict accuracy the question is not one of discontinuing but of renewing the *modus vivendi*. That temporary arrangement expires by efflux of time in February, and in the absence of its renewal, or an agreement upon some other arrangement, both parties will be thrown back, of necessity, upon the old treaty. We presume, however, that the alleged determination of the Ottawa Government to resume the enforcement of its own interpretation of the ancient Treaty has about as much basis in fact as the alleged resolution of the Washington Government to adopt retaliatory measures of the most stringent character. That is to say, we do not suppose any such determination has been come to by either Government. In our opinion, it would be one of the blunders, which is said to be worse than a crime in politics, for Canada to return to a course which would be sure to arouse all the old irritations without bringing any compensating advantages. The great expense necessary to a thorough enforcement of the provisions of the Treaty of 1818 would of itself go a long way toward counterbalancing, if it did not actually overbalance, any accruing benefits of a material character. The only reasons that could justify a refusal to renew an arrangement somewhat similar to the *modus vivendi*, would be a clear intimation on the part of the Washington authorities that they were resolved to refuse absolutely to negotiate further with a view to the permanent settlement of the difficulty, and a necessity which might thereupon arise to vindicate and guard our territorial rights. In any event the previous question for Canada, before resorting to any measures having even the appearance of harshness, would be solely that of the imperative necessity, or otherwise, of such measures for the protection of those rights. Within the limits of that necessity, her course should be as conciliatory and neighbourly as possible, as a matter of principle and good feeling, and uninfluenced in either direction by any

threats of retaliation. It is quite possible, of course, that the clearest demonstration of the justice of the Canadian claims and methods might be of no avail to ward off the threatened retaliation. That would depend upon the accidental composition and mood of the American Senate at the particular moment of action. A much better safeguard than any afforded by its sense of justice or friendliness is the fact that the retaliatory measures proposed, however injurious they might prove to Canadian commerce, would inevitably inflict a severer blow upon that of the Western States and Territories, and one to which they would not be very likely to submit. Apart, however, from all such considerations, it would be an act of folly as well as cowardice for Canada to suffer herself to be turned aside from the right and honourable course by any dread of consequences of the kind indicated. The question of her right to defend her own possessions would have to be determined sooner or later, and in such a case the sooner the better. Almost any consequences of a brave and honourable course would be better than living on our neighbour's sufferance. That would be intolerable and ruinous to all national spirit.

THE discussion in the United States Congress of the Bills for Unrestricted Reciprocity and Commercial Union with Canada, which have been introduced by the Hon. Benjamin Butterworth and Congressman Hitt, respectively, if indeed these bills reach the stage of discussion, will be of considerable interest to Canadians, not only as indicating the views of the Representatives of the American people upon the trade question, but as an index of their mental attitude in relation to Canada. There can be no doubt that the agitation of the Commercial Union scheme, the articles by Mr. Wiman and others in the magazines, the inquiries of the Senate Committee, and other events of the past year have brought Canada more prominently before the minds of United States politicians, and given them a better idea of her great extent and resources, than any previous discussions or events. It will be interesting to note the effect of this increased knowledge in Congress. So far as Canada is concerned it will be time enough for her to decide upon the acceptance or rejection of any such offers as those proposed, when they have really been made, and their terms are clearly known. There can be little doubt that the movement in favour of extended commercial relations, at least with the American continent, is making considerable headway in the Republic. The Pan-American Congress is an evidence of the growing strength of this very natural and sensible sentiment. That Congress, unlikely as it seems to be that it will bear any such fruits as its conveners fondly hoped, will not be without its educational value. It will probably impress more clearly upon the American mind the fact that other countries are quite as anxious to promote their own interests as to become tributary to the growth and wealth of the great American nation, and that any trade arrangements of an international kind must be reciprocal in the benefits conferred. Though little is known of the actual proceedings of the Congress, it is shrewdly suspected that Mr. Blaine and his coadjutors have already had their eyes opened to this important discovery. It is therefore not unlikely that the Congress, in which Canada is not represented, may lead to a clearer recognition of the great and growing value of Canadian trade. If, as there is reason to hope, beside this conviction another is fixed in the American mind, to the effect that Canadians value their own institutions and mode of Government, and mean to retain them, real progress will have been made towards a better understanding and a less fettered commercial intercourse.

ON its merits the questions, whether the Dominion or the Provincial Governments have the right to appoint Queen's Counsel, whether both have that right, whether, in the latter case, the appointees of both are on a footing of equality, or, if not, which are entitled to precedence, do not strike one as being intrinsically of vast importance. One might, indeed, easily fancy that, so far as the Dominion Government and that of Ontario at least are concerned, both had resolved to minimize their difference of opinion by making the coveted title so common that it

could no longer be esteemed worth quarrelling over. Still, however obvious it may be that the sum total of an advocate's ability is neither increased nor diminished by the validity or invalidity of the document which authorizes him to write "Q.C." after his name, and to wear a gown of silk instead of some other material, it must be admitted that there is a question of some importance behind the pettiness of the dispute, and one which it may be worth while to have authoritatively settled. The important question is really that of the constitutional status of the Provincial Governments in relation to the supreme authority of the Empire. The essence of the view which denies the Provincial Governments the right to represent the Queen in such matters as the appointment of Queen's Counsel seems to be that the Provinces, as such, are, by the Act of Confederation, cut off from all direct relations to the throne and the Imperial authorities; and their Governments thus deprived of any power or right to represent the Sovereign save such as may be transmitted through the medium of the Federal Government. The question is one upon which it would be presumptuous for us to offer an opinion, but it is manifestly one in which the dignity and authority, not to say the very autonomy of the Provinces, are seriously involved.

A MOST suggestive incident is that of the six Toronto boys who tried the other day to qualify themselves, by means of a petty theft, for a place in the Reformatory, in order that they might learn a trade. A lady who visited some destitute families during the recent Christmastide, on charitable thoughts intent, returned, on each occasion, strongly impressed with the conviction that the one great need of the children growing up so plentifully in such families is industrial education. Even were it necessary to choose between a system which should teach such boys the use of their hands, by way of preparation for some useful trade, and such girls to cook and sew, and in other ways keep house in a cleanly, tidy and economical fashion, and the public school system as it at present exists, few thoughtful persons could doubt that the former training would be preferable to the latter, as much more closely related to the health, happiness, respectability and morality of the future lives of those receiving it. But, happily, there is no necessity for any such choice. The one kind of education need by no means exclude the other. The training of hands and brains may be carried on *pari passu* with mutual advantage. Every intelligent teacher must admit that in the schools, as at present constituted, there is, in spite of all excellencies of system and mode, an enormous waste of time and energy. The brains of boys and girls, even in their teens, cannot profitably be kept on the stretch for so many hours as make up the school day. A change of head work for hand work for one-third or even one-half the time would be really beneficial to study by the rest and relaxation it would afford. Moreover, the training of the hands would involve also the training of the eye, and through it of the faculties of perception, reason and judgment, and so would afford in itself an invaluable mental discipline. This is especially true where reference is constantly had to simple scientific principles within the range of a child's comprehension. Thus everything points to the necessity for a radical change in our ideas and methods of elementary education. Something is being done, through the agency of private philanthropists, to meet the crying demand for industrial training, but such efforts are necessarily limited in scope, and are apt to be more or less spasmodic and intermittent. What is needed is an industrial system on a national scale, at least for towns and cities. The tendency is now clearly in that direction, but why should the process be so slow? Who can doubt that the compulsory education, of the kind and in the directions indicated, of all the boys and girls of the city whose manual and industrial training is now being wholly neglected, would work a moral revolution in the course of a few years, and completely change, to the great advantage both of themselves and of the community, the future course of thousands who are now in training for lives of hopeless wretchedness, and in too many cases of positive vice and crime? If this is not a legitimate field for strong legislation and liberal expenditure by the State, it would be hard to find one.

THE answers given by Chancellor Boyd and Mr. Justice Robertson to the questions submitted by the Minister of Education, concerning the construction to be placed upon certain amendments to the Separate Schools Act, will be useful as a guide to assessors and others charged with the administration of the law. These answers make clear the power of the Courts of Revision to determine complaints and correct mistakes in cases in which names are alleged to have been placed in the wrong column of the assessment rolls for the purpose of the school tax, or wrongfully omitted from the same. They also show that the assessor is not bound to accept the statement of, or made on behalf of, any ratepayer, under section 120 (2) of the Public Schools Act, if he is informed, or ascertains before completing his roll, that such ratepayer is not a Roman Catholic, or has not given the notice required, or is for any reason not entitled to exemption from the Public School rates. The answers of the learned judges also establish the fact that the wrongful assessment for one or more years of one who is not a Roman Catholic, or who, being a Roman Catholic, has not given the requisite notice, does not estop him from claiming in any following year that he should not be placed as a Separate School supporter for that year. These are, as above intimated, points in regard to which it is well to have a clearly defined and authoritative decision. At the same time, they are, severally, points in regard to which it does not seem possible that there could have been much serious doubt in any mind not under the influence of partisan bias. With regard to the one matter which, as we have repeatedly pointed out, is of real importance, the objection urged against the amendment to the Separate School Act is sustained by the decision of the judges. The question and answer in regard to this matter read as follows:

Is or is not a ratepayer, who has not, by himself or his agent, given notice in accordance with the last foregoing section (section 40 of the Separate Schools Act), entitled to exemption from the payment of rates imposed for the support of Public Schools or for other Public School purposes, as in that section mentioned?

Answer—If the assessor is satisfied with the *prima facie* evidence of the statement made by or on behalf of any ratepayer that he is a Roman Catholic, and thereupon (seeking and hearing no further information) places such person upon the assessment roll as a Separate School supporter, this ratepayer, though he may not by himself or agent give notice in writing, pursuant to section 40 of the Separate Schools Act, may be entitled to exemption from the payment of rates for Public School purposes—he being in the case supposed assessed as a supporter of Roman Catholic Separate Schools.

From this it is clear that, although the fact of a ratepayer being supposed by the assessor, or stated by some one else, to be a Roman Catholic is only *prima facie* evidence for such assessor of his being entitled to exemption, and is subject to correction by the assessor at any time previous to the completion of his roll, yet it may have the effect of securing to the person so entered in the Separate School column exemption from taxation for the support of Public Schools, without his having given the notice required by the Public School Act, and declared by it to be necessary in every case. If we are correct in thus understanding the decision, it follows that the amendment in question to the Separate Schools Act really contravenes in effect the intention of the Public Schools Act, and should be repealed or amended accordingly. It is true that the assessor may, by the use of sufficient diligence, ordinarily prevent this result. But it does not appear that he is under any special obligation to use such diligence. He may, and in most cases probably will, content himself with leaving the name in the column in which he may have in the first instance placed it. In any case, it surely should not be left to the assessor to determine, as he virtually does in the case supposed, unless protest is entered, whether a given Roman Catholic, or supposed Roman Catholic, shall be rated as a Public or as a Separate School supporter. That should, evidently, be decided by other officials on the receipt of the legal notice, or on satisfactory evidence that such notice has been given in a previous year. A declaratory or amending clause is surely needed, and should be passed without delay. The principle involved, viz., that all ratepayers shall be assumed to be Public School supporters, in the absence of the legal notice to the contrary, is of too much importance to be lightly set aside.

CANADA is naturally much more anxious to be legally rid of the little army of United States "boodlers" of various grades, who have sought asylum within her borders, than to reclaim her own who have fled for refuge to the great Republic. The Weldon Extradition Act would have served the former purpose admirably, and the Dominion

could very well have afforded to let her neighbour do as she pleased about reciprocating. For these reasons we regret that that Act was not permitted to go into operation. It really seems much the simpler, and for aught we can see, the better method of dealing with the matter. Why should not each country make its own laws to limit the right of asylum in its domains—in other words, to determine what classes of fugitives it will, and what classes it will not, surrender to a foreign state? If one neighbour should adopt such a law and carry out its provisions impartially, the other would be pretty sure to follow suit. If it did not, it would certainly get the worst of the bargain, since it would have to domicile its neighbour's criminals while reclaiming its own. To talk, as is sometimes done, about the unfairness of this and that proposed provision of an Extradition treaty, as favouring one country more than the other, seems almost puerile. The right to retain the embezzlers, violators of trust, and other dishonest classes of fugitives from a neighbouring nation, is one of so doubtful a character that a people desirous of preserving high moral standards might very well afford to forego it, even without an equivalent. The political refugees, whose claim of asylum it is the main object of extradition treaties to secure, are the very persons whom no civilized people would be in the least likely to surrender without a treaty. Since, however, the Mother Country has not seen fit to ratify the Weldon Act, preferring to retain whatever advantage in negotiation Canada's peculiar situation in respect to the United States gave her, as a make-weight in negotiating a treaty, all will be pleased to learn that there is every reason to hope for the early ratification of the draft-treaty which has been prepared by agents of the British and American Governments, and which has recently been sent to the Senate. It is satisfactory to learn that the scope of the proposed treaty includes all that class of breaches of trust, and violations of the laws of honesty and honour in business transactions, whose omission from the existing treaty has given rise to a state of affairs which is injurious and disgraceful to both countries.

SUCH incidents as the recent declaration of war by the newspaper *La Patrie* against *L'Electeur*, and the controversies going on in several places between Separate School supporters and members of Separate School Boards, on the one hand, and certain of the Roman Catholic clergy on the other, show that our French-Canadian Catholic fellow-citizens are not the solid phalanx, in their aggressive attitude, which has been supposed. This is well. Undesirable as are such dissensions in themselves considered, there are times when they are decidedly helpful to the cause of liberty and progress. Were it true, as is often asserted, and as was claimed in effect the other day in the newspaper paragraph which Mr. Meredith too hastily assumed to be inspired by a Roman Catholic prelate, that the Catholic vote is "solid," and may be used at the pleasure of the ruling powers of that Church to turn the political balance as best suits its purposes, Canada might well despair of attaining equal rights and independent national life. Happily, however, the position being taken by *La Patrie*, and other representatives of the Roman Catholic laity, indicate the existence of a mental and moral independence, the tendency of which will be to grow and spread, leading those who exercise it to refuse to bow their necks in political matters to the yoke of Ultramontanism. The contests in certain of the Separate School Boards are very significant. It is noteworthy that such prelates as Archbishop Duhamel, even when disclaiming the attempt to exercise arbitrary powers over the Separate School Boards, do still assert a large degree of authority, in virtue of their ecclesiastical position. Such authority would, if admitted, go far to make the members of those Boards mere puppets in the hands of the priests, and the schools mere nurseries for the Church. These facts add emphasis to the query which has been before put in these columns, whether an undue and undesirable deference is not paid by the Ontario Government to the views of the Catholic clergy, as distinct from the laity of that Church, in matters of school legislation. We do not forget that Mr. Mowat has distinctly denied that the objectionable amendments to the Separate School law were made at the suggestion of the Catholic clergy. This denial we are, of course, bound to accept without reservation. But why is not the election of Separate School trustees conferred to the law and custom which have now become almost uniform in political and municipal elections in Ontario? Is there any sufficient reason for withholding the ballot from those Catholic electors who are asking for it? Mr. Mowat asks if the ballot should be forced upon the Catholic electors. Few Protestant observers can, we think, doubt that it would be

acceptable to the great majority. But admit, for argument's sake, that only a minority of those specially interested have declared themselves in favour of secret voting, why should they not have it? We suppose that it is only the minority, in any case, who need such protection! Why should not the Catholic minority have it? To grant it could not possibly interfere with any legitimate right of the majority, or of individuals, clerical or non-clerical. What other reason can be conceived of, why the Ontario Government should refuse to even a few Catholic ratepayers the protection in voting for Separate School Trustees which is given to all other classes of voters, than that the wishes of the prelates and clergy are paramount?

THE correspondence recently published between Premier Mercier and ex-Premier Chapleau, of Quebec, partakes too largely of the personal element to recommend itself as a subject for independent comment. Upon the propriety and good faith of Mr. Mercier's act in publishing, without the consent of the writer, a private letter, we prefer to offer no opinion. The provocation, or rather temptation, was undoubtedly great, though that in itself would be no excuse if it were even an extenuation of a breach of confidence. The net result of the correspondence, in so far as it revealed facts of public interest, will have surprised no one. It has simply confirmed what was before well understood, viz., that the question of the Jesuits' Estates Act was the *bête noir* of Quebec politicians, and that both premiers alike realized the necessity of getting it out of the way. From a party point of view it is undoubtedly a great advantage to Mr. Mercier to have been able to shew that his predecessor in office had virtually consented to pay a somewhat larger price for the settlement of the vexed question than that with which he himself effected the compromise. Mr. Chapleau's letter is valuable to Mr. Mercier's party as proving the pressure of political necessity. Possibly it convicts his opponent also of inconsistency or insincerity not creditable to the statesman though all too common with the politician. Beyond these points, touching Mr. Mercier's good faith, Mr. Chapleau's political integrity, and the incidental proof of the political exigency existing in the Province by reason of the Jesuits' Estates claim, we see nothing of public value in the correspondence. It certainly does not settle any of the moral or constitutional questions involved.

THE spectacle lately to be seen in the streets of New York of squadrons of men armed with axes, engaged in chopping down the poles on which the electric light wires were suspended, and leaving the city in comparative darkness, was a strange one. To an onlooker ignorant of the causes which led to this unique crusade, the axemen must have seemed like the advance guard of some hitherto undiscovered race of Vandals, commencing to make war on modern civilization. Electricity has already won so many triumphs along the line of its application to the supply of human needs and conveniences; its progress has been so remarkable and its promise of future achievements is still so large, almost defying imagination to set bounds to it, that we are unwilling to grant the possibility of its permanent failure at any point. Fortunately there is no need to predict its failure as an illuminating agent, able to cast all its predecessors literally and metaphorically into the shade, though for the present the danger to human life carried in its currents seems to overbalance the benefits conferred by its efficiency as a source of light in the darkness. The two main questions just now involved in its success as a lighting agent are those of scientific skill in perfecting methods and conscientiousness in the use of appliances. Into such matters as the practicability of substituting weak and safe currents for the powerful, death-dealing ones at present employed; of running the wires underground instead of overhead; of securing perfect and lasting insulation, etc., we need not enter. They may be left for scientific experts with every confidence that the ends sought will be soon attained. In the meantime it is reassuring to learn, as we do from the *New York Nation*, that the special causes of the bad eminence gained by the New York wires as instruments of death are on the surface and are such as may be easily removed. The *Nation* says: "It is altogether suitable that a new system of municipal lighting, created under the superintendence of a butcher, a theatrical ticket agent, and a saucy young lawyer, should be got rid of by cutting down the poles with an axe and plunging the town in darkness." Want of scientific knowledge and skill in a matter in which both knowledge and skill are of vital importance readily accounts for the whole failure. The *Nation* feels sure, as

probably we all do, that no great city which has once been lighted by electricity will go back permanently to gas. What is wanted in that city is the abolition of the present unskilled board and the creation of a new one composed of competent electricians. The latter should be deemed indispensable wherever the electric light system has been or is to be introduced.

A FEW weeks since we had occasion to notice Professor Munro's admirable "Constitution of Canada." A volume in a closely related department of literature now lies before us, in the "Constitutional History of the United States, as Seen in the Development of American Law." This book contains five lectures delivered before the Political Science Association of the University of Michigan by eminent American jurists and legal authorities. "The Federal Supreme Court—Its Place in the American Constitutional System," the first lecture, is by Judge Thomas M. Cooley, of Michigan, who is said to be a worthy successor of Mr. Justice Story as an expounder of the Constitution. It is a somewhat singular, as well as a most fortunate circumstance, that for over sixty years the high office of Chief Justice of the United States was occupied by but two persons—Marshall and Taney—uniformity and completeness being thereby, in a large measure, secured to the national jurisprudence. The influence exercised on the constitutional development of the United States by Chief Justice Marshall is discussed by Henry Hitchcock, LL.D., of St. Louis, and that exercised by Chief Justice Taney, by George W. Biddle, LL.D., of Philadelphia. The Supreme Court decisions since 1864, under the régime of Chief Justices Chase and Waite, are treated of by Charles A. Kent, A.M., of the Michigan bar; and Daniel H. Chamberlain, of New York, treats of "The State Judiciary." In an admirable introduction to the book, Professor Henry Wade Rogers points out that constitutional law, as a distinct branch of jurisprudence, had its origin and development in the United States. "It was in this country," he says, "for the first time in the history of the world, that written constitutions, based on the idea of the pre-existent right of all men to be free, became the organic law of government." To-day not only do written constitutions constitute the fundamental law of most of the European governments, but one has been promulgated even in Asia by the Emperor of Japan. "However," says Professor Rogers, "it does not follow that because a State has a written constitution, constitutional law is to become a recognized branch of its jurisprudence. Constitutional law is a branch of the jurisprudence of our country, because in our written constitutions we have not only divided the powers of government between the three great departments, but have made the judiciary co-ordinate with the legislative and executive departments, giving it power to pass on the constitutionality of laws." Bearing this fact in mind, the value of a course of lectures such as those embodied in this volume becomes doubly apparent. Not only does the book commend itself strongly to those specially interested in legal pursuits, but it contains as well much of interest to the general reader. Its perusal will impress the fact that the men who are charged with the administration and interpretation of the country's laws are, if less conspicuously, no less truly, makers of national history than the men who place them upon the statute-books.

THE recently published proceedings of the Conference on Christian Unity, which took place some months since, between representative men of the Anglican, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches, contain much food for reflection and anticipation. This conference was, moreover, but one in a constantly lengthening series of events of a somewhat similar character, all indicating the same general tendency. Strong currents of Christian thought and feeling are evidently setting in in the direction of Union. Few things are more remarkable in the history of Christianity, though its whole course has been marked at intervals by strange vicissitudes, than the change which has gradually come over the thought and spirit of the denominations, in their relations with each other, within the memory of a person of middle age. The era of belligerency has been gradually giving place to one of fraternization. It would be out of place, we suppose, for a secular journal to enter into the merits of the questions at issue, or even to attempt to balance the various considerations that make for and against the proposed union. A few somewhat desultory observations will exhaust our privilege. It is pretty safe to predict the ultimate success of the movement in some form. When a grand idea gets possession simultaneously

of the minds of a good many thinkers, especially if they be moulders of thought as well, it seldom fails to prove fruitful. The strong desire develops into will force, and the will finds the way, or makes it. The results of a genuine union, whether federal or corporate, among the great religious bodies could scarcely fail to be universally beneficent. It is conceivable, of course, that some minds, recalling the history of the so-called Church, when in other times and centuries it has been all-powerful through unity of organization and purpose, might dread the restoration of so mighty a force in the nation. But the day of such union is as yet too remote to warrant serious apprehension. It is, too, pretty clear that no return to the state of things hinted at can be possible through a union of Protestants. The individualism which is fostered not more by education than by Protestant teaching itself, would prevent such a misuse of strength. The great, if not predominant, influence of the laity in any possible organization would also render its perversion, for purposes either of political aggrandizement or repression of liberty of conscience, impossible. With regard to the two modes of union suggested, the secular onlooker may be disposed to wonder that the federal system is not at once agreed upon as a first step. It is so much more simple and feasible that its attainment should be comparatively easy, and a few years of active and sympathetic co-operation on a federal basis could hardly fail, not only to pave the way to such degree of closer union as might be found practicable, but to draw irresistibly towards it. One more thought, of the many which such a theme suggests, we may venture to add. A pregnant fact brought out in the course of the discussion is that nearly all the questions of creed and polity which stand in the way of corporate union are questions belonging to the clergy alone. No such tests are now applied to the laity. The profession of faith required by any of the Churches as the condition of admission of the ordinary lay members who make up the body, and constitute its bone and sinew, is of the simplest possible description. Why, then, spend time in the almost hopeless task of formulating a compromise creed for the use of the clergy alone? Is it simply because the clergy have so far been the chief actors in the movement, and naturally look upon the matter from their own standpoint? May it not be feared or hoped that if they stay too long fencing over preliminaries, the laity, in whose eyes their abstract dogmas are of little importance, may take the matter out of their hands, and proceed to organize on the business principle of disregarding everything not absolutely fundamental and essential?

JURIES AND GRAND JURIES.

IT is a curious fact, and one that may well give rise to reflections, that the old respect for trial by jury seems to be fading away from the public mind. It was not that men of former times had absolute faith in the decisions of juries. They knew that juries, like "General Councils," "may err, and sometimes have erred." But they considered that there was no more certain way of getting at the truth, and that it would be a dangerous blow to liberty if trial by jury were abandoned or suspended.

It would be interesting to examine, if that were possible, into the causes which have brought about the change in public sentiment on this subject. It is strange that, at a time when bribery at elections should have been reduced to a minimum, there should come a suspicion of the rise of a form of corruption unknown to previous ages, the bribery of jurors. It is quite clear that such bribery was deliberately attempted at Chicago in connection with the trial of the murderers of Dr. Cronin; and although there was no success, for this seems certain, this trial can certainly not be pointed to as a sample of the satisfactory character of the ordinary jury.

It is not often, however, that a grand jury stultifies itself; but a very remarkable example of this has been given in a case tried at the town of Peterborough, in this Province. We have no wish to anticipate the result of any inquiry which may hereafter be instituted. But it is impossible that such a case should be allowed to pass without comment, particularly as the facts are well-known, and are not denied by any of the parties concerned.

The beginning of the fray was on Friday, the 22nd of November, when Mr. Colbeck, a master of the Collegiate Institute at Peterborough, inflicted corporal punishment upon a boy, the son of Mr. McWilliams, who is one of the managers of the Institute. On the following Monday Mr. McWilliams went down to the school, and, in the presence of the same class which had witnessed the chastisement of the boy, he inflicted about a dozen blows on the shoulders and legs of Mr. Colbeck with a whip or cowhide. This

was done quite deliberately; Mr. McWilliams purchased the instrument with the expressed intention of making use of it in this manner. He told several of his neighbours that he intended to thrash the master. After attending church twice on Sunday he found, apparently, that his purpose was strengthened. At any rate, on Monday morning he went down to the school and thrashed Mr. Colbeck. The master tried to explain the matter before the blows fell, but his assailant assured him that he had investigated the case quite sufficiently, and thereupon proceeded to execution. The victim accepted his castigation without resistance or complaint.

This is a very curious incident to have occurred—not in Texas or in Colorado, but in the Anglo-Scoto-Hibernian Province of Ontario, quite within the limits of Christian civilization, if such exists in this world; for Mr. McWilliams paid his "vows in the courts of the Lord's house" on the Lord's Day as a preparation for the flogging of the master.

One cannot be surprised that the Master commenced proceedings for assault, nor that the magistrate committed the assailant for trial. Perhaps, taking into consideration Mr. McWilliams's emotions as expressed in words and action, it is not wonderful that he should have brought a cross charge against Mr. Colbeck. But the wonder of all begins with the decision of the grand jury.

As we are dealing mainly with ascertained facts, we will not assume that any process had been gone through which could make the action of the grand jury intelligible. The presiding Judge made some very excellent remarks on a rumour which had been going about, to the effect that influence had been used with the grand jury, in order to bias their judgment. We trust that this matter will yet be fully investigated, if necessary, by a commission appointed for that express purpose, for the emergency seems to justify and to demand such a provision. But, as we have said, the wonder of this whole incident is the judgment expressed by the grand jury. Mr. Colbeck is charged with a brutal assault which exceeded the legitimate bounds of correction for misconduct in school. Mr. McWilliams is charged with assaulting Mr. Colbeck in his class-room, and he not only confesses the assault, but justifies it. And the grand jury in both cases bring in, NO TRUE BILL. It is incredible, but it is true.

Two or three other decisions are intelligible; but this is not. We can understand that the Jurors might throw out the bill against Mr. Colbeck, and thus find themselves compelled to believe that Mr. McWilliams had committed an unwarranted and unprovoked assault upon the master. Or, we might imagine that Mr. Colbeck's conduct might be doubtful, or that some of the jurors might think it was blameworthy; and in either case, they might have found a true bill against the master, and thus have sent the case to the petit jury for trial. But even in this case, we cannot understand why no bill should be found against Mr. McWilliams. If Mr. Colbeck behaved improperly to the boy McWilliams, of course he must suffer for it. He must receive the verdict of the jury, and the sentence of the Judge. But it is insoluble that anyone, whether father of the sufferer, member of the School Board or anything else, should be allowed to take the law into his own hands. Yet, this wonderful Peterborough grand jury seems to have so judged.

What is the meaning of their decision? If it has any logical meaning, if it has not been brought about by improper influences, as Judge Weller seems to have heard, then it means this:—First, that Mr. Colbeck committed an illegal act by unduly chastising a boy; but, inasmuch as he was thrashed by the boy's father, no further notice should be taken of his offence. Secondly, that Mr. McWilliams had committed an illegal act in whipping Mr. Colbeck; but that he did so under so great provocation that it may be held to be justified. And this is the theory, not of a half-civilized community where lynch law and other primitive institutions are recognized as indispensable, but in a civilized society which would be ashamed to think of itself as inferior to any other in the world. Are we right in saying that this matter demands the fullest examination? If these principles are to prevail, then we may expect the population generally to go about armed with clubs, bowie knives and revolvers.

Mr. McWilliams has written to the Peterboro' papers to explain his conduct. It is only fair to pay some attention to his defence. Generally speaking it amounts to this—that Mr. Colbeck had a grudge against Mr. Long, the head master, that Mr. McWilliams took Mr. Long's side in this quarrel, that Mr. Colbeck poured out his wrath on the boy in place of the father, and that he did so because he had just received another appointment and was

going to leave Peterborough. "Those who blame me for horsewhipping Mr. Colbeck," says Mr. McWilliams, "should place themselves in my place and think what they would do if a delicate child of theirs came home with arms and legs all bruised and black, especially if he was such a kind and affectionate child that I never had to punish him."

We refer to this letter especially for the purpose of pointing out that this is not at all the question in which the public are primarily interested. Whether the punishment inflicted was excessive, whether the boy kicked Mr. Colbeck when he was receiving his castigation, whether the wrath of Mr. McWilliams was justifiable—he certainly could not be justified in taking the law into his own hands—all these are questions of some interest and might properly come before a jury. But this is not the serious matter with which we have now to deal. We want to have some explanation of the conduct of this Grand Jury. We want to believe that they had honest reasons, even if unintelligent ones, for their illogical and irrational decision; and we trust that the people of Peterboro', for their own sakes and the sake of public justice, will demand an investigation.

LONDON LETTER.

IT is only within the last year that the name of Mr. Rudyard Kipling has become familiar to us in England. Indian travellers had spoken of the pleasure they had found in his sketches and one heard from good critics how admirably the stories were told and with what wonderfully fresh material he worked. But it was not until Mr. Lang drew our attention in *Longman's Magazine* to some of the "Departmental Ditties," and later in a *Daily News* leader to "Plain Tales from the Hills" that we realized Mr. Kipling was, so to speak, at our doors, and that we need no longer depend on what other people said of him but could judge for ourselves. And now those among us who have leisure for current literature read and quote his rhymes and stories in a way that augurs well for his popularity in England. If occasionally he strikes a note in his verse that reminds one of Bret Harte, or an attitude in his prose that now suggests Rider Haggard and anon Mr. Besant, still he possesses a strong personality. He has, too, to a rare degree that journalistic instinct upon which the author of "When a Man's Single" discourses so wittily. There is nothing much better in its way than "Beyond the Pale," through which one hears the wail of the Love Song of Har Dyal and the clink of the girl's bracelet; or the sketch of the room in the House of Suddhow what time the magician crawls about the floor; or the description of the opium-eaters at the Gate of the Hundred Sorrows. I think of a score of small romances, very perfect; of the drawings of British soldiers in exile, full of truth and spirit; of the vivid manner in which with just a word or two you are made to see the scenery which is about Mr. Kipling as he writes. And yet there is something lacking with all this excellence, a want of scholarship, of refinement, of reticence, which perplexes the ordinary reader not a little. It is impossible to help regretting that Mr. Kipling should give up so much of his time to regarding the comings and goings of Mrs. Hanksbee and her kind, that he should listen to their ill-bred voices, out of tune through retailing garrison gossip, through singing the music of "La Grande Duchesse," and that he should think it worth his while to reproduce, and reproduce admirably, so many of the degrading little episodes which fill the lives of that idle, vain, ill-educated class to which Mrs. Hanksbee belongs. But much must be forgiven for his undoubted success in the art of telling a story. Try as you may you will not easily forget certain things he has said and sung to you. There will always remain in your memory the picture of the man who would be a king; of the lad in debt who shot himself; of the sad rhyme written on Christmas Day; of a dozen of others equally good. And Mr. Kipling's skill and power and originality will cause you to forgive faults glaring enough to anyone with the least feeling for literature, odious to most of us who prefer good manners to bad.

Sir Percy Shelley, whose death is just announced, was so little like the ideal son of a poet that one was tempted to believe Queen Mab had slipped a changeling into the Shelley cradle. The vigorous gentleman pounding along the Bournemouth roads on his bicycle or enthusiastically deep in theatrical matters, or yachting among the islands on the Scotch coast, had many sides to his character but none that reminds you in the least of the stock from which he sprang. Trelawny used to say that the poet at twenty-nine years of age would say, "I feel ninety." The poet's son inherited his father's lost youth and preserved it till the day of death. Full of tact and cordiality there were few things he and his charming wife liked better than the delightful gatherings at Boscombe Manor where all who had the smallest right to be considered interesting were at some time or other to be found. The old friends of the poet were never forgotten. Hogg, married to Jane Williams (that Sensitive Plant), would come to play chess. An admirable sketch of him by Mr. Easton is reproduced in the recent life of Mrs. Shelley; and there were many of less name who had to do with the years when Sir Percy was growing up, and his mother, the *Madre*, to whom he was so devoted, worked hard at those volumes which not

even the most curious reader can find of interest now. I think among all the celebrities, little and great, Trelawny was the only one missing of late years. But he who gave the best and truest sketch of the poet was ungalant, to say the least of it, to the poet's wife; and the unfounded accusation of the transfer of the ashes in the Roman cemetery was not likely to be forgiven by the family. Mr. Stevenson dedicated his "Master of Ballantrae" to Sir Percy Shelley, who, with the happiest of youthful natures remained in touch to the last with everything fresh.

By the way a curious story is told of Lady Shelley's first husband, a Mr. St. John (son of Lord Bolingbroke), who when a lad at Harrow met on one of his walks with an old gentleman riding among the lanes, for whom the boy did some small civility, such as opening a gate into a field. The two fell into conversation and the young gentleman amused the elder so much that he asked the lad where he was at school, and was told Harrow. "What's your name?" he said, and was answered by Master St. John in a spirit of schoolboy mischief, "John Smith." Then they parted and neither came across the other again. Well, long after that chance meeting there was an advertisement in the papers for a John Smith at Harrow in such and such a year. This notice catching Mr. St. John's eye, he, trying to think which young Smith it could be, suddenly remembered the talk with the horseman by the gate. So he wrote to the advertisers giving them a description of the old gentleman and an account of the interview. There was much discussion at the time about the case, for it seems the old gentleman had left all his money to civil John Smith, of Harrow school, with whom he had once spent a delightful half-hour; but the money was not given to Mr. St. John, who had no reasonable excuse to offer for the foolish joke of the wrong name and whose unsupported word could not be taken. Therefore the kindly old gentleman's bequest went to the charity which was to possess it if Master Smith were dead; and this story goes to prove that it is wiser never to tell lies even in jest.

Sir Percy Shelley is buried in one of the prettiest churchyards in England with his mother and his grandparents, the Godwins, whose coffins were brought from St. Pancras when the railway took the ground and laid waste the cemetery. In the gardens at Boscombe Manor is a square lawn, railed in, and called the Resting Place, where the Shelleys said they should lie at peace when their time came; but after all, Sir Percy, as I have said, is buried in the churchyard, so the Resting Place remains with no tenants except for sundry pet dogs who have been interred there. Few mourners care to be unconventional. Plans laid in health are seldom regarded when death comes; then the shadow of the church is chosen by all except by that brave handful who think they see a solution of many difficulties in the heathen ceremony of cremation.

It is impossible to imagine, as far as those outside may judge, a more delightful life than Browning's, just brought to a close in Venice. He had an immense number of friends, high and low, rich and poor, who all spoke of him with affectionate admiration. His years were full of sunshine. He had known everyone worth knowing in London since the time of Paracelsus till to-day. He was blessed with wonderful health and looked years younger than his age. Most days he could be met in town walking at a great rate, very upright, his umbrella or stick carried over against his right shoulder. One cannot speak too highly of his courteous, gentle, manner. Those who knew him well say his talk was always quite simple and lucid. When Tennyson told Wordsworth the Brownings were going to marry, Wordsworth said, "Let us hope they will become mutually intelligible." Can you not imagine the old Lake poet's amazement over, let us say, Sordello? There was once a Browning Society started by ladies who soon became very weary of the whole thing. The secretary voted, I think at the third meeting, that the subscriptions should be spent on chocolate creams; and this resolution was carried with enthusiasm, and the society was broken up. Browning, they say, wrote a sonnet on the subject. He should have presented a copy to each of the young ladies.

WALTER POWELL.

WHAT I say is, Don't have nothink to do with a place where they don't keep their servants. Now, there was Missis Brown's at the corner. Sarah Hann went there first, and at the end of the first week she thought she'd like a change; so she left at her month to go and nuss her mother as was took ill. Then Soosan tried the place, and she 'adn't been there three days when she 'eard of another where there was no end o' perks. So she left at her month to go and nuss her mother as was took ill. Then Loeezer went there, and nex' day she thought she'd like to better 'erself, and go as a barmaid. So she left at her month to go and nuss her mother as was took ill. Then Hemley took that place—ah! a nice bright gal she was! And the second day she was there she 'eard of a place as professed cook at £50 a year. She'd never tried cookin' ennything, but she give up the rest of 'er month's wages an' went and took the cook's place, to go and nuss her mother as was took ill. Then I met 'Lizabeth, and says she, "I'm a-going to try Mrs. Brown's place." And I says, "My dear, if you go there, you'll repent it; they never keeps a servant more than her month there!" And sure enough my words come true, for 'Lizabeth 'adn't been there three weeks when she accepted George, the grocer's young man. So she left at her month to go and nuss her mother as was took ill. "What did I tell yer?" says I. —*Fun.*

ROBERT BROWNING DEAD?

Not dead?—Oh, no! not dead;—'tis but the sleep
She sang of—she—his own,
Whose tender music in our hearts we keep
Blent with his deep, strong tone!

"For so He giveth His beloved," here,
Rest after weary toil,—
Re-union after many a lonely year;
One grave in Tuscan soil;—

And what, beyond?—Nay, but we may not dare
To follow, on their way,
Twin souls that blossom into radiance rare
In light of perfect day!

But he,—the *seer*,—whose vision never lost
The light, through darkest cloud;
Who, in a faithless age, with conflict toss'd,
Could sing his faith, aloud;

Who held so fast the thread of nobler life
That but *beginneth* here;
Who heard the heavenly chorus through the strife
And caught its cadence clear;

Who gave it back to us, as best he could,
And sang so nobly *this*—
That service still must be our highest good,
And love our purest bliss—

He is not dead,—for such can never die;
We miss him here a space,
And yet—I think—in yonder Christmas sky,
His voice hath found its place!

December, 1889.

FIDELIS.

PARIS LETTER.

THE government intend to "rush" the Secret Service money estimate through the chamber; it is not surprising that there should be no balance under this head after a general election; such is always the case, no matter what party be in power. The amount now demanded is a trifle over one and a half million francs. If some writers are to be credited, no value is to be obtained for this annual expenditure, because it is nearly all allocated to the endowment of journals for "flapping" the cabinet of the day—journals asserted to have no influence on the country. Every nation has a Secret Service fund: it is an instrument of rule—like smokeless powder. Then it affords every year the occasion for members to shake off the dust of their feet against the grant, and next to vote it all the same. The French Secret Service money possesses this advantage, that it is laid out in the country, and not like such funds of other nations, appropriated to bribe and worm secrets out of foreigners. For the latter purpose, I nearly forgot to mention, the Minister for Foreign Affairs is, like his colleague of the Home office, accorded a round sum also.

M. de Bonnefon claims to be more Catholic than the Pope. He has not the less created a terrible row by his book, the *Pape de Demain*—the "Next Pope"—which is a violent attack against Leo XIII., and three-fourths of the members composing the Vatican court. The vignette on the cover represents the Pontifical and House of Savoy arms, supporting a Prussian helmet. The author accuses His Holiness of letting down the Papacy to please Signor Crispi, the Emperor of Germany, the Czar, etc.; that he has only two passions, hatred of his predecessors and of his recognized successor, presumed to be the Cardinal Lavigerie. This leads to the apparent aim of the book, the emancipation of the church from the Sacred College, which is "merely an Italian vestry," recruited from the Italian clergy, instead of proportionately from among the 200 million Catholics at large. Daudet in his romance, *Immortel*, said that the forty immortals of the Academy were either *canailles* or *imbeciles*. M. Bonnefon is not a whit less respectful to the cardinals and the great functionaries of the Pontifical court, whom he classifies, "white and black souls." He ranks among the good cardinals, Mgrs. Manning, Newman and Gibbons; but Lavigerie is his unique *persona grata*. The Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, Foulon, is simply a Prussian, while Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, next to killed his predecessor by intrigues. A specimen of the diatribes: "Cardinal Foulon is a venomous mushroom of 1860, which sprouted at the foot of the imperial laurel." The author recognizes deputy Comte de Mun, the ex-cavalry officer and an accomplished orator, as the veritable *chef* of the Catholic church in France. The lively volume demonstrates two things: that politics profoundly divide the church, and that unless M. de Bonnefon takes a few doses of hyssop, he need not count upon the Papal benediction when on his death-bed.

General Cluseret is a deputy, and it is on his shoulders the mantle of Eudes, the deceased generalissimo of the Communists of Paris, fell. He has brought in a Bill, backed by Mgr. Freppel, Bishop of Angers, a model business deputy, to put down duelling. Extremes meet. The general proposes Draconian fines and imprisonments for all parties to a duel. What is new in his Bill, and that would next to abolish the humorous institution, tempered with danger, would be, to fine the journals that agree to publish an account of the duel. When antagonists perceive they will be deprived of the occasion to pose through the publicity of the newspaper, it will not be worth while calling a fellow out. For once the Communists score a chalk.

The role of doves in revolutions is a novelty, yet Dom Pedro was quite right to let fly one from his outward bound steamer in mid-ocean, to return to Brazil with his best wishes. It would take the bird eight hours to reach its cote, which, by a singular coincidence, was the time

occupied in the execution of the pacific revolution. The latter, in turn, afforded Dom Pedro the wings of a dove, to flee away and be at rest. The ex-emperor having declined a total fat pension civil list of nearly five million francs, that sum will be annually devoted to promoting European immigration in the most healthy regions of the vast republic. Besides, the Comte d'Eu is very rich: he would not be a true Orleanist did he not keep a savings box.

Dom Pedro was by nature a republican, till fate made him an emperor. On board steamer, in his several globe-trottings, he and his empress were the most *bourgeois* of passengers. The captain—who presided at table—always led in the empress, who occupied a seat on his right hand; the emperor was in position on the left. At a side table her majesty's waiting-maids took their meals at the same time. The empress, like Mrs. Gladstone, never quits her husband; she not so much cares for, as tends him. She has the Byron halt, except on gala occasions. She never wears a jewel or a rich lace. She has expressive, gay eyes, and a maternal smile. It is her daughter that rules, however. The only objection Dom Pedro has to Europe is, that it has next to nothing in luxuriant vegetation. His favourite dish—the national diet—is *fedjuada*, a compound of tapioca and black beans. The empress is devout, not bigoted—the latter is the monopoly of her daughter,—and during mass kneels throughout the entire ceremony. In astronomy Dom Pedro has a *culte* for the southern cross.

His majesty was married at seventeen, and selected his bride by miniature. He was the hero of two romances: a marchioness went mad from disappointment at his marriage: she occupies still a cell in the lunatic asylum which looks upon the winter palace. It was a similar motive caused a French seamstress to drown herself in the harbour of Rio, on the day of the imperial wedding. It was while taking his daily lesson in Sanskrit that Dom Pedro was summoned to a council of ministers, and while thus occupied, he was served with the ejection notice by the process server of the revolution. It was the *consummation est* of monarchy on the American continent.

Like all his subjects, Dom Pedro slept on a hard bed, a straw mat over a bamboo mattress. But there is no luxuriant furniture in the palaces: the climate is too humid for colours, and the insects—spiders, earwigs, and such small deer, too numerous and voracious for stuffs. Hammocks are general. It is owing to people perspiring so much, that diamonds and precious stones are the only ornaments worn. During the winter season—June to October—their majesties received every Tuesday and Saturday; the blue-blood or *tabouret* subjects alone were admitted inside the palace; the others assembled in the garden, to whom the imperial couple descended to welcome after finishing with the upper crusts.

The Comte d'Eu is as deaf as his uncle, the Prince de Joinville, who, it is said, can only hear the sound of a hundred-ton gun. Dom Pedro is the standing subject for caricature in the satirical sheets of Rio; as a wise man he enjoys the fun, as also the niggers, who displayed their loyalty when the Emperor appeared in the street, by letting off fire-works in full blaze of day. Two galas he detested; once a year to be attired in a Louis XV. white satin dress, with a muslin train; the latter he twisted up and hung on his arm. A worse trial was, when he went in his glass coach, drawn by eight mules, to open the parliament; then he wore his crown, and state robes lined with multicoloured feathers contributed by native birds; hence, the nick-name bestowed on him by the ex-queen of Spain—"cockatoo."

It has just been discovered that France has no system of book-keeping, either by single or double entry, for the nation's farthings, and that it is full time to open a proper debtor and credit account, to know where we are now. Oh! shade of Sully! Likely this is the overture for a coming loan. Except in the case of the Boulanger election, which has been honoured with a grand battle, the verification of the elections has not degenerated into pure partyism. The process was rather suicidal than political. Fallible themselves, the examining deputies did not judge too severely a colleague, whose constituents may have toasted his health too much—at his expense, nor attached undue importance to a parish priest who spoke politics too loudly, but who never urged the electors to the urns as the Monks of the League did, formerly, the Parisians to the barricades. The deputies too seem to be more men of the world than their predecessors. Save in the case of a twelfth hour trick, where a rival had placarded that his opponent had stolen the towers of Notre Dame, or assassinated his mother-in-law, the election was not quashed. If any wrong has been done, the electors can make it good, when summoned to fill up the vacancies next month.

Parisians continue to prefer oysters to beef-steaks; this ought not on the whole to vex farmers, since the latter commence to be *pisai*, rather than *agri*, culturists. They have but to stock stream or ponds with fish-eggs, and soon they will reap a good harvest. It is only another form of casting the bread on the waters. Oysters continue to rise in price, though the beds increase in number and size. In 1871, Ardcocoon was only 2,000 acres in extent; it is now 10,000. The beds at Bourg-Neuf promise to be the most productive in Europe. The oysters there develop very rapidly. The Portuguese is the poor man's oyster; it is nutritious, though the flesh is tougher and less delicate than other varieties. In point of sale, it is purchased ten times more than the Cancules or Ardcocoons. Its history is strange; in 1866, a Portuguese vessel laden with that bivalve, had to throw over part of the cargo into the sea near the Gironde. The oyster took

root, increased and multiplied like Australian rabbits, and is now crossing with the Ardcocoon oyster, for we know that "an oyster can be crossed in love." In the 1878 Exhibition, it cost 50,000 francs to bring sea water from Dieppe, to supply the oyster parks; at the recent Exhibition, the expense was but 5,000 francs, because the parks were supplied with chemically prepared sea-water. This discovery now enables the depots of oysters in Paris to keep the fish fresh as if in their natural beds, as long as desired. Scientists are at present occupied with experiments in France, to ascertain why some waters develop the oyster more rapidly, and some fatten more speedily than others.

The weather has become wickedly wintry; the streets are "dumb with snow." The weekly death bill has run up from 968 to 1020; the hospitals received no less than 187 typhoid fever patients during the same period. The suffering of the poor augments, because the rigorous "snap" was not expected till January.

Madame Carnot has done more for the Republic by her tact and shrewd common sense, than half-a-dozen cabinets. She is quietly bringing together all classes, and toning down social angularities. Every year she secures a "big tree" at Christmastide, whether from Australia or California is of no consequence; it is the varied fruits it bears that the children study. She this season adds to her own circle of juvenile friends, four hundred children—ten boys and ten girls under eleven years of age—selected from "the very poorest families" in the twenty wards of the city, to participate in the treat, and given in rooms once occupied by the Czar of Russia and the Napoleons. Surely, this is the Republicans in the King's coaches.

The French journals continue to exhibit a deplorably bad spirit towards Stanley's triumphant feats. The *Soleil* asserts that Emin Pasha fractured his skull from attempted self-destruction, having been thwarted by Stanley's rescuing him from the jaws of death. This envy and jealousy is becoming. The papers do not know whether to attack Stanley as a Yankee or a Britisher; but chance the former. De Brazza has been dug up somewhere, and interviewed; he is pitted against Stanley—the minnow against the triton. De Brazza laments with a Dalmatian grin, that before England and Germany occupied East Africa, France had splendid settlements there! He caps the joke by asserting that France is the only anti-slavery nation really in the world. How does she allow the tricolour to be abused by slave-trading vessels in the African seas?

Z.

MONTREAL LETTER.

SNOW and sunshine have replaced mud and clouds, and we are now in our best mood for Christmas Tide. Merry sleigh-bells jingle out our interchange of greetings, and if you do not heed them in the editorial sanctum of THE WEEK, it is because the Phonograph is one mail overdue. Schools are closed; shops are crowded; hearts grow full as purses grow empty. Everywhere light steps keep tune to gladsome faces. Our Catholic compatriots have their churches decked and garlanded. Protestants vie with each other in inaugurating or reviving an imitation. Our Picture Gallery is resplendent with glory from the wise men of the east, a description of which, prepared under Christmas enthusiasm, must be marked out with cruel blue, as superfluous after the eloquence of "Templar" in last issue.

Of music we have had a Christmas feast. Special services in all the churches, with more or less appropriate music have become a Christmas feature. Senor Pablo Martin Meliton Sarasate, violinist, with his slight graceful figure, and powerfully expressive face, his eyes dancing to his own strains, and M. Eugen François Charles D'Albert, pianist, now touring in America, have given us a perfect treat. Our own Mons. F. Jehin Prume, violinist to the King of the Belgians, assisted by Miss Marguerite Sym, and a selected number of his pupils, gave a distinguished concert to an appreciative audience, the item of Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," being one of the finest performances for violin and piano which Montreal has listened to for many a day. Happily M. Prume is throwing off all dregs of the accident which came very near depriving him of the use of one wrist, and us of our greatest artistic delight. Montreal hopes the recovery will now induce him to compensate for his protracted silence. Miss Sym, a Canadian, trained under Mr. Letondal, and a favourite pupil of Heller, has since her return from Paris, established herself as one of our first teachers of technique and style, and her *clientelle* is such that she has been compelled to enter into an artistic partnership with a younger sister who promises well. The Church of the Messiah favoured us with a delightful service on Sunday evening, consisting of preludes, choruses, solos, and quartettes from Handel, Haydn, Gounod, Mozart, and Mendelssohn. The performers were selected from the choir. The Rev. Mr. Barnes continues to draw large evening audiences from all denominations by his thoughtful and practical preaching, and the refined presentation of Christian life, which his sermons supply.

Prof. G. Couture, with his Philharmonic Society, gave us on the evening of the 20th an opportunity of enjoying at moderate expense the grand old music of "The Messiah." For a century and a-half it has taught the world to worship from afar the joy of its joy, the pathos of its tears. Its solos and choruses reveal themselves only at the shrine of the devoutly musical and the musically devout. The departure ought to be established as a precedent. The Queen's Hall was filled. The solo singers were Dr. Carl Martin, bass; Mrs. Young, soprano, with a range from

upper E flat to low G; Miss Lillian Carl Smith, contralto; and Mr. Norris, tenor, a Montreal trained professional. The chorus numbered two hundred and twenty-five; and in spite of the want of orchestra to support them, the performance was an enjoyable one. I should think the Philharmonic Society quite in a position now to step out in the direction of monthly, or still better, weekly "Pops," and beg most respectfully to suggest the matter for their artistic consideration.

The Society for Historical Studies, and the Society of Canadian Literature have arranged for joint meetings for this winter. The programme contains much interesting and inviting material, the field to be covered by both societies in a friendly rotation. The former has for many years identified itself with the research of this Province, and has a monthly organ of its own. The latter is but one year old, was organized by an ardour which nearly lived itself to death, and does not appear to have reached the much greater ardour which is necessary to maintain as well as to establish. Nevertheless it has field enough, and literary stamina, and when it outgrows the tendency to exhaust its strength in superfluous stationery, may be expected to settle down to do something for its country. The following exceptionally suggestive topics are for discussion by the united societies during the present session: "Montreal," "The First Canadian Novel," "A Relic of Astoria," "The Literary Movement in Canada up to 1841," "Historical Notes and Queries," "Lecture," "Incident in the Deerfield Massacre," "Isabella Valancy Crawford," "Geographical Names of Canada," "Beginnings of Art in Canada," "Toronto," "Sir William E. Logan." The papers are to be written by Messrs. Henry Mott, W. D. Light-hall, W. J. White, C. G. Roberts, John Popham, Gerald Hart, Robert Harris, R.C.A., John Reade, F.R.S.C., and H. T. Martin. The lady contributors are Miss B. L. Macdonell and Miss Alice Baker. The meetings are held fortnightly, on Saturday evenings, in the rooms of the Natural History Society. For the information of any intending affiliation I give the addresses of the Secretaries: Society for Historical Studies, Mr. G. P. Edwards, Box 1,931; Society of Canadian Literature, Mr. George S. Wilson, Box 1,870.

Eliock School, our Montreal Rugby, under the Rectorship of the Rev. John Williamson, with a staff of most efficient masters, has added a gymnasium hall to its otherwise complete facilities for the culture of boys. An opening ceremony inaugurated the acquisition, and the boys' lungs were tested in applause over sundry requisites for tennis and cricket, which were distributed to successful competitors in the annual athletic sports.

A special meeting of the Council of the Canadian Skating Association took place on the 20th, to consider the application of the Rideau Club of Ottawa for the annual championship matches. The vote went unanimously in favour of the Capital. It was also decided that Mr. Louis Rubenstein, the Champion Skater of Canada, should go to represent Canada at the World's Championship in St. Petersburg, and arrangements were made to carry out the resolution.

The Annual General Meeting of the Montreal Tandem Club was held in the Windsor Hotel on the 19th, with Mr. H. Montagu Allan presiding. The usual routine of reports, and election of officers took place. The first parade of the season was "emerged" on Christmas Day, and our improvement in taste for good horses was never so palpably evinced.

VILLE MARIE.

THE eminent French organist, M. Alex. Guilman gave a recital in England recently presenting the programme printed below. The periodical visits of this distinguished player always excite much interest among students and lovers of organ music, as he comes before them in the threefold character of composer, executant, and extemporaneous performer, in all which departments of his art he holds a deservedly high position. The programme, though composed mainly of French music, shows that M. Guilman has Catholic sympathies. Indeed, he never fails to give at his recitals some important example of the German school of organ music. His reading and execution of Bach's great Prelude and Fugue in A minor were such as only a highly accomplished organist could have given, and at the same time it was marked by complete reverence for the intentions and spirit of the composer. M. Guilman's own Sonata in C minor is not quite so attractive a work on the whole as others in the same series. The Adagio indeed, is a lovely movement, but the subject of the Fugue does not lend itself to effective treatment. Selections from Salomé, Muffat, and the old French composer, Rameau, were one and all charming, and were charmingly played. M. Guilman had the old English melody, "There was a Jolly Miller," given to him as a theme for improvisation. He showed much skill and address in its treatment, but he has been heard to much greater advantage in this capacity on other occasions. The success of extemporaneous performances must necessarily vary, both from the character of the subject and the mood of the player, but M. Guilman has played so brilliantly on the theme supplied to him on many occasions that his fame as an improvisatore is not compromised by one comparatively unsuccessful effort. 1. Third Sonata, in C minor (Alex. Guilman). 2. (a) Cantilene, in A minor (Th. Salomé); (b) Saraband and Rigodon (Th. Muffat). 3. Prelude and Fugue, in A minor (J. S. Bach). 4. (a) Sommeil, from "Dardanus"; (b) Musette, "Indes Galantes" (Rameau). 5. Improvisation. 6. 18th Psalm (Marcello).

THE ABBOT.

The fetid water in the moat
In lazy lengths the bastions smote,
The ivy leaves a rustling made
And nestled in the shade.

A waning moon was in the sky
And many a still cloud floated by,
While dim and dark the abbey stood
Fronting a line of wood.

With bowed head on the chapel stone
The Abbot knelt for hours alone,
Which round him coloured moonbeams threw,
Rose-work of richest hue.

A tiny altar lamp burnt dim,
And lit the sculptured seraphim
Which fringed the choir with faces bent
Before the Sacrament.

The place was still as in a dream,
So very still, the ear did seem
To catch the voice of years gone by,
And long dead harmony.

The abbey clock above struck three,
The Abbot rose from bended knee,
His face was greyer than the stone,
His eyes were woe-begone.

He passed into the cloister dim,
The night-air brought no balm to him,
What anguish made his senses reel,
Christ could not heal.

He entered at an iron grate,
The halls within were desolate;
Like one who waketh from a spell,
He halted at a cell.

Therein upon a pallet bed,
With bars of moonlight on his head,
While winds thro' ivied mullions creep,
A fair-haired boy doth sleep.

Outside an owl did hoot and call
And drowned the Abbot's light foot-fall,
But rustle of those garments cere
In dreams the boy did hear.

"Hush, boy, 'tis I," the Abbot said,
"Thy pure soul to the rescued dead,
Shall bear my message; life is past,
Hell's meshes hold me fast."

"Was thy sleep sweet? my sleep is o'er,
One speaks to thee who never more
Shall look on man (God send us grace),
Nor ever see God's face."

The boy thro' fear sat bolt upright
In tongueless terror, for moonlight
Smote slanting on the face and eye,
Which worked convulsively.

"One burden, boy, a weight of years,
Full to the brim of hopeless tears,
Hath crushed me, bearing round my brain
The double brand of Cain."

"Thy life and hopes are all before,
And mine are passed for ever more,
My secret in the years to come
Remember, but be dumb."

"Oh God, my heart beats loud within,
I slew my brother in mortal sin,
I stabbed him twice, not knowing, to free
A Sister's chastity."

The Abbot stood erect and tall,
His shadow fell along the wall,
God save him, as if seeking grace,
He hid his cowed face.

"A black snake slipt across my feet,
Above, bare boughs did part and meet,
There was a motion in the air
And eyes watched everywhere."

"The deed was done in foreign lands,
But his blood dabbled these same hands,
And under trees where pale stars shine
His eyes looked into mine."

"One look from those dead eyes of his,
And love rushed back to him, was this
The climax of his life who seemed
The King my boyhood dreamed?"

"Shall sin and shall not love endure,
Love grounded in the past and pure,
Man's love for man, for angels fit,
Could one act shatter it?"

The boy sat upright, pale as death,
A numbness stole away his breath,
The fascination of the eye
Which moved convulsively.

"I fled at sunrise down the bay
To where a mystic island lay,
Dazed with the cloudless arch of sky
And waves' monotony."

"And here a Convent open stood
Where Monks sought peace in solitude;
I entered with the rest to hide
Within the Crucified."

"I told my woe to one, he said,—
'Under thy feet and overhead,
And all around is God. To-night,
Keep vigil, pray for light.'"

"That night in cave-shrine, visions three
God and the Virgin sent to me;
Four angels fenced the cavern's mouth
With locked wings north and south."

"Thrice darkness fell, and thrice I lay
Low-poised above a sea, no day
Lit up its shoreless waves, no night
Shut distance from the sight."

"No fish leaped up, no God looked down,
No sound there was, I strove to drown,—
Ere waves were touched a wind did spring
And bore me on its wing."

"My blood stood still and thick as ice,
And thought held thought, as in a vice,
The ages died, no death did bless
The death of nothingness."

"Each time the soul did undergo
The torture of a separate woe,
The demon fangs insatiate,
Of doubt, despair and hate."

"I woke and told the Monk my dreams,
His voice was sad, he said, 'Meseems,
No part one slain in his soul's blood
Shall have in Holy Rood.'"

"'But brother,' said the aged man,
'God works by many a diverse plan,
And once vicarious agony
Saved souls on Calvary.'"

"I know not, but, with God in Heaven,
Some grace to lost souls may be given;
By fasts and scourgings, prayers and pains,
Loose thou thy brother's chains."

"Yea, boy, have I not prayed to heaven?
Was not life spoilt with bitter leaven
And fasts and scourgings, night and day
The blood-guilt burnt away?"

"But ever from the throat of hell,
There boomed a fearful passing bell
Of one, once slain in his soul's blood,
Cast out from Holy Rood."

"The passions of the full grown man
Concentre when his life began,
The boy's love is not manifold,
It grips with single hold."

"The boyhood's love is part of us,
No power can wrench it out, and thus
Love chained me to him in the gloom,
And I had wrought his doom."

The thing was with me day by day,
And all my thinking underlay;
And even thro' hours when I forgot,
Ached as a canker spot."

"My food turned ashes in my mouth,
My very soul was scared with drouth,
I banished thought, the struggle vain
Brought back the thought again."

"The saints and angels held aloof,
My prayers fell back from chapel roof,
They had no lightness to ascend
Where earth and Heaven blend."

"The stars did mock me with their peace,
The seasons brought me no release,
Despair and anguish like a sea,
And pain were under me."

"And year by year more pains I gave,
Till life became a living grave,
Till like the lost behind hell's gate,
My soul was desolate."

Outside, an owl did hoot and call,
But in the abbey silence all;
The Abbot's voice had hollow sound,
As if from under ground."

"Hush, boy, the fiend came yesternight,"
The Abbot smiled—a gruesome sight,
That smiling face in moonlight wan
With eyes so woe-begone—

"The fiend came yesternight to ask
The utmost deed that life can task,
A soul by self-death given to win
Another's soul from sin."

So fearful was the story told,
The boy's teeth chattered as with cold,
He saw no leaf-shapes on the floor,
He heard no bell ring four."

"To-night with head on chapel-stone
I prayed to Him who did atone,
Till blood-sweat ran, as down his face
It ran in garden place."

"'Tis done, the earthly fight is o'er,
My soul is dark for ever more,
I am the fiend's, hark, hear him call,
He holds a soul in thrall."

"I know not if the spirit-breath
Meets spirit on the road of death,
Or falloth like a thin, white thread.
Among the under dead."

I know not whether, passing by,
One rapid moment, he and I,
His face upturned to coming crown,
Mine, anguished, bending down"

"Shall then know all, but, boy, when near
Thy feet approach where tier on tier,
God's minstrels face the Trinity,
In that place made for me"

"But mine no longer, seek thou there,
One with thine eyes and golden hair,
Gold as his brodered vesture is,
And say whose soul won his."

"Perchance, tho' there no sorrow dims,
The tears will mount to his eyes' brims,
And I shall love his sweetest thought,
For what my love hath wrought."

"Again the demon calls, I come,
See, pure boy, let thy lips be dumb,
One last atonement lifts to-night,
A lost soul into light."

He kissed the boy upon the brow,
"Yea, very like to him art thou,
When we sat pure on mother's knee,
Farewell, eternally."

The Abbot passed into the gloom,
The moonlight flooded all the room,
The boy sat stark from hour to hour,
Chained by unearthly power."

But lo, when, in the matin time,
The bells rang out the hour of prime,
From cloistered aisle and chapel stair,
A wild cry rent the air."

Not yet quite cold, dead in his blood,
With face averted from the Rood,
The Abbot lay on chapel stone,
His eyes still woe-begone."

No bell was rung, no mass was said,
They buried the dishonoured dead
Out in the road which crossed the wood,
In dark and solitude."

They marked the spot with never a stone,
Tree-shadows fell on it alone,
And moss and vines and thin wood grass,
Grew where no feet would pass."

Natheless, it seemed to one fair boy,
The birds did sing with fuller joy,
And angels swung wood incense faint,
As round the grave of saint."

The tiny altar lamp burned dim,
And lit the sculptured seraphim,
And tombs where monks in garments cere
Were gathered year by year."

But when an old monk came to die,
He spake thus to those standing by,
"Out in that spot my grave be set,
Marked by wood violet."

"No man can judge another's sin,
God only sees without and in,
Wherefore, my brethren, be ye kind,
That was our Master's mind."

"Full many a saint is crowned by God
Whose grave unheeding feet have trod,
Men judge by deeds, but God," said he,
"By what man strives to be."

"Out there the forest tree-roots creep,
Round one sad heart's forgotten sleep,
A heart which broke in giving all
To save a soul from thrall."

Drummondville, P. Q.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

A STORY OF A CHRISTMAS ROSE.

ON a beautiful Christmas Eve, not many years ago, a party of young people were assembled in a pretty and comfortable country house on the shores of a picturesque little bay of Ontario's blue lake, and not far from the famous old town of Niagara. Later in the evening there would be a dance, but first a charade was to be acted for the special amusement of the two small children of the house and some of their playfellows. Mrs. Morton, the young mother and house-mistress, with the help and advice of all the children, and the chief actress, a lovely girl of eighteen, was arranging the first scene in the dining-room, divided from the best parlour by a heavily draped curtain falling from an archway, and now closely drawn. The rest of the guests were with Mr. Morton in the parlour, sitting or standing about, with an air of expectation, as people do who are waiting for a summons. Some were looking over the magazines and photographs on the tables; others had gathered round a bay window thrown out from the room as a miniature flower garden in which were some beautiful plants in brilliant bloom, set off by a background of exquisite ferns. These ferns were Mr. Morton's particular pets, and, joining the group at the window, he pointed out some rare kinds which he had found among the rocks on the lower reaches of the Niagara River.

He was an excellent specimen of Canada's young men; tall and strong as Canadians are apt to be, and very good looking; simple and manly in manner, but a perfect gentleman, though he helped to work his own farm, and, in fact, did more and better work on it than any of his hired men. As he chatted pleasantly with his guests, he was listening for the hand-bell, whose tinkle was to be a signal for him to draw aside the curtain, when suddenly a loud, quick ring at the hall door resounded through the house. All the expected guests had come; who could the new arrival be? Going out to the hall, Mr. Morton found that the neat, little maid, who was the only domestic in that simple establishment, had admitted a gentleman, apparently a perfect stranger. But he came forward eagerly, with out-stretched hand. "You are Harry Morton," he said. "I am Dick Ashby."

"Dick Ashby!" exclaimed Mr. Morton. Instinctively his genial nature responded to young Ashley's cordial hand-clasp, and his frank and pleasant voice; but there was a slight restraint in his greeting.

"Why I thought you were at Cannes with Sir Thomas!"

"My poor uncle is dead," Dick Ashby said. "You know he has been hopelessly ill for many months, and his death expected every day. It was impossible for me to leave him or I should have been here long ago." He spoke with evident, though subdued, excitement, and went on rapidly. "As soon as I could get away after the funeral, I sailed for New York, and on landing started at once for Canada. I got to Niagara Falls on your side this afternoon, took an early dinner, and came on the moment I could get a man with a horse and sleigh that knew where you lived. I thought every minute an hour till I got here, and now I hope I am not unwelcome."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Morton. "You are most welcome. How could you doubt it?"

"I know I ought to apologize for coming so unceremoniously. I might have written, but there has been a great mistake, and no letter could have explained it—no letter that I could write at any rate. But I have one from my mother to Marian which I hope will make everything right. She is with you of course?"

"Oh, yes; she is with us."

"Can I see her? I am so anxious to give her my mother's letter and messages."

"Of course you will see her by-and-by," said Mr. Morton. "We have a little party of friends to-night, and she is busy just now. In the meantime, what has become of your driver and the sleigh?"

"He is waiting outside. I did not know if it would be convenient for you to put me up for the night."

"How could you imagine I would let you go anywhere else?" asked Morton.

"Well then, I will get my bag, and send away the man at once," said young Ashby.

When the driver was dismissed Morton took his visitor into a little room at the end of the hall—a pantry transformed for that night into a gentleman's dressing room. When divested of his wraps, and seen in the plain but perfectly-made evening dress he had worn under his overcoat, Dick Ashby was a strikingly handsome young man. He was neither so tall nor so stalwart as Harry Morton, but his well-made figure looked manly, active and vigorous. His features, though finely cut, were strongly marked, and their expression, when he was not speaking or smiling, so determined as to be almost stern; but his eyes were full of sweetness and light, and his smile irresistibly bright and winning.

"Now let us join the others," said Morton. "The children are having a charade acted, and I am afraid they are waiting for me."

As he led his visitor back through the hall, the parlour door opened, and Mrs. Morton came out. "Why, Harry," she cried, "what has kept you? Everyone's patience is worn out." Then, seeing the stranger, she stopped in surprise. Surprise, however, is a word that but faintly expresses her astonishment when her husband said quietly: "Agnes, here is Sir Richard Ashby, just arrived from England. Ashby, this is my wife."

"Sir Richard Ashby!" Mrs. Morton said involuntarily.

"I have had to carry that handle to my name since my poor uncle died," said the young Englishman; "but I hope Mrs. Morton will recognize me better as Dick Ashby, with some excuse of relationship for intruding himself, an uninvited guest."

Mrs. Morton looked at Harry, and seeing no cloud on his open brow controlled her astonishment with the tact and self-possession seldom wanting in Canadian any more than in American women, and shaking hands with her guest, smilingly welcomed him to Canada. She was a pretty, lady-like young woman, with quick intelligence in her looks, and unaffected refinement in her manner. "Marian often speaks of you," she said. "She calls you her 'English brother.' But what am I to do?" she asked, turning to her husband. "Marian is dressed for the charade, and the children waiting in an agony of expectation. Ought I to tell her?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Morton promptly. "If you do, it will put a stop to the charade, and spoil all the fun; the children would be frantic, and Marian herself would be sorry afterwards."

"What do you say, Sir Richard?" asked Mrs. Morton. "I say whatever you say, Mrs. Morton," said Dick politely.

"I am afraid it is scarcely fair to Marian not to let her know you are here," said Mrs. Morton dubiously.

"It would be still less fair to the children and to Marian herself to have the charade spoiled," returned Mr. Morton. "There need surely be no hurry about delivering your letters and messages," he said to Dick; "there will be plenty of time for all that."

No need of hurry! He had hurried from Italy, from England, from New York, from Niagara Falls, as if life or death depended on his speed; and now that she whom he sought was so near, in the same house, perhaps in the next room, to be told that he must still wait some indefinite time before he could hold her hand and tell her he loved her! It was really too hard to bear.

"Now it is all settled," Mr. Morton continued cheerfully. "I will arrange the curtains in such a way that you can see the wonderful show and Marian herself, without Marian seeing you. Go to our friends now, Agnes, and make such apologies and explanations as are necessary, while I draw back the curtains, and put Dick in his hiding place."

Then Mr. Morton led the young Englishman to a corner between an upright piano on one side of the archway and began to draw back the folds of the curtains, while Mrs. Morton joined her other guests, who were full of wonder at the mysterious absence of their host and hostess. "A friend from England," she explained. "He has come quite unexpectedly. Marian and he were brought up as brother and sister, and we must not let her see him till the charade is over, or I am sure she would be too much excited to go on with her part."

"What a pleasant Christmas surprise!" cried one. "How delightful that he should have come in time for your dance," exclaimed another! And all the young ladies fluttered and smiled in eager expectation. But the young men frowned at the sight of this handsome rival, evidently one of the "leisure class," as the Americans phrase it, and probably as conceited perhaps, but just the fellow silly girls would admire. They were all watching Mr. Morton's slow, and, as it seemed, experimental way of folding back the curtains, when suddenly Mrs. Morton darted towards her husband exclaiming, "Oh, Harry, my curtains!" just as Mr. Morton had cut a long slit in the folds of the curtain with his penknife. The mischief was done, she said no more, but she looked aghast. These curtains had been her own design and handiwork, for, like most Canadian ladies, she was an excellent housewife, and had clever fingers in all sorts of household arrangement and decoration. Too late, Richard Ashby seized Morton's arm. "Harry, how could you?" he said. The expression of horrified deprecation with which he

looked at her, as if, she said afterwards, he expected her to go into hysterics, was very amusing to Mrs. Morton. "I really could not help it," said Harry, "I could not manage it any other way." "But Mrs. Morton will think me a monster for allowing her beautiful curtains to be spoiled," said Dick. "Oh, no," Mrs. Morton said, pleasantly, "they can be mended."

"You are a lucky fellow, Harry, to be let off so easily," said Dick. "But Mrs. Morton is evidently one of those rare domestic heroines—"

"Mistress of herself, though China fall!"

Pope now-a-days is not a fashionable poet in drawing-rooms and it is to be feared that even that inimitable piece of brilliant wit and fancy, "The Rape of the Lock," is little read by the sex for whom it was chiefly written; but the quick blush and smile with which Mrs. Morton responded to the compliment showed that she understood. By that time, the curtains were arranged to Mr. Morton's satisfaction, and everyone except Dick in his hiding-place, passed into the next room.

On a low platform covered with crimson baize stood a figure dressed in a snow-white blanket coat, and a dark blue Tam O'Shanter cap, over which bits of wool represented snowflakes. A long white beard fell over the breast, and white locks streamed from under the cap, nearly hiding all the face, except a pair of lovely, smiling dark blue eyes.

"Those eyes are Marian's certainly," Dick Ashby said to himself, as he gazed eagerly through the window Harry Morton had made in his wife's curtains. "No one else ever had such eyes. 'Sweetest eyes were ever seen,'" thought the lover. "But, they have made her a Falstaff instead of an Ariel."

The Falstaffian proportions were a good deal caused by the coat pockets, which were many and large, and from which a number of parcels were protruding. A screen covered with branches of hemlock and balsam pines was placed at the back of the platform, and from it hung a number of children's stockings filled almost to bursting. Beneath was a great leather satchel stuffed to its utmost capacity.

"Now, the word!" said Mr. Morton to the group of children collected round the platform.

"Christmas! Christmas!" cried the children with one voice, "It is Christmas!"

"Certainly, my clever children, it is Christmas!" said Mr. Morton laughing. "Now, let us see what the good old fellow has brought with him."

With the help of a couple of zealous assistants, Mrs. Morton took down the stockings, and one was handed to each of the smaller children, who, retiring to a quiet corner, pulled out their packages of candy and toys with flashing eyes and screams of delight. Then, the satchel was attacked and its treasures of picture-books and games distributed among the elder children. Finally, Christmas emptied his pockets, and some pretty, but inexpensive gift, generally home-made, was presented to each of the grown up guests, till at the last, great merriment was evoked by the solemn offering of two spoons to a very pretty girl and a lively, popular young man, who were supposed to be engaged lovers.

"Every one got something but you, Sir Richard," said Mrs. Morton, going up to her English guest, while Mr. Morton again closed the curtains. "I was stupid not to have slipped in a pincushion or some such useful article even at the eleventh hour."

"Oh, never mind, Mrs. Morton," said Dick; "I bide my time."

"I'm afraid no more presents will be given to-night," she answered, laughing a little mischievously, as she vanished into the next room.

In a few minutes the signal bell sounded, the curtains were again carefully drawn back by Mr. Morton, and a new scene was disclosed. This time, the platform was covered with green; flower pots filled with scarlet geraniums and other late blooming autumn flowers were effectively grouped round, and in the centre stood a slight, graceful girl, robed in a green skirt and bodice, with a pink hood made to represent the petals of a rose covering her golden brown hair.

"My Marian again," Dick murmured, "and this time not so much disfigured."

"Oh, isn't she just like a rose!" exclaimed one little girl.

"She is meant for a rose," said one of the boys. "Rose is the word."

"But it isn't really a rose," said little Eva; Morton, a sweet little mite of four; "it's our own Marian."

The word had been proclaimed, and now only the last scene, that of the whole, remained. This was quickly ready, and merely displayed a large, painted jar, in which a beautiful plant, with waxen white blossoms and glossy dark green leaves, was growing.

"How lovely!" "How exquisite!" echoed round the room. "But what is it?" was the next exclamation, for however it happens, Christmas roses are not very common flowers in Canada.

"What is it, children?" asked Mr. Morton.

"I know," cried Willy Morton, the eldest hope of the house, six years old; "it is Marian's Christmas rose. She brought it from England, and it is her favourite flower."

Any one who had seen Dick Ashby's face at that moment might have wondered at the glad light that flashed from his eyes.

"Christmas Rose! Christmas rose!" cried all the children together. "That is the charade."

"Yes, that is the charade," said Mr. Morton; "you have all guessed it in the most wonderful way. Now, let us have our dance; don't you hear the fiddlers tuning up? Come, Miss Cameron, you and I will lead the way, and let all the rest follow. Mrs. Morton will bring up the rear with our English friend."

The merry dance music set all the young feet tripping, and they trooped after Mr. Morton in such laughing confusion that the couple who had received the spoons could scarcely contrive to go out together.

Dick Ashby meantime was anxiously looking for Marian. He was certain she had not been in the room during the last scene of the charade. "Will you let me show you the way to our rustic ball room, Sir Richard?" Mrs. Morton asked.

"But Marian, Mrs. Morton—where is she? May I not see her now?"

"Yes, directly. I have told her of your arrival. She is taking off her masquerade dress, and putting on something less fantastic. She will join us very soon."

Dick may be forgiven if he felt himself a martyr, and was not at all inclined to take his martyrdom in a Christian spirit. However, he smothered his rage as well as he could, and gave his arm to Mrs. Morton, who led him through the hall into a rustic verandah, roofed and partly enclosed by the thick branches of grape vines, and lighted by hanging lanterns. Beyond the verandah was an open doorway wreathed with green garlands. "This is our summer kitchen," said Mrs. Morton, as they passed through. "Fortunately it is a large one, as it was originally built for a cattle shed. A new floor was laid down last summer, and with some stout factory cotton stretched over it tightly it makes an excellent dancing floor. Marian and I tried it while Harry whistled the music."

A pretty scene was now before them. The rafted roof was hung with evergreens; so were the walls, intermixed with scarlet geraniums and the many-coloured blossoms of everlastings and chrysanthemums, the red berries of the mountain ash, and clusters of yellow bitter-sweet. The long room was lighted with an abundance of petroleum lamps and lanterns; two fiddlers in a raised green bower were playing one of the dances fashionable at the summer "hops" of the Niagara Queen's Hotel, and several pairs of dancers were rushing through a galop. The lights shining through flowers and green leaves, the gay dresses, the music and the happy young faces made a pretty sight, to which nature and simplicity imparted a charm not to be found in more elegant but more artificial ball rooms.

"How charming," cried Dick. "It looks like a scene out of some old pastoral play."

"Well, I hope you are prepared to do your duty," said Mrs. Morton. "You must allow me to get you a partner, or neither you or I would ever be forgiven. I will introduce you to the prettiest girl in the room and the best dancer. I suppose she is waiting for a waltz, for I see she is not dancing."

"I am your slave, Mrs. Morton, and must obey," said Dick, half laughing, half frowning.

"I am not going to give you a very hard task," said Mrs. Morton, as she led him a little farther down the room and presented him to a very pretty dark-eyed girl, who received the first baronet she had ever met with much more coolness than any English middle-class girl would probably have shown. She waltzed very well, and had plenty to say—about New York, where she had spent a winter, about Montreal and its coming carnival, and about the Falls, which Dick confessed he had not stopped to see, but no subject elicited more than a vague, uninterested reply; whereupon she at once decided that he was either stupid or ignorant, or perhaps both. Pretty Miss Lee was not accustomed to be treated with indifference, and she was not at all sorry when the waltz was over, and she was claimed for the next dance by a good-looking young fellow whom she introduced to Dick as Captain Crawford, of the Canadian Militia, and who had been jealously watching her dance with the handsome Englishman. A few words of conventional politeness were quickly exchanged, and Dick gladly escaped just as Marian slipped into the room and joined Mrs. Morton, who had waited for her near the door.

This Marian, for whom he had crossed the sea, and for whom he had been watching and waiting with such eager longing, was truly a girl worthy of any man's devotion. She was not a striking beauty, but a lovely girl with an enchanting expression of sweetness, gentleness and purity in her delicate face. She was very simply dressed in a gown made of something soft and white, brightened with heliotrope bows of ribbon, and her only ornament was a Christmas rose in her gold-brown hair. She had been very pale when she entered, but she blushed like the rose she had personated a little before as she saw Dick approaching.

"Marian—at last!" he exclaimed, hardly able to control his agitation as he clasped her hand.

"Dick!" was all she could utter.

"Marian, I have travelled night and day since I could get away that I might be here Christmas Eve. You have not forgotten last Christmas Eve, have you?"

"No—oh, no!" she murmured, almost inaudibly. Then more distinctly, "Did godmother know you were coming?"

"Yes, Marian, and her only trouble is that she fears you will not love her now."

"Oh, I must always love her; always," said Marian, her eyes filling with tears.

THE HOUSE UPON THE CLIFF.

"Well, I have brought you a letter from her. But you cannot read it here. Can't we go to some quiet place?"

Marian turned to look for Mrs. Morton, who was apparently absorbed in altering the arrangement of some of the lamps, and quite oblivious of the meeting, which she divined—for Marian had made no confession even to her—was so important to her young sister-in-law, whom she dearly loved. But she said or felt Marian's movement, and came towards her instantly, reassured at once by the happy light in Marian's face.

"May not I take Marian to some place out of this crowd?" Dick asked. "I want her to read my mother's letter at once; and I have so much to tell her, so much to explain."

"Yes, certainly," said Mrs. Morton. "It would not be easy to read or understand a letter while all this music and dancing is going on. You and Marian can come with me."

She led the way back through the verandah and hall into the parlour, and the lovers followed her light steps with beating hearts. Raising the lights in the lamps, and opening the stove dampers, she said to Dick, "Now I will allow you just half an hour for Marian to read her letter, and you to tell all your news. Then you must both come back to the dancing-room, and you must dance with every girl there, and Marian with every young man that asks her." Then with a bright little nod and smile she departed; and Dick and Marian were alone together at last.

"Marian," said Dick, reproachfully, as he sat down beside her; "after all you promised me that happy Christmas Eve a year ago, how could you write me such a cruel letter? How could you tell me that all our promises must be forgotten, that a marriage between us would be a great mistake and could never be, that you were to leave England for Canada the next day, and that you wrote to bid me farewell for ever? Did you really write that letter, Marian?"

"Yes, Dick, I did," said Marian, looking at him with clear, truthful eyes.

"And why did you write it? Was it at your own heart's bidding?"

"No, oh, no, but I thought it was right."

"Why, Marian?"

"Godmother said I ought. You know when Sir Thomas was first taken ill and you had to go to him in such a hurry Christmas morning, there was no time to speak to godmother about—about anything but your uncle. Then you wrote and told her—told her that we were to be married, and she was angry. She said she had never dreamed of such a thing, that it was childish folly and she would never consent to it—"

"Go on, Marian; tell me all."

"She said it would ruin your prospects of holding a high position in the county, that Sir Thomas was dying and the estate would soon be yours, that there were debts, and mortgages on it that had to be cleared off, and you must marry some one with money, as you had not enough of your own; she said you must marry Miss Eastwood, as she had fifty thousand pounds, and Lady Eastwood had confided to her that Lord Eastwood was anxious that you should be his son-in-law."

"Marian, Marian, did you, could you believe that fifty thousand pounds, or fifty millions, would tempt me to marry that cold, selfish, heartless girl? Why, even if I had never seen you, I would rather have lived the rest of my life in a hut on an iceberg than spend it with her. Could you believe anything on earth would induce me to marry her?"

"Godmother said so much about the duty of a great landlord to his tenants and to the country, that I thought, perhaps, you ought to do it. And you know I told you that night I could not marry you unless godmother gave her consent. She took me to live with her; she treated me like a beloved daughter, I loved her most truly. Could I be so ungrateful as to go against her wishes, destroy all her hopes and ambitions for you, her only child, in whom her whole life has been bound up since your father died? No, Dick," said Marian, her eyes filling with tears; "I never could."

"And me," cried Dick; "Did you not think of me?"

"I thought of you far more than I thought of myself. I knew you would be sorry; but when godmother said it was my duty to give you up; that, if you married me, you would repent it all your life, what could I do? I had to write that letter. I would rather have died, but I thought it was right and I did it."

"My poor darling!" said Dick. "Oh, I forgive you, for I know you were putting a sword in your own heart as well as mine. But, Marian, I never could tell you what I felt when I read that letter. It almost turned my brain, and I really think I should have gone out of my mind—it was so unlike you, so strange, so incomprehensible—if a letter from my mother had not come immediately. She altogether ignored my letter about our marriage. She told me of her plans and hopes, and urged me to marry Miss Eastwood. Then I began to understand that it was she who had dictated your letter. I will not tell you how madly indignant I was with her. But I was angry with you, too, Marian. You know the lines in 'Christabel'—"

Constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny and youth is vain,
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.

I think I was not far from madness then. For I was quite helpless; I could do nothing. I was chained to my poor uncle's dying bed. He could not bear me out of his sight a moment, and if I had left him I should have felt like a murderer. I could not even write to you for there was no address in your letter, and I did not know in what part of Canada your brother lived. My only relief, and that was a miserable one, was in writing angry letters to my mother, and telling her I could never forgive her."

"Oh, poor godmother! I am sure such letters from you punished her more than she deserved. It was her great love and ambition for you that made her untrue to her real self."

"Selfish love, false ambition!" said Dick. "But were you able to forgive her?"

"Yes, Dick, I forgave her, and I pitied her, for I saw she was making herself as unhappy as she was making me. And I felt she loved me all the time."

"I know she did, my Marian; and she had come back to her right mind even before I got home. I forgave her then. And now I will not keep you any longer from reading her letters."

While Marian read, Dick sat watching her, his own heart thrilling in response to the varying emotions that passed over her sweet face. "Oh, Dick," she exclaimed when she had read it, looking up at her lover with shining eyes, "she has written me such a beautiful letter! Now I am quite happy—now we may both be happy!"

"And you will do as she wishes? You will marry me now, at once,—as soon as possible, that we may go home to the Manor together, and make her happy too; won't you, Marian?" Dick asked eagerly.

"Yes, Dick, if Harry and Agnes think it right."

"My Marian, my love, my own!" said Dick, in a rapture of joy.

"Marian," said Dick a little while after, as he touched the flower she wore, "when I heard your little nephew say the Christmas rose was your favourite flower, and afterwards when I saw this blossom in your hair, I felt satisfied that you had not forgotten me and your promise last Christmas Eve."

"Would you believe, Dick," she said, "my Christmas rose has been my greatest treasure—though it was sometimes as much pain as pleasure. When I watched it, and watered it—with tears, sometimes—I thought of Isabella and her pot of basil. Of course, I did not think your murdered head was buried there, but sometimes I thought—may be I had murdered your heart."

"You might have murdered it," said Dick, "if my faith or trust in you had not been so strong. But look here, Marian," and he took a little paper parcel from his pocket, "I have had a treasure, too; look at this," and opening it he showed her a withered flower.

"What is it?" she asked.

"It is the Christmas rose you gave me last Christmas eve, when you made me that promise you so cruelly broke three weeks after. But now you have given me another promise. You will not break that one, will you?"

"No, dear Dick, never!"

At that moment a little clock, that was placed near where they were sitting, chimed the magic hour of twelve.

"Twelve o'clock—Oh, it is Christmas Day!" cried Marian. "Come, Dick, let us go out on the verandah and greet this happy Christmas morning!"

She threw back a window which opened down the middle and stepped out on a pretty pillared verandah which ran round that part of the house, closely followed by Dick.

"Is it not a lovely night—or morning?" she said; "which is it?"

"Morning," said Dick; "the morning of our joy!"

"And how beautiful it is!" said Marian.

A wide lawn, with here and there a hemlock, pine, or a cluster of cedars, stretched down to the shore of the bay. A fall of snow the night before had covered the ground with a spotless robe and hung soft wreaths of snow on the dark branches of the evergreens. The cloudless sky was of the deepest blue, studded with stars, and amidst them the moon, nearly full-orbed, rode—not in her silver car, as English poets sing, but in one of the richest golden hue. In the western horizon a glow from the sun's brilliant setting still lingered, and the slender, graceful branches showed against the lovely light, as if painted on the sky, or rather, as a Canadian poetess has described them,—

Like branching sea-weeds under amber seas,
Lay traced in clearest, blackest, delicatest
Pencilings against the glow.

Beyond lay the waters of the bay, not white and frozen, as sometimes seen in their winter sleep, but clear and calm as glass, reflecting all the lovely lights of the heavens. Not a breath of wind was stirring, no chill of frost was in the air, it was soft and mild as if it had been October instead of December, though, indeed, such nights in December are not uncommon in western Canada.

"This lovely picture will remain in my heart forever," said Marian, as she stood beside her lover, her hand closely clasped in his.

"And in mine, too," said Dick.

"Why, what in the world are you doing?" exclaimed Mrs. Morton, looking out from the open window. "Letting all the cold air into the house, and standing out on the verandah, as if it were a night in June! Harry wants you to come into the ballroom at once, that we may all dance 'Sir Roger de Coverley' before we go to supper."

LOUISA MURRAY.

THE house stood on the Cliff, some four miles from the town. It was built of rough granite stone and faced the sea; surrounding it was a verandah of three storeys, the third being level with the flat, square roof. In passing through the great front door, one found a square court, paved with flagstones, and in the opposite wall a long diagonal window furnished light, and showed a spiral staircase leading to the roof. Around this centre court the various dwelling-rooms were grouped. The house was old and had remained unoccupied so many years that people scarce remembered who originally owned it—some wealthy Californian, they said, had probably intended it for a seaside retreat. Its usefulness was over, and, only noticed by the ocean, it stood desolate, apart.

In the spring of 1850 three new-comers roused the interest of the town. They were quiet people, living simply at the inn, until one day they paid the landlord, and going thence took up abode within—the house upon the Cliff. Immediately there was a fever of excitement. These strangers had waived all interchange of courtesy with the townfolk, all acquaintance, all connection, and murmuring arose against such lack of social spirit. Now they recollected peculiar stories of the house, how lights had been seen and noises heard, and tales were circulated in which the devil took a prominent rôle as an associate of the people of the Cliff. The inquisitorial became easily the suspicious. We will not leave our fellow-men alone; if they refuse to meet us, we resort to hearsay and force them out in self-defence. And so there was much gossip, but it proved ineffectual; whisper as they might the people on the Cliff remained unconscious. Beyond this—that the old man with the long white hair and the plaid shawl wrapped about him was a retired captain; that the other with the wrinkled face, who chewed, was second mate; that the young girl with the bright hair and radiant eyes was called Francisca; nothing further could be ascertained. Curiosity was at the highest. The house upon the Cliff became a favourite topic and every one had his especial theory. Many rumours got afloat; rumours of the wealth these people had concealed about them, rumours of the crimes they had committed, rumours of the strange girl and the queer old man. The landlord of the White Cross swore that he had seen a tin box full of gold and plate when they were staying at his inn. If Brother Giuseppe chanced to hear the people talking, he would silence them with a severe "Pshaw, nonsense," and they would slink apart with many dogged shakings of the head. They knew what they knew, viz.: that Brother Giuseppe liked to hear of gold and silver-plate. How simple are the things we wonder at, and how mysterious those we think we comprehend!

Upon the flat square roof the old captain placed the storm-worn remnant of an ancient mizzen-mast, and hung therefrom a big red lantern, which cast a far-off frightened gleam upon the rocks and reefs outside the harbour. He happily imagined it a guide and god-send to incoming boats, and each night scanned the sea for sign of vessels in distress. It was his great delight to sit upon the roof in the sun of an afternoon with his telescope and the second mate, and watch the rising and the ebbing of the daedal waves. Sometimes he would doze a bit, while his companion lolled back with his cap across his eyes and chewed and chewed, apparently chewing bliss, until a vigorous voice would shout up from the spiral stairs, "Seamen, come down to supper!" and the old man would waken with a start and get himself helped down. It was Francisca who prepared the supper and washed the small white flagstones. It was she, too, who threw apart the doors and windows, soliciting sun and air, and scattered the house with flowers. Into town she never went, although sometimes she gazed longingly in that direction. One afternoon when Brother Giuseppe had made another unsuccessful call he saw her on the beach. She was looking up at him as he looked down at her; suddenly lifting her hand she tossed him a kiss. Brother Giuseppe, going home, straightway endeavoured to impress his Reverend Father with the strong advisability, nay, the urgent duty of entering that house. The Reverend Father Stys was a kindly man, spiritual enough in heart, but in appearance, earthy; his broad expansive cheeks drooped down on either side in helpless superfluity. He good-naturedly remarked that though he had already professed to these strangers his hospitality, yet he would persist.

"Be not weary in well-doing," solemnly commented the young priest. After this an emulation sprang up between them as to which should prove most efficacious. They went together, and they went alone, and with each return a bevy would besiege them with enquiries to receive the same reply of no development.

"The 21st of September, 1852," cried Father Stys, five years later, from his pulpit, "was memorable to all of us by the great storm which swept over the country and the earthquake so near by, which shook our houses but demolished only one, the wicked; edifying to all of us by the display of the Almighty's vengeance in destroying the children of Satan established beside us; lamentable to all of us by the disappearance of our beloved brother who having laboured much in sowing the good seed was taken from us even while he yet was scattering. He ventured forth on some good errand, to visit the sick or heal the broken-hearted, and was lifted up to Heaven on the chariot of the storm, even as Elijah was of old."

It was on this day of which he afterwards spoke so feelingly that he and Brother Giuseppe gained admittance to the house upon the Cliff.

In spite of the intense heat they had come and were knocking at the door when the young girl met them face to face.

"Ahem!—I am the Prior of St. Francis' Convent, and I would like to see the master of this house."

"Oh!" gasped the girl, "you can go right through, then, and climb the stairs, and you will find them on the roof."

The young priest was observing her with his expressive eyes. "May I ask your name?" he said, lingering behind. His face was very smooth and dark, his voice was very smooth and low.

"Francisca—so grandfather calls me. The second mate says Miss Francisca, so must you."

"Are you a member of the Church?"

"What?"

"Are you a member of the Church?"

"What?" she said again.

"Young woman, are you a Catholic, a Christian?"

"I am very nice," she answered, cheerfully.

Brother Giuseppe was nonplussed; he entered the house. Francisca followed him. "I don't think you can talk with grandfather, because he is deaf; nor the second mate either." The reverend Father, much impeded by his bulk, was slowly moving up the spiral stairs.

The wild sweet fragrance of the cypress tree without infused the air. The door was open; framed by its dark-coloured wood, against the background of grey cloud, stood out the youthful figure; the mission bells were faintly pealing in the distance. All this was present to him as he turned around.

"Why?"

"Well, he just chews," she said, shutting the door again. And Brother Giuseppe continued on his way—these vague impressions, these delicious harmonies of sight and sound are instantaneous, and only memory retains them.

What she said was true. The old man could understand nothing, and the second mate apparently could say no more. After spending a hopeless half-hour they got up.

"I hope," said Father Stys, desperately, and in a very loud tone, "that you belong to the saved."

A glimmer of intelligence passed over the old captain's face. "Saved, saved," he cried, excitedly, "of course, the lantern saves them, d'ye see? And d'ye see my boathouse on the beach? There I keep my boat, my strong, tight boat. We three will look sharp on this coast; you watch the harbour, you and your mate, d'ye see?"

"He is mad, mad as a March hare," grumbled Father Stys, as, gathering his skirts about him, he panted down the narrow winding stairs.

"The girl seems better. I think that they are rich." Brother Giuseppe said this in a confidential way, respectfully allowing his superior to precede him.

"Well . . ." There was question in that word. "Who and what these people are . . ." He left his sentence incomplete, for the girl was coming towards them, all unseeing, with wild flowers in her hands.

"Now, my child, perhaps you can talk with us a little, and tell us of yourselves, and where you came from."

She hesitated. "We came here from the lighthouse."

"Do I understand, then, that the—a—captain has—a—been—a—"

"Yes, yes"—she became impatient, glancing uneasily towards the house—"we kept the lighthouse in the Gulf; but they turned us out, and we were very angry, so we came away and brought the money. We used to light the big lamps every evening. We often used to save boats at the lighthouse—many a one; but perhaps we will here, too."

She spoke rapidly, moving slowly on meanwhile. At a safe distance she looked back, smiling.

"Holy Mother!" exclaimed the reverend Father, pounding down his cane upon the board-walk, as he rolled along.

The young priest responded nothing; he was thinking.

That night Brother Giuseppe buttoned on his storm-cloak, and started out along the cliff. The sky was black, no stars were visible. He could not see one foot ahead; but all this country was familiar ground to him—he did not fear.

For several days the weather had been sultry, and the atmosphere abnormally oppressive. Huge, arid clouds of dust depended motionless, like wearied monster phantoms. The air was thick and stifling, and the thunder crashing through the heavens was heralded by long, bright forks of lightning. A strange, continuous tremor shook the earth, and on the shuddering shore the waves made strife. They hurled themselves upon it, and tore themselves from off it, and fought and foamed, and from the fearful outstretched vastness of the sea they rushed in ever noisier multitude. He did not fear; he still kept onward, struggling for each footstep. He seemed to be held down, pressed back, and yet there was no wind. He tottered as he walked, and yet he was not weak.

At last—the lantern—there it hung, veiled in the mist. He neared the house; the door was flung wide open; a candle flickered on the table.

The girl's voice—but surely, surely it came with the booming of the breakers—"We can save them!" His head began to swim. Suddenly a mighty stream of light, clearing the vapours, revealed the scene. He saw it all distinctly—the boat, the old man with his white hair flowing, the second mate, his square form bent, the young girl clinging to the oars, and the gulping waves. One moment, and the thunder burst, and everything was hidden. The water towered high—he seemed to feel the black lips of the waves above him. "They're lost, lost," he muttered,

fleeing towards the house. Hurrying in, he seized the candle. The spiral staircase bent and swayed. His heart-beats, deep and smothered, were passing through him to the earth; or did the earth send up to him that heavy, thudding sound? He was creeping towards the nearest room, creeping on tip-toe. It was hot, suffocating. Hither and thither he ran, peering into every drawer and corner. A long, black stocking lay upon the floor. He picked it up and staggered, letting fall the candle. "Hers . . ." Again, were those the mission bells? Again, was that the smell of cypress resin? "A tin box," they said. He reeled, he fell upon his hands and knees and crawled out towards the door. Was it falling, falling or was he? "A tin box—where could they—?" He was groping, his convulsive fingers clutched the darkness. Another blinding flash—the thunder was above him and beneath him and about him, crash upon crash—till the engulfing. The sun shone forth days after, and saw the waves lap innocently about the rocks as if they had no secrets. A. EVELYN.

FROM THE CAR-WINDOW.

Swiftly athwart the wintry sky
Race the fair, wind-blown clouds of heaven—
More swift the billowy steam scuds by,
Like angry seas by tempests driven;
Swiftly the varied landscapes fly,
While we, in careless, cushioned ease,
Our contrasts and conclusions try
'Twixt times of travel past, and these.

A breath ago, with toilsome tramp
Men pierced the seeming wilderness
Of rock and rapid, forest, swamp,
Of mountain and of dim recess;
But from the fires that cheered their camp
The light of human progress streamed:
They left upon their track the stamp
Of effort crowned—a land redeemed.

Oh, swelling fields and bordering woods!
Oh, level tracts where wheat is green!
Oh, happy little trickling floods
That flow the sloping hills between!
Oh, sleeping lakes, whose solitudes
Are broken by the axe and oar!
Oh, smiling farms, where Nature's goods
Are heaped in plenteous, peaceful store!

Oh, busy, thrifty haunts of men!
For howl of wolf the anvils ring,
For scream of wild-fowl in the fan
The church-bell sounds and children sing:
Whirr! in a moment's space again
O'er flashing streamlet hangs the mill,
And our wheels' thunder drowns the strain
Whistled by ploughman on the hill.

This is the *Now*—and this is ours
(Which yet but shadows forth the end),
This land of life and latent powers,
To love, to work for, and defend.
Shall not this home, which Heaven dowers
So richly, our allegiance claim
Fully as old ancestral towers,
Or memories of a storied name?

Yea, surely—and we softly pray
"God bless her!" in our breathless flight;
Ay, and God bless the iron way
That gives our country to our sight,
Bless the brave men who, night and day,
True to their duty live—and fall.
The magnates? Well ("Perhaps," some say,
"They need it"), so God bless them all.

Kingston.

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

A CITY BY THE SEA.

A LONG, narrow city—where the few principal streets lie sinuously serpent-like beside the blue harbour, and the many, short cross-streets all run steeply down the bank and end at the waterside. It is a city of strange sights, especially to an eye bred inland. The most engaging of these owe their charm to the presence of the sea. At every turn, you are reminded of the ocean and the traffic in deep waters. You cannot escape it, the very air breathes "the wonder and mystery of the ship, and the magic of the sea."

The sea itself is never far-off. It closes the vista of the short streets, one after one, with a band of blue beside the black wharves. It bounds the prospect wherever you look over the dun roofs, with their clusters of chimney-pots and dormer windows; and from not a few points of outlook you can see almost the entire land-locked sheet of water, which is said to be the safest haven on the whole Atlantic sea-board. It is ever the same, and ever-changing; glittering in the sunshine, dull under the broad, grey clouds; fl-cked with sails, or smooth and featureless as a mill-pond. Half way down the bay, you catch a glimpse of a white line, the reef with its breakers. Here stands the little lighthouse, which, at the fall of darkness shows its light like a candle set in a lonely cottage-window, over the houseless ocean. To-night the light is hardly needed, for the new-risen moon has turned the harbour into a faery "Field of the Cloth of Gold," fit for the meeting of old Proteus' train and all Poseidon's courts.

Along the water-front congregate, for a little while, ships from all quarters of the globe, each having an errand at this port. All flags are seen, and every description of craft; long, black ocean steamships, trim coasters, saucy, slim-sparred brigantines in the West India trade, and tidy, swift-sailing, fishing schooners. In the summer, there are usually several huge war-ships, moored in mid-channel, floating cities, with their crews of a thousand men. The presence of the ships has its influence on the aspect of the streets, for you are continually meeting every description of sea-dog, of home and foreign breed. In summer

especially, they swarm the thoroughfares and afford a pleasant diversion to the eye wearied of the common-place civilian garb and land-keeping faces. The most picturesque object is the smart man-o'-war's man, with his blue, extensive trousers, blue jacket and round, flat cap, bearing the name of his ship in gilt letters. The officers are conspicuous by their gold lace. But even the stokers from the steamers and the plainly-habited fishermen, whose faces testify to the hardships of their life, carry with them some of the immemorial interest attaching to the sea. Jack ashore is usually very quiet, and seems to pass his time looking at the shop-windows and the girls, or getting drunk in an unobtrusive and methodical way.

The town itself is built on a rock; the pavements are few; only the principal streets have sidewalks of stone or brick. Elsewhere, a load or so of gravel spread upon the ground and trodden into it serves the same purpose very well. The houses are of wood, very plain without as a general thing; but pretty and comfortable within. They are all of the same pattern, painted a dull drab or grey, which is soon further toned down by the action of the coal smoke. The English chimney-pot abounds, and the dormer-windows on the roof. This last always prevents a house from being utterly ugly; and some of the sloping streets where roof rises above roof, and the outlines are still further broken by these quaint devices, half window, half room, are quite worthy the study of the etcher. In the moonlight, the vulgar details are veiled, the lower parts are dimly indicated, but the picturesque irregularity of the roofs is further accented by fantastic patches of whiteness and black shadow. The result is very beautiful. It is an old city and some of the most ancient quarters are very quaint, and remind one of the cities of Europe. In your rambles, you stumble on the queerest courts and closes, and often on much squalid misery there. In one of the dirtiest and most disreputable parts, I came upon this sign, "Sweeps' Office." Sweeps! It was like chancing on a page of Dickens. Sweeps! I never thought that they had crossed the Atlantic; they always seemed to me part of a vanished, almost pre-historic London. In this new world, such a legend becomes the strangest of anachronisms. I remembered that I had seen a black-faced figure in grimy rags, standing on a door-step, a sheaf of odd-looking brushes on its shoulder, and looking like an illustration by Cruikshank. How surprised the poor figure would be to learn that its trade had been made immortal by essay, fairy-tale and poem! Who does not remember the gentle Elia's fondness for the young apprentice "in his first nigritude"? Was not Tom a sweep before he escaped from Mr. Grimes, and was changed into a water-baby; and was not the heart of half-mad William Blake stirred by the sight of the little black thing among the snow, crying, "'weep! 'weep!" And there are many sights which will start just such trains of thought.

Another unusual sight is the great hill-fort behind the city. It is also a perpetual presence, like the sea. There is scarcely any quarter from which it can not be seen. The best view, undoubtedly, is from the two drives leading to the park or from the tops of the high bluff, three miles down the harbour. From this latter Mount of Temptation the eye takes in at one glance the great harbour and the fortified islands, the city, the star-shaped fort above it and the brown glacis sloping away on every side. To this is added a seemingly limitless stretch of ocean. The visible fort itself is an inch of grey stone-work, showing between the earthen bank and the mound above it, some yawning embrasures and a few pacific chimneys. On the city side are the masts and yards for the signalling service and from a tall staff in the centre brave St. George's cross is ever flying over all. This is the fort to the outward eye. You may walk up through the soldiers' quarters to the very edge of the deep, dry moat thirty feet deep and as many feet across; you may watch the sentry on his beat at the beehive-like entrance but you can never increase your knowledge by a visit within the walls. No civilian sets foot within its precincts. So we live in the continual neighbourhood of a great mystery. The wildest stories fly about of excavations and tunnels joining the citadel with the islands and so on. Any secret is jealously guarded, Citadel Hill is not always free to ramble over, and innocuous amateur photographers have been ordered off. It is well that precautions should be taken, for this lesser Gibraltar is the second key to the British possessions in America. It is worth while climbing the southern side of the glacis, especially at sunset, if you love wide prospects and rich colours. You see how the fort dominates the harbour and the hazy, crowded roofs, swimming in purple vapour at your feet.

It is a garrison town. That fact is borne in upon the mind by the constant recurrence of the Queen's scarlet on the streets. You encounter it in all its freshness on smart orderlies hurrying to and fro with dispatch bags, or soiled and untidy on the men building the general's new hot-house. To see it at its best you must wait till Sunday when Tommy Atkins takes his sweetheart a-walking. The dark blue and gold of the artillery-men sets off the more prevalent red-coat. What a link that same red coat is with the past! It whirls the mind off to every field that has seen it from Waterloo to Rorke's Drift. The thin, red line stretches back to Ramilles and the be-wigged commander whom his courteous foes called the handsome Englishman. It was a line of red-coats that marching over a mount at Fontenoy suddenly confronted a regiment of the French Guards, and the memorable contest arose which side should fire first. Whether this be fact or fiction the story ought to be true, for the scarlet coat

represents many a deed just as chivalrous which never becomes history at all. Farther back this blood-coloured streak extends till it gleams behind the levelled pikes of Cromwell's Ironsides. Even the brass eidolon of an elephant on the collar of a tunic conjurs up the land of the elephant and the tiger and all the fights with the tiger-like peoples of it, from Plassy to Lucknow. And the brothers of the men who battled there go up and down these streets ever ready, when duty calls them, to conquer another empire or save another despairing, leaguered city.

This city by the sea is full of strange sounds as well as picturesque sights. At midday a time-gun booms from the citadel hill; then everyone, regardless of place or occupation, on Sunday in the midst of his devotions even, pulls out his watch and compares it with the standard. Another gun sounds at half-past nine at night to warn the soldiers on leave that it is time to return to the barracks. These two guns mark off the day for most of the citizens. When the tall masts and squared yards of some cruiser sweep up the harbour, towering above the roofs, gun after gun from battery and fort bay their deep-mouthed welcome to the flag she carries. And when the white fog drifts in from the ocean and wraps earth and water in its misty veil the fog-horn at the harbour-mouth sounds at intervals, not unmusically, its note of warning to ships upon the sea. It is easily suggestive of the perils of deep waters to hear this strange, high note coming night and day upon the wind. You cannot help thinking of wrecks and of one great vessel cast away on the rocks just as all on board thought they were entering their desired haven. Often the cheery bugle-calls mingle merrily with the clatter of wheels and the other prosaic noises of our work-a-day world.

All this does not begin to exhaust the suggestiveness of this historical town. Nothing has been said of its old churches, the walls of which are covered with memorial tablets, its various buildings, its society, its beautiful gardens or its manners and customs. That must be the subject for closer study; the mere externals, such as those mentioned, force themselves upon the attention of the casual observer. ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

A NATION WITHOUT A NAME.

THE assembling in the capital of the neighbouring republic of a congress of all the independent nations of America brings forcibly in sight the fact that one among them is a nation without a name. The nations that will respond upon the calling of the roll are: Argentino, Bolivia, Brazil, Chili, Colombia, Costarica, Ecuador, Guatemala, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Peru, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, and—another.

The official style of the other is: "The United States of America." This official style is not a name, but a formal phrase of address, corresponding to the official style of the British monarchy: "The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." It first appeared in the Declaration of Independence. Thence it passed into the Articles of Confederation, the first section of which document was in these words, "The style of this confederacy shall be 'The United States of America.'" It was a style then as it is now, contrary to the fact. The confederacy was not a league of the states of America; but of a portion of them. It included none of the Spanish, the Portuguese, or the French colonies, nor all even of the English colonies of America. Nevertheless, the style of that political abortion was transferred to the subsequently incorporated political society, somewhat in the manner of a bequest of the sole remainder of a bankrupt political estate. Doubtless the transfer served, in that epoch, a motive of political convenience, as it gave to the national constitution a slight appearance of being a continuation of the "miserable rope of sand" which a great portion of the population of that day desired. It facilitated a political birth by leaving the offspring nameless.

Down to that time, the English in America had found no need of any other name than that of Englishmen. They had gone to war not to attain political independence, but seeking redress of grievances by means consistent with their loyalty to the English constitution. They had never ceased to assert their rights under that charter of English liberties. They were part of the English folk. That they had no wish to sunder this folk bond, history makes certain. At no time during the revolutionary contest, nor after it, did they apply to themselves any name in opposition to that of Englishmen. Their adversaries were not the English, a term that included themselves; but, "the British," a term used to distinguish the ruling aristocracy of Great Britain from all other Englishmen. Their enemy was "the present British king" (George III.) whom they formally accused "for abolishing the free system of English laws" in this land; not the English people who had shed their blood like water, through more than thirty generations, to perpetuate that free system of laws.

And yet, their political severance from the parent nation rendered essential a distinctive name of the "one people" that had "dissolved the political bands that connected them with another." The style of "United States" indicated a political corporation, but did not designate a people. *Unitedstatesians* would have been an awkward descriptive absurdity. The name "American" was not available, not being limitable to any particular part of America. The Spanish of Mexico, Peru, Chili, the Portuguese of Brazil, the French of Louisiana and the English of Canada, had a title to that name of equal validity with

that of the English of the United States. English by blood, by language, by historic heritage, the latter stood nameless before the world, which, for convenience, called them Yankees, Jonathans, and other nicknames.

Coming to realize the inconvenience of being a nation without a name, there appeared among them at the beginning of this century, an inclination to adopt one. A number of names were informally proposed, among them Appalachia and Alleghania. Instead of Yankees, the proponents preferred to be called Appalachians or Alleghanians. But the most fanciful of all these baptismal projects was brought forward in the year 1804 by one Samuel Latham Mitchill. That ingenious gentleman emitted, on the twenty-eighth recurrence of "Independence Day," a political address "to the *Fredes*, or people of the United States," in which was this passage: "The modern and appropriate name of the people of the United States is *Fredes* or *Fredonians*, as the geographical name is *Fredon* or *Fredonia*, and their relations are expressed by the term *Fredonian* or *Fredish*." The proposition elicited a great deal of discussion, gained a few hot advocates and called forth many heartless critics that ridiculed the absurd coinage of *Fredonia* without mercy. Excepting a map of the country with that name on it (of which there may be an example in the archives of the New York Historical Society) and the sleeping old village of *Fredonia*, in the county of Chautauqua, nothing came of it. The world went on calling them Yankees. And this name is, as I shall make manifest, the best and properest of all that ever have been suggested or applied to this people.

On the other hand, the name *American*, now the common appellation of all the peoples of these continents, is the worst possible national name for any one of them; because, in the first place, it can not be limited to any one of them, and in the next place it can not be made the vehicle of a definite and certain meaning.

What is its signification? For some purposes, it means the aboriginal and only real American races; for others, it mean a certain portion of the English folk of North America; for others it means the Spanish folk of South America and Central America; while in a more comprehensive and comprehensible sense, it is the name of these continents and peoples in their totality. Much depends on the place of its employment. In all the so-called Latin countries, it denotes that portion of the Spanish people which dominates two-thirds of the western hemisphere. In English countries, it denotes the particular portion of the English people composing this republic. The English people of Canada, it appears, have the misfortune to be excluded from America by a strange effect of this name.

We frequently see in print such phrases as "American institutions," "American politics," "American policy." If Mr. Blaine, in a discourse to the Pan-American Congress, should employ these terms, the American gentleman from beyond the isthmus might inquire (mentally, of course) concerning the particular institutions, politics and policy of America to which the honourable chairman of the Congress intended to allude. There are important differences between the institutions, politics and policies of Brazil, Argentino, Chili, Peru, Colombia, and Venezuela, for instance; while between the politics and policies of the southern nations and of this northern nation, there hardly appears a single point of agreement. Yet all, if any, are American.

We read, also, of "American zoology," "American geology," "American botany;" but here, no confusion arises, because all the world knows that these terms relate to America "at large." And "American languages" is a form of speech that distinctly excludes the language of every independent modern nation between Behring's Strait and Tierra del Fuego, being everywhere understood as meaning the indigenous languages. On the contrary, "American literature" means, in one country, so much of English literature as pertains locally to this republic, and, in another country, so much of Spanish literature as pertains locally to the other republics. Thus, "American literature," wherever found, is a literature unknown to any American language!

But in fact, literature is a matter of language, not of longitude—of the character and culture of great human families, not of geographical or political divisions. Prescott, Motley, Emerson, Longfellow are English writers, writing in the English language—their own language no less than the language of Shakespeare, Hume, Macaulay, Tennyson. English literature is literature of the English language and the English folk, in whatever land they dwell. Spanish literature is literature of the Spanish language and the Spanish folk, whether their habitat be the Iberian peninsula, the American continent, or the ocean-girt Antillas and Philippines. Denial of these propositions would import to us deprivation of our English folk-right in Shakespeare—nay, would mean loss of our priceless heritage of English history, law and constitutional liberty. But they are undeniable. All English literature is our literature, and all our literature is English.

This division of the term *American* against itself, this confusion and uncertainty of its meaning in any but the widest application, make its use as a name of anything less than the continental whole perfectly absurd. In a geographical relation, it looks like an attempt of a proprietor to steal the common property of all. In relation to literature, it looks like a feeble effort to make a thing that which it is not by giving to it a different name. For all national and international relations, it is destitute of any sense whatever.

The absurdity results from the fact that this independent and powerful nation, at the age of a century, has not yet got a name, like England, or France, or Mexico, or even Canada, distinctively its own. It is a sovereign power "of America;" but there are fifteen other sovereign powers also "of America." It is the—or, rather, it is one of the "United States of America," there being three or four other republics of the same style within the bounds of the Americas, as, e. g., the "Mexican United States," "The United States of Columbia" and "The United States of Venezuela." Each of these Spanish United States is of America as truly as is this English United States; but each has been more fortunate than this nameless nation in receiving in political baptism a name entirely its own.

I have said that of all the "apodo" names that have been applied to us as a people, on account of our lack of a real national name, the name *Yankees* is the best. It is the best because it is the only one that contains the truth. Its signification is: English—neither less nor more. The British form of the word is, English; the Saxon English; the Swedish, *Engelisk*; the Latin, *Angli* or *Anglici*; the French, *Anglais*; the Italian, *Inglese*; the Spanish, *Yngles*, and the American, *Yankees* or *Yenghes*. I mean, of course, one of the American forms—that one which it received from the Americans in Massachusetts, whose language lacked the sounds of *l* and *sh*. In other American languages, the form might have been different, though lack of certain sounds that are contained in our language is common to all of them. In the Nahuatl (the most nearly perfect of all the American languages) the *l* sound is expressed and the *sh* is approximated by a soft *x* but the *g* is absent; so that the name English would have been something like *Ynklix* in that polished American tongue, instead of *Yankees*.

That this word originated in the defective native pronunciation of the name *English* is a fact no longer open for controversy. The only question is whether it was the name in its English or its French form that the Americans (who were in contact with the Canadian French as well as the Massachusetts English) tried to express. But this doubt is of no consequence, for *Anglais* and *English* are the same name, of which *Yankees* is only a third form.

The common law, literature, language and people of this country are English. Therefore, they are *Yankees*. If they don't like this American orthography and pronunciation of their true folk-name, I have shown that they have liberty to choose among ten other ways of spelling it—two American, two Latin and six European. The two other American forms are *Yenghes* and *Ynklix*; but there are yet more. An American language called the *Guaricuri* lacks the sounds of *g*, *l*, *x*, *z*, and *s*, the nearest to any of the last three being something like *tsh*, while the *Chinook* American is said to contain no labial nor lingual sound whatever. *English*, in the former, might look like *Yank-reetsh*; but the *Chinook* form is excused.

For my part, I would not recommend any of the American forms of the name. It seems to me that any of the European forms would be preferable. The best of all is plain *English*; but as many of us *Yenghes* harbour an absurd prejudice against that way of spelling our true folk name, it might be well to choose the Latin way. This choice would be defensible on the ground that our language, though English, is composed chiefly of words derived from the Latin. The language that has given us most of our speech might appropriately contribute the orthography of our much needed national name. As a people, we then should be known as *Angli* or *Anglici*, or (slightly anglicised) *Anglians* or *Anglicans*, while the geographical name of our country would be *Anglia*, and the term expressing our relations, *Anglian* or *Anglican*. Already, in other countries of these continents, we are styled *Anglo-Americans* to distinguish us from the other styles of Americans; but that compound appellative is inelegant, awkward and undesirable. Either *Yankees* or *Yenghes* is better, and *Anglians* or *Anglicans* would be better still.

I offer these thoughts merely as suggestions. As an independent power, we stand among the nations in the very inconvenient and somewhat ridiculous situation of a people without a name. It is not very important what our national name may be, so we get one that is not distributed all over the hemisphere.—*Andre Matteson in The Law.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS AGAIN.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I was surprised at the editorial remarks on the Manitoba school question in your edition of December 6th. It would appear that you have accepted the inevitable, and admit, that as far as the law is concerned, the opponents of Separate Schools are in the wrong. I do not agree with you on that; there have been no arguments advanced by the advocates of Separate Schools, except those based on the statute; but if such were the case, it might well be asked if there is any necessity for argument in support of Separate Schools.

Catholics take the ground that it is impossible to provide a system of Public Schools which will be acceptable to all denominations, and, being guaranteed their schools by the Manitoba Act, they see no reason for wasting time in argument, until there is something advanced on the opposite side which needs to be answered.

The opponents of Separate Schools made the statutory argument do duty so long, that we thought it necessary

to say something, in case the reiteration of our opponents would induce belief. It did not require much discussion to demolish this argument, for it appears to have fallen on the first charge like a house of cards.

What else is there to discuss? Has there been any system of Public Schools suggested which would be acceptable to all the Protestant bodies? I have followed the whole discussion, and I confidently assert there has not. What then is there to discuss? We don't want Public Schools. We are confident that no system can be discovered that will be acceptable to all, and we see no reason why the negative should begin.

But it is interesting to follow the arguments of our opponents. It is not necessary to say anything about the argument, that Protestant money goes to support Catholic schools; if such is the case—which is denied—then the trouble arises out of a defect in the statute, and is the fault of a Legislature overwhelmingly Protestant. Catholics don't want Protestant money to support their schools, they can support them themselves, and on the contrary they don't wish to support Protestant or (what they believe is equal to it) Public Schools.

If we have Public Schools we must either have no religious teaching or we must have one religious teaching,—for in the same school we cannot consistently teach contrary propositions—and this must be acceptable to all parties. We may at once discard the idea of a godless school, for all parties are strenuously opposed to that, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist alike, and the letter of the Rev. J. D. O'Meara in your issue of December 6th shows what a learned divine of the English Church thinks of it, and he quotes convincing authorities.

The reports of the results of the godless schools in the United States should suffice. Manitoba will never adopt such a system.

We are left then to decide what system of religious education can be adopted, which will be acceptable to all parties. Mr. F. C. Wade in a letter to the *Manitoba Free Press* says, "It surely is quite proper to say that no religious institution should be introduced into public state-aided schools which is not acceptable to all portions of the religious public," and the editor of that paper, who is an advocate of Public Schools, although opposed to a violation of the Manitoba Act, writes editorially, "Failing in the formation of a religious code, agreeable to all denominations . . . the Government have no option beyond Separate or Secular."

To a thinking person this is quite evident, and if it were not so, it would be possible for us to have in Canada something very much like a compulsory state of religion.

If it is necessary that religion be taught in the Public Schools, and if it be true that secular training cannot be safely severed from the religious training without injury to pupil, then it follows naturally that such training must be something more than a mere form; it must be substantial, and the pupil must be taught all the essential truths of his religion.

The Rev. J. D. O'Meara, in his letter above referred to, writes, "And if you trust to this religious training being given at home or in the Sunday School, then . . . you will miss whole masses of children who never darken the door of a Sunday School, and whose only home training is a training in immorality and irreligion."

Now, if from the contrary doctrines of all religions there can be derived a system of religious instruction suitable for the training of the youth of all religious denominations in the essential truths of their respective denominations, including the Catholic Church, which will be acceptable to all parties of the religious public, I might be pardoned if I asked and left unanswered the question why we have so many religious denominations, and why Protestantism exists. L. G. McPHILLIPS.

A MOTTO TRANSLATED.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—You lately printed Mr. Blackmore's own translation of the motto from Theocritus, which he prefixed to "Lorna Dorne," as follows:—

Not for me the land of Pelops, not for me a pile of gold
Be it to possess, nor to surpass the winds in speed!
But beneath this rock I'll sing, and thee within my arms enfold,
While I watch my sheep together toward Sicilian waters feed.

About fifteen years ago the book lay on my table while the late Rev. O. P. Ford was spending a few weeks with me, and I proposed that we should both try our hand at a translation. I send you the result, written on the title-page of my copy. Mr. Ford's is—

Nor realms of Pelops, nor the Lydian's gold,
Nor wind-outstripping speed, were ought to me:
But 'neath this rock I'll sing, and thee enfold,
And watch our flocks by the Sicilian sea.

My own—

What should I care to rule o'er! Pelop's land,
Or lay on endless store of gold my hand,
Or fleet than the fleet winds flee!
But rather 'neath this rock I'll sing reclined,
And view, while thee my loving arms enwind,
Our grazing flocks toward the Sicilian sea."

Yours,

26th Dec., 1889.

A COUNTRY PARSON.

THE Earl of Dudley, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, has sold Turner's magnificent picture, "The Grand Canal, Venice," to Cornelius Vanderbilt.

ART NOTES.

THE classes for the higher branches of Art study, for which the Ontario Society of Artists has been preparing, will start with the new year. Messrs. J. L. W. Forster and G. A. Reid will instruct the antique and life-painting classes respectively; Mr. T. Mower Martin takes the animal, still-life, and object-painting class; Mr. M. Matthews landscape in oil and water colour, and Mr. McCarthy the modelling class. Information as to fees, etc. can be obtained from Mr. R. F. Gagen, the Secretary. Lectures by the above named artists will be given to the pupils during the winter.

LANDSCAPES seem to take the lead in the Exhibition of the English Society of Painters in Water Colours, which has just opened, the most attractive specimens being by such old favourites as Birkett Foster, Walter Crane, A. W. Hunt, H. Wallis, S. P. Jackson and Henry Moore; while figure-painting is represented by Alma Tadema, Burne Jones, Holman Hunt and H. S. Marks. The exhibition as a whole is said to be considerably above the average. Heywood Hardy's works are also highly spoken of by the critics.

ANOTHER work on the vexed question of artistic copyright has appeared in London by Reginald Winslow, M.A., by which it appears that British artists have no protection outside Great Britain except under colonial legislation; in fact in Australia protection is given only to works produced in the colony. English artists complain that they are worse dealt with than authors whose copyright extends over the British Empire. In this connection we may point out that the copyright law is broken with impunity in Canada, and all kinds of paintings are copied for advertising purposes without consent asked or given.

WE lately noticed some of the paintings at the new Toronto Art Gallery on King Street west: continuing in this strain we wish to draw attention to the collection of Canadian artists' works in the larger gallery. Very few of the visitors to the collection are aware which are native productions and which foreign, apart from the two or three large Salon pictures, until they refer to the catalogue; in fact we have seen more than one prominent citizen enthusiastically admiring these works under the impression that they were imported, and quite rightly so, for they compare very favourably with the foreign works, and except those which smack of French mannerisms, are more original in subject and treatment in many instances. Mr. Harris' "Church Choir from Pine Creek" is well drawn and painted, telling its story plainly and well. It is much improved by the change he has made in it since it was first exhibited, when it was called "Taking his Top Note," the tenor's head has been entirely repainted and much for the better. Miss Tully's portrait of Prof. Goldwin Smith bears a striking resemblance to the original, and is well and solidly painted. The ever fresh and breezy mountain scenes from the far-off Rockies show what has been done during the past summer by Messrs. M. Matthews, Mower Martin and Bell Smith, each of whom shows also a water-colour drawing of the big cedars of Vancouver. In Mr. Matthews' version the tree looks immense by the side of the diminutive man—perhaps Mr. Matthews hired a dwarf for this occasion as his model. Mr. Martin has a large water-colour of a disappointed fox, from whose jaws a duck has just had a narrow escape. To see some pictures by Mrs. Schreiber reminds us of the old Ontario Society of Artists' exhibitions. This lady artist is as versatile and careful as ever, with the same evident appreciation of the sunny side of youthful life as when she first broke up the monotony of the landscape shows with her elaborately finished figure pieces. We should like Mr. Forbes' "Child and Lamb" better if a stronger effect of light and shade had been attempted, but portrait pictures rather restrict an artist's liberty in this respect. G. A. Reid's works have a great deal of merit, and if his style of painting had been of his own originating we could congratulate him warmly. His female figure, "Musing," previously exhibited in the Salon, is a good piece of work, perhaps a size or two too large for the importance of the subject, a fault which attaches also to his "Misty Morning," full of good honest effort but too sketchily painted for so large a canvas. Mr. Bell-Smith's "Lake Louise" is a good subject well treated, in fact we prefer his oils in this room to his water-colours, for clever as the latter are they bear evidence of haste and want of care. He has been very successful in reproducing his own figure and that of Albert Bierstadt in this "Lake Louise" picture—they are both unmistakable. Mr. Sherwood's dogs' heads are a great improvement on his old style. "The Spaniel" is his best. The veteran artist, Mr. D. Fowler, has some very clever landscapes painted with all his old characteristic vigour and sureness of hand. It is noticeable that at the later exhibitions of the American Water Colour Society there is a return to the same methods and effects aimed at and employed by Mr. Fowler, on the part of some of the most popular artists of the time; the names of W. D. Smillie and H. Fenn occur to me in this connection. Altogether the Canadian exhibit holds its own well in this collection.

FRED. A. T. DUNBAR, the Ontario sculptor who has been studying for four years in Europe, has returned to Toronto, and is now engaged on a statue of Colonel Gzowski which is to be erected in Niagara Falls Park. Mr. Dunbar is a native of Guelph, and is thoroughly in earnest in pursuit of his profession. He is arranging to start a bronze foundry here, so that in future statues of our public men will not have to be sent out of the country to be cast. TEMPLAR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE Mendelssohn Quintette Club, once so popular in this city, is no longer so sparing of its favours as in times past, but is heard upon various occasions and divers platforms. They have with them at least one artist of unusual powers, Wilhelm Ohliger, violinist, a young man of great gifts and promise. His playing of Senor Sarasate's "Faust" and other difficult works has aroused the enthusiasm of all violin lovers amongst us, and a successful future is predicted for him.

A PLEASANT entertainment was that recently given by the piano pupils of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, at his residence, following the form of a morning concert. The selections embraced compositions by Chopin, Liszt, Moszkowski and Saint-Saëns, and Mrs. Adamson contributed two delightful morceaux for the violin in her accustomed artistic style. A "new voice" is that of Miss Patrick, contralto, late of Ottawa, who was heard to much advantage in a couple of ballads. The pupils all exhibited correct technique and finished style to which were added great care of phrasing and power of expression.

THE numerous school closings were all musically accompanied. Bloor Street Presbyterian Ladies' College has inaugurated pleasant musical and dramatic evenings and the closing exercises were under the guidance of Mr. Edward Fisher. The College of Music gave a couple of concerts with Mr. Harry Field and the Mendelssohn Club, Mr. Field playing the piano in a Beethoven trio; very nicely indeed. The Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, mustered great musical attractions as usual, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison's pupils gaining much applause both in solo and concerted numbers. The College re-opens January 6th, and is confident of a crowded and prosperous session.

FOLLOWING the advent of little Otto Hegner, we have had the renowned *virtuosi*, Pablo Martin Sarasate and Eugen D'Albert at the Pavilion. The concert given by these world-known instrumentalists, aided by a charming pianist, Mdma. Berthe Marx, will live long in the memories of those who were fortunate enough to hear it. The programme was all that could be desired in point of variety and quality of selection, and the standard of performance a strikingly high one. First on the programme was the great Waldstein Sonata in C major, given by Mr. D'Albert in remarkable and characteristic style. The personality of this great pianist is rather that of the podgy and uncouth German student than of the cultured Englishman; born at Glasgow, and pupil successively of Prout, Pauer and Arthur Sullivan in London, the musical centre of the British Isles. However, as we are informed that Mr. D'Albert delights in repudiating his British connections, and poses entirely as the German artist of the period, all we can do is to accept and judge of him as such. He is, primarily, a finished and conscientious, superbly-gifted and brilliant performer, excelling in the dexterous complexities appearing in the scores of Tausig, Liszt and Rubinstein; nor is he without sympathy, clearness and sentiment. Nevertheless, he frequently sacrifices delivery and grace to the monster effects, evidently second nature to him, and in such fantastic and pleasing selections as the Chopin "Berceuse" and Grieg's "Bridal Procession," there is altogether a lack of the purely poetic or imaginative element, without which the grandest *tours de force* become oppressive after a time. It is apparent that the effects first popularized by Liszt and Rubenstein do not suit all players, yet it seems every pianist's dearest intention, in the present day, to imitate these two giants of the instrument—a course not always wise to follow. While conceding the marvellous technical powers of such an artist as D'Albert, we feel it is due to performances similar to those with which he astonished us on Saturday that critics frequently describe the piano as among the least expressive of instruments, whereas, in the right hands, it becomes endowed with a singing voice almost equal to the violin. With regard to the handsome and singularly distinguished Spaniard, Sarasate, of chiefly European fame, no panegyric seems overdone, no praise generous enough. Although personal charm should have, it may be thought, little to do with the claim of an artist upon the public, yet that public, being made up of individuals, is ever open to grace in body and magnetism of manner, and Sarasate's effect upon the individual is instantaneous, as well as permanent. The calm, cool, yet gentle and well-bred assertion of his pose, his slight, thin, supple figure, his peculiar eyes, his picturesque hair, his consummate care in playing, the absence of the grotesque or the affected, unite in creating an artist of the very first rank. Fire and passion he has as well, but admirably in leash; "purity of style," as Grove's Dictionary remarks, being his prevailing characteristic. He can dazzle, though he prefers to entrance; he can delight, though he more frequently chooses to elevate. A marvellously retentive memory is part of his equipment; while his tone, though not full to intensity, is rich and sweet and peculiarly clear. Altogether, his playing, while it did not amaze so persistently as that of his associate, D'Albert, pleased more listeners and revealed higher things. Mdma. Berthe Marx, well-known as a solo pianist in London, and now, for some time past, associated with Senor Sarasate, displayed a really remarkable array of gifts. Her touch upon the piano was sympathetic and full, and a perfect *ensemble* was the result of her collaboration with the famous violinist. The beautiful slow movement from the "Kreutzer" was given faultlessly and with strictest adherence to classical canons. Applause was vociferous and unstinted, thirteen times Senor Sarasate being recalled, D'Albert ten.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

MEETING OF THE WATERS. By K. L. Jones.

A very pretty booklet issued by the *Daily News*, Kingston, and embodying one aspect of British American scenery—the glacier of Banff. Prof. Jones has, doubtless, been complimented by all his friends upon the flowing stanzas that the book encloses, and we regret that opportunity was not afforded us of noting the work sooner. It deserves a large sale.

JUPITER LIGHTS. A Novel. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. New York: Harper Bros., Franklin Square.

Miss Woolson is already so well known and established in the affections of her countrymen and women that a new work from her pen sells readily and without a question as to its merit in her own country. With us her name is also associated with much prose work that is sweet and womanly and piquante, although her admirers will tell us sometimes that as yet she has not surpassed in any of her novels that strong and beautiful poem which made her fame—"Two Women." "Jupiter Lights" is, however, a good example of Miss Woolson's style, has more life and humour than "Anne" or "The Major," and narrowly escapes the sensational, from which we predict a greater popularity for it than for her previous works. But in spite of clever writing, the characters are uninteresting, and the entire book one which, like many others of the time, is read with faint pleasure, and then forgotten. It lacks strong insight, life, spirituality and depth, although it pleases for the moment by its brightness, picturesqueness, and dash.

"LEPROSY IN NORWAY" forms the subject matter of an important article in the *Fortnightly*, written by Dr. Robson Roose. Grant Allen, sprightly as usual, gives some pages out of the practical religions of the world, from Zulu to Christian. The Bishop of Peterborough replies to his critics anent "Betting and Gambling," and Prof. E. Dowden's Taylorian Lecture at Oxford, read November 20th, 1889, and entitled "Literary Criticism in France." The chief political paper is contributed by Karl Blind, and is pessimistically entitled, "The Unmaking of England." E. B. Lanin's "Russian Characteristics" presents "Dishonesty" this month in lieu of "Lying, Fraud or Forgery."

MR. GLADSTONE'S article on "Electoral Facts of Today" in the *Nineteenth Century* makes naturally the most attractive item, coming as it does from the old man eloquent at eighty. Papers of quasi-scientific import are "Leprosy" by Sir Morell Mackenzie; "Venomous Snakes of India," and Professor Nicholson's reply to "Mr. Giffen's Attack on Bimetallists." An enthusiastic lover of London, evidently a foreigner, M. H. Dziewicki, contributes a Ruskinian paper entitled "In Praise of London Fog," and the initial paper "Is it Open to the Colonies to Secede?" by a former Premier of New Zealand, is of course especially interesting to us in Canada.

THE December *Arena* was a surprise to the public, in that it came unheralded, and contained a table of contents made up of able, brilliant papers by a number of our greatest thinkers. It was also a surprise to its publishers, as within ten days of the time it was first placed on sale, two extra editions had been called for. The January issue surpasses the December in its remarkable array of talent. Ingersoll, Boucicault, Henry George, Joaquin Miller, Laurence Gronlund, H. O. Pentecost, W. H. H. Murray, Louis Fréchette, and other noted personages contributed to this number. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of Dion Boucicault, the veteran actor, playwright, critic, and essayist. The *Arena* may well be counted among the foremost reviews of this age of great magazines.

AMONG the December magazines *Macmillan's* is well worthy of a careful perusal. Mrs. Oliphant's serial is exceedingly well-written—simple, graphic and finely sustained. "Kirsteen" and her ultimate fate demand all our loving attention. The new writer on Anglo-Indian topics, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, contributes "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney." Rev. Canon Alfred Ainger has some sensible remarks upon the study of English Literature, admitting his dislike and distrust of so many text-books, examinations and general cramming. If this paper be pertinent in England, how much more so here, where the authors themselves are sacrificed to so much information about the authors and kindred unnecessary and superfluous matter. Björnson's later plays are commented upon with sufficient candour; and a paper upon "Lord John Russell," by the Hon. Arthur Elliott, M.P., deals with a recent biography by Spencer Walpole of one of England's famous statesmen.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. ALFRED BAKER will commence in *The Phonetic Journal*, for January 4th, a series of articles on "The Newspaper World."

SAMPSON LOW AND COMPANY will publish early in the coming year William Black's new novel, "The New Prince Fortunatus."

WE have received the prospectus and programme of the Society for Historical Study and that of Canadian Literature. The topics proposed for discussion appear important and interesting and the movement will no doubt be received with enthusiasm.

ACCORDING to Mr. Robert Buchanan, the Ibsenite craze is already beginning to "go the way of blue china, of the *rondellette* and of all the other enthusiasms of Folly."

THE first number of a new magazine for lovers of Nature entitled *The Field Club*, and edited by Theodore Wood, was announced for publication on December 20, by Mr. Elliot Stock.

LORD TENNYSON'S volume will be a small one, containing twenty-eight poems, most of which are very short. They include "The Throstle," and verses on Queen Victoria's Jubilee and on the Marquis of Dufferin.

THE American Historical Association held its sixth annual meeting on December 28-31, 1889, in Washington. The evening sessions were held in the lecture room of the Columbian University. The morning sessions were in the lecture room of the National Museum, by permission of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS will publish a very striking article in the *January Century*, in which is given the first popular description of the recent extraordinary discoveries in Bubastis, Egypt. It is stated that all the monuments produced in this number are now published for the first time. One of the stones of these ruins is almost sixty-one centuries old. Bubastis, as old as the world itself, was considered as passing away when Olympia arose.

THE two next numbers of *The Century* will contain the last chapters of the life of Lincoln. In January there will be given a vivid description of the last days of Lincoln, an account of his assassination and funeral, and of the attack on Seward. Supplementary articles, by Confederate and Union officers on the "Pursuit and Death of John Wilkes Booth" will accompany this instalment. Among the illustrations is a diagram of the box in Ford's Theatre, a fac-simile of a play-bill found in President Lincoln's box after the assassination, etc.

PROFESSOR RHYS and Mr. J. Morris Jones, Welsh lecturer at Bangor College, are editing for the "Anecdota Oxoniensia" series of the Clarendon Press a Welsh MS. called "Llyfr yr Ancr"—the "Anchorite's Book"—now in the possession of Jesus College, Oxford. It contains lives of Welsh saints, and a number of theological treatises, mostly translated from Latin, the originals of which will be printed in smaller type. Mr. George Allen, of Orpington, will publish early in the new year a cheap edition of Mr. Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture." The size will be post octavo, and 250 copies will be issued on hand-made paper with plates on India paper.

MR. F. C. BURNAND, editor of *Punch*, who is also well known as a dramatic author, has obtained a verdict, with damages of £140, against *The Society Herald*, and £50 against the National Press Agency, on account of a criticism of his play called *Pickwick*, which appeared in *The Society Herald* on February 5. The criticism was written before the play had been produced, an accident having prevented its production on the 4th of February, the date on which it had been advertised to appear. Whether Mr. Burnand would have succeeded if the play had appeared on the 4th is a question that must remain in doubt, possibly he would not have sued. As it was, his enemy had, so to speak, given himself away.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is (according to the London correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald*) engaged upon a series of descriptive papers to be collectively entitled "South Sea Idylls," and they will appear first in a popular American monthly. When last heard from, Mr. Stevenson thought of spending his Christmas in Sydney, New South Wales.

Who clothed my chairs with coloured chintz,
In arabesques of pear and quince,
That make the very bravest wince?—My Morris.

Thus sings the poet of the *Scots Observer* in the last issue. Besides the above, and some remarks anent "the extraordinary vanity of that extraordinary man" (Mr. Gladstone), our contemporary has quite a brilliant article on the Impressionists' Exhibition, of which the kernel lies in these sentences: "When half a dozen painters play in public at being something which they are not only disaster can ensue," and "Where sincerity is not, it is idle to expect achievement." Two or three of the Impressionists wield caustic pens, and a reply would help toward enlivening the dulness of Christmas time.

THE "Life and Times of General John Graves Simcoe," the first Governor of Upper Canada, by D. B. Read, Q.C., contains a very full account of the military achievements of Governor Simcoe while in command of the Queen's Rangers during the American Revolutionary War. The Queen's Rangers performed a very important part in the campaign of 1777-1778-1779, and down to the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, resulting in the Treaty of Peace, 1783. After the war was concluded very many of the Rangers betook themselves to Upper Canada, and formed the nucleus of the early settlement. United Empire Loyalists themselves, they were soon surrounded with others of their class who had adhered to the King's cause during the Revolution, and who, devotedly attached to monarchical institutions, hewed out for themselves homes under the aegis of the British flag. It was fitting that such men should have for their first Governor a man and an officer who had performed distinguished services for the Crown during the Revolution. The writer of this work has faithfully portrayed the character of General Simcoe, as a soldier and servant of the King, in a popular and readable style. It will be issued about February 1st, by George Virtue, of Toronto.

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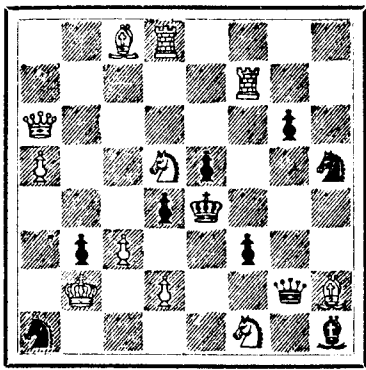
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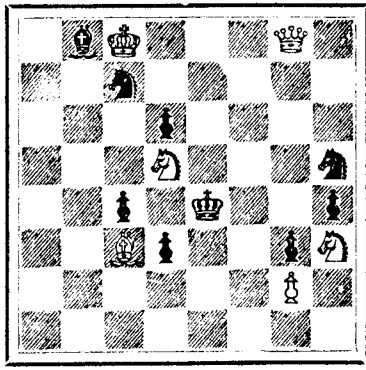
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

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DIVIDEND No. 21.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of seven per cent. per annum has this day been declared upon the paid-up Capital Stock of the Company for the half year ending 31st December, 1889, and that the same will be payable at the Company's Office, No. 78 Church Street, Toronto, on and after the 2nd day of January, 1890. The transfer books will be closed from 16th to 31st December inclusive.

By order of the Board.
JAMES MASON, Manager.
Toronto, 14th Dec. 1889.



BEAUTY OF Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT all comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great SKIN CURE, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

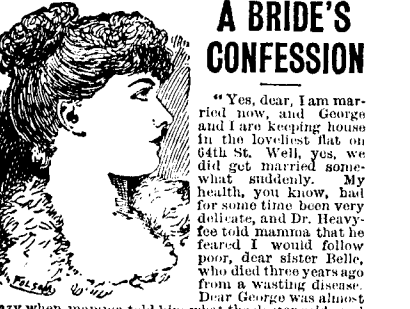
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Dull Aches, Pains, and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.



Good morning
HAVE YOU USED PEARS' SOAP?



A BRIDE'S CONFESSION

"Yes, dear, I am married now, and I am keeping house in the loveliest flat on 64th St. Well, yes, we did get married somewhat suddenly. My health, you know, had for some time been very delicate, and Dr. Heavyside told mamma that he feared I would follow poor, dear sister Belle, who died three years ago from a wasting disease. Dear George was almost crazy when mamma told him what the doctor said, and I nearly cried my eyes out, but one day I overheard that hateful Nelly Parker say to her mother, 'I think that George Blauvelt is just too lovely for anything, and when the girl he's engaged to dies, and they say she is dying of a galloping consumption, I'm going to step in to her shoes and become Mrs. George Blauvelt; now just you wait and see.' This spring I noticed George seemed to be almost resigned to the idea that we should never be married, and the thought that that deceitful hussy might get him after all nearly drove me crazy. One day I read the testimony of Lawyers Howe and Hummel as to the wonderfully invigorating effect of DR. CAMPBELL'S ARSENIC WAFERS, and I resolved to try what they would do for me. I commenced their use on the 4th of July. George had just called for Europe on business for his firm. On Sept. 18 he returned. I was, from the use of the Wafers, by that time again a well woman, and so enraptured was he with my healthy and robust appearance that he insisted we get married the very next day. I could not say him nay, and as you will see by my card, I am now Mrs. George Blauvelt. Do call soon and let me introduce George to you; I am sure you will like him, he is so handsome, and as good as he is handsome. Good-by; be sure not to forget."

THE DEY OF ALGIERS!

The SHAH OF PERSIA and the SULTANS OF TURKEY and MOROCCO now FATTEN and BEAUTIFY their complexions exclusively on DR. CAMPBELL'S ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS. So great is the demand for these marvellous Wafers that their manufacture is continued day and night.

The Shah found his harem in a state of disorder on his return to Persia. N. Y. World, Oct. 12, 1889. Reason—Their supply of CAMPBELL'S WAFERS was exhausted!

ILLUSTRATIVE of the desirability of a certain amount of Plumpness, rumour has it that the above distinguished Oriental potentates make it a practice to WEIGH their wives regularly once a month, preceding a rank and imperial favour being accorded to the wife possessed of the greatest number of pounds avoirdupois.

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Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

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