THE WEEK

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The Independent is responsible for the following: "Among the 'attractions' offered to churches this fall is a colored boy-preacher, fourteen years old,' who is to be accompanied by——, 'the well-known evangelist.' The boy is to lecture and sing. 'Liberal' terms are offered for 'engagements.' The manager probably expects in this way to reach the 'masses.'"

The Papal decree on church music forbids "severely" the use in church of any "profane music, especially if it be inspired by theatrical motives, variations, and reminiscences," and all music is forbidden "in which the words are even in the slightest measure omitted, turned aside from their sense, or indiscreetly repeated.

The Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Premier of Cape Colony, has given to the Baptist Church of South Africa 9,000 acres of land in Mashonaland and Matabeleland for missionary purposes. It is to be divided into three farms of 3,000 acres each, with two sites for churches and parsonages connected with each farm.

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CONTENTS.

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CURRENT TOPICS.

Among the many signs of a tendency to the upbreak of the old political parties and a reconstruction upon new lines may be mentioned the secession of the sugar-planters of Louisiana from the Democratic party. A large number of these planters have formally declared their determination to forsake the party with which they have been so long identified, and to go over in a body to the Republicans. The argument by which this radical change of political convictions has been wrought is with them a very substantial one—the loss of the sugar bounty. The fact may bode no good for the Democrats in the coming elections, but it indicates the tendency which has long been observable, to drop all the old issues and form virtually new parties on tariff lines. The effect of this secession may be considerable in more than one direction. The *Outlook* comments upon its probable bearing upon the relations of the respective parties to the Negro vote. The planters, having once cast in their fortunes with the Republicans, will naturally soon become as anxious to bring out, as they have hitherto been to suppress, the Negro vote. Once let this vote be divided and sought for by both parties, ranged against each other on a new issue, and the effect upon the status of the freedmen cannot fail to be salutary. Their best friends could hardly wish for anything better than that the men who have hitherto been bent only upon the suppression of their vote and influence may now be placed under conditions which will lead them to court both. Then, indeed, will time begin to bring its revenges for the injuries of the dark past.

The death of Oliver Wendell Holmes, at a ripe old age, removes from the field of American literature one who has long been among its chief figures. The writer can well remember with what keen relish some of his fellow students at college, more than thirty years ago, used to linger over the periodical repasts of wit and humour served up to them in the columns of the *Atlantic Monthly*. These qualities as shown in the discussions and dissertations of the Autocrat and the Professor at the breakfast table, were all the more delightful in that they were subordinated to their proper place and purpose, as the mere seasoning of dishes of sound and sometimes not unprofound philosophy. Distinguished as a student and professor of anatomy, Dr. Holmes carried his skill in dissection into the literary realm in which he most delighted, and laid bare with a keen blade, yet with rare gentleness, the structure and workings of the human soul. The place he has since won for himself as a writer of occasional poems and lyrics, and also as a novelist, is well-nigh abreast of the foremost of his countrymen, but it is as a humorist of high and rare quality that he will longest be remembered. One can hardly recall the keenness and delicacy which were characteristic of his wit, without feeling tempted to moralize upon the degeneracy of that quality as exemplified in the productions of most of the humorists of his country at the present day. But that would lead to dangerous ground, and might well suggest the difficult question whether the degeneracy may not be quite as much in the taste of readers as in the genius of writers. May it not be that the demand influences the quality of the supply quite as quickly as the supply that of the demand? Be that as it may, we could hardly venture better advice to both readers and writers of the humorous in American literature than to turn over the works of Holmes and Lowell and others of the humorists of a former generation, as Horace would say, "with daily and with nightly hand."

Is it an omen of evil or of good that in so many cities on this continent investigations are being held for the purpose of laying bare suspected corruption among civic officials of all classes, from aldermen downwards? In New York City, for instance, the Lexow Committee is again at work, and is from day to day unmasking a system of organized corruption among the police such as excites astonishment as well as indignation. Montreal is about entering upon an investigation of charges of a somewhat different character preferred against members of the police force of that city. And now Toronto's turn has come, it seems. True, the charge here is against some of the aldermen themselves rather than their appointees. We are inclined to regard the movement as prophetic of good. It seems at the least to indicate an awakening of citizens from a lethargy in which they have too long been wrapt. In regard to the proposed investigation in this city, it would be very unfair to take for granted the existence of the flagrant offences charged or suspected. But the hint on which the charge or suspicion is based, coming so directly from such a source, could not have been passed over. The determination of some of the most highly respected Councillors to have the thing probed to the bottom, while only what was to be expected of them, and, in fact, only what was absolutely necessary in order to save their own individual reputations from the general smutch which would, in the absence of such investigation, have been left upon the body indiscriminately, is at the same time a reassuring fact and one that will redound to their credit, whatever may be the result of the inquiry.

The appointment of W. R. Meredith, Esq., Q.C., to be Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for the Province of Ontario, or perhaps we should rather say, Mr. Meredith's acceptance of that position, has been received with some surprise, perhaps,

but with a very general and warm approval which reflects credit upon the good judgment of the Minister of Justice and must be very gratifying to the appointee himself. Whether the practice of passing over the heads of those who have had experience on the Bench, in other capacities, in making such appointments, would be a desirable one to establish or not, is a question upon which there may be room for difference of opinion. This is not, however, the first instance in which it has been done. Perhaps in this, as in most other cases, the safest and wisest rule is to appoint the very best man available, wherever he may be found. Without disparagement of others whose qualifications for the position are undoubtedly of a high order, it is clearly the general impression that no better choice could have been made. In professional ability in the department of law which he has made specially his own, in student-like industry, in soundness of judgment, and, above all, in high personal character, Mr. Meredith is, by general consent, without a superior, if not without a peer in the profession in Ontario, or, to say the least, among those who could be thought of for such an appointment. Who will be chosen to succeed him in the leadership of the Conservative party in the Legislature is a question which it must be left to the party to answer in its own good time. After his long and faithful service as leader of the party under discouraging circumstances, every fair-minded member of it will probably admit cheerfully his right to retire to the dignified quiet of the Bench. The choice of a successor in the Legislature is a task which will test the wisdom and loyalty of the Opposition in no slight measure. Even admitting, as the Conservative press claims, that the party has many members, either one of whom would make an efficient leader, the embarrassment of riches may prove much more perplexing than if some one man stood head and shoulders above his fellows.

It would seem almost a fitting climax to the political evolutions and revolutions of this wonderful nineteenth century should its last decade witness the upbreak of the vast Chinese Empire with its hoary civilization. To such a consummation events seem just now to be swiftly verging. The prevailing impression with regard to the calculating shrewdness and power of passive resistance of the Government and people of this ancient Empire seem likely to prove to have been in a large measure mythical. Certainly nothing could be much more lacking in either quality than the conduct of the present war, thus far, on her part. Instead of the prolonged struggle which most of us were ready to predict, at the outset, no one would now be surprised should the Japanese generals be in a position to dictate terms of peace from the Imperial palace in Pekin, within the next few weeks. This result, should it take place, would, of course, be the result of the remarkable energy with which the Japanese have prosecuted the war—an energy which almost rivals that of the most progressive Western nations, and shows that this remarkable people have not in vain studied Western civilization and appropriated Western ideas. The prevalent rumours that Great Britain, either alone, or in conjunction with other great European powers, will interfere to prevent Japan from reaping the fruits of the great victory which seems now to be almost within her grasp, may be taken with many grains of salt. That they might interfere to prevent too cruel a humiliation of an ancient people, or too arrogant an appropriation of the spoils of war, is not improbable. But the Japanese are probably much too wise to shock the moral (or political) sense of Europe by any such barbarian tactics. On the other hand, it may be fairly questioned whether some such scheme as the division of the unwieldy bulk into four independent, or quasi-independent nations, might be not only best for the world and for civillzation and progress, but best for the Chinese themselves, by preventing the falling into chaos which would otherwise be pretty sure to ensue. The nation is apparently already divided against itself. It is not easy to see why such a sub-division might not better serve the interests of Great Britain both commercially and politically, than they can be served by the present unwieldy mass. Four elastic buffers would be better than one inert one.

A powerful short "Story of the Civil Service," by Julia Schayer, in the October *Century*, depicts most graphically a phase of the iniquitous "spoils" system, which is not perhaps sufficiently taken into consideration, even by the most vigorous opponents of that system among our neighbours. The story purports to be the history of a man of education and refinement, who, having lost a leg in the war of the Rebellion, had been given a place in one of the departments, on the disbanding of his regiment. In this post he had served faithfully and efficiently for nineteen years, being rewarded with one or two slight promotions. Both the situation and the promotions were obtained through the influence of a powerful friend. After a time that friend died. From that time forward the man, who had married a beautiful and refined woman and had several children, had lived in constant dread of the "decapitation" which he knew might come at any moment should his position be wanted for another by some influential Senator, and was sure to come with the first change of administration. It seems to be one of the effects of service in a Government office that after a few years the clerk becomes unfitted for any other occupation. Realizing this, the man lived in perpetual fear, dwelling morbidly on the picture which would force itself upon his imagination, of his wife and children suffering for want of the necessaries of life, after he should have been discharged to make room for some successful rival or political opponent. The blow at length fell and his dreary anticipations were fulfilled to the letter. The agony of the desperate husband and father as, helpless and despairing, he saw from day to day the misery of wife and children, and the gradual dawning of the horrible temptation to which he at last was on the verge of yielding when help came, are told most powerfully yet with a verisimilitude which causes the reader to feel at every step that all this might happen, and has probably happened a thousand times, in all its essential features. Our admiration of the skill and power of the writer are swallowed up in fierce indignation at the system she depicts, which, pandering as it does to the intensest selfishness of all parties, seems well adapted to produce such effects. The story affects one almost like a miniature "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in its unfolding of the iniquities and cruelties of the "spoils" system, and one cannot but hope that it may prove, like that wonderful book, a potent agent in furthering the great reform to the necessity of which it points.

The speeches at the Convocation of the University of Toronto, the other day, contained matter suggestive of so much comment that it is difficult to know where to begin or end, when the limits of space at one's disposal are already nearly exhausted. The presence upon the platform and among the speakers of the President of an independent university was a pleasant and a promising innovation. Principal Grant's reminder that the true measure of the success of an educational institution is not the number of its students, the size of its endowments, or even the numerical dimensions of its staff, but the quality of its men, is one which can scarcely be too often repeated in these days when the tendency is so strong to measure greatness by a standard of bulk of some sort. Minister Ross' intimation that a great university has but a very narrow and inadequate conception of its functions and obligations, so long as it is content to expend all its energies and influence upon the comparatively few students, be they counted by the hundred or the thousand, who are able to come within its walls, was most appropriate and timely, and his citation of the fact that last year no less than 105,000 persons attended the lecture courses of the University of Cambridge alone should serve as a guide-post to every Canadian institution. In fact, the question might admit of discussion whether the state which has, say, the equivalent of an annual appropriation of $100,000 to devote to the purposes of higher education, might not accomplish vastly more for the enrichment of the intellectual life of its citizens by using that money for the employment of competent professors and lecturers to carry

on outside instruction, after the manner of what is called extension work, than by devoting it to the support of a single exclusive college with its limited number of students. The idea may be worth considering.

The two changes foreshadowed in President Loudon's address, as the chief ones which will appear in the forthcoming revised curriculum of the University, will probably commend themselves to most educators, however they may be regarded by students preparing or about to prepare for matriculation, These are the addition of either French or German to the list of compulsory subjects for matriculation, and the raising of the standard required for passing from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. in each subject, and from forty to fifty per cent. on the aggregate. There may possibly be some difference of opinion in regard to the first innovation, meaning, as it probably does, in most cases, an additional year for the preparation of the course for matriculation. In regard to the second we have always been unable to understand how anyone could deem the ability to take but twenty-five per cent. on a fair examination paper in a given subject as sufficient proof of the student's mastery of that subject. Of course, much, in fact everything, depends upon the kind of questions asked and the kind of answers required. In these two respects there is room for almost infinite variation according to the varying judgments and moods of the individual examiner. It is not unlikely, too, that the difference in the standard wrought by these changes may prove in practice to be much less than one would suppose, inasmuch as the examiner is pretty sure to be consciously or unconsciously influenced by the knowledge of the high or low percentage exacted and to vary the character of his questions accordingly. Other observations suggested must be kept for another occasion.

It would be amusing, were it not so pitiful, to see the eagerness with which a certain class of disciplinarians rush into print from time to time, in defence of the strap or the birch, as the one irresistible and magic cure for all the faults, not only of childhood, but even of youth on the eve of manhood and womanhood. Our eye has this moment fallen on such a letter, from a mother, in one of the city papers. This mother describes, with evident gusto, a recent instance in which she carried out the principle in which she has touching faith, by a severe application of the rod to her own daughter, a girl of fourteen, as a cure for dilatoriness in getting home from school. The cure was, it is claimed, effectual, and so it may have been, if the effect sought was simply to terrorize the girl into doing a certain thing, the omission of which would be sure of detection, and would bring a repetition of the penalty. But if the object was to effect an improvement of character by producing an impression upon the moral nature—the only real reformation—the result could hardly have been less than utter failure, and may have been worse than simple failure. We might also point out that a mother who has to resort to such measures to secure obedience to her wishes from her own child at the age indicated, gives in the very fact such proof of absolute failure as a trainer of children that she should be the last to offer advice to others on the subject. Her letter is noticed here only because the same views are, in substance, being constantly urged by those who pride themselves on being disciplinarians of the old school, and who have nothing but words of scorn and derision for the advocates of more rational and scientific methods.

This question of training or discipline, in the family, in the school, and in the municipality or state, is one of the deepest moment. It arises especially from the necessity for dealing in some way with the children and youth who are constantly growing up in the cities without proper training of any kind, to become nuisances in communities, and not infrequently reinforcements of the criminal population. Now, few sensible persons, we suppose, will deny the necessity, in most cases, for corporal punishment in the family, though those who have observed and studied the question with most care are, we believe, pretty generally agreed that the legitimate use of such punishment is to enforce obedience or submission to parental authority, and that, when judiciously used during the first two or three years of life, the habit of obedience may be so completely established that necessity for its repetition at a later period will very rarely occur. Nor are we prepared to deny that for a certain class of offences by adults of a low and brutal type, where the necessity of an immediate and powerful deterrent is imperative, the lash may be the most effective and therefore the right appliance. But it must be evident to everyone who calmly and dispassionately considers the question that where the aim is to produce reformation, or such a change in the moral attitude of the offender towards the offence, as will effectually prevent its repetition—and this surely should be the chief aim of all punishment, if only because such change affords the only real guarantee against the repetition of the offence—the infliction of physical pain is wholly unfitted to effect the result.

The question, as a matter for newspaper discussion, arises chiefly in connection with the treatment of juvenile criminals, and of those youths who are plainly on the verge of criminality. The cruel—would "wicked" be too strong a word?—custom of sending them to jail, to herd with hardened criminals, cannot be too strongly deprecated, or too quickly discontinued. But it would be a great misfortune should the advice of the "birch" faddists be followed in providing a substitute. The chief end should manifestly be to save these youth for citizenship and service. In order to this a moral change must be wrought. Such change cannot be effected suddenly, or by any application of brute force. It must be wrought by moral agencies, and for the successful application of such agencies time is indispensable. Old habits must be rooted out and new ones implanted. New aims must be persistently set before the mind, new motives applied. In a word, the youth must be given a chance, such as in nine cases out of ten they have never had, to choose between the good and the evil under circumstances favourable to the choice of the good. Hence, there are no truer patriots and philanthropists than they who are earnestly striving to rescue boys and girls, and even young men and women, of the classes indicated, from their old evil associations, to save them from the even worse associations of the jail, and to subject them to a course of patient training for citizenship in families or institutions in which the influences and environment will all tend to produce a change in habits, motives, ambitions, ideals—in a word, in the whole moral type and purpose.

THE VALUE OF LIFE.

Is suicide on the increase? Certainly instances of its occurrence come to our notice much more frequently than they did twenty-five or thirty years ago. We can hardly take up a morning paper which does not contain an announcement of one, often of a number, of cases of self-inflicted death. But it is easy in such matters to mistake the results of the enterprise of news-gatherers for increase in the occurrences reported. We sometimes need to bear in mind the old proverb, "There is no more dust in the sunbeam than in the rest of the room." But, after making all due allowance for the fact that in former days there were no such means as at present for ferreting out and giving to the public the facts—not to say often more than the facts—in regard to all cases of suicide or suspected suicide, and the further fact that the natural desire of friends is usually to conceal the painful knowledge from the inquisitive public, it is hard to resist the conviction that self-murder is decidedly on the increase in so-called Christian countries. How is this to be accounted for? Are the times harder now than ever before, so that the pressure of want, or of threatened want, is heavier, and so men and women driven to despair more frequently, than formerly? This might seem very likely but for the fact, for such it surely is, that but a small percentage of suicides are committed by those who are suffering from actual destitution. Often, it is true, we hear of men who were at one time in easy circumstances, or comparatively wealthy, who, finding or imagining themselves to be

on the eve of being left to struggle with poverty, shrink, coward-like, from the change and seek refuge in the grave of the suicide.

If it be granted that suicide is on the increase, not amongst the labouring classes, as a result of the pressure of poverty and want, but amongst those who are subject to no such pressure, the question returns, How is the increase to be accounted for? Is it due to a relaxation of the feeling of awe, or the sense of obligation, which is the outgrowth of religious faith? The New York *Times* had an article on the subject, during the discussion stirred up a few weeks since by Mr. Ingersoll's advocacy of the right of the individual to take his own life whenever, for any reason, he became tired of it, in which it affirmed that "before the Christian era nobody thought of suicide as necessarily a crime." The statement is, probably, much too sweeping. Yet it is undeniable that one of the effects of the Christian religion, wherever it has prevailed, has been greatly to strengthen the estimate of the value of life, and the sense of responsibility and obligation connected with it. Life, as the gift of God, immortal in its very nature and dependent for bliss or woe in the hereafter upon the manner in which the obligations it carries with it are discharged in this initial stage, became an inexpressibly solemn and sacred thing. Though we are not of the number of those who believe that the Christian religion is losing its power over the hearts and consciences of men, on the whole, but the opposite, we can readily conceive that with the spread of agnosticism there may be a decline in the influence of religion over the minds of a certain large class of men and women, who may be described as having been on the border-land between religion and infidelity. Many of these, in whom the wish is father to the thought, may, it is not unlikely, gladly give ear to the teachings of agnostics, and of infidels of the Ingersoll type, and, in the hour of despondency or anguish of body or mind, find in those teachings the help they need to enable them to throw off the lingering restraints of old religious impressions, which have hitherto tended to "puzzle the will" and make them rather bear the ills they may have had than fly to others which they know not of.

When we set aside the restraints of religion we undoubtedly part with by far the strongest of all arguments in favour of the sanctity and inviolability of life, whether our own or that of others. But apart from religious obligations and consequences, is there nothing to be said in reply to the specious reasonings of those who would teach us that our life is in our own hands, a thing which we have a right to destroy whenever we may choose to do so? The influential New York journal above referred to, puts the case as follows:

Before the Christian era nobody thought of suicide as necessarily a crime. The "high Roman fashion" of going out of the world was resorted to by all Romans who were tired of the world without any more notion of disrepute than used to attatach to the harakiri among the Samurai of Japan. Indeed, we are not aware that any jurist or moralist has ever undertaken, on secular grounds, the treatment of suicide or attempted suicide as a crime. Is it not conceivable that a person, the victim, for instance, of old age, or of incurable and disabling disease, may commit sucide in order unselfishly to relieve others of the burden of his support? Or take the case of a single man or woman without dependents. Whom does such a person wrong by committing suicide? Unless we take the "theological standpoint," the suicide of such a person is entirely a private affair. Indeed, it is impossible to defend the law of the State of New York upon grounds of public policy or upon any other than religious grounds.

We do not know whether the consistent secularist will grant any weight or authority to the intuitive or instinctive element in our constitution. If so he can hardly deny that the idea of self-destruction is repulsive and revolting to the universal and seemingly innate feeling of human kind. The *Times'* statement is, as we have said, much too strong with reference to the state of opinion on the subject before the Christian era. The Indianapolis *Sentinel* reminds us that "while theStoic and Manichean philosophers commended suicide, they commended it only to the virtuous," and well says that:

"It would seem more consistent to commend it to the wicked, if to anyone, for if a man recognizes no duty to God, he at least ought to recognize a duty to the world. A virtuous man is of some service to the world, and no matter what discouragements he may have, he certainly ought to live on and do what good he can. A wicked man might have some excuse for ridding the world of his harmful presence, but it is very evident that the wicked never commit suicide for that purpose. With them the act is a result of supreme selfishness, and, indeed, there are few cases in which it is not selfishness with anyone."

A good way of testing the character of any general principle or doctrine relating to conduct is to ask what would be the effect upon society were it to become universal in practice. There are, probably, very few of us who have not, or have not had, at some period of our history, moments when life seemed no longer worth living, "so weary, stale, flat and unprofitable, seemed all the uses of this world." In such moods they could almost wish to be persuaded that the Almighty had not "fix'd his canons 'gainst self-slaughter." Let but that persuasion become universal, and everyone, whether in fiery youth, in perplexed and over-burdened middle-life, or groaning under the infirmities of old age, feel himself at liberty to "shuffle off the mortal coil," at pleasure, by his own act, and picture the result. We shrink from attempting it. One would never know at what moment he would stumble over the stark form of friend or neighbour. Life would soon be bereft of all light and sweetness, in the dread of its accumulating horrors, especially in the dark days of dreary November, or in times of epidemic disease, or financial depression.

Then, again, if one may, for the sake of freeing himself from his own cowardly apprehensions, or of relieving others of the burden of some duty involving trouble or expense, divest himself of life, why may he not carry the principle a little further and apply it in his relations to others? Why should not the father or mother refuse to sustain the lives of their offspring when they feel the task to be a burden or a restraint? Why may not the son or daughter likewise dispose of the aged and helpless parent who has outlived his or her usefulness? Why should not society or the state improve the quality of its human stock by weeding out the sickly, the deformed, the imbecile? Such things were freely done in those noble days "before the Christian era."

Apart from the sanctions of religion, the one and all-sufficient answer to all such teachings—teachings which we can scarcely doubt have, even within the last few weeks, since Mr. Ingersoll became their new apostle, nerved the hands of many to do the fatal deed—is that at the best, in nine cases out of ten, suicide has its origin in a selfishness so intense and craven that it shirks all the duties of life, all the obligations of friendship and kindred, and, forgetting all else, all the pain and grief of friends, all the injury done by pernicious example to society, obeys only the impulse of the moment. One of the highest services Christianity has rendered to humanity is in the altruistic spirit it has fostered in the race, whereby it has taught them to build hospitals, to endow charities, to cherish the infirm, minister to the suffering, and generally to deem the noblest life the life of self-denial and sacrifice for others. We speak of this here, simply to suggest the test of the reaction of these principles and sentiments upon the evolution of the characteristics of the highest qualities in those who cherish these altruistic sentiments and do these altruistic deeds.

We hold that we have only to contrast the effect of the practice of such principles in the development of the noblest types of manhood, with the effects upon human character which would be the inevitable result of obedience to such a cult of selfishness, such a justification of a cowardly shrinking from pain or sorrow, as that proclaimed by Ingersoll and the New York *Times*, in order to see clearly which is most in accordance with the law of upward development of the race, whether we regard that law merely as an evolutionary process, or as the outcome of a beneficent Divine Will.

Heaven keep you from a bad neighbor and from a man who is learning the cornet.

MONTREAL LETTER.

Last Saturday was a red-letter day with the Masonic fraternity of this city. The corner stone of the new Masonic temple on Dorchester street was laid on that day with due pomp and in the presence of a large gathering of members of the craft and their friends. Excursion trains from all parts of the Province brought in members of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, and representatives of the Grand Lodges of England and various Provinces and states were also present. There was a grand procession, half a mile in length, and bands and regalia in profusion. There were addresses, and the corner stone was well and truly laid to the satisfaction of everybody.

Sir John Gorst was here again last week, and he spent a portion of his time within the gates of McGill College grounds. He visited the various buildings and spent considerable time in the science buildings and expressed himself agreeably surprised with what he saw. Another distinguished visitor to the College was Dr. Max Muspatt, a graduate of the Polytechnic Institute of Zurich, Switzerland, and a nephew of the renowned Muspatt, of chemical dictionary fame. He also was much interested in the science buildings.

One of the results of the investigation into the affairs of the Curran Bridge has been the appointment of a new superintendent of the Lachine Canal in the place of Mr. Kennedy, who was so mixed up with the boodlers in the building of that now famous structure as to warrant his suspension and finally his dismissal. Mr. John Conway has received the appointment. He has been acting superintendent of the canal since Mr. Kennedy's suspension in May, 1893. Nearly all his life has been spent in working about the canal, and it is the general opinion that the appointment was well placed. Mr. Ernest Merceau has been appointed engineer of the canal in place of Mr. Parent, dismissed.

The committee assigned to investigate the workings of the police commenced its duties last Wednesday, but the whole session was taken up in endeavouring to settle the lines upon which the proceedings were to be conducted. Then it adjourned for a week. The chairman, and three members of the committee supporting him, thought the first thing to do was to hear specific charges against the police and dispose of them at once. But the gentlemen representing the citizens objected to being thus bound down and claimed the right to bring specific charges at any time during the investigation. The matter was argued at length and the investigation was adjourned for a week in order to obtain the opinion of the city attorney. It is quite evident from the tone of the first session that the majority of the committee is hardly in sympathy with the movement.

Dr. Peterson, Principal of Dundee College, it is understood, has been appointed to the position of Principal of McGill University, vacant since the resignation of Sir William Dawson in June, 1893. William Peterson, M.A., LL.D., commenced his educational career at the Royal High School of Edinburgh, where he was a distinguished pupil. He graduated at Edinburgh University and although he was the youngest graduate of his year his name headed the list of first-class honours. He gained the Greek Travelling Fellowship, and studied for some time on the Continent. On his return he was elected to the Mackenzie scholarship and shortly afterwards he gained an open scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He took the Ferguson scholarship in 1876. On his return from Oxford he was appointed assistant Professor of Humanity (Latin) in Edinburgh University and in 1882 he was unanimously elected Principal of University College of Dundee. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University of St. Andrews in 1885. Dr. Peterson proved himself a capable administrator and through his ability, tact and energy successfully overcame the many difficulties surrounding the early days of the Dundee College. Dr. Peterson is also well known as a capable teacher and many of his students have already gained high distinction. The appointment is here looked upon with great favour.

General Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, is in the city. His arrival was not marked by any special demonstration and beyond the little extra display of red jersey on the platform of the station, and perhaps a little more than ordinary show of handshaking, there was nothing to attract the eye of the stranger to the distinguished gentleman. As far as he had seen, the work of the Army in Canada was much more important and satisfactory than it was on his last visit some years ago. The public has a greater sympathy with the work It is better known and highly appreciated, especially that part relating to the social schemes. He was surprised at the vast extent of country and the scarcity of population. All this country wants is people. In Europe there are plenty of peasants whose ambition is to own a farm. But simply to tell them to come out here is not enough. When they get out here they do not know what to do. What is wanted is assisted immigration with systematic aid for the settlers. If the people here would stand by the settlers financially and in every way, they would become prosperous and more than pay back all they received. He has not yet settled upon the location of the over-sea colony. There are so many places, that he does not know which to choose. He has had his eye on Western Australia, but will look over Canada once more. Then the Army is short of money at present. The General addressed the members of the Ministerial Association, and many of the learned men of the city, including Sir William Dawson, were present to hear him. On Sunday last he addressed three very large meetings.

A. J. F.

THE CHURCH OF ST. URSULA IN COLOGNE.

There is no dearth of interesting objects in this old city of Cologne, but to the outside world only one is constantly associated with the mention of the city, and that is the Cathedral. We approached Cologne from the north, from the farther side of the Rhine, and from quite a distance could see the grand proportions of the great building standing out against the western sky; but a closer view, revealing as it does all the wonder of detail in the architecture, is the more impressive. Standing against the buildings at the farther side of the Domhof or Cathedral yard, one experiences, as he looks upon the splendid edifice, alternately, the gentler sensations of enchanting beauty and the loftier, graver pleasures of the sublime. If ever anything mediæval or modern in architecture were theme for eloquence of description, it surely is this marvellous Cathedral. And the German State and European public, who provided for the completion of the structure, have done themselves enduring credit by their gifts for so worthy an end. The colossal length and breadth and height of continuous and varied beauty gives with each recurring recollection in after time, a recurring pleasure to him who has once been privileged to see the excelling glory of the original.

But we go farther to-day than the Cathedral. After losing our way some four or five times within twice as many minutes, we happen upon the Jesuits' church, which has rather a showy interior, the high altar and the pulpit, both very highly ornamented, being the most prominent features. These were presented to the church by the great Tilly, who had them cast from cannon captured by him at the siege of Magdeburg. But there is not much to detain us in this quarter, and we pass on, keeping a constant eye upon a plan of the city which we carry with us, lest, after confident anticipation of progress, we should find ourselves again on the track traversed before; for, in hot June days, blessed is the pedestrian who knows his way in continental cities. We had not very far to go, and arrived in due course at the church of St. Ursula, just as the sacristan was about to admit a party of priests, who had come to pay their respects to the saint, and with them an English party of two.

This church, the sacristan told us, was consecrated in the year 920 A.D.; but the greater part of the present structure dates from the 12th and 14th centuries, though the whole is erected on the site of a church dedicated to St. Ursula, which was first erected in 453 A.D., then destroyed in 456 A.D., and restored in 462 A.D. There are many old and sadly faded paintings in the church, most of them having for their subjects incidents in connection with the history of the saint after whom the church is named. Indeed, the life of this good virgin and the lives of her associates are favorite subjects with painters. In the National Art Gallery in London there is a fine representation by Gellée, of the embarkation of St. Ursula; and there is also an earlier painting of the same saint from another school of art.

Among the first things to which the guide called our attention were the glass mural panels. These showed a space within the walls; and this interspace, we were told, was filled with the bones of martyrs and saints, who had lived in the heroic ages of the early history of Christianity. In these our priestly associates were reverently interested; but one of our English friends was decidely of the opinion that, by a little judicious advertising of the "Bones Wanted" kind, he could soon accumulate a collection of as well authenticated relics as these. In fact, he declared in confidence that he thought such a deception of the public could exist only where the public was of a grade of intelligence much inferior to the representative English common sense, so emphatically embodied in himself. On expressing to the sacristan his doubts, and feeling the latter as to the reality of his own faith in the numerous extraordinary things which imperilled our credence on all sides, that worthy official with serious kindliness remarked that the tradition relating to the bones was as good history as that concerning events in which everybody believed, though, to be sure, there were some

stories connected with the church which were uncertain, and he would have no interest in concealing the doubtfulness of these.

In the choir the interspaces of the walls are said to be filled with the bones of the virgins who accompanied St. Ursula from her English home, and were afterward so cruelly martyred by the Huns. It seems reasonably sure that there was an English maiden of the name Ursula, who, intending to marry a Colognese prince, set out from England with a great many young women companions, about the middle of the 5th century. Further, that the marriage of Ursula was interfered with by the invasion of the Huns, seems probable enough; as does also the tradition that the maidens became the spoil of the barbarian conquerors who attempted to violate their chastity, but were refused, and in revenge, ruthlessly slaughtered the whole company of virgins. The bodies of these English martyrs were all buried in a place on which the present church was erected, and in which the bones now in the walls of the church were found.

Not far from the choir, in the north aisle, is the tomb of the saint, which stands over the spot where she was shot to death by the bowmen of the Huns, and where she was likewise buried. The tomb contains the original stone sarcophagus; but it is probable that the remains are for the most part on exhibition at the various sacred places of Europe. Many of them are shown in the Golden Chapel of this same church. At the other side of the choir, the removal of the stucco from the wall, has disclosed an old Latin inscription which tells that the church was restored in the year 462 A.D. This feature again staggered the common sense of our English companion, who charged severely against such trials of honest faith, not to use any more vigorous expression. Our guide, quite undisturbed by these irritating reflections upon the credit of the things which he was showing, remarked that there were probably many other inscriptions of a similar character under the plaster whch covered the old stones. It was likely, he thought, that the old edifice of the restoration in 462 A.D., had been preserved as far as possible in the rebuilding of the structure during the middle ages; and that the covering of the inscriptions, not being thought to involve any serious consequences had been done to meet the architectural requirements of the new plans. In all there have been uncovered three of these old inscriptions, one other of which we saw; and it, in particular, has no semblance of a recent production. It reads, "In this tomb lies the young Ursula, aged eight years. She departed in the fulness of joy." It is, naturally, not claimed that this Ursula is the saint, but it is thought quite reasonable that children, in the time of the original church, should be called by the saint's name, and should be buried in the sanctuary consecrated to her memory. I would say only that I think it decidedly fortunate or unfortunate, that the two inscriptions which we saw should be of such interest in the history of the building.

But the Golden Chapel, or Treasury, is the place of marvels in the church. Here, again, one is walled in by saints, or all that earth knows of them at present; and, like the famous Light Brigade, finds himself sorely beset, behind, before, to right, to left, though in this instance with ghostly relics, whose history, if the remains were not those of saints, would be, doubtless, strange and awful and, perhaps, heroic. But these being saints with whom we have to do, their history seems to excite, by reason of the fact alleged, a keener criticism, which blunts the edge of even decent reverence. The priests who are with us, however, with subdued interest, ask seriously concerning everything; and seem like men who have come solely to be informed, and not to judge or question what is told. They believe those are the arm, hand, skull and foot of Ursula, the saint, and that the arrow head close by is that which killed her. The remains at the other end of the chapel, too, are, many of them, from the days of the Roman persecutions, so the reverend fathers are constrained to believe. But the sacristan, who gives the history of these precious things, is moderate; the ghostly fathers may have their way with the relics shown thus far, but these shrines, of elaborate and beautiful workmanship, one reputed that of St. Hippolytus, and the other, that of the virgin saint herself, are, he tells us, not really such, but are, in fact, works of the Middle Ages, in which earlier materials have, perhaps, been utilized.

But that broken alabaster jar? Well, that was brought by a crusader from Palestine as one of the waterpots used by our Saviour in the miracle at Cana of Galilee. We are surely awake now. And does our guide really credit the tale? He would prefer not to be dogmatic about it; but of two things there can be no doubt in his mind, namely, that the jar has come down from the early Roman times, and that, judging from its material, it could have been used for no common purpose. That the jar could *not* have been used at Cana we feel no doubt, for it would not hold the quantity which our English account of the transaction would require. There are also hung on the chapel walls two rare old pieces of silk work coming down from the late times of the Roman Empire, which have an alleged connection with the martyr Hippolytus. These, whether we credit the tradition or not, are well worthy of notice from an æsthetic point of view.

This place, with its wonders, left our English sightseer quite overpowered by the audacity of the imposture, which he conceived to be practised under so sacred a guise. It left the ecclesiastical friends who were with us much impressed, and paying their vows before the chapel altar. It left us with the feeiing that we had seen what was worthy of attention in the proper place and under the proper circumstances; and we felt, too, that the old church and its relics represented real history, which must, in truth, could the truth be clearly known, be grand, or tender, or beautiful, or all combined; but we mourned for the materialistic dependence on the sensuous, which marked the Christianity of St. Ursula's Church, as well as that of many other places; and hoped for the time to come, when the relics would all be in either mausoleums or museums, and Christianity, by whatever name called, would be in "the spirit and the truth."

There is no end of interesting places in Cologne—the English party of two saw them nearly all, they confidently told us—but we found the Cathedral and the Church of this English Virgin Saint the two most interesting of all.

WALTER M. PATTON.

DEMOS TYRANNUS.

Avaunt, thou monstrous product of the time,
Cruel, remorseless, shallow and untrue!
Vain charlatan that ever lead'st anew
The yearning world along the paths of crime,
Misusing science; thou that seekest to climb
To ruinous control with more ado
Than monarch to his throne—what meed is due
Thy horrid bent save scorn in prose or rhyme!
Art thou Democracy's incarnate dream?
Is thine the Gospel of its better day?
Wisdom, high mind, compassion, honour spurn
The foul imposture. No, a holier gleam—
The thought humane which leads, but not astray,
Is still the light to which true spirits turn.

The thought of frail humanity; its tears,
Its plenitude of suffering and sin,
Its tender heart when shame first enters in,
That self-same heart grown callous with the years—
Its visage hardened by the sounds it hears—
The moil of countless miseries, the din
Of wrangling schemes which end where they begin—
Its mind so fit for joy, so worn with fears.
We stumble yet discern, Humanity!
These are the burdens which oppressed Christ's soul
Wrought up to triumph, midst earth's vanity,
By self-effacement: this the aureole
Which yet shall crown thy brows with light divine—
The emblem of His victory and thine!

Kelowna, B.C. C. MAIR.

SCIENTISTS, COOKS AND PUNSTERS IN POETRY.

A somewhat remarkable member of the vegetable kingdom came into being in a locality which was readily and not infrequently visited. But by good fortune no one interfered with it, until it had reached a somewhat prodigious growth. Then it was visited by a club composed of members of varied tastes and acquirements.

The president moralized upon the plant and wept internally and metaphorically over its impending state, when the thermometer would drop to some twenty degrees of Fahrenheit below the cipher.

The first vice-president cut sections out of its goodly form, and examined their structure through the microscope. The second vice-president turned some of it and mashed up a portion in a mortar, and mixed it with acids and alkalies till it was resolved into its original elements.

The treasurer tore off a number of its leaves and cooked and ate them. The secretary plucked its most beautiful blossom, placed it in a vial of water and aspired to live up to it. As for the rank and file of the club, each dealt with the plant in his or her peculiar way, no two of them doing alike. Some of its juice was converted into poison, other into a healing lotion. Its substance was converted into pill and poultice, electuary and confectionery. Its fibres were carefully separated and preserved by one, and chopped into minute particles by another. It was lacerated, macerated, pickled, smoked, dried, kiln dried, salted, masticated, chymified, chylified, putrefied, oxidized, liquefied, crystallized. Finally, as a well set up member of the vegetable kingdom, it was annihilated.

There is a tinge of pathos in this fable, but, in the history of the departed plant, we learn a lesson.

Each one of us, in dealing with a given object, does so with his or her peculiar inclination, predisposition and method, and influenced by his or her previous education

and experience. And so, as a matter of course, the results of our separate observations or experiments vary to the very greatest extent. This being the case, we are bound, in common fairness, to admit that, when our conclusions differ, it is most unphilosophical and uncharitable to abuse each other whenever the difference seems to appear. When any two of us make a fair start with a common object, with reference to a single indivisible subject; and employ the same experience, requirements and methods, then, and not till then, should we be dissatisfied with each other when the results of our efforts differ. As a general rule, there is, at least, a modicum of truth in the creed of every theologian or politician, and half the disputes in the world are due not so much to diversity of opinion upon a doctrine or dogma, as in the meaning of a word or expression.

Again, in employing any vehicle, factor or method, we invariably are influenced each by his or her preconception and idiosyncrasy. The old lady from the country doubtless is prepared to justify her conduct, and has no dread of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, when she jerks at the snaffles of poor Dobbins. But her ideas must be essentially different as regards the treatment of a horse, both from those of him who holds a loose rein and trusts to obtain movement of the animal chiefly from an occasional chirrup, and of your true horsey man who gathers in the ribbons and judiciously plies the whip.

I wish to express a few thoughts in this connection upon poets. It is a somewhat usual supposition that writers of poetry are generally produced from the same mould, and that, putting aside everything connected with unpoetic life, they set forth in their quest of the ideal, adopting only the thoughts, words and methods peculiar to poets as poets. But, in reality, it is quite possible for persons engagedin most prosaic work to be poetical and to write poetry. Indeed, there is no good reason why one should not be at the same time a poet and say a collector of old bottles, a saw filer, a whitewasher, a scrubber or an umbrella mender. Permit me to cite a few examples, although I regret to say not from the ranks of any of those last enumerated.

The first bard from whom I select might fairly be classed among the transcendentalists, and, although his versification might be better, he is not wholly unsuccessful in creating a sympathy between two apparent incongruities:

LOVE AND PHILOSOPHY.

I.

'Twas at the Concord sages' school
We met one summer's day;
I guessed—and used no logic rule—
I guessed what she would say.
"'Tis very warm"—this with a sigh—
"The sun that shines from thence,"
She said and pointed towards the sky
"Is rolling toward the Whence."

II.

I told her that it must be so
At least it seemed so there;
For there was I did not know
Of the Whatness of the Where.
About the only thing I knew,
When she was standing near,
Was that the sky was much more blue
In the Nowness of the Here.

III.

She smiled and said perhaps 'twas well
Those pretty themes to touch;
And asked me if the rule I'd tell
Of the smallness of the Much.
I told her that I did not know
That rule, but then I knew
A rule that just as well would go—
The oneness of the Two.

IV.

She blushed and looked down on the ground,
And said, "It can't be so;"
And then the whole earth turned around,
For my heart was full of woe.
"Unto the ceasenes of my End,"
I said, "I now shall go."
She murmured: "Don't you comprehend
The yesness of my No?"

I pass from the psychological to the material department of learning in The Old-Story, Scientific Version. Time—during the meeting of the British Association. Professor Edwin Jones to Angelina Brown, M.D.

At the Professor's ball to-night
Our orbits crossed; and still
Throbs on my arm of fingers light
The sweet magnetic thrill.
Like twin spheres through ellipses due,
A double constellation,
We moved to rhythmic music true,
In axial rotation.

The blood corpuscules in my heart
Were stirred to sweetest tones,
As into voice electric start
Pulses of telephones.
We met again, and yet again,
And, unlike gravitation,
The psychic force which made us fain
Increased by separation.

My senses you the more seduced—
Such cupid's master malice is—
When to your elements reduced
By chemical analysis.
"To iron in her blood is due,"
I said, "her cheeks rare roses;
Her silken tresses' golden hue
Chromate of lead discloses."

"To protoplasm her cells were wrought
From ethers' vortex rings,
While, for her rearing, sunbeams brought
Their wave of golden wings.

Her feelings may be all resolved
To cerebral attrition;
Mere energy," I said, "evolved
From brain decomposition."
In vain! With love I glow the more,
The more I analyze you,
Sum up your elemental score,
And but the higher prize you.

Then, speak automaton divine,
And save me from distraction;
Let our two lives in one combine
By mutual attraction!
* * * * * * *
Thanks, love; the sun withdraws his light
In cirrhous vapor masses;
His beam, which noon combines to white,
Through rainbow-glories passes.

Like him our spectrum let's extend
Past visual rays far-shining,
Nor know of love or life an end,
In new force-forms combining.

The next poet from whom I quote, has gained his inspiration in most unlikely places, the kitchen and the pantry. His similes, as you will perceive, are very largely well known comestables, while, from processes connected with the iron pot, the gridiron and the spit he borrows many of his tropes, and is throughout as much of a cook as a poet.

An old Chef de Cusine chants
An epicurean epic to the sun—
Nature's great cooking stove.

"Day is done brown and set away to cool;
And evening, like a salad fresh and moist,
And peppered with her muster'd stars comes on;
The moon, like a large cheese, cut just in half,
Hangs o'er the landscape most invitingly;—
The milky way reveals her silver stream
'Mid the blanc-mange-like clouds that fleck the sky;
The cattle dun, sleeping in pastures brown,
Show like huge doughnuts 'mid the deepening gloom,
How like a silver salver shines the lake:
While mimic clouds upon its surface move
Like "floating islands" in a crystal bowl.
The dews come down to wash the flower-cups clean,
And night winds follow them to wipe them dry.

"On such an eve as this 'tis sweet to sit
And thus commune with nature as she brings
Familiar symbols to the thoughtful breast,
And spreads her feast of meditative cheer.
Day with its broils and fiery feuds is o'er,
Its jars discordant and its seething strifes,
And all its boiling passions hush'd to peace.
Old Earth, hung on her spit before the sun,
Turns her huge sides alternate to his rays,
Basted by rains and dews, and cooks away,
And so will cook till she is done—and burnt."

When earthly cooks who turn the spit, begin to tire,
The fat will then be found a-dripping in the fire;
And all the condiments dry as tinder,
With cooks and cooked, be burnt to cinder.

I close my selections with a beautiful little poem which has been aptly termed "a good example of what may be called solemn wit, which is none the less witty for its solemnity, and none the less solemn for its wit." The author is a punster, he makes indeed a triple pun, but, in doing so, he produces a charming example of pun, pathos and poetry.

Close nestled in his mother's arms,
His cheeks as red as roses,
With eyes of heaven's bluest blue,
And snubbiest of noses—
Close nestled in his mother's arms,
My week-old boy reposes.

Fast mouldering in his hillside green,
Where myrtles bloom and roses,
His baby brother sleeps, I ween—
No arm *his* form encloses—
Fast mouldering on his hillside green,
My wee, cold boy reposes.

Sweet slumberer in loving arms,
Dear dreamer 'neath the roses,
May I, as free from all alarms,
Rest when this brief life closes,
When mouldering on the hillside green,
This weak old boy reposes.

I. ALLEN JACK.

A LOTTERY TICKET.

INTRODUCTION.

In the fast-growing city of Toronto are to be seen, clustered thickly in some parts, dotted here and there in others, tall old-fashioned houses, once the homes of former magnates of the town, which have been ignominiously turned into tenement-houses for the very poor. They follow closely the fate of their old-time tenants, whose very names, once powers to conjure with, are now all but forgotten. Like the rings on the trunk of a tree which proclaim its age, these neglected habitations mark the growth of the city from its first beginnings to its present proportions.

Accustomed as one now is to the endless variety, quaintness of form, and fancifulness of decoration which marks the modern dwelling, these old houses even as they were in their prosperous days, softened by the home atmosphere pervading them, would have seemed stiff and ungainly enough; now, grimy with the accumulated filth of years, their blank facades relieved only by dilapidated shutters swinging loosely back

and forth, they loom on one's sight characterless—save for melancholy—and eminently depressing. Swarming with life, they yet never lose their air of desolation; to the imaginative passer-by they seem perpetually plunged in dreary day-dreams, mournfully pondering on the days gone by when in the bright Canadian winter, stamping horses whose tossing bells filled the frosty air with silver chimes, stood before their doors to bear off the beauties of the town for miles over the white frozen roads; or of nights no less bright and clear than the days when load after load of gay colonists drove up, bent on dancing the soles off their shoes. No more of such sights will the old houses see; in their place are squalor and dirt, rags and misery.

We have all heard terrible tales of the dens of wretchedness in the larger cities on the other side of what our genial anti-poverty friends call the "custom-house line." One would shrink from affirming that these old relics of former days are as bad as those. It is true that in them may be found cases of several persons existing in one room which is living, sitting, bed-room and kitchen; but as a rule, these are all members of one family, not "boarders" taken without regard to sex, age, or relationship.

Notwithstanding these mitigating points, misery is misery. When men and women are very hungry, tolerably ragged, and are forced to content themselves with one room for all purposes, the possession of which beyond a limited time is uncertain, to contemplate the fact that under similar circumstances in other cities they might be compelled to share their quarters with several companions in misfortune, does not materially alleviate their sufferings. In deadliest cold or fiercest heat, the thermometer may rise or fall a degree or two without much affecting the wretch who is exposed to the weather; for is he not frozen or sun-struck just the same? So the fact that the average of misery fluctuates here and there makes but little difference to the "prisoners of poverty." It is to those who in their own pleasant homes read statistics and details about the comparative condition of the poor here and elsewhere, that these variations are comforting. It is certainly matter for self-congratulation that the aggregate of human misery is less here than in some other places; but the individual, who is entirely lost sight of in statistical statements, suffers just as much in Toronto as if there were no one in New York or Chicago in a worse plight than himself.

CHAPTER I.

To one of the tallest and grimiest of tenement-houses I will ask you to come with me. Standing not far from the Bay, in a crowded part of the city, surrounded by lower structures which have sprung up round it during its period of decadence, it rears its now dishonored head over such vulgar neighbors as cook-shops, bakeries, and corner groceries, with an air reminiscent of better days.

Here, one night a few years ago, in an attic attainable only after mounting interminable stairs, sat a man and a child. The desolate look of the room, stripped of all save the barest necessaries, and the forlorn appearance of its occupants, told the old commonplace story of bitter poverty, removed from street-beggary only by the temporary possession of four walls and a roof.

The man was still young, about thirty-five years of age. Though his face was thin and pale with privation, it was still handsome and refined, and his tall finely-built figure had not lost that look of grace and agility imparted by athletic sports. His dress, though shabby even to raggedness, had been that of a gentleman. Clearly, here was one who had not been born poor, but who had achieved poverty.

His features and colouring were reproduced in the face of the child beside him, a pretty fair-haired girl, who watched him anxiously as he sat with brows contracted beside the old ramshackle table, his head supported in his hands. Things had been going badly with him of late. The child had seen her father look gloomy before, he had often been downcast and sad, but never before had they been in such sore straits. Day after day, Helen had waited and hoped, while Harding had walked the streets, in the heart-breaking search for work to keep them from starvation. Blank failure, day after day, had at last driven him perilously near despair.

As he sat there, forgetful of the child's presence, his former life passed before him; he reviewed every step of his descent from the envied position of a man of wealth and position to that of an outcast; and he cursed bitterly the overpowering thirst for excitement, the blind devotion to chance, which had destroyed him. He thought of his young wife over whose head this shadow had hung, and in the midst of his cursing and despair was thankful that she had not lived to witness the full extent of his degradation nnd misery.

A thought which had many times visited him during the last few days and had been as often put away, came again and would not be put away. Presently he raised his eyes with such a look of fierce determination that the child, watching him, involuntarily shrank back before it. Harding smiled painfully and held out his arms. The child sprang into them and threw her arms round his neck.

"Did I frighten you, Helen?" he said, forcing himself to speak carelessly. "Never mind, my darling. Papa is a little blue to-night, but he'll feel better in the morning.'

The child clung to him in silence. She knew that he was trying to deceive her by speaking lightly, and that his trouble was too real to be so shaken off; but with the delicacy of children old beyond their years, she would not wound him by showing this. She remembered the time when papa had been merry as well as gentle; when she had a pretty young mother, and had lived in a fine house. She had plenty of toys and many playmates in those days; and life ever since had been a great puzzle to her. She had not that sense of the inevitableness and naturalness of poverty which is part of the armor of those who have inherited it for generations.

"You had better go to bed, dear; I am going out," said Harding presently. "I'll be back in a few moments," he added with an effort.

He kissed her fondly, then putting her from him gently, took up his hat and left the room without a backward glance. He had made up his mind, yet had he heard the sobs that broke out from the bursting heart of his little daughter, he must have wavered.

Harding reached the street and walked quickly towards the Bay, striving with all his might to beat down the voices of conscience and affection, and to keep his mind a blank until he should be able to fulfil his purpose; but conscience would cry out that he was a coward to purchase rest for himself by fastening a heavier burden on Helen's shoulders.

Beside one of the tall poles from which the electric lamps are suspended, he paused. He was standing in the dense shadow thrown by the lamp itself, absorbed in his struggle, his eyes fixed on the circle of light which surrounded him. Presently his glance rested on a dirty piece of paper neatly folded up. Mechanically, he stooped down and picked it up. He twisted it about idly until something in the texture brought his thought back to external things. As he thrust it hastily into the light, his eyes shone. It was a twenty-dollar bill, evidently dropped from the waistcoat pocket of some careless pedestrian. At the sight of it all his old instincts awoke. He forgot everything but that he had once more the means of gambling, that is, of making his fortune.

"The luck has changed," he murmured. "I shall certainly win this time."

He considered carefully the various methods of wooing fortune, and finally decided to stake his lucky find on the chances of a lottery.

That night he walked the streets. He had not money to pay for a bed, not even for a loaf of bread; his precious bill was dedicated to the goddess of Chance, who was now about to smile upon her devotee. He could not return to his attic and face his daughter with the knowledge of the wrong he was doing her in his heart. He must not think of her at all—at least until he had bought his ticket.

All through the long night he walked, consumed by a wild fever. Incoherent thoughts of all that his coming prosperity would mean half maddened him. Light-headed at times from lack of food and intense excitement, he went up one street and down another, scarcely feeling his fatigue for the fire in his brain.

At last the shops opened one by one, and the day of toil and weariness for the vast majority of men began. Though Harding had not been very long in the city he knew where to go on occasions like this, and the moment it was possible he sought out an agent from whom he bought ticket No. 2324 in the Louisiana State Lottery.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Costello was washing. That fact was abundantly verified by the volumes of moist white fog which poured from the half-open door of her single apartment. Mrs. Costello followed the humble but entirely necessary profession of washerwoman, and occupied the room just across the narrow hall from the Hardings. When she was in luck, she "went out" for sixty cents per day and her dinner and tea. Her star not now being in the ascendant, Mrs. Costello had been obliged to accept such washing as she could get to do "at home."

Her room was of fair size, and as Mrs. Costello was its sole occupant she was considered by her fellow lodgers to be in opulent circumstances. It is, perhaps, slightly inaccurate to say, "sole occupant," as at present several large tubs were dispersed about the floor and on chairs. These pieces of furniture, with what was necessary for even the most severely philosophical bedroom, a big stove for heating the water, several piles of soiled clothes, to say nothing of the ample person of Mrs. Costello herself, so filled the room that when Helen put her head in at the door the next morning, she almost despaired of an entrance.

"Is that you, me darlin'?" said the good woman, peering through the mist. "Come along in wid ye?"

"Oh, Mrs. Costello," said Helen, advancing cautiously, "papa went out last night and hasn't come back yet. Something dreadful must have happened to him, and I don't know what to do."

"Stayed out, is it?" muttered Mrs. Costello. "It's in the station-house he's stayed out, I'm thinkin'."

"Come, me dear," she said kindly to the child, "don't ye take on like that. Yer father's all right. Shure, he'll be back in a day or two; mebbe he's got work somewhere. For thirty days in Castle Green," she added under her breath.

"But he'd never go away and leave me," sobbed Helen. "I know something has happened him. Oh, Mrs, Costello, can't you help me to find out? What shall I do, whatever shall I do?"

And poor Helen sobbed harder than ever, until a violent fit of coughing seized her. She took out the clean but ragged remains of a hem-stitched handkerchief, and held it to her lips. When she thrust it back into her pocket, there was a small red stain on it.

Mrs. Costello regarded her sympathetically. She felt certain that the accident which had detained Harding was nothing more than an encounter with the police, to her, entirely commonplace; unless, indeed, he had deliberately deserted the child, an incident quite within her experience. She shrank from forcing these rough explanations on Helen, in whom she recognized something more delicate than is usually found in such surroundings. She could only reiterate her assurances as to Harding's safety, and, in spite of herself, the child was comforted at least for the time. Presently, Mrs. Costello went to her cupboard and inspected its shelves. She extracted therefrom a slice of bread and butter, a bit of cold bacon and some very dark-looking tea, which rivalled the color of the brown ware teapot, all of which had been left over from breakfast. Helen, who had had nothing but a piece of dry bread that morning, was only too glad to attack these relics. This was not the first time that she had regaled herself at Mrs. Costello's expense. The good woman was a kind of providence to her fellow-lodgers. Many a time she had invited the lonely child into her room to share her "tea," of which the solid part generally consisted of bread and butter, with occasionally some trifle given her by one of her employers.

When the man in the room next to hers used to come home very drunk and chastise his wife, it was to Mrs. Costello that she fled for protection, and it was that excellent woman who so held the mirror up to nature in an exhaustive and eloquent account of his own conduct and her opinions thereof, as to cause him to retire to rest without more ado—with his boots on, but this is a detail.

When the woman on the next floor was about to be summarily ejected into the street with her two-days-old baby, it was Mrs. Costello who took them in and "did for them" until their miserable husband and father could find some other place of refuge. Everyone in the house knew Mrs. Costello, and all turned to her in their distress.

She kept the child with her all day, and as soon as she had got her into bed and asleep, she prepared herself to go out. She removed the ragged print gown and huge apron in which she enveloped herself for her work, and attired herself in her "Sunday best," a somewhat rusty black cashmere gown. The hem of this garment, which was too long behind, was white with the mud of the last rainy Sunday, collected on the way to mass; while in front, the skirt which was there as much too short, exposed Mrs. Costello's substantial feet clad in prunella boots bursting out at the seams, and set off by an inch or two of wrinkled, white cotton stocking. On her head she placed a black bonnet, battered and dusty, but adorned with a wreath of vivid red poppies, the pride of her heart. A large cloak of dingy green cloth completed her costume, and thus arrayed she set off to the house of Mrs. Grand, one of her patronesses.

Mrs. Grand was not a wealthy woman, but being very charitable and having undertaken to do what she could, she did more than many whose names were more frequently before the public. Her sympathies inclined specially to those institutions founded for the benefit of children. For years she had been an actively working member of the Board of the Girls' Home, and had lately been elected President. This evening she was resting quietly after a long day's work, but as she never neglected an appeal from one more poorly off than herself, Mrs Costello had no difficulty in gaining admittance.

"What can I do for you this evening, Mrs. Costello?" she said kindly. She was a tall, handsome woman, with sweet brown eyes that captivated the heart of every child who looked into them.

"Well, mum, I'll just tell ye all about it. There's a handsome young scamp lives just acrass the passage from me, and he's the purtiest little gurrl ye iver laid yer two blissed oiyes an. He's been a gintleman Oi know, but he hasn't two red cints to rub wan af thim agin the other; and lasht noight he niver cam' home at all, and the little gurrl's just scart to death. It's me own opinion that he's bin tuk up for bein' dhrunk or batin' the police, an's coolin' his hales in the police coort this minit. An' phat to do wid the choild Oi don't know; it bangs Bannagher the way she's takin' on, and Oi'm out av me sivin sinses wid her. Oi thought mebbe ye cud get her in somewhere where she wud be tuk good care av, fer the man's not fit to have the care av her anyway."

"Is he unkind to her?" asked Mrs. Grand.

"Well, mum, I can't say he is, and she do be that fond of him, but he can't get worrk. The choild tells me he wint out lukin' that woild she was scart av him, an' if he's takin' to hoigh-way robbery, she oughtn't to be lift wid him."

"Well," said Mrs. Grand, "at all events, it is hard on the poor child. You had better keep her a day or two, Mrs. Costello, and I will give you what you have to spend on her. Her father may return, but in any case, I will see what I can do. I will come and see you and hear all about it from the child herself."

"Thank ye kindly, mum; may the saints reward ye, and may the hivens be yer bed. Shure, I'd not be takin' anything fer the choild's bit and sup av I had it to give her."

With many protestations and prayers to the saints, Mrs. Costello took her departure and went home, well pleased with the result of her exertions.

CHAPTER III.

When Harding had, by securing his ticket, taken his first step to fortune, he found himself confronted by the old question of ways and means. He was now as anxious to live as he had been last night determined to die. It would, indeed, be a cruel irony of fate if he succumbed just as Fortune had placed in his hand the clue to wealth.

He wandered about all day, hungry and tired, with scarcely energy to invite the constant repulses with which his requests for work were met. Worn out with hunger and sleeplessness he went that evening to a newly-opened refuge for tramps and men out of work. Here he got shelter and food, paying for his breakfast the next morning by splitting half-a-cord of wood. Though unused to such work and weakened by lack of food, his fine muscular development and athletic frame stood him in good stead here.

The coarseness of his companions filled him with disgust. They were clean, since the rules demanded that all who were received should bathe, but their language was brutal and profane, and their manners nauseating.

His allotted task finished, Geoffry left the refuge to face another of the fateful days which must still elapse before the drawing, some weeks distant. Strengthened and encouraged by rest and food, he resumed his search for the privilege of earning enough to keep him alive. Hitherto he had sought work somewhat in keeping with his former position and natural refinement. His failure might have been partly attributed to the fact that he was quite unknown in the city, having been born and brought up in Montreal. He had come to Toronto, hoping to be able to retrieve his fortunes, with the natural result. Now he resolved to ask at once for the roughest manual labor, and going to the business part of the city where the wholesale houses are clustered on Bay, Wellington and Front streets, he began a door-to-door visitation in search of a porter's place. He met with many refusals before he found his opportunity. He went into a large grocery concern just as one of the porters had been summarily dismissed for drunkenness. Business was rushing and the loss of even one man was an inconvenience. The manager questioned the applicant curtly.

"Well," he said, at last, "you don't much look as if you were used to this kind of work, but I'll give you a job for the rest of the day anyway, and if you are any good, you can stay on for the present. Here, Martin, take this man and show him what you want him to do."

The rest of that day Geoffry worked as he had never worked in his life, attacking the big heavy cases fiercely, like personal enemies. The other men looked at his white face askance, and one, a Scotchman, muttered that he must be "fey."

"Martin says you've done well enough," said the manager at six o'clock. "Here's your money for to-day, and if you like to stay on a week or so, all right."

Geoffry thanked him quietly, without much sign of the relief that filled him. He went out into the streets again richer by seventy-five cents and renewed confidence in his rising star.

He considered his position. It was Wednesday night. On Saturday night he would be paid off. The question was how to provide for his wants in the meantime with seventy-five cents.

The rent of the room in the tenement-house had been paid only up to the night he had left it; it was useless to go there. As for Helen, he knew she was safe enough for a few days, Mrs. Costello would look

after her. So absorbed was he in his present enterprise that all outside matters seemed vague and far-off. He determined briefly to go and see after Helen on Saturday when he got his pay, and so thought no more about her.

He bought a half loaf, fresh from the oven, reducing his store by seven cents. Wandering up and down in the fast-growing dusk, he tore out great handfuls and devoured them with the ferocity of extreme hunger. Having nearly finished his bread, he turned towards the heart of the city, and in the slums found a lodging for the night, for which he paid five cents. This was infinitely worse than the refuge. There everything was clean, with plenty of air and room, and "only man was vile." Here the room where he was shown was crowded with recumbent forms, dirty and ragged; and the air was nothing but concentrated essence of bad whiskey, and diseased breath. Geoffry felt ill in mind and body; he wished that he had elected to spend the night in the open air, chilly as it was; but the necessity for some kind of shelter and rest forced him to remain.

In the morning he bought another half-loaf for his breakfast, and went off to his work. In this way he got through the rest of the week. It was a hard struggle enough. By dint of economy at breakfast and supper, for which he allowed himself only three-quarters of a single loaf each, he was able to treat himself to a so-called dinner at one of the ten-cent eating houses which abound on York and Adelaide streets.

After work on Saturday, he went to his old lodgings which he had left so desperately, barely a week ago, and finding the door open walked up the old familiar stairs without ceremony. The door of the room he had occupied stood ajar. Through the doorway he saw three or four dirty ragged children, one, an infant, sprawling on the floor, howling at the top of his voice, while two others at the very height of a pugilistic encounter, were with utter disregard of the rules of the P.R., pulling each other's hair, and scratching each other's faces in the intervals of punching each other's heads. A shrill voiced woman was shrieking at them, as she bent to rescue the fallen infant, who was in imminent danger of perishing beneath his brothers' plunging feet.

As Geoffry knocked at Mrs. Costello's door, the sound of whacks impartially bestowed and loud outcries of woe and wrath told of sudden-falling retribution.

"Is it yersilf?" cried Mrs. Costello, opening the door, "Oi'd loike to know phat ye've to say fer yerself, so Oi wud, goin' aff an' lavin' yer poor little gurrl that way, an' her just cryin' her oiyes out, the purty dear, not knowin' she was well rid av ye."

Harding, who had been looking round the room, took little notice of her indignation.

"Where's Helen?' he asked, "where's the child?"

"Where's the choild, is it?" said Mrs. Costello contemptuously. "It sounds well to hear ye askin' where's the choild? Av it hadn't bin fer me, Oi'd loike to know where the choild 'ud ha' bin."

"Can't you tell me where she is, at once?" said Geoffry, getting impatient.

"Yis, Oi can; she's in the Girrls' Home. Oi wint to Mrs. Grand that's Prisident of that same, and tould her all about ye desartin' yer own flish an' blud, and axed her cud she do annything; an' this very marning she come an' tuk her to the Home, may the saints love her!"

Geoffry frowned involuntarily. Often, before times got so hard that they no longer cared to go out on Sunday, he and Helen had watched from their quiet side-seat in All Saints' Church the children from this institution filing into their places near the chancel. He thought of Helen's beautiful hair, of which he was so proud, cut off, her identity lost in that crowd of waifs and strays; he saw her sweet delicate face and blue eyes looking wistfully out over the uniform, consisting of a hideous brown frock and dingy gray cape or jacket, invented apparently on the principle held by many good people that any natural love of color, or desire for a less soul-depressing costume is among paupers sinful and presumptuous, and to be ruthlessly crushed.

Unreasonable as it was, his pride was sorely wounded for a moment. Then he bethought himself of his talisman.

"After all," he thought, "it's only for a few weeks. She'll be safe enough there. I can't take her away now; I'll wait until I can claim her as a gentleman should.

In his heart he was glad to be relieved of further care, just then. He dreaded Helen's entreaties to be allowed to return to him, and determined to avoid them.

The washerwoman stood regarding him arms akimbo, with some disfavor.

"Mrs. Costello," he said at last, "I have to thank you for what you have done for my little girl. I cannot now explain my conduct, but some day I hope to be able to do so, and to make you some return for your kindness. In the meantime, I must ask you to accept this, not I assure you as payment, but to replace what she must have cost you."

He held out a dollar-bill, but Mrs. Costello drew back.

"No, sir," she said, somewhat mollified, "Oi'll not be takin' money from ye fer the bit and sup the choild had; more betoken Mrs. Grand's paid me already fer that same. Ye don't luk over an' above well-aff yersilf, an' whativer ye've bin doin', its not mesilf 'll be takin' yer lasht cint."

Harding was conscious of a feeling of impatience. Already his thoughts had drifted back to their all-absorbing channel, and everything else seemed trivial and unimportant.

"I'm very much obliged to you," he said rather coldly, "and I hope you will not refuse me if I am ever able to be of assistance to you."

So saying, he turned away, leaving Mrs. Costello surveying his retreating form—miserably-clad yet bearing itself with a certain dignity—with a broad grin on her ample countenance.

"Be av assistance to me, is it? an' him near stharvin' be the luk av him," she muttered. "Shure, the man's clane daft."

CHAPTER IV.

Harding passed the week preceding the day of the drawing in a kind of dream as regards externals. He lived on as usual, attacking his work more savagely than ever, yet he thought of nothing but his ticket. As the time drew nearer, his confidence in the result lessened not a whit; but a fever of impatience consumed him. He lost his appetite, eating only when food became an imperative necessity. He loathed the bread which formed the staple of his diet, and loathed still more the messes served up under the misnomer of dinner at the cheap restaurants to which he was obliged to resort.

One night this dream visited him, for his nights like his days were filled with visions. The figures forming the number of his ticket, 2 3 2 4, kept twisting and turning before his eyes against black darkness, fantastically shaped out of tiny darting tongues of flame. Presently they arranged themselves in a quivering perpendicular column. For hours, it seemed to Geoffry, he struggled to add them together in vain. Waking in the morning unrested, he recalled his nightmare and added the figures up.

"Two, five, seven, eleven," he said to himself, "just Helen's age." His pale face brightened for a moment as he recognized the good omen; he thought tenderly of his little daughter for a while,—and presently forgot her. The man had become for the time a living corpse, animated but by one idea.

The day arrived, and in due time Harding received the official list. The first announcement was, "Capital prize, $100,000; Ticket 2324."

The spell was broken. Harding woke as one wakes with a start from a sound sleep. He was a man again. His natural affection for his daughter rose intensified in his heart. Yet his pride forbade him to claim her at once. He must meet her in the dress of a gentleman again. He waited until the necessary formalities were concluded, and he was able to draw on the bank to which he had entrusted his ticket for collection. At last, dressed as Helen would surely remember having seen him, he went to the Girls' Home. In a fever of anticipatory joy, he spent the few moments which elapsed before the coupé put him down at the door, in rejoicing over the coming meeting, and in vowing exuberantly to be a better father to his darling in future.

He was kept waiting for a few moments after sending in his name, and his impatience became almost unendurable. Presently the matron entered the room. Harding rose, bowing, his old habits sitting as easily upon him as his new clothes. With his recovered expression of dignity and self-respect, he looked every inch a gentleman. His natural delicacy of feature had been much sharpened by the life of physical hardship and mental concentration he had led lately; and as the matron looked at him, her face assumed a graver look.

"I have been informed, Madam," began Geoffry with restrained eagerness, "that a little girl named Helen Harding was placed under your care a few weeks ago."

"Yes," said the matron, who was looking a little disturbed, "that is quite true."

"I am her father," pursued Harding, "and I should like to take her away at once. I suppose there need be no delay?"

The matron looked at him pitifully, and was silent. Harding's face, which had flushed with excitement, turned white with vague misgivings.

"What is it?" he cried. "Don't keep me in suspense, for God's sake, is she ill? Is she —?" he paused, trembling.

"Mr. Harding," said the matron sadly, "when your little daughter came to us, she was in a delicate state of health. We did what we could for her, and she might have lived for months, had it not been for her constant anxiety as to her father's safety, for which we could do nothing. She died about four days ago."

Much as she pitied him, she could not refrain from pointing out to the deserter of his child the share which that desertion had in the child's death.

Harding neither moved nor spoke. The sting in her words was lost in the greater sorrow. In time he would remember them with all their bitterness; but just now he

felt only one wound. He stood looking out of the window; and there was silence in the room.

"Her grave?" he murmured at last.

"I will send someone to show you," said the matron; and Geoffry found himself driven again through the streets, his guide seated on the box. Presently the cab stopped. The man, whose face expresssed rough sympathy—he had children himself at home—led him to a large plot of ground, dotted over with tiny mounds. No monument marked the spot, not even a tiny stone at head or feet; an oblong piece of tin, fastened to a block of wood and marked with a number, formed the only means of distinguishing one grave from another.

One, freshly dug, stood out from the rest. After comparing the number on it with a piece of paper, as a matter of form apparently, the man pointed to it, and saying gruffly, "That's the one, sir," went hastily away.

Geoffry knelt down beside the mound; he felt stupefied and half-asleep; he bent down dully and looked at the number on the tin.

It was 2324.

He stared at it a moment, then with a groan threw himself across the grave, his hands clasping the wooden block which bore his daughter's only epitaph.

Toronto. FLORENCE AGAR.

THE YORK PIONEERS' LOG CABIN. 1794 – 1894.

The following lines were read at the meeting of the Society of York Pioneers, held at the Log Cabin in the grounds of the Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, on Thursday, Sept. 7th, 1894, and are printed by request.

Dedicated to the Society of York Pioneers.

From fair Devonia's lovely vales and chines
He came who built this cabin rude and plain.
Simcoe, his early friend, had called him here
To view the land, and choose himself a home;
Him knowing full of worth, a man to help
In building up the State on stones secure—
Truth, Justice, Loyalty, Far-reaching-aim—
Thus 'twas John Scadding saw Ontario's shore
And this fair Province. On the banks of Don,
Where the slow river widens to the Lake,
He stood a century ago, and scanned
With eager, anxious eye, the virgin scene.
Entranced he gazed, his very soul astound
At Nature's beauty and magnificence.
Before him, southward, stretched a mighty lake,
On strong tides rolling to horizons far,
In whose deep, sheltering bays, for Peace or War,
The fleets of nations might securely ride:
And food and sustenance for million souls
Be found within its depths,—Riches untold.
Above, the blue sky like a sapphire gleamed,
And where the slow-winged heron trailed, or rose
The circling gull, or phantom-noted loon,
The brilliant atmosphere made silhouettes,
So clear and pure its texture. On the land
Vast forests crowned the heights that northward lay,
Where towering elms, like sentinels, o'ertopped
Great oaks, and darkling pines shot up like spires.
Wide beeches grey, and maples full of sap,
Clothed all the swelling hills; and in the vales
That downward drew to meet the flowing stream,
Willows luxuriant and green alders threw
A grateful shadow, where bright rills and brooks
Went singing 'mid their reeds, with fern and flower.
And where the stream, grown languorous, fell to pools,
The wild duck had her nest, and clouds of birds
Shook the wild rice that rose in gracefu plumes
Among the marshes, where the bittern boomed.
And all the forest land, vocal with song,
Teemed with wild life, the settler's hope and fear.
O! how the fine and fragrant air he breathed
Glowed in the young man's blood and thrilled his nerves,
And set him dreaming!—as a youth should dream—
Of a fond home, and woman's love and care
To bless and crown with lengthened happiness
A pious life of patient duty done;
Of sons and daughters, strong and beautiful,
In whom his name should live, and honoured be;
Of a calm evening hour, when life's sun draws
Towards setting, and the labourer looks to lay
His tools aside and softly muse of Heaven.
Ha! did ye hear the demon's mocking laugh
Flash through the high-topped trees!
And then his thoughts ranged wider than himself:
His vision saw, with Simcoe, the deep woods
Recede before a people high of heart,
Of large emprise, and worthy purpose fixed.
He saw the House of God in honour placed,
Order and Law installed, and Learning set
In high estate, the land thus building up
To a large future, by the Grace of God.

And now with resolution on his brow
He marks his own.
And soon the merry axe
Sets all the vales a-ringing; laugh and shout
And human cheer and song fond Echo wake;
The pioneers of York come hastening in—
For all were brothers then—and each man bares
A willing arm to help his neighbour.
Strong men and true bring down the umbrageous oak,
Square the tall pine, and lower the towering elm;
And some the broad axe wield, and some the saw
Two-handled; others the heavy ox—
Patient of load and foddered easily—
Put to the chains and draw the logs in place;
And some the mortar mix of river clay,
Others the stones draw from the shelving bank,
Some gather moss for chinking, some the bark
To shingle the new roof. Thus rises soon,
With hospitable hearth and chimney wide,
A pioneer's log cabin snug and warm.
O hearts were merry on the auspicious day
John Scadding stood within his open door
And welcomed all.

And still the door swings wide.
For here are we, a group of Pioneers
(Myself by grace), and still a Scadding stands
And welcomes all, for this log cabin 'twas
His father built a century agone.
And all these dreams wherewith the young man pleased
A buoyant, happy fancy, are come true.
Where but the Red Man roamed a city stands:
Where only Nature witnessed to a God,
His temples rise, His servants worship Him,
Man serving man, and looking all to Heaven.
Order and Law and Learning have high place,
As witness these surroundings, where man's brain,
And energy, and muscle, schooled by Rule,
Show large results.

And that fond dream of Home
And sweet domestic bliss, and honoured name,
And service done the State, came also true.
(*Despite the mocking demon of the trees*)*
For there is none Toronto boasts to-day
Of men have served her in all worthiness
Stands higher in her best esteem than he,
John Scadding's son, President venerate,
Our first, because our chief, York Pioneer.
O happy dream, to come so richly true!

Three generations knew this tiny home,
York's sweet domestic life of love and toil
(Though 'twas not his that reared it),†
And then, a summer day saw a strange sight!
A band of Pioneers—a jovial crowd—
Pulled down the cot their fathers helped to build,
Piled up the logs on trucks, put-to the teams
Of ancient oxen, mounted the loads themselves,
And waving Britain's flag in loyal glee,
Set out with shout and merriment along
The western way, *and brought the cabin here.*
Then set it up again, with many a joke,
And many a reminiscence glad and sad.

And here long may it stand, a memory
Of brave old times, a spur to new.

S. A. C.

* Rev. Dr. Scadding's father, Mr. John Scadding, was killed in middle age by the fall of a tree on his own estate. His tomb is in St. James' cemetery, and a Latin inscription to his memory graces the stone.

† Mr. John Scadding occupied the cabin only as a bachelor, and sold it to Mr. John Smith, a builder and an early York Pioneer, erecting a house on another part of his land near by, when he married.

PARIS LETTER.

The report of M. Deputy Lockroy, the half-son-in-law of Victor Hugo, has produced an immense sensation. Were war to be declared to-morrow, he writes, the navy of France appears to be no more ready for active service than that of China. Of the 51 torpedo boats laid up in ordinary at Toulon, not more than five are in a fitting condition to put to sea, says Commandant Vidal, and it would be very fortunate if, in the course of time, twenty more could be commissioned. Creusot, the Krupp factory of France, is owned by M. Schneider. He supplies all the other dockyards with the plates for the construction of war ships, and these plates have uniformly proved faulty; the hulls of the torpedo boats become so deteriorated, eaten through, as to resemble a tin dish. One authority proposed to remedy the defects by coating the hulls with white paint—spermaceti for an inward wound! The Odyssey of three torpedo boats, built at Creusot, may well make the unskilful laugh. They were ordered in April 1890, were to be delivered in July 1891, but only were so in April 1892—8½ months behind time. And the contractor never was fined. Guess what the naval authorities did on formally accepting two of the new boats? Ordered them to be docked and repaired! The third boat has not yet been accepted—and apparently is not worth the taking over. M. Lockroy does not hesitate to assert, there is rottenness in the state of Denmark, but that if time and perpetual peace allow, can be repaired. As it is, the boilers leak like old kettles; there is no unity between the different departments for putting the vessels into commission; the wrong boats may be supplied with the wrong sized missiles, the small guns receiving supplies of large projectiles, and *vice versa*; just as Dickens describes the distribution of the uniforms among the London postmen. Again: in case of mobilization, there will be plenty of men forthcoming—taken from the plough, as it were, as Russia manufactures her Jack Tars out of land-lubbers, who have no experience. War now-a-days will not afford an enemy any time to get ready; as in the Italian and Japanese navies, hands must be prepared to go aloft when the boatswain whistles.

The more the Madagascar business is looked into, the more ugly it appears and full of uneasiness. But do not imagine that the French having put their hand to the plough, will look back. They will annex the great Island. For the Hovas, or Malagasys at large, it is only the cook's question

to the chickens—"with what sauce would you like to be served in?" Of course they do not want to be eaten at all; only, "that is not the question." England has acknowledged the protectorate of France over Madagascar. Does that involve its annexation? Lord Rosebery might explain—even from a railway carriage window, if there be in this a distinction with a difference. By May-day, General Dodds will be busy selecting the most desirable ports in and around the Island, for strategetic and fortification operations, and they will be so many hornets' nests from whence the world's commerce over the Indian Ocean can be darted upon. Opinion does not expect that the Hovas will sign away their Island peaceably to M. Le Myre de Vilers, who will at once shake off the dust of his feet at the Malagasys, and as all is cut and dry, a telegram from him will bring the French expedition in the course of a month to the Isle, what power is prepared to dispute the French programme? The sceptical believe that England will be stroked down the grain by concessions elsewhere. Where? At Newfoundland, where all is as calm as the codfish on the Banks, or in the barrels; or in the Soudan, where Col. Colville, like our first parents when expelled Eden, has all the world before him where to choose? "Would 'twere midnight, Hal! and all well!"

To appreciate the genteel comedy of restoring the Duc d'Orleans to the French throne—for "nothing is but what is not"—one must live, move, and have their being among the French, to take in the whole farce. The Duc intends to engineer his enterprise himself. He is prepared, he says, to have his head smashed to re-enter France; or to be smashed before he quits the land. That's nursery tall talk. To crack skulls implies battles; now how many partizans has the Duke in France, that are ready to risk a bullet in their head for him—or any pretender? If he arrived with a carpet bag and an A.D. 1830 umbrella, the first policeman would invite him to accompany him to the station house. Imagine the son of St. Louis—not mounting to heaven, but descending to the wooden bed of the lock-up. When he was last in prison he was pardoned along with Louise Michel—the French have a weakness for the unities. The Comte de Paris did not follow his own father's deathbed political instructions, since he bartered with the Comte de Chambord, the constitutional monarchy of which he was the accepted representative, for hereditary right divineship. It is not good even for princes to put their faith in princes. The Comte de Chambord passed all his time toddling to mass, and waiting for providence to send him a coach-and-six to drive him to the Louvre. The Comte de Paris read and wrote; but neither—acted. The Duc d'Orleans promises to "act"—*res non verba*; but as he represents the traditions of divine right, he must wait—for a propitious occasion. Only real pretenders, like the Bonapartes, create their occasions—their Brumaires and Second of Decembers. The principle of self-government in France, of Republicanism, has been effected without any miracle. God has been on the side of the majorities of universal suffrage as on that of the large battalions. The Duc expects that as Providence sent France a St. Louis and a Joan of Arc, a place will be found for Christianity, which only monarchy represents. This is not certain; the Pope has not ceased to be Christian in going over to Republicanism. The Duc avows, he will study the "social question"—the old saw; at present he has only done so from the green room stand-point. The Duc has many interesting social problems to study in England, and to solve; the reconciliation between capital and labor; the eight hours of a working day—may he not forget the journalists, and if he pleases the unsettled Home Rule question. There is no political Intelligence Department in heaven to look after either Royalists or Democrats. Let the Duc stow himself comfortably at Stowe House, advertise for a wife, become a farmer, raise fat bullocks for the Smithfield show; learn to ride after the fox hounds, and, wait till Spuller, Floquet, Reinach, Clemenceau, etc., invite him to accept the crown.

Save the historic Panamists, only the Colombian Government has made anything out of the inter-oceanic big ditch. It receives its subsidy regularly to keep the concession open to the victims of the 1,500 million frs. already engulfed. If the works were not seriously recommenced by the end of next October, the concession and all the plant would revert to the Botoga executive, hence, why another new company—the cry is still they come—has been launched with a capital of 65,000,000 fr., in 650,000 shares of 100 fr. each. Botoga, for her complaisance in renewing the concession receives 50,000 paid up shares; half of the remaining are said to be taken, and the other moiety offered to parents and guardians, no doubt as a remunerative investment for their juveniles. If the whole of the capital has, as is asserted, been subscribed, why carpet the the walls of the city with yellow flag posters, inviting Dick, Tom and Harry to try their luck. No one stops to read the posters, and many give them a wide berth, as if lepers of olden times. Since the grand smash the 100-fr. shares have been selling from 17 to 18 fr., and despite this newest bobbing for gudgeons, the price remains the same.

Sarah Bernhardt has opened her theatre—the Renaissance—for the season, with the "Femme de Claude," a piece in three acts by Alexandre Dumas *fils*. It may be regarded as a new play, rather than a revival. When first brought out in 1873, it proved a failure, though it is the play preferred by the author himself to all his other dramas. I would recommend Mesdames Schreiner, Caird, Grand, Kenealy and other "new women" not to go to see the representation: they will behold a type of their sex not calculated to advance their cause—quite unreal. It is French Ibsenism, the pure logic of a geometrician, arranged by an illusionist. Dumas there laid down, that when a good man is married to a wife incarnating the seven capital sins, he ought not to hesitate a second to "remove" her: shoot her dead—and then, return to his work as if nothing happened. Of course, society does not accept such a solution. "Kill her"—*Tue la!* will never be accepted, save as a symbol, a philosophical abstraction, a creation of the pen—not a photo of real life. The piece was written when France was smarting from the German victories, and the latter Dumas attributed to the skepticism, indifference and insouciance of the nation; he wanted to re-cast the national character, to un-French it. He placed woman in the front rank as the cause of the country's misfortunes.

M. Max Lebauday, the young—22 years old—sugar refiner millionaire, has received another consignment of bulls from the Spanish frontier to fatten on his estate at Maisons, outside Paris. They are really intended for the private bull-fights he gives to his friends where he and his companions are the performers. Only think of their audacity in becoming members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—the Society doing its best to prosecute them all. It appears that the Commissary of Police cannot enter the private arena "in the name of the law," unless some person has been wounded or a crime committed. Maisons is a "horsey" locality, like Chantilly, and with a fair population of English jocks; one of the latter, it is said, has converted his house into a private cockpit, to hold also his peculiar fights. One may safely wager that the ingenuity of French police will find a way to "drop" upon both sportsmen. Of the last bullock killed, the meat was given to the poor, but the attempt to indict M. Lebaudy for killing bulls without a butcher's license could not be maintained, as he made only a charitable gift, and did not sell meat to the indigent. The law is silent as to how an ox destined for food is to be slaughtered; it is expected no unnecessary pain will be inflicted; the bull-fight amateurs assert, the thrust of a sword in the spine, is the speediest of deaths. The flesh of animals killed, after being baited, is not wholesome. Why not indict Lebaudy under the Poisoning Act, and so compel him to avow how the beast was slaughtered?

The Socialists, unable to obtain a law based on that of old Rome's, whereby the father of three sons should have the latter reared at the expense of the State, will introduce a bill, securing to a family where there are three sons that two shall have a right to government employment, if qualified after examination.

A congress of the national school mistresses will likely be held simultaneously with that to be organized by the school masters. The proceedings will be strictly limited to the pedagogic art in its widest meaning.

It is mooted that the bicyclists, and not the bicycles, will for the future be taxed, just as the sportsmen, where the license is personal. One lady, apparently a mother, wheeled down the Boulevard Magenta a few days ago with her baby strapped on her back. What next—and next?

Z.

GLIMPSES AT THINGS.

The surrender of Louisburg to Warren and Pepperell on the 17th of June, 1745, will be celebrated on its 150th anniversary next year by the erection of a monument by the Society of Colonial Wars. Of several architectural designs the one likely to be chosen is a Doric column surmounted by a cannon ball and with a simple inscription on its base. The site selected by the Secretary-General of the Society (who came all the way from New York and spent two days at Louisburg for that purpose) is, he informs me, "on a small redoubt just outside the King's Bastion. It can be seen for miles in every direction." A number of distinguished Americans have expressed their intention of attending the inauguration of the monument, which will be graciously presented by the Society of Colonial Wars either to the Provincial Government or the Nova Scotia Historical Society.

The formation of this powerful Society of Colonial Wars, to celebrate actions in

which Britons and Americans fought side by side, tends to promote brotherly feeling between the English-speaking nations. And the Society will do nothing that can give legitimate offence to French Canadians. When they commemorate a triumph or a disaster in a colonial struggle with the French, the members of the Society feel that the one is enhanced and the other rendered less humiliating by the admitted military prestige of the "grande nation." Should they ever erect a monument to Wolfe, it is certain that the chivalrous Montcalm will not be overlooked. But it is neither likely nor desirable that any further memorials of the quarrels of the two reconciled races should be erected in Quebec, unless—which God forbid—more insults to Nelson's monument or more unpunished interferences of mobs with religious freedom should prove the foul cause of dotting the Province with mementoes of a modern war.

An English weekly—the *Illustrated London News* or *Black and White*—recently published a picture of "Wolfe's sword" owned by the United Service Institute, observing that it resembled the hanger commonly worn by British officers at the time, while the "Wolfe's sword" lately purchased by the Canadian Minister of Militia was more like the weapon of a French officer. The English weekly suggests that the Canadian Government might get out of its difficulty by purchasing "Wolfe's sword" from the United Service Institute, labelling the one already bought as "Montcalm's sword," and exhibiting the relics of the two heroes side by side. Quebecers of either nationality, enthusing at the sight, might sing the sword song of the Grande Duchesse, "Voici les sabres de notre paire!"

"When lovely woman stoops to folly," why, then,

> The only art her guilt to cover,
> To hide her shame from every eye,
> To give repentance to her lover
> And wring his bosom is—to *dye*

This is clearly the correct reading. Dying is not an "art," but dyeing is. And surely Oliver Goldsmith would never have stooped to encourage suicide. Besides, it is well known that nothing imparts such brilliancy to the hair and such delicacy to the complexion, nothing covers blushes so becomingly, nothing is so well calculated to bring repentance and a change of heart to any wayward lover, as Zedediah Smith's "Transforming Bloom." To be had of all chemists and perfumers; only $2 a bottle.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

THE RISE AND THE FALL OF THE "THREE DECKER."

There are three institutions in this country which pass the understanding of the American. Since we are able to understand them very well, some of our insular conceit is accounted for. If you think of it, indeed, that level of intelligence which enables us to understand anything which your people cannot understand is something to be proud of. These three institutions are the House of Lords, the Established Church, and the Three Volume Novel—the "Three Decker." The first two of these, in spite of long continued and determined attacks, are stronger than ever. The last of these, with which I have been intimately connected for five and twenty years, has just received a blow which threatens to be mortal. Often assailed, long derided, much abused, the Three Volume Novel has been stabbed at last in a vital part and by the hand of its oldest friend. It is not dead; it will, perhaps, partly recover; but it is doomed to carry on a languishing, lame, and limp existence for the future. The history of the Three Decker and the curiously artificial character of its publication and price forms a little chapter in our branch of English literature that may not be without interest to American readers. At least, one may explain the genesis and the meaning of an institution which is full of absurdity; which exists in no other country; which will shortly be numbered among the things of the past.

The English novel in its popular form, as an article of daily or constant consumption, was born and grew up in the last century. It appeared in one, two, or more volumes, as the author chose; there was no rule or practice as to length. "The History of Tom Jones" took three or four times as much space and time in the telling as that of "The Vicar of Wakefield." The woes of Clarissa could not be contracted in the narrow limits which contained the adventures of Rasselas. But the volumes themselves were generally of equal length, forming a small octavo containing from twenty to thirty thousand words. And between the years 1750 and 1800 these volumes were priced at three shillings each, so that a novel in three volumes was sold for nine shillings and one in four volumes for twelve shillings. The reading (and purchasing) public of that time was mostly found in the towns: in every large town, in every cathedral town and in many smaller towns, there were literary coteries, clubs, and societies, a few of which were important enough to occupy a place in the history of literature. The literary circles of Norwich, Lichfield, Exeter, for instance, cannot be neglected by the historian of the last century. London, of course, provided the greatest demand for new books, and there were the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In the country, in the quiet houses of squire and parson, there was as yet very little reading and very little demand for books. But the circle of readers went on widening year after year, steadily, though as yet slowly. And the habit of reading, as the most delightful form of recreation, went on growing. People read faster as well as more; they devoured books. No purse was long enough to buy all the books that one could read; therefore they lent to each other; therefore they combined their resources and formed book clubs; therefore the circulating libraries came into existence. It was not that we ceased to buy books: it was that we could no longer afford to buy a tenth part of the books we wanted to read, and that we clubbed together and passed on the books from hand to hand.

All this took place in the latter half of the last century. Then followed a long war—a war of three and twenty years, nearly a quarter of a century—when Great Britain stood in arms for a time against the whole of Western Europe, the one undefeated enemy of military despotism. I fear we are forgetting, as a nation, that long conflict: what it meant for the liberties of the world; the sacrifices which we made to maintain it. These sacrifices fell with the greatest weight upon the professional classes, those in which were found the reading public. They could no longer afford to buy books at all; the book clubs increased in number; so did circulating libraries. The booksellers, finding that their buyers were growing fewer, had to raise the price of their books. And from 1790 to 1850 the price of novels (not to mention other branches) ran up from three shillings a volume to ten shillings and sixpence a volume. At the same time the number of volumes gradually became limited to three at the most, and was seldom under three. For forty years or so this arbitrary rule has prevailed. The novel has had to be in three volumes; the price has been, nominally, thirty-one shillings and sixpence; the only purchasers have been the circulating libraries.

Other changes have occurred: the book clubs, with very few exceptions, have been dissolved; the circulating libraries, for practical purposes, have been reduced to two—Mudie's and Smith's: these two have long since refused to pay the nominal price of thirty-one shillings and sixpence, and have obtained the novels at fifteen shillings a copy, and in some cases at very much less.

Again, forty years ago the reprint of a novel in a cheap form was a rare event; only the most popular novelists were so honored, and then after a long interval. It is now the custom to bring out a new and cheap edition of every novel the least above the average. This edition appears about nine months after the first; the price varies from three shillings and sixpence to six shillings.

We have, therefore, this remarkable custom in the publishing of novels. We bring out the first edition exclusively for the readers of Mudie's and Smith's libraries. These number about 250,000, reckoning about four to each subscribing family. That is to say, in a home population of 37,000,000, and a colonial population of 15,000,000, without counting India, whose educated natives read our literature extensively, we keep everybody waiting for our best works of fiction until this lucky quarter of a million has had a nine months' run among them. Of late, there have been revolts here and there. Two or three of our best and most popular writers have refused to recognize the Three Volume rule. Mr. Louis Stevenson is one; Mr. Rudyard Kipling is another. And now the two libraries themselves—supposed to be the props and pillars of the old system—have announced to the trade that in future they will only give eleven shillings a copy instead of fifteen shillings for the Three Volume novel, and they will make it a condition that they shall have the exclusive use of it—*i.e.*, that there is to be no cheap edition—for twelve months after first publication. I dare say American readers have heard of the storm which during the whole summer has raged about this question. The Society of Authors, taking counsel of its novelist members, have declared against the Three Volume system altogether. Some of the publishers have advertised that they will issue no more novels in that form. Those of our novelists who are already engaged ahead for the old form—I am myself one of these—will break away from it as soon as they can. And although the old form will linger on for some time, its tyranny is now past. Henceforth, in this country as in the States, we shall appeal to the whole reading public at the very outset; and we shall ask them, for the present, to buy our stories in one volume at the price of six shillings. And

here again—because we really are a most illogical race—the six shillings means four shillings and sixpence, for the retail bookseller has to take off twenty-five per cent from the nominal price.

It is often advanced in newspapers that this revolt means a demand for shorter stories. The statement is made in ignorance. The Three Volume novel ranges from one hundred thousand words to three hundred thousand words in length. The one volume novel has exactly the same range. For instance, Mr. Louis Stevenson will be found, as a rule, somewhat under one hundred thousand words. "Marcella," on the othar hand, now in one volume, is nearly three hundred thousand words. The only demand, in fact, for a shorter story—I do not mean the "short story," which is another thing—is raised, so far as I can see, by those who write reviews for London papers. Readers, when they get hold of a good novel, care not how long it is. Who would wish "Vanity Fair" to be reduced by a single page? When we are in good company we are loth to leave them: there are even characters with whom one would like to live for years. A long novel which is also tedious is, indeed—but then I, for one, never allow myself to be bored by a tedious novel.

And this—if you have had patience to read so far—is the history of the rise, the growth, the greatness, and the fall, of that mysterious institution, the Three Volume Novel.—*Walter Besant, in The Dial.*

ROBIN.

Here's a health to you, Robin, Robin!
(Ha! but the world's great heart beats true!)
Soul of song! thou shalt not lack lovers,—
Thou, who teachest them all to woo!

Did the world scorn you, Robin, Robin?
Did it e'er crown you with wreath of rue?
Bard of its choice! were you now among us,
Friends and favors should not be few!

Here's a health to you, Robin, Robin!
(Not the old bitter and baneful brew:)
Here's a cup like a golden lily,
Full to the brim with the clearest dew!

Deck it with heather and hawthorn blossom,
The wild harebells over it strew,
And the red rose you loved so, Robin,—
Sweet was its scented heart to you!

Ah, but our love for you, Robin, Robin!
Singers are many, and songs are new;
Still they come, and we gaily greet them,—
Never, never one like you!

Here's a health to you, Robin, Robin!
Robin's health shall our hearts renew
Long as the lark sings high above us,
Or the daisy looks to Heaven true.

PASTOR FELIX.

ART NOTES.

J. S. Sargent has finished a portrait in oil of Coventry Patmore, which will probably appear at the Royal Academy.

Carl Conrad's clay model of his Daniel Webster has been sent to Carrara, Italy, to be reproduced in marble for the Capitol at Washington.

A bust of Tennyson in Carrara marble, executed for Queen Victoria by Mr. F. Williamson, is to be placed in Windsor Castle or in Osborne.

Our Canadian artists from Outeora (Hills of the Sky) will soon be returning now, for the glory of the brilliant autumn in the Catskills is almost over. One of the most important of Mr. Reid's canvases is a large decorative scheme representing the surgee figure of a resting hay-maker. Miss Ford has also a decoration intended for one of our Toronto houses, a simple out-of-door arrangement. From other brushes, as well as these two, we expect great results of the summer's work.

M. Felix de Vuillefroy, the well known animal painter and secretary of the Champs-Elysees Salon, offers a rather remarkable example of artistic energy. Though so ill during the past year that he could scarcely walk, and without the use of his left arm, he worked every day at his easel, and not only exhibited two canvases at the recent Salon, but also sent pictures to the special galleries attached this year to the Horse Show and Dog Show; nor was he unrepresented at the Petits Salons of last winter.

According to the London *Star*, Sir Edward Burne-Jones lives in a small house known as "The Grange," in West Kensington. Sir Edward, whose appearance is familiar to many, owing to the portrait that Watts has painted of him, is at present engaged on a picture to be entitled the "Morte d'Arthur," which his friends declare will take a high place among his paintings. The house is simply but comfortably furnished, and on the other side of a pleasant garden is the studio of the artist, who has collected there some two hundred drawings of heads of men and women, as well as of the draperies which he paints so skilfully. Sir Edward keeps a notebook in which he jots down from time to time his inspirations.

The portrait of the late Professor Young from the brush of Mr. J. W. L. Forster was unveiled on Wednesday, Oct. 3rd, during the Knox College Jubilee celebration, by Professor Thompson, of Knox College, and was presented to the college on behalf of the alumni of that body. Professor Young is represented seated in his robe, the left hand lies lightly handling the leaves of the already open volume on his lap, the right holds the eye-glasses with a slight outward gesture, and in both of these Mr. Forster has but helped to express the character shown in the grand face of one of the most remarkable men of our time, and one of its greatest mathematicians. As one old Scotchman remarked, "The Professor was a philosopher, one who had a grasp on the infinities, and he seems there to be looking out towards them."

The death last month of Mr. Daniel Fowler, of Amherst Island, deprives us of one of the oldest of our Canadian artists. He was educated in England under Harding, a celebrated water-colour painter, and has constantly exhibited in Canada, as well as in the States, notably in Philadelphia and New York. He was a member of the Ontario Society of Artists and one of the charter members of the Royal Canadian Academy. In speaking of his work we quote from a *New England Magazine* of three years ago: "Mr. Fowler's best work belongs to the old style; but whatever the subject of his picture was, it was rendered with so much boldness and brilliance, with such an appearance of perfect facility and strong sense of decorative colonr, that the effect was always charming. He was, too, particularly happy in his treatment of architecture in a landscape." Although his natural force can scarcely be said to have been unabated, yet it was wonderful how much work he accomplished of late. Those who had the pleasure of visiting at his home always left with the warmest feelings for their host, whose genial hospitality was especially extended towards his fellow artists and those of literary pursuits. We shall refer to this pioneer Canadian artist at greater length in a subsequent issue.

The history of the various branches of reproductive art, says the *Portland Oregonian*, from wood-cutting to photographic process, is a record of strange vicissitudes, of marvellous growth and sudden decay, of curious imitations and substitutions. Wood-engraving is the oldest of these arts, though engraving and etching on metal were born with it, in that wonderful fifteenth century. Wood-engraving seems to have been related to printing, and probably preceded it in Europe. Engraving, on the other hand, was related to Goldsmith's work. Both, like the then more closely related art of etching, found ready employment and large development in multiplying the works of great painters. But the development of these arts has been curiously uneven and interrupted, and now photographic process threatens to supersede all except etching, which has evolved from a reproductive to an original art. The nineteenth century has seen marvelous changes, the complete decay of line-engraving on steel and copper, passage of wood-engraving through a complete cycle of growth, floriture and decline, and the apotheosis of etching as an original art. Americans led the way in the new birth of wood-engraving, as well as in development of the new reproductive processes which have superseded all manual work. They developed wood-engraving to a point where it could do everything done with burin or needle through a more stubborn medium, destroyed the occupation of the line engravers and forced the etchers to abandon reproduction of paintings, and form the school of "painter etchers," who work from nature, which is the triumph of black-and-white art in the nineteenth century. But just as wood-engraving had completed this victory came photographic process, which is a combination of photography, etching and lithography, to drive it out in turn with a method cheaper, more flexible and more popular. There is a passage in the American edition of Hamerton's "Graphic Arts," published only twelve years ago, in which he confesses the error of earlier judgments and frankly admits that American wood-engravers have made all other reproductive processes unnecessary. But Mr. Hamerton lived to see wood-engraving itself superseded, not only in the magazines, but in the print shops and the studios, by process work. The *Century* is the last of the American magazines to abandon wood-engraving for the cheaper, less artistic, but more popular process work, but there are signs in recent numbers that it is preparing to follow the rest, perhaps after Mr. Cole's old masters series is done. This apparently will be the end of wood-engraving in the United States, except for high-class books, which afford only a narrow market for engravers. It is probable that the English illustrated papers, which still use wood cuts, will follow soon, and the process picture will rule undisputed, from the ten-cent magazine to the choicest offering of the print shops. It is a curious question what will become of wood-engraving. It can hardly elevate itself to an original art, like etching. Its complete disappearance, like line-engraving, will seem lamentable, after its triumph in the last generation.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

As predicted some three or four weeks ago, we believe the musical season will be much more active this year than last, both in the way of good concerts and in teaching. We understand that pupils in large numbers are attending the Conservatory of Music and the College. Some of the ladies' schools have refused pupils, owing to lack of accommodation, and many teachers are quite busy with private work. All this goes to show that things are getting better. We probably have reached the bottom of the great depression which has existed the last two or three years and that brighter days are in store for us. When people find money scarce, and business poor, they usually economize, and music—which is considered a luxury by many—is naturally one of the first to suffer. All that is wanted now, is energy, and a determination to get the very best results by virtue of hard work, indefatigable labor, along the most artistic lines to win success. Let us up and at it with enthusiastic zeal!

The Toronto Vocal Club (W. J. McNally, conductor), has already begun rehearsing, with a large addition of new members. All are encouraged as to the outlook for the winter, which seems very bright.

There seems to be a diversity of opinion regarding the Bayreuth performances the past summer, many musicians and critics asserting that much better representations have been given before and in various opera houses throughout Germany; whilst others again, perhaps equally capable, say that the performances have been equal to those given in former years. There are always extreme critics, and these go there with the conviction that running to Bayreuth to hear the works of *Wagner*, putting up with all sorts of discomfort, and paying extortionate prices for everything is only a fad, and after all is not worth the expense nor trouble involved in the journey, and these having become ill-tempered on arrival at the opera house, vent their spleen by asserting that the performances are not ideal, nor above reproach by any means. On the other hand, the novelty to others is so great and the historic interest of Bayreuth so intense, that they are so filled with delight and enthusiasm, on being able to worship at the shrine of Wagner, they immediately proclaim that the performances there are infinitely superior to those given anywhere else in the world. One must be careful not to rely absolutely on either of these extreme views, for if we strike a medium, that the work of the Bayreuth performers is finished and artistic and that the representations as a whole are faithful and beautiful, we shall more than likely arrive at the right conclusion. For our own part, we heard "*Parsifal*" in the Wagner Theatre in Bayreuth, during the summer of 1892, and was wonderfully impressed with the excellence of the orchestra, soloists, chorus, etc., and with the entire performance as a whole. Nothing could have been finer, or more thoroughly finished, and we came away sincere in the belief, that we shall probably never again hear that noble, yet mysterious music drama receive a better or more worthy interpretation.

Some of the most prominent musicians of the city have organized a club, to be known as the "Musical Art Club." We shall be able to speak more about its aims, in a subsequent issue, although perhaps it would not be amiss to say now, that some of the ideas are to cultivate a more friendly feeling for each other, to discuss musical art in its various phases, and to stimulate and create a more musical and intellectual atmosphere amongst its members. The officers elected at the last meeting were: Mr. J. Humphrey Anger, Mus. Bac., President; Mr. H. M. Field, Vice-President, and Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, Secretary and Treasurer. Messrs. Harrison, Arthur Fisher, J. Lewis-Browne, Mr. Tripp and Mr. W. O. Forsyth form committees to attend to certain business details.

"Rob Roy," DeKoven's opera of that name, which has been presented at the Grand Opera House all this week, has achieved a distinct and unqualified success. The music is far above the average, is remarkably tuneful and effective, and the text, which has been supplied by Mr. Harry Smith, Mr. DeKoven's collaborateur, is excedingly interesting and clever. Large audiences have been the rule.

Mme. Marie Jaell, the Parisian pianiste, and widow of the late lamented pianist, Alfred Jaell, will concertize throughout Germany during the winter. Her husband was an eminent pianist in his day, and was considered a prodigy as a boy. He came to America at the time when Gottschalk was riding so high on the wave of popularity. Everybody was talking of the brilliant American pianist, whose charming and wonderful playing so fascinated and pleased. For this reason, probably, Jaell's success in this country was not what was anticipated, although the public and press bestowed on him much praise. He died in 1882.

Richard Strauss, the young Weimar composer and conductor, was recently married at Munich.

LIBRARY TABLE.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE HOME. By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

Dr. Cuyler has added to the debt of gratitude the public owe him by the publication of this most excellent book. Here will be found 264 pages of sound and sensible advice for the people who call themselves Christians. The author is the master of a clear, crisp and forcible style. There is no escaping his meaning or misunderstanding the directness of what he says. No home can fail to be either a better home for observing, or a worse home for neglecting, the kindly, yet manful and wise words here written for its benefit. The papers are all bright, short, sparkling and abound with good sense and right feeling.

A MANUAL OF HYGEINE. By Mary Taylor Bissell, M.D. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

Hygeine has justly become an important branch of study. It is time that more attention was paid to the laws of health both in their application to the individual and to the public. Much suffering and disease would be prevented were even an elementary knowledge of Hygeine generally diffused. The above manual, as the authoress states in her preface, "has been written as the result of her experience in the class room, of the need of a concise text book . . . adapted to American conditions." It is designed for medical students and the authoress' experience as Professor of Hygeine in the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary for women and children, has fitted her to do her work thoroughly and well. The 330 odd pages of the book seem to cover the ground satisfactorily. Though it is designed for students it is also a work of general utility, and is provided with table of contents, index and suitable illustrations.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND. By Mrs. H. M. Plunkett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894. $1.25.

It is fitting that the life of such a man as was J. G. Holland, should be written by one who not only knew him well, but who also had a warm and well founded appreciation of the man and his work. Many years have passed since this strong, facile and humane American writer laid aside the busy pen, the implement with which his life work had been mainly wrought, and his hands were folded peacefully in death—yet his memory still sweetly lingers—as that of one of the noblest and purest poets, essayists and novelists that the United States has given to the world. Here with warm sympathy the story of the early struggle and the ultimate success of the self-made man is told. His father was a poor carder, whose many inventions and shifting life kept his family in poverty, and sometimes even in want. We see the strong, resolute character of the son assert itself early in life. The determination to obtain a liberal education, to provide for his family, and to raise himself to a position of intellectual usefulness, is daunted by no difficulty; and gradually, yet surely, the poor lad rises step by step to the attainment of his purpose. The humble factory hand becomes successively writing master, doctor, and first editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, now the *Century Magazine*. A deserved tribute is paid to Dr. Holland's life, character, influence and genius, and though the reader may deem the narrative perhaps too warm and partial, it must be remembered that Holland was no ordinary man and his life and work were a benefaction to his race and time. This book cannot fail to be a stimulus for good, especially, to the young.

DISCOURSES AND ADDRESSES. By George Douglas, D.D., LL.D., Toronto: William Briggs. 1894.

It was we think the Nova Scotian orator and statesman Joseph Howe who defined the secret of eloquence to be "to speak the truth and feel it." The force of this dictum is made clear where among many speakers, one by his transparent sincerity and convincing earnestness, even though lacking the graces of diction or delivery, impresses the hearer far more than those who possess the latter but lack the former qualities. Taste in oratory as in art, music, literature, or indeed any of the higher exercises of cultivated intelligence, is varied. As in the individual so in the age. The ornate and elaborate periods of other days have largely given place to the short crisp sentences which now obtain. Whether it be in a leader in the *Times* or a published sermon by a popular preacher, we look not only for strong, clear thought but for direct straightforward expression. Though we may prefer a simple, unadorned style of expression—which of course may be nervous, vigorous and even brilliant—others of course enjoy one that is ornate and florid. It should be remembered that reading a printed sermon or address and hearing it delivered are sometimes two very different things. The expressive eye, the modulated voice, the apt gesture and moving presence of the speaker are all wanting in the printed page as is the magnetic sympathy which often pervades a large body of people brought together under special circumstances. Despite these limitations however, there are some sermons which by no means lose their pith and power when reduced to cold print, among them are those of the late Dr. Douglas. Though the living voice is silent, these words still seem to speak: "Christianity, angel of the morning! I see her standing on high, with uplifted, blood stained cross and ensign, on which is inscribed, 'The Lord is risen.' I see her resurrecting every grave and lifting the curtain that hides the immortalities. Nearly thirty years ago, I laid beneath the green sward of the Royal Mount, the Mariana of my heart, my youngest daughter. I was

young then, my eye undimmed and my strength but little abated. Infirmity and age have come to me now, but ever since I stood by the cross; ever since I watched with the Roman guard and saw the angel roll away the stone; ever since I beheld the same Jesus walk forth, His face like lightning, His raiment white as snow, and heard Him say, 'All hail! I am the Resurrection and the Life;' ever since I stood with the five hundred on Olivet and witnessed the triumphant ascent into heaven, and heard the voice, 'I will come again'—ever since that, healing has come to my heart and I have felt, with many a poor weeper here, that the loved and lost are not lost, for we shall meet and know each other there, 'when the mists are rolled away.'" No sympathetic reader can need the solemn presence of the infirm and aged minister, or the pathetic thrill of his deep toned voice to make his meaning clear. This volume contains besides the introductions, fifteen sermons and seven addresses, which no doubt will long recall to their readers—in the eloquent words of Mr. Arthur—"the notable figure of the blind old man, . . . the keys of the organ voice, and . . . the sweep of that surging tide of words—words which rolled and flashed and rolled again." A notable figure in Canadian life passed from the scene when George Douglas died, and times will come and go before Canadian Methodism shall look up to such a man again.

PERIODICALS.

Electrical Engineering is growing in bulk and consequent value to the growing and important body of specialists for whom it is published. This number contains able and practical articles on subjects bearing on electricity and its every day use as a motive power. Some of the best known writers on this subject are numbered among the contributors of this worthy periodical.

"A Modern Hero" is the title of the new serial story which is begun in the *Temple Bar* for October and carried on for eight chapters. William M. Hardinge contributes his "Recollections of the Master of Balliol." "A Modern Interpreter" is the title of a review article on the literary work of Constance Naden. "With the Islanders of Ushant" is a pleasant descriptive paper. Alice Cameron continues her "Impressions Rajputana," and Annie Edwards adds a few chapters to the serial, "The Adventuress."

Cassell's Family Magazine for October begins with an illustrated paper, on Identifying Criminals, a most interesting subject. The "Family Doctor" tells "How to Avoid Infectious Diseases." Habitual cleanliness and ventilation are a prime specific. Sir Robert Ball writes of "Sun Spots;" W. Rainey, of "The Social Duty of Women;" the Baroness Von Zedlitz describes "A Chat with Lady Halle," and many another interesting paper, with music, poetry, and departmental instruction, supply good reading in this number of *Cassells.*

President Charles W. Eliot begins the *Educational Review* for this month with his contribution to the series of papers on the report of the Council of Ten. The learned President combats the view that college men know little about schools. Mr. James H. Blodgett's tables and comments on Illiteracy in the United States, are worthy of notice. "Aims and Status of Child Study," has reached a third paper. Mr. Scripture treats the subject clearly, forcibly and with good common sense. There are other instructive papers in this excellent number.

Outing for October starts off with a short story "Regina, De Walsche," by Jean Porter Rudd. F. M. Turner tells of sport in Samoan craft; James R. Benton writes prettily of the squirrels in brown October. Fencing Old and New is well described by H. A. C. Dunn. Lenz takes the reader through the Szchuen Province. G. M. Dillard describes, A Rocky Mountain Goat Hunt. E. Pauline Johnson contributes a pretty poem entitled "Moonset," and Elizabeth Taylor has a bright, first paper descriptive of the journeying of "A Woman in the Mackenzie Delta."

The frank, beautiful face of "A Trusty Maiden" greets us as we open the *Quiver* for October. "Parade Services" is the title of a most readable paper by Rev. E. J. Hardy, M.A., Chaplain to H. M. Forces, "A. K. H. B." continues his story "That Peaceful Time." This number has its usual complement of poems, short stories, and articles and offers some excellent instruction and devotional matter to the reader, among which we may mention an excellent sermon by Rev. Thomas Spurgeon on "The Greatest Man in the World" and "Reign Within Me, Saviour," a new hymn tune by Rev. W. J. Foxell, M.A, B. Mus.

"Gathering Autumn Leaves" is the title of the beautiful engraving which first greets us as we open the pages of *St. Nicholas* for October. On the opposite page Edith M. Thomas spins a beautiful poem, which she aptly calls, "The Gossamer Spider." Now there are so many good things to read, and so many pretty things to see, in this fine number of *St. Nicholas* that we shall content ourselves with urging our eager young readers to get it and read it at once. They will then see what Tudor Jenks, Howard Pyle, W. T. Hornady, Molly Elliot Seawell, Charles F. Lummis, Charles Gordon Rogers and other clever and charming writers have done for them, and we are sure they will all be heartily thankful.

Mr. A. Conan Doyle has the first place in the October *Idler* with a characteristic contribution entitled "The Stark Munro Letters." This number contains the first two chapters. Gilbert Parker tells the story of "The Gift of the Simple King," and a stirring tale it is. There is a curious composite tale in this number—"The Mystery of Black Rock Creek," in five chapters, each chapter contributed by a different writer—the writers being respectively Jerome K. Jerome, Eden Phillpotts, E. F. Benson, F. Frankfort Moore and Barry Pain. Anthony Hope's society short story, "Lucifera," is no doubt quite life-like and illustrates a phase of life and conduct that cannot be highly commended, "A Chat with Conan Doyle," by an *Idler* interviewer, adds to the interest of the number.

George E. Ellis contributes a most interesting paper to the October *Atlantic*. It is entitled "Retrospect of an Octogenarian." The recollections of Daniel Webster in it are especially readable. This number gives the second and last instalment of the reports of the Plato Club Isabel F. Hapgood, graphically describes Kieff, the Russian Holy City. Henry L. Dawes writes of Stanton under Johnson. Lafcadio Hearn has a short but beautiful paper with a Japanese colouring Henry Childs Merwin writes appreciatively of Lawrence Sterne. There is more good reading in this number of the *Atlantic* and the departmental is by no means the worst of it. We should have mentioned a well turned sonnet, "Land of My Dreams,' by Louise Chandler Moulton.

October brings us a strong number of *Harper's Magazine*. One can read and relish everything in it and that is saying a good deal Edwin Lord Weeks' Eastern paper "Lahore and the Punjaub" puts one in doubt whether the letterpress or illustrations are most enjoyable. John Vance Cheney's poem, "The Happiest Heart," is in his happiest vein Mr. Cheney must have written it with a golden pen. Owen Wister, aided by Frederick Remington's graphic pen, tells the story of "Salvation Gap." Brander Matthews writes, as he can so well, of "The Royal Marine:" an Idyl of Narragansett Pier." Julian Ralph describes in "People we Pass. I. A Day of the Pinloche Club." The Charles Dudley Warner increases our delight in "The Golden House," Caspar W. Whitney supplies an excellent paper descriptive of "Golf in the Old Country" and Thomas Nelson Page tells the story of "The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock." For the rest we must refer you to the magazine.

Henry Latchford has in the October *Arena* a sketch of Henry D. Lloyd, "A Social Reformer;" a portrait of Mr. Lloyd appears as the frontispiece of the number. Professor J. R. Buchanan writes of "The New Education." The Land Question is the subject of a symposium to which no less than eleven women contribute; among them our Australian friend, Miss Catherine H. Spence, writes clearly and forcibly on the "Relation of Equitable Representation to the Land Question:" Under present methods of election and under the spoils system, the United States, federal, state and municipal, has a system theoretically and practically the worst in the civilized world for wise and pure administration of public funds." The most extraordinary paper in this number is that by Dr. Heinrich Hensoldt on "Occult Science in Thibet." The account given by the learned doctor of his interview with the Grand Lama reads like a chapter from the Arabian Nights Entertainments. If true, it is marvellous in the extreme. Dr. Sydney Barrington Elliot writes well on an important subject "Prenatal Influence."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Mr. George Meredith's late novel, "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," has scored an instantaneous success with the Scribners. Although published but a few weeks, it is already in its fifth thousand.

Walter Besant has three books in preparation—his novel, "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice;" a series of social essays, "As We Are, As We may Be;" and a volume of short stories, entitled "In Deacon's Orders."

"The Trail of the Sword" is the title of a new historical novel by the brilliant novelist, Gilbert Parker, which is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co. Mr. Parker takes the reader from Albany to Quebec in the eighteenth century, and again on a voyage of adventure.

The death of Oliver Wendell Holmes will be regretted wherever the English language is spoken. His poetry and prose have given him a high position among the best English writers of the century. We shall have a fuller notice of the life and work of Dr. Holmes in a later issue of THE WEEK.

Lord Hawke, captain of the team of English cricketers which recently visited To

ronto, is a direct descendant of old Admiral Hawke of the British navy, who died in 1781 after a life spent in thrashing the French in desperate sea fights. The admiral won his place in the peerage in 1776, and the title has been in the family ever since.

A new book by James Anthony Froude will be published immediately by the Scribners. It will be entitled "Life and Letters of Erasmus," and will comprise matter originally delivered as a series of lectures at Oxford, embodying an exhaustive and careful study of the life and works of Erasmus, and of the age in which he lived, his endeavour being to present a view of his time, as far as possible, as Erasmus saw it.

Macmillan & Co. announce for immediate publication Browning's Asolando, which forms the seventeenth and concluding volume in their Library Edition. It will contain historical and biographical notes and will be published in uniform style with the other sixteen volumes, so that subscribers may have a chance to compiete their sets. The same publishers announce also a new edition of the works of Browning in nine volumes, crown octavo.

"The Untempered Wind," a novel by Joanna E. Wood, a young Canadian author, is now ready for publication by J. Selwin Tait & Sons. This is Miss Wood's first book and we are assured that competent critics declare it to be fully entitled to rank with the masterpieces of the century—with, for instance, Charlotte Bronte's first work and with the "Scarlet Letter" of Hawthorne. This book, however, is said to be unique in itself and that in its subtle analysis of village life and its vivid and accurate portrayal of character and also of the depths of cruelty to which the gentler sex will on emergency descend; it is unequalled in modern fiction.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce in their Portland and Salem edition Bret Harte's Luck of Roaring Camp; Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield; Milton's Paradise Lost, and Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare. They also announce "Darwis Folks," by Rowland E. Robinson; "Bishop Andrews," by Rev. R. L. Ottley; "Childhood in Literature and Art: with some observations on Literature for Children. A Study," by Horace E. Scudder; "In Sunshine Land," by Edith M. Thomas and "From Blomidon to Smoky, and other papers, by Frank Bolles. The chaste and beautiful holiday announcement of this firm includes charming editions of some famous books.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis.—Hor., Lib. 1, ode 24.

In death's cold arms our country's father lies—
When shall his equal glad her longing eyes?

By distance parted, when her people were
Estranged and separate, scattered here and there,
He by a compact, firm and wisely planned,
Gave them for country all Canadian land,
And stretched o'er mountain steep and prairie broad,
For friendly intercourse an iron road.

Long with consummate statesmanship he swayed
The councils of the nation he had made,
Contended for the right with tongue and pen
And won by kindly deeds the hearts of men—
And old-time friends and old opponents vied
In patriot sorrow when MACDONALD died.

W.

Ottawa, 15th June, 1891.

[The above beautiful tribute to the memory of the lamented Premier was received in this office soon after his death, but through inadvertence was mislaid and unpublished till now. —*Ed. Citizen.*]

MY FIRST BOOK, BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

"It is, perhaps, not often that a map figures so largely in a tale as in *Treasure Island*, yet it is always important. The author must know his countryside, whether real or imaginary, like his hand; the distances, the points of the compass, the place of the sun's rising, the behaviour of the moon, should all be beyond cavil. And how troublesome the moon is! I have come to grief over the moon in *Prince Otto*, and so soon as that was pointed out to me, adopted a precaution which I recommend to other men—I never write now without an almanac. With an almanac, and the map of the country, and the plan of every house, either actually plotted on paper or already and immediately apprehended in the mind, a man may hope to avoid some of the grossest possible blunders. With the map before him, he will scarce allow the sun to set in the east, as it does in *The Antiquary*. With the almanac at hand, he will scarce allow two horsemen, journeying on the most urgent affair, to employ six days, from three of the Monday morning till late in the Saturday night, upon a journey of, say, ninety or a hundred miles, and before the week is out, and still on the same nags, to cover fifty in one day, as may be read at length in the inimitable novel of *Rob Roy*. And it is certainly well, though far from necessary, to avoid such 'croppers.' But it is my contention—my superstition, if you like—that who is faithful to his map, and consults it, and draws from it his inspiration, daily and hourly, gains positive support, and not mere negitive immunity from accident. The tale has a root there; it grows in that soil; it has a spine of its own behind the words. Better if the country be real, and he has walked every foot of it and knows every milestone. But even with imaginary places, he will do well in the beginning to provide a map; as he studies it, relations will appear that he had not thought upon; he will discover obvious, though unsuspected, shortcuts and footprints for his messengers; and even when a map is not all the plot, as it was in *Treasure Island*, it will be found to be a mine of suggestion."—*From The Idler for August.*

THE LATE P. S. HAMILTON.

We are glad to learn, from John Reade, in the *Montreal Gazette*, that a movement has been set on foot for the purpose of erecting a memorial to the late Pierce Stevens Hamilton, of Halifax, Nova Scotia. The late Colonel Hamilton, whose death occurred but a few months ago, had rendered many important services to his native country, and although his career had scarcely brought him within the sphere of general popularity, the usually consistent testimony of competent observers disclosed in him one of those simple and equable characters which command general esteem and admiration almost more certainly than brilliancy in art and word.

Bred to the bar of Nova Scotia, he was for many years the contemporary and associate of the Uniackes, Haliburtons, Youngs, Johnsons, Archibalds, Ritchies and other great legal lights of a past generation; but it is as a journalist and man of letters that he will hereafter be most gratefully remembered. For upwards of a decade he edited, with conspicuous freedom and ability, the *Acadian Recorder*, the oldest newspaper in Nova Scotia; and he was likewise a historian, romance-writer and poet of no mean distinction.

As a public writer, he was among the very first, in recent times, to take up the subject of a political union of the British North American colonies, and to his well-balanced judgment, political sagacity and skilful treatment, as McGee was proud to acknowledge in Parliament, was due much of the success attending the movement. His various brochures in favor of Federation written from 1855 to 1866, including one of more than ordinary eloquence addressed to His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, then Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, were widely distributed throughout the Colonies and in England, and the expense borne, as we have reason to believe, entirely by himself.

Neglected in life, and driven in a fit of despair occasioned by man's ingratitude and —and shall we say also—inhumanity to take his own life, the mortal remains of the gifted Canadian repose in the Camp-hill Cemetery, Halifax, unmarked by even so much as the little iron cross which it is the custom of the retired army veterans of the place to erect, out of their slender means, at the graves of unclaimed private soldiers. That this should be so is a matter for grave reproach to some one, but probably in this instance as in others of more general importance, what was everybody's business was nobody's business. Hamilton is dead now alike to the envious promptings of the little and the tardy attentions of the great, and his rest will continue undisturbed with or without a stone.

Some of his former friends, however, meeting accidentally together at Halifax, the other day, and to whose attention the neglected condition of his grave was brought, desiring to pay a mark of respect to one who in life was the embodiment of sincerity, fidelity and truth, at once started a subscription for the erection of a stone to his memory. Among the subscribers were the Hon. Mr. Justice Sedgewick, of the Supreme Court, Ottawa; Hon. Mr. Justice Rouleau, of the North-west Bench; Dr. Martin Murphy, Halifax; Lieut.-Col. MacShane, Brigade-Major, Halifax; Dr. Tobin, Halifax; Mr. Lundy, Halifax; Mr. William Dennis, Halifax *Herald*; Mr. Carroll Ryan, St. John, N.B., and Mr. Henry J. Morgan, Ottawa. We understand the list to be still open, and any one desirous of adding his name thereto may do so by addressing the treasurer, Mr. Alderman Dennis. As we believe the movement to be one of the first in Canada to erect a memorial to a literary man and a member of the Fourth Estate, we shall hope to see the list considerably augmented before many days. —*Ottawa Citizen.*

Pride went out on horseback and came home afoot.

Stern duties need not speak sternly. He who stood firm before the thunder worshipped "the still, small voice."—*Sydney Dobell.*

PUBLIC OPINION.

Canadian Gazette: Irrigation is evidently destined to play an important part in the development of arid lands in a section of the North-West. Three years ago there was no irrigation enterprise of any magnitude in Canada; this year there are thirty ditches and over 25,000 acres of land under irrigation, and the Irrigation Act adopted at the last session of the Dominion Parliament is calculated to stimulate the movement.

St. John Globe: Meredith being now disposed of, the next move will be to get a leader upon whom all the elements in opposition to Mowat can combine. There is no doubt that the situation in Ontario is very curious, with practically four parties in the Legislature, and while the Liberals have the largest number of members it is in dispute whether or not they have a clear majority over all. For a time at least the local situation there will be quite interesting.

Quebec Chronicle: The unpleasantness between Great Britain and France has blown over for the present, and both nations are at peace again. France is not prepared to undertake a great war with a country like England, just now. Her fleet is not on a good footing, and her national debt is very great, more than double that of the British Empire. As most of the fighting would be done on the water, it is easy to see why France, at this juncture, should hesitate.

Halifax Chronicle: New York politics are in a very unhealthy condition at the present time, and if the result of the approaching contest is to elect Hill the lovers of the American system of government who hope to see its principles vindicated may well despair. If Hill carries New York he will secure such prestige that it will be almost impossible to prevent him from capturing the next Democratic nomination for President, and it is generally believed that his ambition is to capture that nomination and become the candidate of one of the great political parties in the United States for President of the Republic. Shades of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln!

Montreal Gazette: A New York man has been brought into court for causing a disturbance at the theatre by hissing a song, of which he disapproved. The accused pleaded that he had as much right to hiss as to applaud, and the magistrate upheld his plea. The decision should encourage the practice of hissing, which has fallen into undeserved disfavour. The fault with most theatre audiences is not that they are too critical, but that they are not critical enough. They sit through vapid and over-worn wit, poor music, tame acting, scenes and dialogues that are morally or artistically objectionable. A little judicious hissing would go far toward cleansing the stage of much that now disgraces it.

London Advertiser: With regard to the appointment of Mr. Meredith to one of the most responsible positions in the service of the people, whatever the motive which has induced the Dominion Premier to make it, we have no doubt at all that his large ability, his habits of industry, his splendid memory, will enable the new Chief Justice to become a most efficient, fair-minded and upright judge. Leaving the past to take care of itself, we feel sure that we but voice the sincere views of the mass of the citizens of London when we say that they join with us, irrespective of party, in wishing the new Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas a long and useful career in the high position to which he has been called.

ABORIGINAL CRICKET.

The Bishop of Melanesia (Dr. Wilson), in a letter to a friend, sends an amusing account of cricketing in Norfolk Island, among the aborigines:—"After the breakfast," he writes, "we had a cricket match between the Norfolkers and ourselves. I got out first ball, and we were all out for 11; they got 39. What would I give to be able to bring home a team of these boys (from Malayta)! They don't clap, they warhoop; it is more like a shrill syren whistle than anything else. When the batsman is missed he leaps about warwhooping to the crowd, and they back to him, while he swings his bat round his head, to the peril of the bowler and the wicket-keeper. All have bare feet, some have white flannels; the bowlers wore white waistcoats. They throw and bowl like the wind, use no pads or gloves, don't mind a ball on the head or body, but jump about if it hit their toes. A cricket match is truly marvellous."—*Colonies and India.*

Dr. Dongan Clark, Professor in the Theological School of the Friends' College at Earlham, Ind., who, with ten other advanced Quakers, was baptized last summer, has been suspended.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

England has just adopted the Bertillon system, of minute anthropometric measurements for the identification of criminals, in addition to Herschell's finger print system, which Mr. Francis Galton has made generally known.

Glass-houses on wheels are now employed by horticulturists for forcing plants. The structures run on fixed rails and may thus be easily moved from place to place to points where it may be desirable to protect vegetation or to force its growth.

The chief engineer of the Chicago Telephone Company says in *Electrical Engineering* that there are in this country now in daily service 600,000 telephones, with 500,000 miles of wire, over which 600,000,000 messages are annually transmitted.

It is stated that artificial rubies are made in France in large quantities. These are intended especially for bearings in watches. They are made electrically by fusing clay with barium fluoride, to which chromium salts are added to give the red color.

By order of Secretary Herbert the Naval Observatory at Washington is to be reorganized, Prof. William Harkness being placed in full charge of all the astronomic work of the institution. It is understood that the reorganization does not contemplate any change in the present working force.

Professor Roux, of Paris, at the recent Hygienic Congress at Buda-Pesth, asserted that in the Paris hospitals 75 per cent. of the children inoculated with Behring's antidiphtheritine (serum taken from horses) were saved, while of those not inoculated 60 per cent. died and only 40 per cent. survived.

An English committee of sportsmen and naturalists is taking in hand the protection of South African mammals—the giraffe, zebra, eland, gnu, koodoo and other antelopes—against their threatened extinction. A suggested method of accomplishing this is to secure an enclosed park of about 100,000 acres.

An International telephone system to cover all Europe with its network is one of the latest movements to bring the nations into more intimate and more peaceful relations with each other. The cities of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Brussels and Antwerp are already connected by telephone, and the extension of the lines is a question of only a little time.

The rice-paper tree, one of the most interesting of the flora of China, has been successfully introduced into Florida, and promises to do as well there as in its native country. The celebrated rice-paper, the product of this queer tree, is formed of thin slices of the pith, which is taken from the body of the tree in beautiful cylinders several inches in length.

The United States has lost Mt. St. Elias to the British, as the result of the joint boundary survey of Alaska; and more than that, the British have two or three other mountains in the neighborhood which are even higher than this, which had been supposed to be the highest peak in North America. Mt. St. Elias is calculated to be 18,023 feet high, while Mt. Logan is 19,534, and, so far, heads the list of North American mountain peaks.

In a new process for coloring leather by electrical action the hide is stretched upon a metallic table and covered, except at the edges, with the coloring liquid. A difference of potential is established between the liquid and the metallic table. The effect of the electric current is to cause the pores of the skin to open, whereby the coloring is enabled to penetrate deeply into its tissue. —*Popular Science Monthly.*

A despatch to the London *Times* from Calcutta says that during the recent cholera epidemic at Lucknow several soldiers who were inoculated with Dr. Haffkine's virus were attacked, and that the proportion of mortality among them was the same as among ordinary patients. This contradicts the results of the experiments conducted by Drs. Haffkine and Simpson, in Calcutta last June. It was then said that few, if any, of those inoculated were attacked by the disease, or if attacked they promptly recover.—*New York Medical Record.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Canadian Pacific Company have inaugurated a new service across the American continent, reducing the running time of trains by half a day.

Another British steamer engaged in the petroleum trade has been fitted with furnaces and oil jets to enable her to burn oil instead of coal for generating steam.

The Paris *Temps* has printed an article from the Netherlands in which the fact is deplored that the French language is being rapidly displaced there among the educated classes by the German.

The repairing of the old aqueducts of Solomon in Jerusalem will entail the building of a tunnel 3,750 metres long, to cost £80,000. The aqueducts will bring the water to Jerusalem from the fountains of Arroul.—*Engineer.*

The grave of Eve is visited by over 40,000 pilgrims each year. It is to be seen at Jeddah, in a cemetery outside the city walls. The tomb is fifty cubits long and twelve wide. The Arabs entertain a belief that Eve was the tallest woman who ever lived.—*Chicago Interior.*

Miss Frances E. Willard, in a note to the Washington *Post*, says: "Will you please contradict the two latest misstatements of the press, which are that I have left the Prohibition party and that I recently drank wine at Chautauqua? Both are as false as a gambler's word or a drunkard's joy."

The Korean flag is white and bears in the centre a sort of ball, one half blue and the other red, typifying the two elements of creation, the male and the female. In the corners are strange and complicated blue characters invented by a Chinese Emperor a few thousand years ago.—*New York Sun.*

Cucumbers, cleft lengthwise, are used in some parts of Tennessee to exercise evil spirits. They are placed in the sun and sprinkled with the dried blood of a toad killed at the full of the moon at a cross roads. The spell is regarded as infallible by the ignorant blacks.—*Mail and Express.*

It is estimated that the California vintage this year will amount to not more than 18,000,000 gallons, which is considerably below the average. The grape crop suffered much from the drought of August. In some localities it dried up the juice, and in others so increased the sugar that many grapes intended to be made into dry wine will have to be converted into sweet varieties or distilled into brandy.—*New York Evening Post.*

General Caceres, recently made President of Peru, is spoken of as "a distinguished soldier and a thorough patriot."

One of the curious products is the jumping bean, a vegetable curiosity, whose feats of acrobatic agility have never been fully explained by the scientists. They grow in pods, each pod containing three beans. When placed on the table they fall over and skip about, sometimes actually jumping a good two inches. When held between the thumb and forefinger they are felt to beat as strongly as the throbbing of a strong man's pulse.

In an address the other day, at a meeting of the British Institute of Public Health, Sir Francis Seymour Haden took issue with the cremationists. He declared in the strongest language that earth burial, if properly conducted, can never endanger the health of the living, and carried the war into Africa by asserting that cremation is itself unsanitary, and therefore so serious a menace to the public health that it ought to be prohibited by law.—*New York Tribune.*

The Astor memorial doors, Trinity Church, New York City, are now completed and in place. They represent, it is said, an expenditure of at least $160,000. Competent critics who have seen all the most famous doors of the great churches of Florence, Vienna, Rheims, and Paris, say that these Trinity Church doors are superior both in design and workmanship to all previous achievements. Each door is fourteen feet high, weighs 4,200 pounds, and was cast in one piece.

Quebec House, Westerham, Kent, the house in which General Wolfe was born, is to be let. It is called after the battle in which the hero gained such renown. His first commission as lieutenant of Marines, signed by George II., was handed to him in the garden of Squerryes Court, close by. The chairs in the dining-room of the town residence of Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., 11, Delahay Street, Westminster, belonged at one time to General Wolfe. The house itself was the residence of Jeffreys when Lord Chancellor.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

The Chinese Government is after more taels to its kite.

Watch your conscience; if it approves of everything you do it is an indication that you are becoming conceited.

"She is the occasion of lots of talk wherever she goes." "Indeed?" "She always plays the piano, you know."

Boston Street Car Conductor: How old are you, my little girl? Little girl: If the corporation doesn't object I'd prefer to pay full fair and keep my own statistics.

Customer: Eight dollars? Nonsense! I'll give you $2 for the suit. Mr. Isaacstein: Two dollars! So hellup me gracious! I couldn't buy the button-holes for dot!

Reflection of an Old Coquette on taking up her position at the toilet table, all covered with phials and jars: Now for it! In another three hours I shall be thirty years younger!

Hills: Miss Dashley has a divine figure. Hulls: What makes you think so? Hills: Didn't I see her at the opera in the winter and in the surf at the Narragansett in the summer.

Lord Percy: Yaas; the English that is spoken heah in America is something quite uuintelligible to me, don't you know. She: Indeed? Lord Percy: Yaas; stews me into a perfectly beastly funk.

"Is your baby strong?" "Well, I should say so. He raised the whole family out of bed at three o'clock this morning, and scientists say that's the hour when everyone's strength is at its lowest point.

Fond Parent: Goodness, how you look, child. You are soaked. Frankie: Please, pa, I fell into the canal. F. P.: What, with your new trousers on? Frankie: I didn't have time, pa, to take 'em off.

Smallwort: I wonder what the Chinese Government are calling home their men in America for. They surely have enough men at home. Mrs. Smallwort: I guess they want the laundrymen as scouts to scour the country.

Mistress: Remember, Mary, if you break anything, I shall stop it out of your wages. Servant (impudently triumphant): Do it! Do it! I've just broke that fifty-guinea vase in the drorin' room, and if you can stop that out of a pound—for I'm goin' to leave at the end of the month—you'll be mighty clever.

"What's the matter? You seem to be in a frightful rage this morning.' "I am. You remember the challenge I sent to a magazine editor?" "Yes." "Well I have just received his answer. He says that my manuscript has been received and that it will be carefully examined in due course of time."

The soap agitation in Germany reminds the *Westminster Gazette* of Mark Twain's letter: Monsieur le Landlord—Sir: Pourquoi don't you mettez some savon in your bed chambers? Est-ce que vous pensez I will steal it? . . . Maisvous ne pouvez pas play this savon dodge on me twice. Savon is a necessary de la vie, to anybody but a Frenchman, et je l'aurai hors de cet hotel or make trouble. Allons.

The sedate, smooth-shaven, carefully-attired young Sunday school superintendent from Englewood sat down in the chair provided by the bootblack. "I want a good shine, my boy," he said. "I'm a little particular about my shoes." "You bet," responded the urchin heartily, as he opened his box of implements and began operations: "I'm onto all dat. You sportin' men's de most p'tickler customers we's got."

In Japan a man can live "like a gentleman" on $500 a year. For this sum he can keep two servants, pay rent on a comfortable (for Japan) house and have plenty of food.

At a recent medical congress at Pesth, in a discussion on diphtheria, it was stated that for years past 20,000 persons have annually fallen victims to this dread scourge in Hungary alone.

The mother of Abdul-Aziz, the new young Sultan of Morocco, bids fair to have as much sway as does the Empress of China. She is a woman of great talent and boundless tact, and her son is said to consult her before taking any political step.