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

CURRENT TOPICS.

Is not a city council just as truly bound in honour to respect and carry out the engagements of its predecessor as a national government? If so, it is not easy to see how the Toronto Council can escape the guilt and stigma of a violation of good faith, if it persists in reducing Engineer Keating's salary by \$1,000, or any other amount, knowing that he resigned his position in another city to come to Toronto, on the distinct understanding and promise that his salary should not be smaller than that he was giving up. Is the city really in such financial straits that it cannot keep faith with its faithful servants? If so, would it not be more straightforward for it to go into liquidation at once? It is quite probable that some of its officials may

be receiving salaries which would bear reducing, after fair notice. It is likely that there are some unnecessary officials whose services could be dispensed with, also after ample notice. But with regard to all the small economies which tend either to increase the number of the unemployed, or to curtail the amount of necessary or useful employment, we submit that the present is the wrong time for heroic measures. If the taxes are somewhat heavy, they fall, for the most part, upon those who are able to pay them, and consequently have simply the effect of distributing a little more evenly the pressure of hard times, surely a just and desirable result. But, above all things, let the citizens see to it that those who act for them in their municipal capacity do nothing in their name which falls below a high standard of honourable dealing.

The second reading of the Commercial Treaty with Russia in the German Reichstag, on Monday last, was an event of great and probably far-reaching political importance. It involves a stronger pledge of continued peace for Europe than the loudest protestations could give. The sanctioning of it by the Czar is a most significant hint to France that no defensive alliance with her against Germany is at present possible. It is interesting to note that the German Emperor, with his characteristic outspokenness, does not hesitate to speak of the Treaty as a part of "his policy for preserving peace" as well as for furthering the general prosperity. It is true that the bearing of the Treaty upon the relations between Russia and Austria is not so clear. Were it not that the Czar has, seemingly, a real aversion to war, he might be suspected of having a deep ulterior design, the first step towards the accomplishment of which would be the dissolution of the Triple Alliance, thereby freeing Germany from obligation to go to the support of Austria in case of difficulty between her and Russia. The immediate significance of the Treaty is, however, the powerful check it puts upon the revengeful ardour of France, and it cannot be denied that France is at present the only nation ready to play the part of firebrand in Europe. The chagrin of the French will hardly be lessened by the suspicion that this rebuff, for it almost amounts to that, may have been partly caused by the unwise extravagance of delight they displayed at the visit of the Russian fleet last year. That reception was altogether too effusive to be genuinely unselfish, and no doubt the Russian Government was shrewd enough to read its deeper meaning.

As among those who regard Independence as the worthiest goal of Canadian national ambition, we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that such advocates as Mr. Mercier and ex-Governor Royal are doing much to postpone the consummation indefinitely, or render it impossible. Their ideas of independence, including, as they evidently do, a tightening rather than a loosening of the bands which now hold a large part of the population in material, intellectual, and moral unprogressiveness, would be a retrograde rather than an advance movement. No independence which does not bring with it less of artificial restriction, fuller national freedom, and more complete unity, can ever be acceptable to the English-speaking advocates of independence. Quebec must, of course, share fully in this freedom, and have every scope for development along the lines which are most congenial to the genius of her own people, but every other province must have it in equal measure. More than that, the Canadian nation must be built on Anglo-Saxon, not on French lines, it being, of course, one of the characteristics of Anglo-Saxon civilization that full liberty of conscience, of thought, and of speech, shall be enjoyed by all citizens, without regard to race, colour, or religion. It is evident, therefore, that an independence sought, as a means of preventing the free development of the newer provinces, or of restricting any in the enjoyment of the fullest measure of self-government in local matters, can never meet the views of the majority, or become a reality in Canada. The genius of the English-speaking majority, and we believe also of the majority of French-Canadians, if they would but speak their minds, forbids.

Relief of evicted tenants, an amended registration bill, abolition of plural voting, disestablishment of the church in Wales, a local option bill, a bill for promoting conciliation in labour disputes, and two or three other reform measures, make up a truly Radical programme for the new session of the British Parliament. It is seldom that so short a Speech from the Throne foreshadows so much legislation of an advanced kind. This programme, taken in connection with Lord Rosebery's speech to his colleagues at the Foreign Office, must have had a reassuring effect upon those who feared that hereditary instincts and influences might stand in the way of the new Premier's progressiveness. Home Rule, not being on

the programme for the coming session, is not of course mentioned in the Queen's Speech, but on this point, too, Lord Rosebery's words must have been unequivocal enough to satisfy anybody except perhaps the Parnellite leader and a few of his rabid followers. As to the House of Lords, the Premier reminded his colleagues that he had used stronger language on the floor of the Upper Chamber itself than that of Mr. Gladstone in the Commons. When he pronounced that Chamber an anomaly, with the democratic suffrage, and reminded the Peers that with them revision was a delicate and rejection a dangerous business, he left really no place for the hereditary chamber in the legislative system. An Upper House forbidden to amend and afraid to reject legislation sent up to it would be a nonentity, which it would be humiliation as well as folly to perpetuate. It is evident, then, that the Mother Country is on the eve of stirring events, and that seldom if ever, in the whole course of her eventful political history, did issues so vital depend upon the issue of an election as those which will be staked upon that which must come within a year or two at farthest. Whether the trend of Radicalism is towards the Millennium or towards Avernus, the coming changes cannot fail to have a powerful effect in shaping the future history of the Empire.

Senators no less than other men have a right to be held innocent until they are proved guilty. We shall not, therefore, assume the guilt of those members of the American Senate who are suspected of having purposely delayed the reporting of the Tariff Bill, in order to enable them to enrich themselves by speculating in the fluctuations of the sugar-market. The accusation, which seems likely to be rigidly investigated, would be beyond credence were any degree of heartlessness incredible in those who have become the victims of the gambling mania. There is something peculiarly atrocious in the conduct of one occupying the high position of Senator who could shut his eyes to the suffering of a nation waiting in dire distress for the solution of the tariff question, and deliberately prolong the agony in order to put dishonest gains into his own pocket. Should the investigation result in proving a considerable number of Senators guilty of so cruel and unprincipled a betrayal of a high trust, it is by no means improbable that the result would be, not only the severe punishment of the culprits, but a formidable movement for the mending or ending of the Senate itself, as now constituted. Some American of prominence enough to make his words deemed worth reporting, has recently declared his conviction that there is not a single honest man in the august body which composes the Senate. It may be hoped that this assertion is altogether too sweeping. But there can be, we suppose, no doubt that the present mode of appointment

has had the effect of filling the Senate largely with a class of men whose wealth is often in inverse ratio to both principle and patriotism. The progress of the investigation, if one is had, will be watched with great interest from many points of the compass.

The Wilson Bill, as reported to the Senate, is shorn of many of its most liberal features. The free list is greatly curtailed, and the tariff has been raised on many products. This was expected by those who know something of the immense influence wielded by private interests. Many of the reductions which seemed likely to conduce to the extension of Canada's trade with the Union have been cancelled or modified. It would be useless to attempt to predict the fate of the Bill at the hands of the full Senate. It must be remembered, too, that the Representatives will still have another word to say. It is likely that the final shape will be given to the measure by a joint meeting of the two Houses, so that there is still room for considerable modification in the Bill before it becomes law. The Democrats have in this case been peculiarly unfortunate, in that their assumption of the reins was so closely followed by the great commercial depression. Though the causes of the depression, if and in so far as they were the product of bad legislation and administration, were due obviously more to the wrong policy of their predecessors than to themselves, yet the blame in such cases is pretty sure to fall most heavily upon those in power at the time. Moreover, it is, we suppose, undeniable that the uncertainties and prospective changes of the Bill are largely responsible for the universal business stagnation. The fact that under high protection the interests of individuals and firms benefitted becomes so powerful with the Government that reform is made trebly difficult, is really, as we have often had occasion to point out, one of the clearest proofs of the injurious character of the law. In any case the thin end of the wedge of tariff reform is now fairly entered in the United States. The driving of it home is mainly a question of time.

Written constitutions, with many men of many minds on the judicial benches to interpret them, make valid legislation difficult in the countries which have them. This is, at least, the experience of the United States. Whether all the provisions of the Inter-State Commerce Law are necessary or judicious we shall not attempt to decide, but that there was and is great need for some of its provisions will, no doubt, be almost universally admitted. Every intelligent citizen, who has no private interests to serve, must grant that it is intolerable that railways which have been endowed with special powers by charter, without which powers they could never have been

built, above all, railways which have been aided with municipal or public funds, should be permitted to grant specially low rates to favoured individuals or firms, to the ruin of all competitors not so favoured. It was, as many of our readers will remember, largely through this kind of favouritism, bought with a price, that the Standard Oil Company in its earlier days was enabled to acquire the monopoly which has made it one of the richest and most masterful, and probably one of the most unscrupulous, combinations in existence. To prevent kindred abuses was one of the chief objects of the Inter-State Commerce Act. Yet now, after years of attempted operation and unflagging opposition, two judgments recently obtained from Courts have pretty effectually deprived the Inter-State Commerce Commissioners of their powers under that Act, and have set the people to considering afresh how they are to prevent a grievous injustice and abuse of trust such as that above mentioned.

As the questions at issue are of more than local interest, we may explain in a few words the principles involved. The first decision which crippled the power of the Commissioners was that given by Judge Brewer to the effect that the prohibition of a greater charge for a short haul than for a long one applied only to local lines, and not to through systems. The effects of this decision (which, by the way, is based upon an interpretation of the Inter-State Act itself, not of the Constitution, and hence does not illustrate the first remark in the above paragraph) may readily be conceived. But now Judge Grosscup, of the United States Circuit Court, has pretty nearly annihilated what was left of the power of the Inter-State Commission. The question at issue was that involved in the interpretation and application of the clause of the Constitution which provides that "no person shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself." The course of legislation and action as explained by the *Outlook*, has been as follows:—Under this clause it became common long since for important witnesses in criminal cases to refuse to testify, on the plea that their evidence might criminate themselves. To prevent the defeat of justice which often resulted from this plea, Congress enacted that testimony given by a witness should not be used in criminal proceedings against him. When prosecutions of railway officials became common under the Inter-State Commerce law, the Circuit Court decided, in a certain case, that the Act of Congress did not afford the witness the protection intended by the Constitution, inasmuch as the testimony given might afford clues which would aid indirectly in the prosecution of the witness. To meet this Congress enacted that a witness in a case under the Inter-State Commerce Act should be free from prosecution in any event. Judge Grosscup has now decided that railway officials still need not

testify unless they choose to do so. If this decision holds, it not only renders the Interstate Commissioners practically powerless, but leaves competing traders and the public at the mercy of the monopolists who can get the ear of the railway authorities. As the people will not long submit to this, the result will no doubt be new legislation, culminating possibly in public ownership of railways, which has already many advocates.

Should Christian churches be voluntary institutions? It can hardly be denied that they were originally such. If it be said that that was a matter of necessity, as neither their Great Founder nor His disciples, for many generations, had the political power or influence necessary to enable them to procure state endowments, or exemptions from taxation of any property they might obtain, we may, without stopping to resent on behalf of those unworldly and self-sacrificing bodies the seeming imputation, shift the ground. Can any Christian doubt for a moment whether they would have accepted for the maintenance of their churches the aid of taxes levied upon the unbelievers who constituted the masses in those days? Does not such a conception seem antagonistic to the fundamental principles on which the early churches were built? They were based on the most altruistic principles. They were bound together by the most unworldly bonds. Their mission was to carry their Gospel to all the world. Those who claim to be their successors, especially those of them who are classed under such names as "Protestant" and "Evangelical," are fond of proclaiming that the great blessings of which they are the heralds are "without money and without price." They, moreover, declare that these blessings are of such infinite value that all the wealth of the world is as nothing in comparison. Should we not be justified in expecting that those who have such a trust committed to their hands, who claim to be the successors of the early churches in the work of evangelizing the world, would think no self-denial or sacrifice too great which would help to commend this Gospel to all classes of men? Should we not be justified in expecting that, if really sincere in their professions, they would most carefully avoid taking any advantage of their influence in the State in order to compel those whom they were anxious to persuade to accept their Heavensent message, to contribute directly or indirectly for the support of their organizations, knowing that it was but natural that by doing so they would arouse a sense of injustice and put a stumbling-block in the way of those whom they were above all things desirous to win? Let the thoughtful Christian reader put aside for the moment all preconceived opinions; let him pursue the train of thought imperfectly suggested in these remarks; let him help his reasonings

by supposing himself a citizen of a Mohammedan or Hindu state and compelled to aid indirectly in the support of the prevailing religion, and see to what conclusion he will be led concerning the position of those Christian ministers and laymen who appeared before the Premier of Ontario a few days ago to oppose the repeal of the law which exempts church property from bearing its just share of the burdens of municipal administration.

The foregoing paragraph is intended to suggest what seems to us the point of view from which the tax exemption question should be regarded by the churches. What about the other side of it—the municipal, or political side? Have those who are the chosen representatives of the whole people any moral right to exempt from municipal taxation any institutions or properties which are owned and used by but a part of the citizens? Have they any moral right to tax Jews or Agnostics to aid in the propagation of a system in which these do not believe? Have they any right to compel Methodists and Presbyterians to aid in the support of Episcopalian or Unitarian or Catholic churches, and *vice versa*? Has not every citizen in a state which boasts of freedom and the equality of all citizens before the law, a right to have his conscientious convictions respected? It is not in the power of logic to dispute that exemption from taxation is the same thing in principle and in effect as a subsidy from the municipal chest. Righteousness exalteth a nation. Is not this essential unrighteousness. We are, of course, familiar with the specious arguments about the good the churches do the state in conserving public morals, etc. We might challenge the fact. Do not many of those who so strongly support exemptions believe, if they will be but candid, that the Catholic churches, for instance, which receive probably in proportion to population a larger share of the pecuniary benefits of exemption than any other, because they are more given to building expensive churches, by their system of ecclesiastical absolutism and their denial of the right of liberty of thought and of conscience, do much more harm than good from both a moral and a religious point of view? And does not the devout Catholic, in return, hold that Protestantism means moral deterioration and religious apostasy and ruin? There is some logic in the State endowment of one ecclesiastical system, as in Quebec or England, for those who are responsible may plead that that is the one true system. But what can be more illogical than that the State should endow indirectly—the State would ever think of doing so directly—the most contradictory and antagonistic systems, thereby either helping to perpetuate useless and harmful strifes and divisions, or aiding with equal liberality, from the public funds, vital truth and deadly error?

STATE-TAUGHT RELIGION.

In establishing the public school the State assumes in a measure the responsibility of training its citizens for good citizenship. But religion is the basis of right character. It is impossible to train effectively for good citizenship and ignore religion. We are, moreover, a Christian people, and have no good reason to "go back" on our Christianity or our Bible. Sectarianism creates a difficulty, but sectarianism is not of the essence of religion. Religion as the basis of a loving and righteous life can be taught without reference to the conflicting systems of doctrine which give rise to sectarianism. On these lines the State should cause religion to be taught in the public schools.

The above is, we think, not an unfair summary of the best argument for religious instruction in the schools, as urged by those who believe that "the establishment of a non-religious school is a violation of the very instincts of humanity." This view of the case suggests certain questions and comments.

First. What is the Christian religion? Is it a system of doctrines, or a set of rules for conduct or both combined and correlated? Does it have to do with motives, or simply with actions? Is it something which can be taught, like history or algebra, or does it belong to an entirely different category, that of inner experiences and motives? The bearing of these questions upon the discussion must be obvious to anyone, on a moment's reflection. If teaching religion means simply teaching "the precepts whereby charity, honesty, patriotism and truthfulness are inculcated," no good citizen, and certainly no sincere Christian, can object to having religion taught in the schools. Religion, thus understood, is but ordinary morality, or if it be, by virtue of the word "charity," included in our definition, a loftier morality than the ordinary, embracing right motive as well as proper action, still the precepts whereby it is inculcated may be found in the writings and sayings of pagan philosophers and the founders of heathen religions, as well as in the Bible. There are, so far as we are aware, no two opinions as to the necessity of having morality, and the purest and loftiest morality possible, taught in the schools. Even the agnostic and the atheist, if good citizens, will approve of the teaching of good morals in the schools.

But will those who are conscientiously in favor of religious instruction in the schools accept the mere teaching of moral precepts, even those derived from the Bible, as religious instruction? We trow not. This morality, we are told, must be taught "with authority." What can this mean if not that the teaching must be based upon the great fundamental truths of the Christian system? What are those fundamental

truths? The moment we attempt to define them, the difficulty begins. The mere reading of the Bible is not religious instruction. If the morality of the Bible is to be taught with authority, the teacher must surely be at liberty, in fact be required, to refer his teachings continually to an indisputable, authoritative source. His pupils, if they are to be expected to accept the instruction as authoritative, must be at liberty to ask, and the teacher must be ready to answer, such questions as pertain to the existence and nature of God, the evidence that the Bible is a revelation from Him, the true meaning and application of the laws and precepts given, and, above all, seeing that the simplest and sublimest laws of life are those given on the authority of the Christ of the New Testament, the origin and nature of Him who claimed this divine authority. The history of the struggle which has been for some time past going on in the London (Eng.) School Board is instructive on this point. That Board has had, for some years past, as our readers are aware, a compromise system of religious instruction, or what Lord Salisbury has recently described as "a patent compressible religion, which can be forced into all consciences with a very little squeezing." Certainly not much power or efficacy can be expected from a system of religious instruction which does not permit the teacher to instruct his pupils on such questions as, e. g., whether the Great Head of the Christian church is divine or human, or whether the Scriptures as we have them can be relied upon as the revelation of God, free from substantial errors, or is simply a human book, liable to the misconceptions and mis-statements which characterize, in a greater or less degree, all human productions. The natural consequence of an attempt to avoid all such vital questions is seen in the struggle in which the Bishops and other ecclesiastics of the London Board are arrayed on one side, in determined conflict with the united forces of Nonconformity and Unitarianism on the other.

Is it not, then, evident that to attempt to teach Christian ethics apart from Christian doctrine, is to teach an emasculated religion in the schools, and to divorce the great moral truths of the New Testament from the great doctrines which give them authority and power. What, on the other hand, must be the effect of an attempt to teach the Christian religion in its fulness and spiritual power is well described in the following extract from Dr. Fairbairn's essay on "The Church and the Working-classes:"

"It is humiliating to think that the thing which the majority in the London School Board so fanatically fights for is called religious education. The thing wanted is not to be got at in the ordinary Board school or from the average Sunday-school teacher; the churches must give it, make it their constant charge, do it as their most vital work, devote to it their finest and best equipped spirits. What is called religious education

is, to speak the blunt truth, often only a preparation for scepticism. It is appalling to think what would happen were the highest mysteries of the Christian faith made into subjects and standards for the ordinary Board school; even in the hands of a skilful and reverent teacher they would appear as a series of antinomies that grew ever more incredible and ever less capable of reconciliation. These are things that only the most high-trained, scholarly and philosophical intellect is qualified to teach, especially to boys."

So far we have regarded the subject from the point of view of Christianity itself. But there is another side which demands consideration. Grant, for argument's sake, that the religious denominations, including even the Roman Catholics, could agree on a system of religious instruction for the schools which could be free from all the objections indicated, the question would still arise, Has the State a right to impose upon its citizens a system of religion and cause it to be taught authoritatively, at the expense of all the taxpayers, regardless alike of political justice and the rights of conscience? "Why, certainly," some one replies. "Are we not a Christian people—a Christian State?" We are, undoubtedly, a Christian people in the sense that a large majority of the citizens are nominally believers in the Christian system. We are a Christian State in the sense that a certain respect is paid by most of those whom we choose to make and execute our laws, to the Bible and the churches. But can it be truthfully said of any people in the world that the majority honestly and sincerely seek to square their business and conduct with New Testament principles, as laid down, say, in the Sermon on the Mount? Is there any state in Christendom which even professes to act in accordance with those principles? Are not the lives of most individuals and the policies of all so-called Christian States, based avowedly upon maxims far as the poles removed from the self-denying altruism which is the fundamental principle of New Testament Christianity? But that is by the way. The question just here is, Can the State cause the creeds of a majority to be taught authoritatively in the schools without violating the first principles of civil and religious liberty and equality, which are the boast of our civilization, the backbone of our democratic system? Surely that would accord neither with political nor with religious righteousness, if we can make a distinction between the two.

Questions and difficulties multiply as we proceed. We can refer to but one more, and that very briefly. Let the religious system be agreed upon by the majority and the State be authorized and instructed to cause it to be taught. In order to do this it must see to it that only competent teachers are employed. This leads us directly to the employment of religious tests by the State in the licensing of teachers. The people do not apply religious tests to those

whom they elect to make and execute their laws. That is a manifest impossibility in a representative system. But the men elected by this system, some of whom may be Jews, or Agnostics, or Athiests, must prescribe and apply tests to ensure the orthodoxy of every teacher in the land. Why is it that the teachers of London are protesting so energetically against the attempt to commit the London School Board to positive religious instruction in the schools? Because they see clearly that the only logical outcome of such a requirement is the re-imposition of the religious tests from which they hoped the educational institutions of England had shaken themselves forever free.

Does the history of the teaching of religion by the State in England and on the continent of Europe show it to have been so beneficial and blessed in its result that we Canadians should hasten to put the yoke upon our own necks? Let us reflect.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN SCHOOL.

The writer of the thoughtful article on this subject which appeared in a recent issue of THE WEEK advances some pure-minded ideas; but he forgets that the jealous, the narrow, the bigoted, all make part of the little world he would reform; his own eye is single; but how about the eye of the sectarian?

"All things are possible to those who believe," says the writer, "and the growth of a trusting, rather than the cultivation of a suspicious spirit, would bring mountains down to the level and make plain a path for the feet." The adult members of a household may affect to love and to be devoted to the children of the same family, but at the same time may wrangle and strive, pour out bitternesses and jealousies, all to the ultimate cost of the children who look to their grown-ups for example. Just so, it seems to many, are the sects and denominations at variance one with the other, the children of both a smaller and a larger growth suffering in the meantime. The undertone of the article referred to is good, and it is to be hoped that the writer of it will find others able to carry out a plan on the lines indicated by him. At the same time, the morality of Robert Elsmere by itself is not Christianity; and if we profess to be a country governed by Christianity, by all means let Christianity in its simplest form be taught.

"For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD." Prayers to the Unknown God at least indicate a spirit of reverence, and a desire to worship something higher than the worshippers. With us, under present circumstances, the foundation-stone of an altar to the Unacknowledged God is being rapidly built over.

A doctrine broad enough to meet with the approval of Herbert Spencer, and to embrace the tenets of Robert Elsmere, is not narrow enough for Canada. The term religion in Canada is synonymous with Christianity, and it is difficult to see how a Christian sermon can be hung from an Elsmesian text.

Granted that the hundredth psalm meets with Herbert Spencer's approval, many take exception to the psalms, as a whole, as a sole standpoint of religion, let alone of

Christianity. The language employed by David was the language of a poet, and the language of the time, breathing pantheism as much as deism; in addition to which, should any man of the world, such as David was to his times, now indite the complainings of his soul in equally unmeasured terms he would be voted a sufferer from morbid introspection. On the other hand, it is granted that his lyrics hold a foremost place in devout literature, and no one has yet looked forward to the time when they will cease to be a solace and an inspiration to Christendom.

The beauty of Mr. Burton's suggested scheme is marred by the unmanageable form of his material. He forgets, like John Ruskin in his political economy of the clouds, that every other man has not an eye as single as his own. Could Bellamy and Ruskin mould men as they would matter, their Utopian Economy would easily become an accomplished fact.

X.

O CANADA, FAIR LAND.

(Song for music in marching time.)

O Canada, our home, wherever we may come
Or go, while skies are bright and blue above us,
Whoever they may be, in other lands than
us,
We love with honest friendship, and who
love us;
Our hearts turn ever back, in the Aurora's
track,
From southern lines or far beyond the
ocean,
To find thee ever near, thy children doubly
dear,
O Canada, fair land of our devotion!

Hurrah! hurrah!

God bless our Canada,

Her provinces from ocean unto ocean;

We are brothers, we are one,

From east to set of sun,

O Canada, fair land of our devotion!

We love the thundering tide poured down thy
rivers wide,
Thy viewless circling shores of greater
waters,
The flowerets round our feet, the woodland
warblers sweet,
Thy hardy stalwart sons and lovely daugh-
ters;
The prairie and the plain, long miles of golden
grain,
Stirred by the autumn breeze to gentle mo-
tion,
Thy western crests that rise snow-capped to
greet the skies,
O Canada, fair land of our devotion!

We bless thy pioneers, stout hearts of former
years,
Obedient to the first command of Heaven,
Who held it service true earth's corners to sub-
due,
And swell by life-long toil the talent given,
Should famine lay her hand on many another
land,
Yet plenty shall abound within our Goshen,
While their brave spirit fires the children of
such sires,
O Canada, fair land of our devotion!

O gallant hearts and leal, who braved both lead
and steel,
And suffered loss in early days or later,
So proud to fight and toil that naught of thy
fair soil
To Britain's Crown should ever prove a
traitor!
Their sons are living still, their blood prepared
to spill,
And spurn alike each foreign foe and notion,
Around thy flag they'll throng, five hundred
thousand strong,
O Canada, fair land of our devotion!

Yet, God vouchsafe us peace, that good-will
may increase,
And true love bind all dwellers in our bor-
ders,
Our warfare to efface harsh lines of creed and
race,
For this may Heaven give the marching
orders.
Whate'er our fathers' land, Canadians all we
stand,
Thy sons, who greet with patriot emotion,
Home than all homes more worth, Dominion
of the North,
O Canada, fair land of our devotion!

J. CAWDOR BELL.

PARIS LETTER.

The anarchist epidemic may be viewed as "cut," to use the term applied to fevers. The vigorous tracking of the wild men, both by England and France has impressed them with a salutary terror—a consummation devoutly wished. The anarchists are now aware they are nowhere safe, and when the *Debauche* has set in, there will be no lack of informers, as every man will be then playing for his own hand—if not head. Acting on recent revelations, the Government has made a second national razzia. The catches and discoveries were not many, which is consoling. Nowhere has evidence been acquired that the anarchists constitute what is ordinarily understood as a secret society having rules and pass words. They formed a kind of tadpole unity, that would be dangerous only that a Frenchman will never go far in the matter of isolated action. The recent finds of the police show that the anarchists were recruited from two layers of the working classes—married men in the prime of life with families, and that "leisure" class known as tramps. Trade, which did suffer from the proceedings of the anarchists, is beginning to recover, since the so-called national and international strength and resources of that body, have become known. M. Zola does not consider the epidemic of such great importance as to treat it by a special novel; it can wait till he arrives at his section of social pictures of the capitals of Europe, to be devoted to "Paris." By that time anarchy may be dead and buried—as Boulangism is.

More activity on the part of the detectives, both in France and England, with a constant exchange of views, in the "shadowing" of the suspected, would be a real mercy for the latter while preventing calamities, by anticipating their occurrence. A sharp eye ought to be kept on the sale of chemicals that serve for the "Celestial parcel posts." It is next to impossible to purchase these in France, secretly, but they can be clandestinely imported. The police have made a point by the capture of the Anarchist Sebastien Faure, who apparently has stepped into the vacancy created by the commendable retreat of the Marquis de Mores. His voluminous correspondence with anarchists all the world over, as well as a registry of sympathizers subscribing to all anarchal papers, has been seized. Faure became the mouthpiece, as it were, of the anarchists, travelled from town to town in France to lecture for their cause, and with the door money—he had gained a good deal—he helped forward "the good workers and their work." When arrested, the only favor he asked, was to put a bank note for 500 francs into his purse, and that he did, to meet sundry prison expenses. At last people asked, who this man Faure was; what were his antecedents, as he is very

well educated, and a graceful, fluent, and honey-tongued orator? He is an ex-Jesuit! the socialists and anarchists raise their eyes and arms in holy horror, at having such a leader. He is 36 years of age, and was born at Sainte Etienne near Lyons, of very respectable parents, who are merchants. His own profession is that of unlicensed stockbroker. He made his clerical studies at Clermont, and was received Jesuit at the college of St. Michel, where he was celebrated for his monarchical views and piety, as well as his esoteric life, submitting himself voluntarily to every mortification. But why he left the Society of Jesus has never been known, though he was one of their most promising members. He is mystical and has a rage for making proselytes. Alas! all his preachings have been to advocate the destruction of society, and to enlist the working classes to aid him. He left prison last November, where he had put in 18 months for inciting the public to commit murder, pillage and civil war. Previously he had been fined for the same misdemeanours, smaller penalties. This time he will be kept safe till the epidemic is stamped out. People need not lose their heads because a few more bombs are thrown, they are farewell shots.

After the bomb-throwings the next most important matter is the corn duties. The moderate protectionists aided by the free traders will not be able to prevent the augmentation of the tax, fixing the due at 70 in place of 80 fr. per ton on cereals, chiefly wheat and rye. In presence of so momentous a subject, not a single public meeting has been convened in France, to either bless or curse. And the free trade press is only laughed at. The Russian newspapers tell France pretty plainly, that by her raising the duty on corn she kills commercial relations with the Moscovites, throwing them, as they have been, into the arms of Germany. The manifestations then of Cronstadt and Toulon, are they to end in smoke? No allusion is now ever made to the Franco-Russian alliance. *Sic transit gloria*, etc.

M. Brunetiere, the newly received Academician is receiving plenty of red-hot shot and all kinds of broadsides for his going out of his way in his inaugural address to reflect on journalists and journalism. This gentleman is by nature hedgehoggy; he admits that is the only way he can beat off persons from plaguing him about writing for periodicals. He is now editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the two *Mondes* being the ancient and the modern; he lives in the first, and is wholly out of touch with the other. According to him the actualities the public want are those relating to the Chaldeans and the Egyptian questions of the days of the Shepherd Kings, with disquisitions on Nebuchadnezzar's taste for grazing and crawling on all fours; about Potiphar's old wife and Cleopatra's milestone nose. No wonder the *Revue* he edits has ever been recommended as the best calmant for the *agites*; it was the only soporific that relieved Bismarck when suffering from insomnia. Happily, it has more subscribers than readers, and a young man carrying it under his arm would be more rapidly pronounced good for matrimony than if he had a copy of Bossuet's sermons or a collection of all the Lenten pastorals since the Rev. Hyacinthe Loyson cast the cowl and cassock to return to Old Catholicism.

And the naval question? The Committee of Inquiry is sentencing itself to hard la-

bor, for an unfixed period, to bring the hidden works of darkness to light. It is on the organization of the system of manning the navy, and utilizing the reserves against coast attacks, that the Committee are devoting most attention. The victualling of the dockyards is only an affair of a few months and that of bringing out of new ships of a few years; but if there be no hands to consume the supplies, or work the ironclads, etc., all is useless. *Oldity* (political) No. 2; dead silence reigns respecting the Russian flying squadron in the Mediterranean. Where is it? A Frenchman observed to me, it was not of much importance where it was, as that of the English was certain to be not far from it.

M. Ducret, the editor who has just been liberated from his six months' imprisonment for the conspiracy of employing the negro Norton to forge Foreign Office documents alleged to compromise England, has written a book explaining how he belled the cat respecting the divulgence of Panamaism. He received all his information from M. Cotta, one of the directors of the Canal Co., and hints he was aided by Minister Constans and Andrieux ex-Prefect of Police. His journal, he confesses, received 2,000 frs. per month from the Secret Service Fund. Since he was in a contrite mood, he might have related how he concocted the British Embassy forgeries. He has written some yellow covered awfuls drawn from his inner consciousness with a prodigality that would make a German professor jealous. It was doubtless from the same source he obtained the materials for his Panamaism and forgeries.

The independent cabs are reforming fares themselves; the drivers announce they will accept 33 per cent. off the legal tariff for short distances; they keep their vehicles warmed, cozy as a pie, and warranted never to suffocate the patron by the heat. They will throw in politeness free of charge. Have the anarchists produced this reform?

The French are virtually in a craze to apply the system of "General" Booth to rescue the unfortunate, the weary and heavy laden, by work. This plan of redeeming the Parisian "Submerged Tenth" is to be improved upon. The best way to keep the daughters of the poor straight, is to not only secure them work, but to obtain them husbands; now the girls cannot be got off unless they have a *dot* or fortune, hence the object of the latest philanthropic society, that of appealing to the charitable to contribute mites to endow the marriageable daughters of beggars. And when will they collect the ways and means for girls that are not beggar maids?

The terrible cold snap in the weather is creating great havoc with social life, to say nothing of the natural. Have you remarked that this sudden drop in the thermometer, etc., coincides with the runaway in fields, laden with people that bolted from Finland, and scampered into the Baltic? The glacial gusts that attack you as if you were being focussed by a collection of organ pipes with Boreas blowing the bellows, tell most severely upon the rheumatic. So many are down from inflamed big and little joints that the wonder is flannel has not run up in price and liniment after it. The doctors say that starvation is the best medicine to relieve rheumatism; happily many are compelled to adopt that prescription without it being written down. It is as cheap as hope and as flattering.

A grocer's clerk discovered a cheap night refuge; he knew that one of the clients had a comfortable bedroom that she never occupied save on a Sunday, as she had to sleep on the premises where she worked. He found the means of entering the room quietly every evening, and quitting it at a suitable hour in the morning. But the "Box and Cox" arrangement had to end; the boy slept it out one Sunday morning, and was astonished at a policeman telling him to get up and follow him to the station when an angry female declared she would certainly accompany them.

The new Minister of War is not in the odour of sanctity with wealthy families by his new decree, compelling all candidates for the Officers Academy to serve the first year of their schooling, in the ranks, as simple soldiers, and thus be brought directly into touch with those they may have in time to command. It is the application of the democratic principle in the widest sense, but apart from that, General Mercier is quite right. It is a capital reform to ensure practical knowledge.

VIEWS OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.

The following letters were respectively received from Dr. J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., F.R.S.C., and Messrs. William Wilfrid Campbell and Duncan Campbell Scott in reply to letters from me as indicated in the previous issue of THE WEEK. They are also given substantially as received:

L. E. HORNING.

"The subject is one which can be made most instructive when treated in a spirit of genuine criticism, and not in that vein of indiscreet eulogy which is far too common in this country. I have little or nothing new to say on a subject which I have already discussed in my presidential address before the Royal Society of Canada on 'Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness,' which is now accessible to all those who think it worthy of their perusal. I think, on the whole, there have been enough good poems, histories and essays, written and published in Canada for the last four or five decades to prove that there has been a steady, intellectual growth on the part of the Canadian people, and that it has kept pace at all events with the mental growth in the pulpit, or in the legislative halls, where, of late years, a practical debating style has taken the place of the more rhetorical and studied oratory of old times. I believe the intellectual faculties of Canadians only require larger opportunities for their exercise to bring forth a rich fruition. I believe that the progress in the years to come will be far greater than that we have yet shown, and that necessarily so, with the wider distribution of wealth, the dissemination of a higher culture, and a greater confidence in our own mental strength, and in the resources that this country offers to pen and pencil.

The tendency in Canada, however, I am afraid, is to *hasty* writing which means necessarily *slovenly* writing. The literary canon, which every ambitious writer should have ever in his mind, has been stated by Sainte-Beuve, the critic *par excellence* of France: 'Devoted to my profession as a critic, I have tried to be more and more a good, and, if possible, an able workman.' A good style means artistic workmanship. If we could have, in the present state of our intellectual development, a criticism in

the press which would be truthful and just, the essential characteristics of Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold, the effect would be probably in the direction of encouraging promising and careful writers, as well as original thinkers. 'What I have wished,' said the French critic, 'is to say not a word more than I thought, to stop even a little short of what I believed in certain cases, in order that my words might acquire more weight as historical testimony.' Truth tempered by consideration for literary genius is the essence of sound criticism.

I repeat what I have said on many occasions. Literary stimulus seems to be more or less wanting in a colony where there is in some quarters a want of self-confidence in ourselves and our institutions, arising from that sense of dependency and habit of imitation and borrowing from others that is a necessity of a colonial condition. The tendency of insufficient self-assertion is to cramp intellectual exertion. When we see in the Dominion generally less of that provincialism which means a narrowness of mental vision on the part of our literary aspirants, and prevents Canadian authors from reaching a larger audience in other countries, we shall rise superior to those weaknesses of our intellectual character which now impede our mental development, and shall be able to give larger scope to what original and imaginative genius may exist among our people. With the expansion of our mental horizon, with the growth of experience and knowledge, with the creation of a wider sympathy for native talent, with the disappearance of that tendency to self-depreciation, which is so essentially colonial, and with the encouragement of more self-reliance and confidence in our own intellectual resources, we may look forward with hopefulness to conditions of higher development.

J. G. BOURINOT.

Ottawa, Jan'y 29th, 1894.

"As a writer it is difficult for me to speak frankly without incurring the risk of being misunderstood by many who may not look at our literature from my point of view. Like all writers I have my literary ideals, which govern my development, and it is from the standpoint of these that I will look at our literary conditions.

There is no doubt that we have the beginnings of a literature, in poetry at least. But that we have produced much serious work that is liable to live is, another question. We have several clever men who have made their names as magazine writers, but just what impression their work is having on the national life it is very hard to discover. A writer may acquire considerable reputation in certain literary circles to-day and yet never be in touch with the great reading public at all, his standing as a man of letters being fixed by his fellow-writers, many of whom he in turn helps to celebrate in the same manner. In fact, it has become quite fashionable among certain literary cliques to rather scorn the work of a man who has the power of impressing the public, as being work of a secondary order. But this power of impressing the public is to my mind the true test that marks out the real poet from the mere clever versifier. While there are myriads of skillful versifiers in the neighboring Republic there is only one man, James Whitcomb Riley, who is in real touch with the people as a whole. It is his power of putting the humanities into his verse that makes

him what he is, a true poet. On the other hand, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, perhaps the most polished verse-writer this continent has produced, with all his delicate skill and power as a word-builder in verse, is to-day no more the American national poet than is the "Sweet Singer of Michigan." He can turn quaint fancies into musical lyrics, can write polished sonnets as far as technique is concerned that would have shamed many of the great poets, but he has utterly failed to acquire a national fame as a poet. The simple reason for this is that he is not a real poet at all, but merely a skilled verse-maker. He is remarkably clever, but you may turn his volumes over from cover to cover and rarely if ever find anything to appeal to the heart. His soul is unresponsive to the deep mysteries of existence, to the terrible problems of life. He is a word artist, pure and simple, but he is not and never could be a great poet. I would now, with these comparisons in mind, turn your gaze to Canada, and I would say that our writers, to give us a literature worthy of the name, must have higher ideals than the carving of magazine cameos. The greatest poets in all ages have been dramatic and epic, and no poet can be called great who has not reached high grade in one of these departments of literature. Of course there have been great lyrical poets, like Burns, but they have been great in the humanities. Nature-poetry, or rather landscape-verse, as the most of it really is, has been overdone. It is a sure sign of decadence in literature, when this kind of verse is given over-much prominence. This is a kind of literature that will always be strictly minor in its characteristics, though a writer who, with the painter's eye, devotes himself to it assiduously, may more easily, in this field, reach what some call perfection than in any other branch of literature. I cannot speak for our other writers, as I am not aware of their ideals, but speaking for myself, I must say that I would have little hope for our literature did I think it were merely to produce a few polished sonnets and delicate lyrics. I know this is an age when great ideals and efforts in all the arts are scoffed at by men who have no ideals save perfection in reproducing the commonplaces, and that my hopes and ambitions for our literature may be laughed at as absurd, but in spite of all this decadent tendency, I sincerely believe that if a man has the large ideas and great conceptions within him, that he has just as much right and chance to-day to produce great poetry as at any other age or condition of the world's history.

One of the great stumbling blocks in the way of developing good literature is the contemporary magazine verse. It claims to represent current poetry and in this way is gradually weaning the public who read it from any great ideal of poetry. The professional magazine verse-writer monopolizes the place of the real poet. True genius too is shamed out of public notice by the glittering finish and the clever sneer of the magazine verse-makers and his friend, the newspaper critic, who worships the little tin-art god. If a real poem at rare intervals appears in the magazines it is by chance indeed. The best proof of the general contempt for magazine verse is shown in the refusal of leading publishers to publish in book form verses that were to a large extent printed in their own magazine. It is not a very difficult matter for a clever versifier to get his little lyrics and sonnets accepted by magazine editors, but he is a

fool who dreams this to be the road to fame as a poet. This is not how the great line from Shakespeare to Tennyson made their fame. Magazines and polished verses were an unknown quantity in the days of Bryant, Poe, Longfellow, Whitman and Whittier. It is needless for me to compare the poetry of these strong individualities with the mediocre current verse that goes for poetry in various magazines now-a-days. I speak from the strongest conviction when I say that there can be no real poetic development in this or any other country until the great reading public is ready to buy a book of verse, not as a means of light recreation, not because the critics admire its style or finish, but because they feel the author has a great inspiration to interpret the sublime and the beautiful to his fellowmen, and that the volume in question contains but a part or stage of his development in this impulse. My ideal of the great poet is he of the great heart, strong intellect, and wide and deep knowledge, who with an exquisite sympathy towards all the tragedy and beauty of existence, reaches out and down into all the recesses of the human heart with a natural instinct that knows and feels what other men often take a lifetime to learn. All this coupled with a born desire and power to translate these tragedies and beauties into the majestic forms and moods of human language, constitutes, to my mind, the chief characteristics of poetic genius. The poet must be, first and foremost, a man of ideas and ideals, a burning soul, lifted above the ordinary plane by a passionate interest in the race as a whole, and in the relationship of the individual to the great Unknown. He should be ahead of his age in knowledge and aspiration, and should know history as other men know their own times. This has been so of all the great poets of the past, in part at least. Patriotism is also an indispensable quality of poetry. But the great patriotic poetry is not found in stiff odes, but in the battle, death and folk songs of a people. Such poems can only be written under pressure of a great crisis and can only be produced by poets of strong human sympathy. Finally, I would say, that our present literature has been affected far too much by the neighboring decadent American school, and that our opinions of literary values have been guided too much by their false magazine standards. Under these influences our literature is in great danger of deterioration, even before it has found its wings. When the people begin to take our poetry seriously and look more for the sublime and less for the merely beautiful or rather pretty in its leading characteristics, then will our literature begin to be a great formative influence in the national life."

Ottawa.

W. W. CAMPBELL.

"I am deeply interested in anything that pertains to Canadian progress, anything that has for its aim the building and strengthening of the national life and spirit. Candidly I can think of nothing more valuable to such a life and spirit than to have the students at our schools and colleges surrounded by influences which will foster the love and admiration which we all feel for our land and its promise. I am glad, therefore, that you are dealing in a new way with Canadian literature and are taking steps to form a library of Canadian books.

Looking back over the last fifty years, I think we can honestly feel proud of our advancement. We can form some idea of

what Canada was in the forties from contemporary correspondence and memoirs, and, feeling that our present position is only transitional and that we must press on to something higher and brighter, we may, I think, be assured that we have passed through our darkest days. For us our forefathers won homes and it is now becoming more and more possible for us to enjoy a little of the sweetness of life. In this lies encouragement. We have not reached, we will not for many years reach, the highest level of our national life, and it is, therefore, possible for us, each one in his degree, to contribute something toward the attainment of that level. Our universities should become the very heart of a Canadian movement, a movement based on the truest patriotism, and having for its object the largest natural life. As we gain ground constantly with this idea all other things will be granted us: as we progress in national unity we will add flower after flower to our culture. Under such conditions we need not fear for the future of Canadian literature. As for the present, from a writer's standpoint, I think the outlook not seriously discouraging. I find there is a class constantly growing which is willing to think that there is something of worth in what our writers have done—a class which is ready to meet them cordially and furnish a reading public. The feeling of distrust in a book published in Canada, is, I hope, gradually passing away and it rests finally with the writer to say how quickly and how surely it will pass; they must gain and keep the public confidence in Canadian letters."

Ottawa. DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

DOWN THE GULF AND BY THE SEA.

CHAPTER II.

At last Bob arrived. He came by the train which reaches Aylmer at 5.45 p.m., Montreal time. By six o'clock nearly all that was fashionable in Aylmer, whether residents or transients, were at the Hotel Ritchie, and village maidens, who had not the privilege of knowing Mrs. Emerson, stood on the sidewalk and in the roadway in small groups, eyeing the hotel, as though it were a place where some awful mystery was about to be revealed, and they were barred from assisting at the revelation. The hat—which you will not expect me to describe, but it must undoubtedly have been a great work of art, because the ladies all described it as lovely—was duly exhibited. Later in the evening, it was again shown to less impulsive and less zealous pilgrims of fashion than those which made up the fluttering mob at six o'clock. But the next day Mrs. Emerson excused herself when a visitor wished to see "the hat from Paris." In fact a fear—an awful fear had laid hold of Mrs. Emerson's mind. What if they should copy her hat! What if the troops of shapely maidens which nightly wandered down to the wharf were to appear with the same pattern hat which had been brought with so much trouble and expense from Paris! What if, when she went to Ottawa next winter, instead of outshining all other Canadian women, she should see a half-dozen figures surmounted by a coping in the style on which Bombazine had busied his genius in order at once to do justice to Canada's products and to show off her own lovely head! And, in fact, these fears were not unfounded.

About 3 o'clock p.m. of the day following that on which the hat arrived, Mrs

Dark appeared in Mrs. Emerson's room, accompanied by a furrier, and requested her to let him see the hat, in order that he might take the pattern. How describe the scene which ensued? Mrs. Emerson drew herself up, walked, as it were, from one side of the stage to the other, after the manner of tragedy queens, and, looking a little over her right shoulder, eyed Mrs. Dark with astonishment. After a moment she said: "Mrs. Dark!"—and looked the rest of the sentence.

When Mrs. Dark saw that nothing more explicit than a note of exclamation was coming, she replied: "Well, Mrs. Emerson?"

"Well, I think your request is pretty cool."

"Pretty cool! that one friend should ask another for so trifling a favour as to see the pattern of a hat?"

"Yes; pretty cool."

"What airs we give ourselves all at once," cried Mrs. Dark, giving her dress a shake, and in her turn stalking across the room.

"Well, airs or not," returned Mrs. Emerson, "the hat shall not be exhibited again."

"Come away," screamed Mrs. Dark, addressing the furrier, and as she left the room, she added, loud enough to be heard through the hotel and out on the verandah, where Bob the Colonel, James Dark and Harry Roby were smoking (for it was Saturday and Roby and Dark had come out by the one o'clock train), "This is my return for all the favours I heaped on that woman—the flirt," she hissed out, "and defending her against my better judgment."

By this, Mrs. Roby was at her room door, and Mrs. Dark beckoned to her, whereupon the two ladies closeted themselves, and Mrs. Dark having given expression to her aggrieved feelings and having flung on the bed feathers of a thousand varieties, poured into Mrs. Roby's mind distorted statements of the severe things Mrs. Emerson had said of her. The result was that Mrs. Roby was soon hurrying to Mrs. Emerson's room, and that a few minutes afterwards the three ladies met in the drawing room, which gave on the verandah, and had it out in one of those scenes which show what fierce spirits may repose in angelic breasts.

"What can be the matter?" asked Mr. Dark, who was afraid to go in and knew well his wife was no joke when she put on her war-paint.

"I never knew Fanny in all my life," said Bob Wilson, speaking of his sister, Mrs. Emerson, "to get into a difficulty with anyone."

"I will bet my meerschaum," said Harry Roby, "to a frog's hind leg, that I'll put the real inwardness of this as quickly through your head as a streak of lightning through a canary bird."

"Well, what is it?" asked Bob.

"'Tis," replied Roby, "that high falutin' feathered thing, made on the pattern of the head-dress of five hundred Indian chiefs in full war paint, which that old beggar Bombazine made for a certain generous young gentleman. May all the schemes I have for building a golconda out of the Northwest and robbing Winnipeg, Brandon and Rapid City, and even Chicago, of their united glory fail me, if it taint that hat which to my mind looked like a muskrat growing into a bird and uncertain which bird it would be, divided in his mind

by the possibilities of the feathered tribe, hesitating like a girl with a hundred aspirants for her hand, whether he would lose his identity in an eagle or a canary bird, or what bird so ever flies."

While Roby was giving utterance to this speech, his dilated eyes were fixed on Bob Wilson, and he gesticulated like an impassioned orator. Speaking with such rapidity that it was impossible for his hearers to edge in a word, he continued:

"Now, mark me. Do you know Harry Roby? Did you ever know Harry wrong? I'll undertake to pare a corn off the moon's toe and have it set like a ruby in chased gold in a muskrat's nozzle, if I'm wrong. This infernal row is all due to that hat from Paris, or I'm not Harry Roby," and he slapped in a conclusive manner the shoulder of his friend Dark, and then said: "Now, let's come and have a drink."

The result of the storm between the three ladies was that Mrs. Emerson vowed she would not live in the same hotel with her quondam friends, and as Bob was ready to fall in with any suggestion of his sister's, it was decided that they go by way of the Gulf to one of the American watering-places. Mrs. Roby had a flirtation in view and made no objection to Harry Roby going on the same trip, only she would not be of the same party, that was all, but Mrs. Dark sternly frowned on her lord when he expressed regret that they could not join their old friends. For some reason of her own she, after some reflection, said to him: "If you wish to go without me there is nothing to prevent you, and I will run up and stay with my friends in Toronto." Little Dark jumped at the permission, careless of the motives of his spouse; the Colonel was then secured, and the next Monday morning he, Dark, Roby, Bob Wilson and Bob's beautiful sister took the train for Montreal, where they embarked on the regular boat plying between that city and Quebec.

In the morning when they got on deck a sharp wind was blowing, and the women, as they strained their eyes toward Quebec, their skirts blown against their limbs, reminded Bob Wilson of the Nereids in the British Museum, the resemblance being confined to the matter of skirt, for the Nereids, marble as they are, would have reddened with rage at having their faces compared to those of the ladies who happened to be at this time on the deck of the *Miramichi*, Mrs. Emerson perhaps excepted.

"I hear," said the Colonel, "that Sir John Macdonald is staying at the St. Louis. If so we must pay our respects to him."

"If," replied Mr. Harry Roby, "that old man is within the embattled walls of Quebec, Harry Roby goes to see him, even though he should miss his boat."

As they leave the boat a crowd of cabmen assail them, asking in French and Irish accents if they want a cab, whether they want a carriage, whether they would be driven to the St. Louis. As they are driven up Mountain Hill, little Dark pointed out the Laval University, the Bishop's Palace, the old Parliamentary Buildings, which Mrs. Emerson said looked like a young ladies' seminary. At breakfast Dark made great use of his eye-glass and abused the hotel as a one-horse hotel.

"Why do you call it a one-horse hotel?" asked Bob Wilson.

"Well, the room," replied Dark.

"The ceiling is certainly rather low," said Mrs. Emerson.

"But," exclaimed Roby, restraining himself in consequence of the presence of ladies, yet speaking loud enough to be heard by everybody at the table, "the food is good, and what matters if the ceiling is low provided the living is high?"

"And the situation," cried Dark, laughing as though he had made a brilliant point. The Colonel smiled and proposed a visit to the lions of Quebec.

Breakfast over, they repaired to the Dufferin Terrace. Sitting under one of the pagodas which are placed at intervals along this unrivalled terrace, they surveyed the scene of indescribable beauty and grandeur. At last Roby broke out: "Look, Mrs. Emerson, at the town of Levis on its hill;" (handing her a field glass) "see the forts commanding the city, built by the Royal Engineers in 1864; behold the Laurentian hills on the left, plunging towards the sea. Below Levis is the Island of Orleans; beneath us the Lower Town—a mass of wharves, markets, what-not. You may travel the world over: not in Japan, not in China, not in Italy, not in Greece, not in Old England—God bless the dear old lady!—will you find such another terrace or see such another view. Take it all in, and it will remain on the retina of your eye as clear as unclouded skies are mirrored in unruffled seas."

The Colonel's mind was far away in the wet trenches round Sebastopol, but Bob Wilson laughed heartily at Roby's absurd manner, while Mrs. Emerson smiled and Dark made a joke and enjoyed it selfishly all to himself.

When they visited the English Cathedral Dark's reverential nature bloomed, and on finding himself in the curtained pews in the gallery, with the royal arms in front—the Governor-General's pew—he exclaimed: "My conscience! What governors and great people have sat here!"

Roby was about to break out into a loud harangue, when a glance from Mrs. Emerson reminded him he was in a church.

Opposite the Governor-General's pew is a painted window which attracted the attention at once, in beautiful contrast as it was with the glaring pinks of neighboring windows.

"How I wish," said Mrs. Emerson, "church decorators would run into that style more."

On nearer examination the window proved to have been recently erected to Agnes Campbell by her children. Agnes Campbell stands draped in light yellow set off by darker tones, surrounded by her children—the good woman of Solomon whose children rise up and call her blessed.

The Colonel expressed himself well pleased with the solid English character of the building.

When the party got on the Citadel with shrapnell shells—the ball piled pyramids—lying around, the patriotism of Roby broke out and he cried:

"I want to see a Canadian fleet lying at anchor in those waters below. Who can stand on a spot like this and not feel that the time has come when this young country should take her own fate into her hands." A burst of patriotic enthusiasm which evoked from the old Colonel: "Where's the ships?"

The soldier who acted as guide looked at Roby with a touch of surprise but only said: "This is the Queen's bastion," and, apparently suspecting that the education of

the visitors had been neglected, he spelled the word "b-a-s-t-i-o-n—bastion—it is 320 feet above the water."

"Young man!" cried Roby, glaring at the soldier, "Can you spell bastinado—b-a-s-t-i-n-a-d-o—bastinado? How to spell bastion, was b-a-s-bas-ti—basti-n, a bastinado—o-e-d—bastinadoed into me before you were born."

The soldier faintly smiled while Mrs. Emerson, her brother and Dark leaned against the guns for laughter, the Colonel enjoying the odd scene with quiet humor.

"Young man," continued Roby, "did you ever see the Queen's image done in silver?" and he produced a twenty-five cent piece, "That's what we call a quarter—q-u-a-r-t-e-r," and he put it into the soldier's palm and doubled his fingers forcibly on it.

"Probably," said Dark, "he could tell you the difference now between receiving and giving quarter, ha! ha! ha!"

"Can you do it?" cried Roby. "Now let me see," and he held the soldier from him at arm's length.

"I could aiser," said the soldier, who was of course an Irishman, "tell you the difference between givin' and not givin' quarter."

"And what's that?" asked Dark, not suspecting a trap at the hands of the simple soldier.

"Well, begor, sir; you ought to know, for this gentleman gives the quarter and you give none."

All laughed at Dark, who smiled dimly, failing to come up to time. He did the next best thing, put his hand in his pocket and tipped the man, remarking that this would derange his distinction.

As they re-entered the carriage to drive to the cemetery, Mrs. Emerson said that the coachman, like the soldier who had assailed Mr. Dark, was a countryman of Wolfe's, and such he proved himself, for as they passed by Spenserwood he broke silence: "There's Government House, ma'am. There have been several governors there—I know'd Letelier well, but they put him out and now he's dead agin. All the ould governors who used to be here used to drive a four-in-hand. There used to be fine times when the ould men from hoam came out here. But I'm thinking the men who are now governors won't drive many pairs."

"Such," cried Roby, "is the contempt for everything colonial which the colonial relation inspires."

"But surely," argued Bob Wilson, "you are not going to take the unplastic mind of a peasant as the mirror of Imperial feeling."

"Do you see that little pool from yesterday's lucky rain, which has laid the dust for us and made all nature look green? Does not that pool reflect the heavens and all nature as well as the face of Lake Superior? No, sir, the colonial relation puts us all prostrate before a country three thousand miles away—and the time has come to put an end to this."

"What would we be without England?" asked Dark.

"Five million of people ought to count for something!" replied Roby.

"But," observed the Colonel, "suppose you have five million units. You beg the question when you use the word people. The same fallacy is involved when the Americans talk of themselves as a people or a nation numbering fifty millions. They are, however, a nation assimilating portentous masses of heterogeneous elements and the unprecedented fact that they do in the

end assimilate them is the strongest argument in favor of Roby's independence dreams. "But there," he said, drawing himself up with a military air, "I'm talking politics, and I despise them and politicians on this and the other side of the line."

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

POETS AND MUSICIANS.

It is pleasant to think of the past years as a long corridor, bright with glowing thoughts and warm with ardent feelings, while along the corridor walk, hand in hand, musician and poet. Thought touches thought, and neither years nor great distances can stay the mind that searches, and to find, one cast in a mould like its own. Time and space and even death are not and have not been, in the question of mind and mind. So the dead Schubert may be the companion or even counterpart of the living Shelley; the living Beethoven of the dead Shakespeare; the dead Schumann of the living Goethe; the dead Goethe of the living Wagner.

Good music and good verse are so closely related that an appreciation of the one without at least a limited knowledge of the other is impossible. Music and poetry, however, differ in one essential point—the poet deals with thoughts and the musician with feelings. The poet appeals to the imagination, the musician cannot. To the realm of the poet belongs the "association of ideas," but not to the realm of the musician. The poet deals with the past and future. We listen to his songs, and experience the pain and bliss of yesterday, or the greater bliss of to-morrow. But the musician gives only the triumphant present. We hear a Ninth Symphony, and there has never been a past and there shall never be a future. Pain is forgotten—it was only imaginary—hope is dismissed—it is needless, truth and love are life; all encumbrances are banished; only the present, the *ego* and Beethoven remain.

In this particular, then, music and poetry differ: but we have our Beethovens of poetry and our Shakespeares of music. Let us look at them a moment walking hand in hand in the perspective of years.

Beethoven and Shakespeare! Searching the heart to its inmost core; bringing from their hiding-places noblest emotions, hitherto unknown; inciting the mind to an earnestness that gives the promise of wonderful attainment; playing upon the sensitive soul as the wind plays upon an æolian harp, bringing from it prolonged and passionate music.

Shakespeare's dramas stand alone in literature as Beethoven's symphonies stand alone in music. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is the masterpiece of the greatest master given to the world. Mendelssohn's Symphony in D minor, and Schubert's unfinished symphony (B minor) compare favorably with Beethoven's first eight, excepting, perhaps, the fifth; but the Ninth is incomparable. It is the triumph of art, and when an orchestra of one hundred and twenty-seven pieces failed to express what Beethoven alone heard, he called upon five hundred voices to aid him, and the whole musical world trembled with the vibrations from that heaven-strung harp—the soul of Beethoven.

The Ninth Symphony is our *Hamlet* and our *Faust* of music—our *Hamlet* because of its profundity; our *Faust* because of its aim. In referring to *Faust* in this connection I have in mind, particularly, the

second part of the poem. The first part of *Faust* was written when the poet was but twenty-one years of age: Sixty years later, after nearly a lifetime of thought and suffering, after painful and repeated effort to complete the work, the poem was finished. While the second part of *Faust* may be less strong in feeling than the first part, less symmetrical in construction, it is, nevertheless, the poet's triumph. It is altogether spiritual. It places the human beyond the reach of all that can soil or disfigure. It teaches of an ecstasy enjoyed only by rare souls upon rare occasions: of supreme moments, when a flood of light is poured into the soul that goes on for a time in the far-reaching brightness of the visitation, where prayer is praise, where work is rest, where hope is fulfilment, where trust is certainty, and where everything is life and light and liberty and love; where earth touches heaven, and where God meets the soul and wraps around it the shining of His glory, and the soul needs nothing. This can be said of the second part of *Faust*; and this can be said of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Notwithstanding the link between *Faust* and the Ninth Symphony, we must think of Goethe and Wagner as hand in hand, not only because of the similarity of their minds, but because of like conditions of life which gave a like color to their works. The work of each is rich in imagery, strong in *motif* and most elaborate in setting. They knew no rest physically nor mentally, until the end came. Schumann also belongs to this group. The fact that Schumann must be placed in the first rank of musicians, does not keep him out of the first rank of scholarly men. He was one of the best thinkers of his day, a man of gigantic intellect and unsurpassed mental culture. He was the finest scholar of any musician that has ever lived.

Bach, Handel, Haydn and Milton must be classed together, with a silent, suffering soul—passion imprisoned by a dominant intellectuality. The world is greater because of Shakespeare and Beethoven; the world is better because of Milton and Handel.

Tennyson suggests our beloved Mendelssohn. The spirit of the age breathes through the work of each. These men are especially our own; they lived with us and died in our midst, and there was a moaning of the harbour bar when they put out to sea. Tennyson's lyrical poetry is an echo of Mendelssohn's exquisite "Songs without Words," while his longer poems suggest at once Mendelssohn's D minor symphony, E minor concerto and his oratorios.

Unfortunate Chopin suggests unfortunate Byron, although Byron lacked Chopin's delicacy and Chopin lacked Byron's strength. Each had genius; each disappointed himself and the world.

It is a happy relief to turn from these men to Schubert the composer and to Shelley the poet—twin geniuses who have done more to refine musical and literary taste than any other poet or musician. Every line of Shelley's "Skylark" sings of a warmth and purity found in Schubert's Unfinished Symphony; and every strain of that exquisitely beautiful work breathes of a spirit of poetry which is the burden of Shelley's pieces.

While it takes a Handel, a Bach and a Haydn to equal a Milton, and a Schumann and a Wagner to equal a Goethe, it takes, on the other hand, a Browning, a Goldsmith, a Burns, a Heine, and many others, to equal a Gounod; not so much be-

cause of Gounod's greatness, as because of his many-sidedness. He has the elevation and exclusiveness and depth of a Browning; the purity and grace of a Goldsmith and a Longfellow; the tenderness and pathos of a Burns, the sensitiveness of a Heine, and the all-round merit of a Keats and a Mrs. Browning.

Last, but far from least, upon the list are the names of Schiller and Mozart. We should think of these men with somewhat of reverence; pure in heart and life, sensitive of soul, earnest in purpose and endeavor, a true poet and a true composer.

We do not hear so much about books as we should hear: especially is the study of poetry neglected. This is a mistake. Music is God given and does much towards bringing life to high tide. But the musical soul is restless, and needs companionship. The poetic soul is never alone, even in solitude. Then there is something in smoothly written verse, when truly poetic in sentiment, that places itself between one and the discords of one's life; and I think there would be more happy people in the world and more good people—and certainly more loving people—if there were more students of poetry. Poetry smooths the rough edges of a man's nature, and, still better, to him it smooths the rough edges of the natures of those around him. The poetical man believes that the world is beautiful, that the heart is kind, and that life is worth living. He divines the motive that prompts the deed, misinterpreted by others. He recognizes strength of intellect and beauty of heart by a thought, the expression of which, perhaps, is a sorrowful failure. It is the poet who in spite of the most sombre and most painful surroundings, can close his eyes to the autumnal tints of his life and can open them to the beauties of a perpetual springtime. When the heart, because of repeated failure and want of that which could inspire, becomes cold and comfortless, then poetry inspires to renewed and hopeful and successful endeavor, and awakens in the heart an ever-increasing love of home, of country and of God—a love of home that can meet any emergency, a love of country that can meet any foe, a love of God that can make itself known in love to all His creatures, that can use His gifts, that can do His will, that can gain His heaven. Have the world's great hearts throbbed in vain? Was it in vain that Beethoven suffered in his world of silence hearing nothing of the music that has made his name immortal? Was it in vain that Milton and Bach groped their way through the darkened years—

"O dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day."

and gave us the incomparable *Paradise Lost*, and the incomparable *Passion Music*? Or that Shelley struggled with the doubts that darkened his name, and lived the life that illumined it? Or that Mozart and Schubert, for your sake and mine, lived comfortless lives, died in extreme poverty, and were buried in unmarked graves? Or that Schumann wrote until the light of reason was blown out by the stress of sustained mental effort, and then died in his darkness? Was it in vain that Schiller toiled day and night, his fragile form wasted with disease, while the fire of genius burned unremittingly for the world he loved, and his bursting heart, after filling his home, sent forth its far-reaching affections until the too sensitive soul fled

its prison of clay and found some place where love is without sorrow, where thought is without travail, and where the inhabitants no more say, "I am sick?" Was it in vain?

They are gone, but the warmth and the light still linger in the corridor of years, and reach even to our day. Not only so, but we may call to our side the men themselves. They sit with us in our libraries, they walk with us upon the streets. Amid life's noisy confusion our souls pause to commune with their souls, and we say: No attainment in goodness or greatness is impossible to those whose eyes are fixed upon the light that, high and alone, is placed within the life of every one. If there be "a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," so is there a tide in the heart-life and the mind-life which, taken at the flood, leads on to the perfection of manhood and of womanhood. Now is the tide at the flood in your life and in mine.

Some day it will all be gone,

The vigour of youthful years,
And the smiles that lighten the dusky life
Will force their way thro' its tears.

Some day will the music jar,

The children in discord sing,
And the strains that now wake a keen response
Will sorrowful memories bring.

Some day will we turn not back

To one in the passing crowd,
But will quietly steal to lesser paths
Where voices are not so loud.

Some day will the mind refuse,

The things that make life so dear,
And the golden hour of exchanging thought
Will have no place in our year.

Some day will ambition die,

The spirit fail in the strife,
And the wild, glad thoughts of all-wonderful
Things
Belong to the past of life.

Oh! then while the heart is young,

While life is high at the tide,
Let thought reign supreme in its beauty and
strength,
Tho' graves be made side by side.

Belleville. EVA ROSE YORK.

THE KILLDEER PLOVER.

The first warm touch of yearning, tim'rous
Spring,

Wild March half-taming for a day or twain,
And lo! the killdeer plover turns again,
An exile, sick for home! On throbbing wing
Behold her o'er the river, passioning
To see the troubled waters rise, full fain
To slip their icy gyves, alas in vain,
For storm-winds shriek and Winter still is
king!

O sweet wild voice! O wing that courts the
foam!

O ardent heart! a common faith have we,
Though Spring's unchalleng'd hour is yet
to be,
Flung back and sorely buffeted, we know
That even the bitter winds and blinding
snow
Must carry Love's immortal greeting home.

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

"Tanlaghmore."

Mr. Jackson, the traveller, is now at Kem, on his way through Russian and Norwegian Lapland. When asked what he had found most useful of all his kit he replied, "A sack of Scotch oatmeal and a spirit lamp."

M. Michel Deberhoff, a Russian journalist, and son of General Deberhoff, who started some time ago on a walking tour round the world, has arrived at Gibraltar from Cadiz. He has already visited the principal capitals of Europe.

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL.

About four o'clock on the afternoon of Dec. 15th, when my last report closed, the Ilha das Cobras opened fire on the water front with machine guns and rifles, and so terrific became the hail of small shot that the city was very unsafe, and people made haste to leave it as fast as they could. Not all succeeded. Many stopped on the way—wounded or killed. The telephone wires which pass over your correspondent's office building were struck so often that the twang of the wires scarcely ceased for a minute. Some thirty of them were cut and fell down into the street. The pattering of balls on the buildings near by was so incessant that the office seemed to be as safe a place as any, so I did not go out until the fire slackened somewhat. I am now familiar with the sound of every kind of rifle, machine and rapid-fire gun, from the Comblajn and Mannlicher rifles to the Gatling, Nordenfeldt and Maxim machine guns, and the various rapid fire cannon, which are easily recognizable by the peculiar thumping sound of their fire. The roof of our office was struck a number of times, and we have had to replace no less than twenty broken tiles. We made quite a collection of various kinds of projectiles the next day.

The sensation of being under fire is not an unpleasant one, and we have become so accustomed to the fire during our now nearly four months of siege that even prolonged and heavy artillery firing scarcely attracts any attention. This indifference is somewhat surprising when it is known that each day dozens of people are killed and wounded in the streets.

On the afternoon of the 15th word reached the city of a terrible fight on the Ilha do Governador. It seems that on the 13th or 14th the Government sent a detachment of infantry, some cavalry and a couple of field guns, all under the command of General Joao Telles (until lately commander of the forces in Rio Grande do Sul) across to the island. The fleet allowed the party to cross safely, but as soon as the whole detachment was on the island, the launches and Frigorifico steamers came into the channel between the island and the mainland and opened fire with machine guns and rapid-fire cannon, slaughtering nearly all. There was no shelter of any kind and the men had to face the music whether they liked it or not. The list of dead is about 260. General Telles was wounded badly. A shot hit him in the calf of his right leg, went through it and his horse, and then out through his left leg at the knee. The fleet allowed him to be sent home and he now lies in his house in a most critical condition. Strange to say, the papers have not yet mentioned this battle, and Government men generally deny that Telles was wounded.

The entire affair was a trap for the Government troops and they fell into it badly. Saldanha da Gama has since retired his men from the Island. Of course this will be called a defeat for him. He would be very glad if the Government would win a few more such victories.

The 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th were all alike. Firing was constant between the shore forces and the insurgents. People dropped dead or wounded all about the city. Shot and shell, rifle balls and metralha, were flying everywhere.

Capt. Lang, of the *Sirius*, and Capt. Picking, of the U.S.S. *Charleston*, notified

merchant captains that if they went ashore and had any hands killed, they would be held responsible for manslaughter.

Owing to the heavy firing all communication between the shipping and Rio was suspended.

The number of dead must reach 2,000 at least. Many say that 3,000 is an underestimate.

On the 21st heavy fighting was going on all day at the Armacao and at the Ilha de Mocangue. It is said that the Government has got possession of Mocangue Grande, but it is not confirmed yet. At about four p.m. on the same day the *Lucy* and the *Jupiter* steamed along the water front and fired into the coffee docks. Everyone at work there cleared out. The firing has begun from shore in nearly every case.

Yesterday Villegaignon, Cobras, some Frigorifico boats, the *Tamandare* and some launches had a heavy and prolonged engagement with the Nictheroy batteries. At night the cannonade was also heavy. This morning Villegaignon—what is left of it—engaged Santa Cruz and Sao Joao.

We have no news of either the *Aquidaban* or any of the other vessels outside of the Bay of Rio. Lies of all sizes and varieties are as plentiful as the shot that have fallen into the city. They are of the same nature as those told in Chile during its glorious revolution.

The movement of troops in the city is great and continuous. Every five minutes the merry bugle is heard as some body of police or National Guards go marching by. The Brazilian soldier is a picturesque-looking fellow. In gala dress, with their white trousers, blue tunics and peculiar forage caps, they look very well. They march with fixed bayonets, rifles at the slope, and as they go by, band playing, the sun glancing on the shining steel and brass instruments, one hardly thinks that they are going out on active service. The 23rd Battalion of Infantry was almost wiped out at the fight on the Ilha do Governador. Only a few days ago I saw the battalion out in all its pomp of war.

A good story is told at the expense of the Portuguese Minister. Floriano or one of his Ministers was insulting in his language, and the Minister said: "You only speak to me in this manner because of your knowing our ships are weak, but if you do not mind what you are doing, I will put myself under the protection of Mr. Wyndham!" The Minister has just gone to Portugal.

The *Tempo*, which had been suspended because of its attacks on foreigners, is being again published. It is much more moderate now.

Rio, Dec. 23rd, 1893.

My last closed on the 23rd inst. Since then the chronic bombardment of the ruins of Villegaignon, and rifle shooting along the shore, are all that I have to report about the progress of the revolt.

On the morning of the 24th the General of Division, Joao Telles, died from the effects of wounds received on the Ilha do Governador. He was buried on the same day. By a presidential decree of the 23rd he was promoted from General of Brigade to General of Division.

The papers have since published an account of the so-called "conquest" of the Island. Well, the Government is in pos-

session of it as well as the Mocangue Grande—but what a price it has paid for them!

The *Tamandare* has been in action many times and has done fine work. Her guns are the most modern type of six inch rapid-fire rifles and are instruments of precision. When one of them is fired the projectile generally finds its mark.

Recruiting is still going on, and in spite of the fact that the Government has published many notices of its illegality, volunteers are enlisted every day.

Papers from abroad, chiefly England and the United States (particularly the U.S.), contain official announcements of the hopelessness of the cause of the insurgents, and of Government victories, etc. I have often said to doubt all "official telegrams" about South American revolutions, etc. Governments here are capable of fabricating more lies to the square inch than even the Valparaiso correspondent of the *New York Herald*, and he is a terror! He is in Rio now.

The hills in the city are still being supplied with guns. How many are now in position it is impossible to find out, but there is no doubt that the number is large.

The trucks of the Jardin Botânico Tram Co. have been busy for three months transporting bags of sand to the Morro do Castello and the water front of the city.

The Italian warships *Etna* and *Baurusa* have left Rio for Italia. The heat is now very great (96 degrees shade, 130 degrees sun) and Admiral Magnaghi was afraid of fever. The command of the allied foreign squadron now devolves on Capt. Lang, who will probably hold it until the arrival of the United States *San Francisco*, with Admiral Benham in command. Admiral Oliver F. Stanton, who was recalled to the U.S. at the request of the Brazilian Government, to give some explanation of his conduct in saluting and calling on board the *Aquidaban*, has been promoted to the command of the U.S. North Atlantic squadron. This is rather a slap in the face to some of the rabid people here who went into ecstasies over his recall, which they hailed as a sign of the favour of the U.S. Government to that of Brazil. Brazil being officially at peace—i.e., the insurgents not being recognized as belligerents—I fail to see that Stanton was wrong in paying the customary visits, etc., notwithstanding the fact of the revolt.

The state of affairs is intolerable; the prisons are full to overflowing with suspected persons, and the city swarms with spies. The "Estado de Sitio," which was to expire to-morrow, has already been extended to Jan. 31st, 1894. When this will end I have no idea, but I think it must finish soon and in favor of the fleet. Two at least of Floriano's vessels are at Pernambuco, but the mercenaries refuse to come down and fight the ships. Floriano cannot arrange other crews.

When the Government is so weak that it has to hire men to kill its own people, it is high time for it to fall. Mello may take the ships and shoot every foreigner on board. No one would have any right to complain if he did so. He is fighting, as he has always done, for the benefit of his country; they are fighting for money, and as mercenaries must pay the penalty if they are beaten. In Uruguay the Government killed 3,000 Italians who had joined a revolt. A nation may employ foreigners against another nation, but not against its own subjects.

Much indignation is expressed against the U.S. Government in allowing the departure of their vessels; I believe, however, that the neutrality laws allow it.

The result of action between the *Cid*, with her dynamite gun, and the *Aquidaban* or any of Mello's ships, is anxiously awaited. It remains to be seen if the dynamite gun will do all that is claimed for it.

It is a peculiar position. Some 2,500 men holding at bay the entire forces of a great and powerful nation. It shows that they have the approval of the nation at large, or the affair would have been finished long ago.

C. B.

Rio, Dec. 30th, 1893.

DRESDEN FROM A FOUR-PAIR BACK.

I.

Life in an attic is scarcely the unmixed evil it is very generally supposed to be, and indeed, if we diligently cast about for the advantages, we may find that they are by no means few. The wise King of old thought it a fact worth recording that it is better to live in the corner of a housetop than with a contentious woman in a wide house, and it is not necessary to be a Solomon in order to come to the same conclusion. The advantages of the roof-tiles, however, are not altogether negative, for whether it is the fact of having nothing between one and the constellations except a little lath and plaster, I don't care to determine, but to a dull brain there would certainly seem to be something stimulating in the habitation of a garret, and one thing is indisputable—without any low allusions to attic philosophy—that before one has risen in the world to the extent of taking up one's abode under the slates, one has, in all probability, gained a certain experience of men and things which justifies one, if not in crying out from the housetops, at least in lifting up one's voice in modest self-assurance, and imparting one's views of things in general from a considerable height above them.

Our little colony is au quatrieme—for few houses here have more than four stories—and though it is by no means aristocratic, it is hard-working and respectable, and consists of four widows, the ninth part of a man, the present writer and a ghost, or spook, in good German-American, for the Fatherland is the original home of the spooks, only here he spells his name with a u, and derives it from spuken, to haunt. The one in question, like Hamlet's father, is an honest ghost, and sends his rent punctually through the post, first of each month. My landlady—a Bohemian, by the way, but with a very nice sense of order, nevertheless—says ghosts are charming lodgers—no boots to black, no clothes to brush, and wishes all her lodgers were ghosts, which is the only unkind thing she has ever said, I verily believe, so bright and sunny is she—as good as a bit of the tropics in cold weather—but alas! we cannot all be travellers with the necessity of having a pied-a-terre in a charming little capital like Dresden, for a delightful city it is, and offers advantages, many and varied, especially to what may not inappropriately be called detached womankind. We are accustomed to hear much of the restrictions imposed upon women in this country, but in many respects they are allowed a greater degree of freedom and afforded far more more protection than with us, for a lady can go alone to places of public entertainment—theatre, opera or concert—without its being thought more of

than if she were going to church, and where so many live entirely independent of hotel or boarding-house, ladies dining alone at restaurants is a matter of course. But although in all German cities that I know anything about, this enviable state of things exists, there is no place where the above mentioned privileges can be enjoyed with a more complete sense of security than in such towns as Dresden—*vornehme Städte*—as they are called, or aristocratic little cities, where the police regulations are so strict, and the order of the streets so perfect that the most timid may avail herself of the advantages granted her.

Dresden is not picturesque like Nurnberg, nor gay like Paris, nor romantic like Venice, nor possessed of a hoary antiquity like Rome, but it exerts a powerful attraction, nevertheless, and charms by its completeness, order, sobriety and the opportunity it offers to those of small means to lead a pleasant, common-sense existence and benefit at the same time by its many intellectual advantages, most of which have been gained by the city on account of its having been the residence of the present reigning house of Wettin for seven hundred years. The kings of Saxony, who have, for the most part, been jealous fosterers of the arts and sciences, began in a small way, as Markgraves of Meissen in the 12th century, and there has been an uninterrupted succession in the direct line ever since. The Markgraves developed into Electors of Saxony, Napoleon dubbed them kings, and kings they have remained ever since. As far as can be gathered from a very copulent history of the city, containing upwards of sixteen hundred pages, the members of this long line of sovereigns have, with but few exceptions, exercised their power with exemplary discretion and self-denial, and in consequence of their wise concessions to popular demands, Saxony boasts, I believe, the most liberal constitution of any German state.

In consequence of the hard fate endured in the thirty—and the seven—years' wars, when Dresden was turned into a heap of ruins, there are few traces left of the middle ages and their arts; all its architecture of importance is a product of the Rococo period, or later Renaissance, and it owes what of beauty and magnificence it possesses to the Electors of the 18th century, some of whom lavished care and wealth upon its outward appearance to the neglect, in no small measure, of the substantial well-being of its citizens. Augustus the Strong, who reigned at the beginning of the last century, travelled much in Italy, before he came to the throne, and visited the court of Louis XIV., where he acquired that love of pomp and display which made him the most magnificent sovereign of the Saxon line. He was ambitious of rivalling the fame of the Grand Monarque, and developed a degree of splendour and luxury unknown in former reigns, for while he beautified the city to no small extent, he also made it the scene of the most extravagant display; we learn of processions and pageants in which Turks and Moors, camels and mules, dwarfs and giants, princesses and countesses in gorgeous array all took their part, and the bare historical description of which reads like a page from the Arabian Nights.

Of intellectual advantages to be enjoyed here at the present day, must be mentioned, first and foremost, the picture gallery, with the Sistine Madonna taking her place at the head of a large number of paintings ancient and modern. Then there are muse-

ums and magnificent collections of *objets de vertu*, a conservatory of music, court theatre and opera house, with a varied repertoire of classical as well as modern productions, and Dresden possesses also a well known technical school to which flock students of all nationalities. These advantages—artistic and scientific—have gained for the city the well-deserved title of Elbe Florence. But in enumerating these attractions, there is another, which, though of a totally different kind, is of no less importance, and in the case of those seeking rest and change on account of health, is even of greater value. I allude to the fact that in spring, summer and autumn, one can lead an out-door life with almost as little constraint as if one were in the country. The beautiful royal gardens, as well as the many smaller ones, open places and terraces, planted with trees and shrubs and provided with benches, give the town—particularly in spring—the most charming appearance, and enable one to enjoy the sight and scent of flowers, and breathe the fresh air to an extent very unusual in cities. For instance, if one lives as so many do here, that is, rents one or more rooms, according to the state of one's bank account, and finds for one's self in the way of meals, one can rise early in the delightful spring mornings, go to the Grosse Garten, and enjoy coffee and rolls in the open air with the perfume of lilacs hovering round, for the Germans are eminently practical, and never fail to provide restaurant or "Conditorei" at all the most attractive points. Then, if one has remembered to bring one's Tauchnitz or Ollendorf, a few hours may be pleasantly employed in amusing or instructive reading, according to the taste of the individual, who, at the proper time, proceeds to one of the many restaurants of the town, and when the principal meal of the day has been disposed of, saunters up Prager and Schloss Strasses—the chief streets for shops and promenaders—through the court of the Royal Palace into the Theater Platz, takes a look at the fine Catholic church and opera house, passes beneath the portals of the gallery of paintings into the Zwinger—a sort of enclosed garden, which in June is a perfect paradise of roses—strolls into the gallery for an hour or two, and then proceeds to the terrace overlooking the Elbe—five minutes' walk from the gallery. Here one has a fine view of the river, and can enjoy the life and motion of its traffic while sipping one's afternoon coffee at the excellent restaurant situated at the highest point of the terrace; then one can pay a visit to the Academy of Arts—next door, as it were—where the works of the most famous German sculptors are to be seen, return to the restaurant for supper and stay for the open air concert in the evening: Or, if fatigue and economy indicate a different course, return to one's lodging, purchasing supper on the way, every facility existing here for the highest of light housekeeping, for, where so many natives as well as foreigners lead a hand-to-mouth existence, provisions may be bought in the smallest quantities—two cents worth of butter, one of milk, five of meat, etc., in short, just enough for one meal, with nothing left over, which is convenient and economical at the same time. Then, as for excursions, the most delightful little trips can be made, both up and down the river, and summer quarters may be taken in Saxon Switzerland—the tourists' paradise—which is at Dresden's very doors, two or three hours by steamer taking one to some of the loveliest

spots. It—Saxon Switzerland—is much frequented, though by no means overrun by travellers, and the prices, though they rise in the very short season from the middle of July to the middle of August, cannot be called exorbitant; indeed, if one knows the ropes and speaks the language, one can—before and after the holidays—get an immense deal of healthful pleasure for a moderate sum, in the midst of the most picturesque and romantic scenery and in a district simply teeming with legend and saga.

E. M. DERBISHIRE.

HONOURS FOR LETTERS.

Turning over the leaves of my favourite paper, the *Academy*, I find "Notes of Art and Archæology." These notes deal, "Evans knows why," with the theme of "a legion of honour for literary men." This, says the writer, this legion, namely, this enviable glory, "they will never get till, with some spirit of camaraderie, they cease to make light of the importance of their own art." "Art be hanged!" is the natural comment of a literary character. Who wants "a legion of honour for literary men" and women? Does any man who calls himself a Briton—English, Scotch or Welsh—want to swagger with a little bit of red ribbon in his off button hole? I cannot believe it; it is un-English, unornamental, undesirable. We know how distinguished the English Ambassador looked, in a crowd of diplomatists, because he was *not* decorated. We are not decorated, we penmen, and I never yet, to my knowledge, met the penman who wanted to be decorated. I would liefer be tattooed: tattooing is old, pre historic, rational (in the circumstances of savage life), but ribbons are not for us. "Let the donkey have his thistle," said one of the Georges, about a foolish Scotch nobleman: the Georges had their lucid intervals. As men of letters, we are here, the humblest of us, to represent right reason. Now decorations are not right reason—for us. These things are matters of tradition and of sentiment. Decorations, garters, and coats of arms were given of old to those who served their country under shield. The Garter, had it existed in his time, would not have been given to Geoffrey Chaucer; it was out of his line, he would not have pined for it. I believe, with submission, that Shakspeare got his arms registered somehow. That was all very well: it meant that he had cut his business (of which he had not an exalted opinion), and had set up as a gentleman. Shakspeare had not "some better spirit of camaraderie"; he did not think highly of acting and playwriting; "he would be a gentleman." Nobody thought of knighting him: very much amazed would he have been at waking up as "Sir William." Our profession is not in that line, traditionally, and in matters of honor tradition is everything. We are not ambitious beyond the ambition of William Shakspeare. Dentists, mayors, provosts, doctors, a painter or two, are made knights or baronets; we are not, and do not wish to be. It is much more distinguished to do without the poor feeble remains and shadowy survivals of chivalry. In this very paper, the *Academy*, I read that the French Academy does not think M. Gaston Paris "distinguished enough" to be elected. M. Gaston Paris is, perhaps the most "distinguished" man of letters at this moment living, and how his

distinction shines, a diamond in the dark, because the French Academy is unaware of it, and elects a political person! Not to be known, not to be recognized by the clerks, or whoever they are that manage these matters, in England—how good it is! We do not expect to hear of Sir Algernon Swinburne (a knightly name); we expect to hear of Sir Thomas Green or Sir Jabez Gowles. Occasionally, one fancies, Her Majesty desires that Mr. Tennyson should receive a title. No title can increase his fame or equal his merits. That is another kind of business. The noblest human being who ever drew breath, Joan of Arc, was "ennobled," her family was called Du Lys, and bore a crown, supported by a sword, between two lilies. The Maid never adopted the bearings; she fought beneath her old flag; she kept "her maiden name," *La Pucelle*. That kind of thing, titles, honors, crests, coats of arms, did not interest her in the slightest degree, though won on the field. She had not "some better spirit of camaraderie." It is the praise, in their lowly way, with "literary men," as a rule. Mr. John Smith, is a novelist, a poet, a critic, what you will. He does his daily work, he takes his daily wage; the official people never hear of him. They do not ask him to "functions," which his honest soul abhors. They do not make him a knight (he is probably a poor horseman); and he is sincerely grateful. "*Di Meliora!*" says he. Dryden, Dr. Johnson, Pope, Mr. Pepys, Hume, Darwin, Goldsmith, Chaucer, Spencer were not knighted. It is not traditional, and he does not want to be knighted. Sir Louis Stevenson, Sir William Thackeray, Sir George Meredith, Lord Dickens of Gads-hill, Viscount Kipling—we do not know them; it is not in our way. There are, of course, exceptions. I have an impression that Southey refused a baronetcy. Scott did not. First remarking—

"I like not
Such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath,"

and thereby discounting the orthodox joke, he took his honors as a gentleman of ancient name and of fifteen authentic quarterings. No doubt, with a little research, he could have found out all about the three other quarterings of the Rutherfords of Hunthill. This was all quite orthodox, but when we have no quarterings, or only remote ones, on the distaff side, when our ancestors were not men of the sword, what can we want then with chivalric titles not won on the field is a mystery to me. The Maid, the most illustrious of captains, knew her place, and wanted no titles. She carried the principle far. If I had planted a flag on an enemy's redoubt, and if a grateful country then offered me a coat-of-arms, I think I would accept it; but the very reverse is the case with literary persons, pale drudges of the study and the book shelves.

To be plain, men of letters know what titles and heraldic glories were, and what they meant. They did not mean pen-work. Also we know what they now mean and are. We cannot win them as they used to be won, in their prime, and as what now they are we do not count them. We reckon it more distinguished to be without them. If this view shows any want of *camaraderie*, we can only say that it was the view of Thackeray, who had studied human nature, and history. It is want of *camaraderie*, and history. It is want of *camaraderie*, that leads to this opinion. If old chivalrous honors are taken too kindly by painters, physicians, soap-boilers, solicitors, we do not mind. They probably do not know any

better. It is the business of men of letters to know better, and they do. A certain pride moreover, checks their desire to bear stylographs rampant or inkpots passant. Johnson bore none, and what was good enough for him is good enough for his late descendants, as it was good enough for Thackeray. *Enfin*, it is not lack of *camaraderie*, it is not contempt for literature that makes literary men unambitious of the titles and shields of successful medical persons and attorneys. It is knowledge of the past and present, and a modest pride which inspires their sentiments on these subjects. The *Academy* talks of "Mr. Burne-Jones's social advance." *Nom Dé!* as if a dukedom could "advance" the "social" position of a man of genius and a gentleman!

ANDREW LANG.

in the *Illustrated London News*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MISSTATING BRITISH POLITICS.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—As a constant reader of your journal I beg to request a little of your space to express the appreciation of myself and others with the information given us in the several letters of "Fairplay Radical" which have appeared from time to time on the subject of contemporary British politics. It is so much the fact that political news from the other side is arranged to suit the palate of unfriendly factions in the United States that a true and uncoloured version is most difficult to obtain, and it is very gratifying to me as a Canadian born and bred to see that your weekly has been so fair as to admit versions of straight facts and figures, though the same conflict with the opinions of your leader writer on the same subject. I sincerely hope "Fairplay Radical" will continue to let in light on the matter in question. The most of us Canadians are, I imagine, the reverse of "little Englanders"; we all glory in the greatness of the Empire and feel jealous of any attempt to curtail its power or prestige. Home Rule has seemed to be an attempt to do this. With a representation in the House of Commons far in excess of its just quota according to population we are treated to dissertations on the injustice of the House to Irish affairs! With a voice in affairs far in excess to which her numbers, wealth, or contributions to the revenue would warrant, we see Irish leaders maintaining that that proportionate voice in affairs in the House of Commons should be retained, irrespective of population, and in addition they be permitted to have a separate Government for Ireland, while the English and Scotch taxpayers should furnish them with funds to play with! Had the Provinces of Canada no local Parliaments, but were legislated for by the one Federal House at Ottawa with the same numbers of Dominion representatives as now from each Province, on the basis of population, it seems to me the basis would be somewhat similar. And, then, if Quebec, instead of having 65 members, as she should in proportion with the other Provinces, had 75 or 80, while the representation from the others remained as before, it would be more like the position of Ireland in the Imperial House. If she, then, in addition, demanded a separate local legislature, while the other Provinces had none, and further required that she should still keep her unjust representation in the Federal House, with a financial re-arrangement that laid the burden upon the other Provinces, it seems to me we would have something very like Mr. Gladstone's late proposal, and I think we wouldn't have two minds in Ontario what to would do about it. Then the twaddle about centuries of oppression and the original ownership of the land! The native inhabitants of this continent have also been unduly oppressed for centuries and much of their land has been taken without payment or treaty—should we owners of property now quietly give it up to their survivors, many of them admit-

tedly in want, etc.? Truly, it would be the vindication of a great principle!

With thanks to "Fairplay Radical" for the pains he has taken to furnish your readers with reliable facts, and thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your kindness in affording me this space, I am, etc.,

Yours,

BRITISH CANADIAN.

STUART LIVINGSTON'S POEMS.

Canadian effort in literature is always welcome to those among us who hope that some of our sons or daughters may yet take a worthy place among the world-known names. No matter how humble that effort may be it will always be a pleasure to read the work of one who loves his country and would do something for her glory; and, now that the fighting time for Canada has passed away, the enthusiast cannot do better than endeavor to "mak' a song" for her.

The latest volume of Canadian verse has just come to hand from the press of Mr. William Briggs, of Toronto. It is entitled "In Various Moods," and is by a writer whose sympathetic pen is already well-known to the readers of THE WEEK—Mr. Stuart Livingston. Mr. Livingston, in this little volume of one hundred pages, has made no ambitious flight. It is a tentative effort, and the poems in it are humble, unpretentious, but full of sympathy and feeling. The poet is, perhaps, his own best critic. He feels that the masculine mind, vitiated by the material ideas of the present century, and craving the odd or the new, will not be satisfied with work unless possessed of the robust force of Kipling's ballads or the finical art of the æsthetic school, and so addresses his "L'Envoi" almost entirely to the gentler sex, and hopes that they may be able to appreciate his efforts; and he has given in one stanza of this poem the attitude which any reader who is in search of Truth and Beauty must have towards his verse.

"Yet for his very wish to show,
The beautiful, and make it live,
Though he has failed, yet we forgive
Because he longs to make it so."

It is to be regretted that "L'Envoi" did not end with this stanza. The remainder of it is an appeal to the sterner sex—a quite unnecessary appeal, as there is enough of the woman in every man to make him appreciate the simple beauty of some of these poems, and the four closing stanzas are forced and strained.

As might be expected, the volume is composed almost entirely of simple lyrics, or lyrical ballads. Only twice has the author departed from this manner in "The Death of the Poet" and in "The Beautiful." These two poems are in blank verse, and are handled with considerable skill, although the measure is decidedly Tennysonian.

"The Death of the Poet" is a particularly happy poem. It is a lament for Tennyson, and a worthy lament; all the more worthy that the poet makes an effort to mourn for the master in a cadence caught from the laureate's lyre. In in memoriam poems the difficulty lies in being able to tell your grief in a new manner, and it is no little merit in Mr. Livingston that he should have caught such a happy idea as to make the very creations of the master—his Galahad, his Elaine, his Arthur, his Guinevere—mourn him who gave them "a local habitation and a name."

"He is our sweetest singer, come at length
Down to the edge of life; for yonder strand,
Whereon the waves of that dark ocean roll
Within the shadow, is the verge of time,
And they who watch him thus within the veil
Are children of his mighty brain and heart
Whom he himself created."

The close, too, is strong, beautiful and original:

"A ship lay anchored there amid the gloom,
No pinnacle, but a tall and stately ship,
As built to bear across the gathered flood
A mighty spirit. Those upon the land
Stood still, with bated breath, in reverence,
And even forgot to weep, as filled with awe,
They listened for the last thing he would say.
The gloom was great, but as he stood erect
Upon the lofty deck, his eye fixed strong
Upon the density that lay before,
The moonlight broke the cloud and bathed his
brow,
Serene and calm, in gentle silvery light,
While from his lips there fell these words of
faith:

"I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

Here the idea is a beautiful one, and while the metre is lacking in flexibility and ease of movement, and while several of the lines are raised very little above prose, we close our reading with the feeling that it is the work of a true poet, able to give us an insight into the soul of the great master whose disciple he is.

The poem, "The Beautiful," has a similar rhythm to the one examined. The subject is an old one—the desire of a man to body forth the ideal beauty that possesses his soul. He sits by the wayside moulding the clay, while the crowd of workers and idlers rush past him with jeering mockery. But he toils on, and in the night

"There came a voice
That gently fell upon his shaken spirit,
As falls a mighty calm on troubled deeps,
And stills their restless waters."

The despairing idealist is comforted. The voice shows that the effort has not been vain, that the struggles of his soul have

"Fashioned it in a diviner form,
And moulded it to know the beautiful."

In the morning the citizens, rushing from the city gates, find a statue of beauty such as only a god could have conceived; and while they search for the artist they come upon the dead beggar in his rags, half buried in the drifting sands. They see only the beggar of yesterday, and jeeringly give up the search, and return to their pursuits and to the enjoyment of the beauty his soul had bodied forth. Once more it is the idea that holds our attention; the thought that the struggle, the hope of the heart is never in vain, that, even though the aspirations may not be realized, the soul is made stronger and better by the very effort to do something good or great.

There are other poems that touch us deeply, and that will stand more than a second reading. The best among these are "The King's Fool" and "The Singer." They are simplicity itself, and it is their very simplicity that attracts. The themes have interested the poet, and he has given them to us just as they affected himself. The one is the old subject of noble self-sacrifice where it was least to be expected; the other is the truth of life that we are so apt to overlook, that a man may have to go cheerily to his task, and wear a smiling face to the world, while his heart is breaking.

Mr. Livingston's efforts in the sonnet are not as successful as his pure lyrics, although the one entitled "Keats" is

handled with considerable feeling and technical skill. He is full of his theme—a rapt worshipper—and the sonnet conveys to us something of the power that Keats has over him. But his sonnets are not all flawless. "In December" closes with a hexameter line, having a tripping anapestic movement. "My Lady's Mirror" is greatly marred by the closing rhyme. A false rhyme such as "should" and "mood," especially in a Miltonic sonnet, destroys its entire beauty, and, occurring at the end, leaves the mind in very much the same attitude as does an anti-climax.

It has been pointed out that Mr. Livingston has caught in a number of his poems something of Tennyson's manner. This might be considered a merit, as a master-singer is well worthy of imitation; but Mr. Livingston does not stop here. In his love and reverence for world-famous singers he has seen fit to adopt something of Tom Moore's lilt. Now, if Moore should serve any purpose in this age, it ought to be to teach poets how not to sing. His note is thin, weak, monotonous; and, although language has in his hands a tinsel-like splendour that pleases the eye and rests the ear, very much as the light music and shallow rhythm of the modern opera may do, in the hands of any other writer it seems commonplace and absurd. Hazlitt said of his verse: "There are here no tones to waken liberty, to console humanity. Mr. Moore converts the wild Harp of Erin into a musical snuff box." Such poems as "A Serenade" and "To Miss Mabel," in the manner and rhythm of Moore, are in consequence of this very imitation exceedingly thin and weak.

Mr. Livingston, too, has yet to learn Ben Jonson's words on the great master artist and thinker of English song:

"And that he
Who casts to write a living line must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second
heat
Upon the Muses' anvil: turne the same,
(And himselfe with it) that he thinks to
frame;
Or for the lawrell he may gaine a scorne,
For a good poet's made, as well as borne."

In "In Various Moods" there are many prose lines, and many lines that are raised above prose merely by awkward inversion. Occasionally, too, the rhymes are defective or weak. Take one example:

"For thou hast nestled close among the laces
That hide her timid bosom's spotless snow,
And so much purity in such a place is,
Thou must be pure, etc."

Such a feminine rhyme as "laces" and "place is" is only admissible in satiric and humorous verse, and has been used to great purpose by Byron in "Don Juan"; but one such rhyme as this is enough to knock all the pathos and sentiment out of a poem such as "To a Rose," and to reduce the whole impression to bathos.

But these are faults that can easily be pruned, and the volume is, on the whole, a worthy addition to our rapidly growing library of Canadian poetry; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Livingston may see fit to continue his studies in verse.

Stratford.

T. G. MARQUIS.

Mrs. Bishop (Miss Isabella Bird) who is over 60 years of age, is off again in search of new materials for yet another book of travels. She has just left Liverpool for the Corea, the Hermit Kingdom or Land of the Morning Calm.

SERAPHINA.

(From the German of Heine.)

Wand'ring in the wood at even,
In the dreamy twilight grove,
Ever at my side comes stealing
Tender form of my true love.

Is not this my love's white veil?
Not her gentle glance I feel?
Or is't but the straying moonbeams
That through dusky fir-trees steal?

Can it be these tears are mine
That I lightly hear to flow?
Or do you, my loved one, truly,
Weeping softly, with me go?

DAVID SOLOAN.

New Glasgow, N.S.

ART NOTES.

We are indebted to the *Literary Digest* for the following items:

Berond, the French painter, is at work on a picture representing the scene in the French Chamber of Deputies immediately after the throwing of the bomb by Vaillant.

Aluminum is now to be used for engraving in place of stone or steel. It is claimed that besides the advantage of lightness, an aluminum plate will furnish 8,000 impressions, against 30 to 100 from a steel one.

The *Reichsanzeiger* prints the Emperor's decree allowing 1,000 marks annually from his private purse to the winners of the art-prizes for the best works on the restoration of certain sculptures in the new museum.

The Belgian Government has bought a fine picture of Van Dyck from the family Ribeaucourt, for 200,000 francs. It is a portrait of de Laerne, burgomaster of Antwerp, and six members of his family and a lady Christine de Ribeaucourt.

A San Francisco artist named Keith, having come to the conclusion that Valasquez used a mirror of polished steel to reflect his sitters, has had one made and proposes to paint portraits hereafter. William Keith's landscapes occasionally appear in New York.

A Venus by the painter Lorenzo di Credi has been discovered in Florence. His name was Sciarpelloni, and he was a painter of the Italian school, living from 1453-1532. He was called di Credi, because he was originally apprenticed to a silversmith of Florence, named Credi.

Figaro announces that the Louvre is going to exhibit a large and valuable collection of Japanese ceramic art-objects from the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries belonging to private persons. *La Chronique des Arts et de la Curiosite* protests against this exhibition as unworthy of the Louvre.

"The Legend of Thought," by Burne-Jones, is the latest picture by this artist. It is a most wonderful piece of work. It pictures the Graces as three sisters who never grow older, stretching forth their long delicate hands toward a handsome chevalier of the Middle Ages. The treatment and coloring are unique and may mark a new epoch in art.—*Gazette des Beaux Arts*, Paris.

A portrait was lately exhibited in the Munich Salon. An art-critic rejected the picture as bad, and created a great commotion in Munich, because the model was offended. The artist said nothing. In a court of justice the art critic was compelled to sign a declaration to the effect that only the portrait was poor, but that the figure of the model was beautiful and her heart beyond reproach. Everybody laughed.

Pierre Jules Cavalier, the sculptor, died recently in Paris. He was born in Paris in 1814. He studied under David d'Angers and Paul Delaroche. In 1842 he obtained the grand prize for sculpture. Seven years later

he exhibited his statue of Penelope in the Paris Salon. Among his other famous works are the statues Truth, Cornelia, Glueck, and Napoleon I. In 1891 he did La Sculpture, a figure, for a Paris museum. He was a member of the Institute of France and an officer of the Legion of Honor.

A committee has been organized for the erection at Pin-en-Manges (Maine-et-Loire) of a statue of Jacques Cathelineau, the Vendean hero of 1793. Some of the remainders of the "Saint de l'Anjou" and those of his great-grandson, General Henri de Cathelineau, who died in 1891, were placed in one tomb, last year, at Pin-en-Manges, and the monument will be erected over them.

The Upper Canada College Camera Club held an exhibition of photographs at the College on the 9th and 10th instant. The display was well worth seeing, and proved that the exhibiting members of the Club were doing good and artistic work.

Of the late Joseph Keppler, it has been said that his figures were always well drawn. In his pictures you found every variety of parts of the human figure, fat bodies and slim, long and short legs, small feet and large feet—indeed a whole regiment of feet—yet every one was unmistakably human, while having a different value in delineation of character. It is hard to say whether his equal in this respect exists in the United States. Certain wrinkles in the legs of the trousers of some of Keppler's subjects are eloquent. In the curve of the back of some of his figures there is brutality or sycophancy. The pretender, the man or woman of affectation, the hypocrite, the ill-bred, the ill-tempered, the tyrannical and overbearing, as well as the sincere, the well bred, the sweet-tempered, the refined all reveal unmistakably their characters and dispositions by the way in which they stand or sit or carry themselves in Keppler's cartoons. It is a mystery, as in the case of many another eminent artist, as, for instance, the English Turner, how Keppler came by his artistic talent. It can be explained only as a freak or sport of nature. Keppler's parents were, and his ancestors, so far as he knew anything about them, had always been in the humbler ranks of life, and most of them were illiterate. They were butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers. Keppler's schooling had been but slight, apart from his instruction in drawing. He emigrated to the United States in 1868, penniless. After living in various parts of the country he came to New York, and was employed by Frank Leslie. In Leslie's employ was A. Schwarzmann, and the two men started, in 1876, the German *Puck*. It was so successful that before a great while the English *Puck* made its appearance, and was a vastly greater success than its German predecessor. By 1883 Keppler's wealth was estimated at \$600,000. He had been ill for several months from a nervous disorder, to which he succumbed a few days since, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mr. George Grossmith, the great English entertainer, will appear in the Pavilion Music Hall on the 20th and 21st March. This versatile genius will doubtless have, as he always does, large enthusiastic and delighted audiences for his programme will be unusually varied and amusing. Perhaps there is no abler living interpreter of the vagaries and humors of English society life than Mr. Grossmith.

An enthusiastic musical amateur, Dr. Emory, of Carlton St., has organized an orchestra of some forty pieces, and is having weekly rehearsals preparatory to giving a concert in the Carlton St Methodist Church, very soon, in aid of the deserving poor of the city. The programme will embrace pleasing and popular selections by various composers, and will also include solos and choruses by the excellent choir of the church. The genial doctor will doubtless wield a graceful baton.

On Tuesday evening, March 20th, the choir of the Church of the Redeemer, under the direction of Mr. Walter H. Robinson, intend giving Stainer's beautiful cantata "the Crucifixion." The work consists of choruses, tenor, baritone, and bass solos, and the soloists will be Messrs. Fred W. Lee, Alfred Parker, R. H. Greene, J. H. Mussion and Walter H. Robinson. A collection will be taken at the door to defray expenses.

The beautiful Vermont soprano, Miss Mary Howe, and her husband Mr. Wm. Lavin, tenor, who have recently returned from Europe, where they enjoyed genuine artistic triumphs in many continental cities, will give a concert in this city on the evening of April 30th, assisted by the best of all American violinists, Miss Leonora Von Stosch (who appeared here with Sousa last fall) and Mr. Luckstone, pianist. The concert promises to be of useful attractiveness.

The Toronto Ladies' Choral Club, under the direction of Miss Norah H. Hillary, purpose holding their annual musical evening about the first week in May. Pergolesi "Stabat Mater," which we believe has not been hitherto given in Toronto, will be performed, in addition to sacred classical music from the works of Spohr, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Brahms. The Ladies' String Quartet will also assist the Club and play the accompaniments with the organ to the "Stabat Mater." Admission will be by invitation, but donations will be received for the home for aged women.

The concert in Broadway Church, given by the Toronto Vocal Club, under the direction of Mr. W. J. McNally, assisted by Miss Jessie Alexander, one evening last week, was in all respects most praiseworthy. The Club sang "the Peasant's Wedding March," by Suederman, "My Love, Good Morrow," by Parry, "The Shepherd's Lament" by Smart, and two or three other numbers in a style which reflected much credit on themselves and likewise on their worthy conductor. Miss Alexander pleased immensely, as she always does, as did also the other ladies and gentleman taking part. The entertainment on the whole was an artistic success.

Toronto has been unusually barren of piano recitals this winter. With the exception of Mr. Baxter Perry's recital during the musicians' convention, and those given by our two excellent local artists, Mr. Field and Mr. Tripp, we have had unfortunately no piano playing to enjoy. What a difference from two winters ago, when four of the greatest pianists in the world, Friedheim, De Pachmann, Grunfeld, and Paderewski, gave each a recital all in the space of six weeks! Friedheim with his tonal thunderings, orchestral grandeur and colour, gave us interpretations lofty in their conceptions, tender, passionate, intense. Many will remember his programme; Wagner's overture to Tannhauser arranged by himself, Beethoven's lovely sonata in A flat, some studies by Chopin, his great A flat Polonaise, and B minor sonata, Schumann's stupendous Fantasia in C, Liszt's Don Juan Fantasia, and Mephisto Valse. His remarkable performance of these works completely illustrated his enormous technical resources, his warm imagination and intellectual strength, for his renderings are always well balanced, and his tone singularly beautiful. De Pachmann, a couple of weeks later came and performed with great brilliancy a much lighter programme, consisting entirely of Chopin's music, except Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccio," a "Rondo," by Weber, and an "etude" by Liszt. But what a difference in style! Here was delicacy almost effeminate, clearness, precision, sparkling scale passages, clean, chaste, rapid, poetic playing, but no virility or power, although this was compensated for by his sympathetic tone, and his pellucid, piquant touch, constantly apparent in both singing and brilliant passages. A week later came Grunfeld the great Viennese artist. His phenomenal octaves, superb crystalline tones, stormy fortissimos and scintillating brilliance, both astounded and pleased. A mingling of sentiment and vigor characterizes

his playing, although at times the shallow hurry-scurry of the virtuoso predominates. His rendering of Schumann's ever beautiful "Traumeri" and Beethoven's "Andante Favorite" in conjunction with his brother Heinrich (cellist) will be long remembered, for the noble feeling and warm fulness of tone. Ten days following Grunfeld's appearance, Paderewski came and charmed all by his poetic imagery and superlatively beautiful conceptions of modern music performed on that occasion. Where Paderewski particularly excels is in the management of the pedals, the distribution of tone color, and in the exquisite sense of proportion in part playing. In Chopin's music he reveals to us all the languishing delicacy and plaintive sadness, and all the dramatic, heroic effects distributed throughout his soul-stirring compositions. We had a treat or rather a number of treats—two winters ago, but they all came at once, and we believe were not appreciated so fully as they would have been had these delightful artists been heard at various times, or rather with greater intervals of time between their performances. Paderewski and Grunfeld are now in Europe, but Friedheim and De Pachmann are still in America. Will not some enthusiastic and enterprising manager arrange to let Toronto people have the opportunity of hearing one of these great pianists soon again?

LIBRARY TABLE.

CÆSAR'S BELLUM GALLICUM (BOOKS V. AND VI). Edited by John Henderson, M. A. and E. W. Hagarty, B.A. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

This edition of the *Bellum Gallicum* contains something more than the Latin text with or without officious annotation. It commences with a life of Caesar, short, concise and in every respect adequate to the requirements of those to whom Mommsen is merely a name. Special chapters are devoted to the Roman Army both "on the march" and "in camp." These chapters are followed by a synopsis (in Latin) of the first four books which should prove from more than one standpoint most valuable to beginners. The "Exercises in Translation introductory to Book V," are carefully graduated, and together with the "Exercises in Re-translation" make this edition something more than an edition of Caesar. The notes are concise and not too numerous. There is a vocabulary at the end of the book which is certainly, both for composition as well as for translation, a valuable addition to the elementary classics.

SOCIAL AIMS. By the Right Hon. the Earl and Countess of Meath. London: Wells, Gardner, Dalton & Co.

This volume is a collection of essays and addresses which have appeared in reviews or been given at public gatherings by the Earl or his worthy lady. They all bear upon the burning questions of social reform, and we firmly believe, as argued in the first article on the true reform of the House of Lords, that if Britain's nobility would in general busy themselves more after the example of the late Earl Shaftesbury, and as the Earl and Countess of Meath, and we may add, our present Governor-General and his wife are now doing, there would be not merely an absence of the cry, "Away with the Lords," but an enthusiastic support of the House. John Bull, in his inmost soul, likes a nobility, if only that privileged class do him good as well as honor. Usefulness added to ornament. The essays are all bright reading, human in their tone; have no great profundity, little philosophy, but are practical, philanthropic, and in those respects worthy of the social home from which they proceed.

HOW TO STUDY THE PROPHETS. By Rev. Buchanan Blake, B.D. Part IV. Ezekiel. Price 4s. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Willard Tract Depository. 1894.

The value of this series becomes increasingly conspicuous, as the successive

portions appear. Every serious student of the Old Testament has discovered the difficulty of entering intelligently into the meaning of the prophetic writings. It is not only that there is frequently need of a minute knowledge of Hebrew history, but also that the prophecies are sometimes arranged in other than chronological order. Mr. Buchanan gives just the help which we need. He arranges the text in order with a running analysis and a corrected translation, so that it is quite easy to advance from point to point and to trace the connection of the whole. This occupies rather more than half the volume. The second division gives an account of the prophecies "read in their historical setting," each chapter of exposition corresponding with that of the text. To this a third division is added, dealing with the religious conceptions of Ezekiel, and containing a chronological table and a glossary of names. These are real helps.

PERIODICALS.

Wee Willie Winkie has lots of pretty pictures, nice stories, bright little letters, clever puzzles and riddles, and poems, and other winsome things for "Wee Willie's" bairns.

"Lady Aberdeen" is the title and subject of a graceful and appreciative sketch in the *Chatanquan* for March, by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins. The sketch is accompanied by a most pleasing portrait of the good Countess.

Among the ten tales which make up the allotment of *Storiettes* for March, will be found specimens of the work of W. Clark Russell, Grant Allen, Marion Harland, Madge Robertson, Hume Nisbet and G. B. Burgin.

The *Journal of Hygiene* for March has some excellent health notes and sensible suggestions as to Hygiene for women. The topics for the month are timely, and "C.H.B.'s" first paper on "Hygiene of the Nose" will stimulate expectation for the second.

The *Bookman* for March has portraits of Count Tolstoi, "Moirá O'Neill," and Caroline Fenimore Woolson. The News Notes are most interesting. "Moirá O'Neill" is sketched as a "New Writer," and there are papers on "Some New Letters of Balzac," by Frederick Wedmore; "Prehistoric Writings of Mr. Froude," by T. Espinasse, and Mr. Lang's "St. Andrew's." The other departments are as usual excellently well filled.

The editor contributes two enjoyable descriptive papers to the March number of the *Methodist Magazine*—the first on the Italian Lakes and the second an instalment of the "Tent Life in Palestine" series. In the first paper Mr. J. Hardmeyer, collaborates. Miss Ida Lewis has an appreciative sketch of Thomas J. Cumber, Missionary to the Congo, and Rev. G. M. Meacham writes thoughtfully of "Hard Times: Their causes and remedies."

"By Northern Rivers" is the title of the illustrated descriptive article by Ninetta Eames with which the *Overland Monthly* for March begins. This paper graphically describes the scenery of some important Western rivers and has sketches of the picturesque Indians who dwell and hunt beside them. Another characteristic Western paper is that by C. D. Robinson on "Old Californian Placers." This number abounds in poems and short story as well.

Among the poets who will be found immortalized in the *Magazine of Poetry* for March appear at least three well-known names: those of N. P. Willis, who we thought, perhaps mistakenly, had already been noticed; Andrew Lang, the versatile essayist, critic, fabulist and litterateur, and the graceful and accomplished American poet, essayist and dramatic critic William Winter. There are as usual a number of versifiers of repute, we must in charity suppose, in their respective localities, and some current poems, notes, etc.

Onward and Upward for March is a good number. Miss Wilson has a kindly letter to

isolated associates, Miss Friederichs an excellent review of Kipling's "Tale of Toomai" from St. Nicholas and the accomplished Principal of Queen's begins a graphic sketch of the missionary work of the Presbyterian Church in Canada among the Indians: this paper deals with the field of the great North West. "Fireside Chats" are all that their pleasant name betokens, and "Wives and Mothers" receive good advice on a variety of moral and culinary subjects.

Andrew Lang begins the March *Blackwood* with a ringing poetic recital of "How they held the Bass for King James: 1691-1694." Chapters VI to VIII are added to Miss Gerard's serial, "The Rich Miss Riddell." Mr. P. A. Wright Henderson in his reminiscent paper entitled "Glasgow and Balliol" gives a view of University life of thirty years ago. Moira O'Neill has a clever appreciation of "The Power of Dante." "About a Book of Autographs" is the somewhat unprepossessing title of a most prepossessing paper. If we continue our enumeration the reader will find nothing untouched in this excellent number of "Maga"—so we refrain.

The *Expository Times* for February is an excellent number—useful for all students of the Scriptures, but especially (as we must repeat) for conductors of Bible Classes and Preachers. The "Notes" have a number of interesting and useful items. Dr. Stalker, the well known author of an excellent condensed Life of Christ, writes on the Parables of Zachariah, this time on the Parable of the Horseman (i. 7-17). The "Great Text Commentary" this time deals with I. S. John, ii. 15-17, and has a number of excellent expository remarks from the best commentators, and also some "methods of treatment" by such preachers as Bishop Alexander, Bishop Magee, and Dr. Vaughan. But the whole number is good.

It is indeed surprising the amount of excellent and interesting reading and pleasing illustration the *Cosmopolitan* for March contains when we consider its price. Dr. Lyman Abbot begins the number with a thoughtful and scholarly paper, entitled "The Son of the Carpenter." Frederick Masson writes about "The Quadrilles at the Court of Napoleon I," and gives the reader a bright sketch of a light phase of that brilliant period. M. Valdéz's serial is well sustained, and Mr. Howell's papers lose none of their interest. "Buzz" is the common-place title of a prettily written and illustrated paper by Stoddard Goodhue, on the hummingbird. St. George Mivart has a contribution on "God's Will and Human Happiness," and the departments are well worth reading.

One cannot help feeling that some of the articles which appear in the *Arena* are more suitable for being read by the serious student in the seclusion of his study than for general perusal in the family circle. That of S. B. Elliott, M. D., on "Prenatal Culture," in the March number is a case in point. An important subject, it is true, and too little considered, but we question whether it is not seemingly but wise to boldly discuss such questions in the pages of a popular periodical. Mr. Arnold Heinemann's thoughtful paper on "Manual Training," is well worthy of consideration and deals with a subject of increasing and pressing importance in this age of depleted farms and hungry demagogues. Dr. Hensoldt's studies of Eastern Religions are continued, and other writers add to the interest of this month's issue of the *Arena*.

The *Psychological Review* for January is the first number of a new bi-monthly Review which comes out under the editorship of Professor Baldwin, of Princeton, recently of the University of Toronto, and Professor Cattels of Columbia College, with the co-operation of a number of professors in America, France, and Germany. The first number is full of promise, as may be judged from the names of the contributors. The article which occupies the first place is Dr. G. T. Ladd's, "President's Address before the New York meeting of the American Psychological Association," and broaches a good many subjects of contemporan-

TWIN CLUSTER MARQUIS HALF-HOOP SOLITAIRE

In fact all the most desirable styles of Ladies' rings, now in vogue, are being shown by us in rich profusion. Comprising almost every possible combination of Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, Pearls, Opals, Sapphires and Turquoise. Rare value because we select our stones personally in Amsterdam.

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Correspondence invited.

eous philosophical interest and importance. Professor Munsterberg, of Harvard, gives us a series of studies from the Harvard Psychological Laboratory; and shorter articles are contributed by Mr. Francis Galton, Prof. John Dewey, Professor James, and other well known experts. Our readers will perceive that the aim of the Review has chief reference to experimental psychology. Its appearance is a proof of the rapid progress made in this science; and there can be no question of its value for such studies.

Austin's has been a name to conjure with in the realm of higher jurisprudence, but now comes Mr. John Dewey in the *Political Science Quarterly* for March, who proceeds to prick his (bubble?) reputation. The "red rag" with Mr. Dewey in this instance is "Austin's theory of Sovereignty," and the flaunting of it appears in the proposition that "whatever the sovereign does not forbid, it enjoins," which to Mr. Dewey "proves altogether too much." Mr. G. H. Blunden contributes a carefully prepared first paper, enforced by schedules, on "British Local Finance." These papers are timely and instructive to all interested in broad views of their important subject. That acute student of economy, Mr. W. J. Ashley in a short paper discusses "The Village in India." Mr. Ashley thinks the evidence on this subject not at all satisfactory and that the kernel of the supposed Village Institution is resolvable into the family tie, with the exception, perhaps, a portion of the Punjab, "a part of India concerning which," he says, "we have least information." There are, of course, other thoughtful articles in this number, as well as the usual quota of excellent notices and notes.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is about to publish her memoirs, which will fill two volumes.

Mr. William Morris is to have a Kelmscott reprint of Shelley's works in three volumes, omitting translations, fragments, etc. The editor will be Mr. F. S. Ellis, who is well qualified for the position.

The Marquis of Dufferin is going to furnish a memoir of his mother, Helen, Lady Dufferin, a granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, to the volume of her "Poems and Verses," which the Marquis is editing and Mr. Murray is to publish. Two portraits will be given.

Harper & Brothers announce "The Jewish Question," by the author of "The Mission of the Jews," which appeared in the January *Harper's Magazine*; "Our English Cousins," by Richard Harding Davis; "For Honor and Life," by William Westall, and "Life's Little Ironies," by Thomas Hardy.

Although a fortnightly review somewhat like the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Revue de Paris* will resemble more the great English monthlies. There will be no chronicle of art, literature, music, the drama, contributed by an established staff; but on all questions of the hour the *Revue de Paris* will address itself

directly to the writers, French or foreign, most capable of treating them. It will have no definite bias, religious or political. The names of Prince Henry d'Orleans, Prince Roland Bonaparte, and M. Godefroy Cavaignac are a guarantee of its political independence. It is said that the editorship will be shared by MM. Louis Gauderax and James Darmesteter, and that the well-known publisher M. Paul Calmann Levy is the principal shareholder.

We have taken from an exchange the following interesting item:—"The editor of Waldorf Astor's *Pall Mall Gazette* is Henry Cust, M.P., next in succession to the Earl of Brownlow, a great society man, and counted as one of the most promising young men in the House of Commons. He was the candidate the story of whose election was so brightly told in *Harper's* a few months ago by R. H. Davis. He is a prodigious worker in his editorial chair, being at the office by 7.30 o'clock in the morning and remaining there until the meeting of Parliament at four in the afternoon, attending also to his political duties with great fidelity. There must be an actual loss in publishing a penny paper of twelve pages, since the paper on which it is printed is probably the most costly of any used by any newspaper in the world."

We are at last to have an authoritative edition of Chaucer. Issued by the Clarendon Press at Oxford, it will represent the life-work of perhaps the foremost authority on early English literature, Rev. Walter W. Skeat, who has made it the subject of unremitting labor for over a quarter of a century. It is the first modern edition (not counting mere re-prints from the old black-letter copies) that contains the whole of Chaucer's works, whether in prose or in verse, and it will be accompanied by an exhaustive commentary upon every passage that seems to present any difficulty or to require illustration. The text will be an entirely new one and independent of modern editions, founded upon the most reliable manuscripts and the earliest printed versions. This monumental work will consist of six volumes, published at short intervals and sold separately.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

Oh! sweetest, fairest Spring!
Why art thou tarrying?
Come, crowned with light, and flowers, and melody!
Our eyes are turned to greet
The flashing of thy feet;
Our hearts are very faint for sight of thee!
Full many a harbinger
Doth tell us thou art near;
The snowdrop springs from out the wintry mould;
The eager leaf-buds throw
Their sheaths aside, and lo!
The crocus lights his lamp of burnished gold.
The almond-blossom frail
Now flings its dainty veil
Of tenderest rose athwart the branches bare;
At thy approach, O Spring,
There stirs a quickening
Of life through the expectant earth and air.
Where'er thy steps are set
Spring up the violet,
The primrose and the wood anemone;
Oh, come—we turn to greet
The flashing of thy feet;
Our hearts are very faint for sight of thee.
—E. G. S. in the *Speaker*.

THE LORDS AND THE COMMONS.

Now that the Lords and the Commons have effected a compromise over the Parish Council Bill, let us look for an instant at their relations to the people. Exactly as the American Senate is composed of the people, so is

the House of Lords. It has been the aim of British statesmen for the past quarter of a century to democratize the Upper Chamber. It has been the tendency of the times to entice the Lords into business. Bankers, railway promoters, merchants, colonizers, they have all learned the common ethics of the people's affairs. Lord Salisbury as a shorthand writer or a penniless gold miner in Australia with bare legs and buckskin breeches cannot be said to have become a haughty autocrat, ignorant of and indifferent to the interests of the people simply through the decease of an elder member of his house. "Winchelsea and Nottingham is an active worker for the agricultural classes; Rosebery glories in the idea that though he is a nobleman he is yet of the people; Fife is a banker; Bass is a brewer; Armstrong is a shipbuilder; Argyll is as active a thinker, writer and debater, as many a Smith, Jones or Brown of the Common Pleas. Hartington, or 'Devon,' as he is now termed, is the darling of the Unionists; others are directors of companies; all are more or less in touch with the people: none sit on scarlet seats in the 'tyrannical courts of Westminster' and survey the people through a telescope. Yet when they commit an act which the great representative party of the people, i.e., the Conservatives plus Liberal Unionists commit, that is, oppose a Government measure, in horror cries out the press, and the further it is away from the theatre of action the louder does it shout out! There are two things that darken the face of the earth, viz.: ignorance and impertinence. Ignorant and impertinent students of the affairs of a distant people are always in the minority, but nevertheless they send waves of sound undulating over the surface of the country—they say, 'we expostulate,' 'we condemn,' 'we will not have it,' 'we think different,' 'we know better,' 'we predict,' 'we verily foresee,' or they shout, 'The Lords are dead!' 'Long live the people!' Then they sip wine, leer and grow corpulent. Upon a small scale we have this in Nova Scotian affairs anent the Legislative Council, but as a country we are tolerably free from these screaming patriots. We earnestly trust our readers will not suffer themselves to be misled by the false and highly coloured accounts of crises in Great Britain over the Lords and the Commons. Each is essential to the constitution of the Empire. Both are in harmony with the strictest ideas of the people. Englishmen are neither autocrats nor fools. The compromise over the Parish Council Bill is a capital example of their pure common sense. Let us leave the British Lords alone and look after our own little lords. What of them, does the class above alluded to 'verily foresee?'—*Canadian C. G. and Critic*.

A NEW FORM OF POLICY.

It is doubtless within the recollection of a great many of our readers when life insurance could only be obtained on the life plan, under which the insured pays premiums for the term of his life, and in case of his death the full amount of the policy becomes payable, whereas, of late years, several new systems (such as the tontine and the semi-tontine) have been introduced, under which are combined the elements of protection to a man's dependents in case of his death, and a desirable investment for himself if he lives to the end of the investment period.

The latest form of policy offered to the insuring public of Canada is that of the investment annuity plan.

Under it, should death occur within the first ten years the policy becomes payable in equal annual instalments; if after that, and within the investment period selected with the first instalment, there will be payable a mortuary dividend of the eleventh and subsequent premiums paid thereon.

This form of policy contract should commend itself to intending insurers, as under it a much lower premium is chargeable than on the other plans of insurance on account of the payment of the face of the policy being extended over a period of twenty or twenty-five years.

The company that issues this most desirable form of insurance is the North American Life Assurance Company, 22 to 28 King st. West, Toronto, from whom full particulars can be obtained by applying for the same at their head office or through any of their agents.

LIFE IN A LUMBER CAMP.

THE DANGERS WHICH BESET THESE STURDY TOILERS.

Recent Events Recall an Accident That Caused Years of Pain and Suffering—How the Victim Regained Health and Strength.

Mr. James Fitzgerald, a prosperous and respected merchant of Victoria Road, a pretty little village in Victoria County, has for years suffered from the effects of a peculiar accident which happened him while in a lumber camp. To a reporter of the *Lindsay Post*, Mr. Fitzgerald said that when a boy in his teens he had a strong desire to spend a season in a lumber camp, and prevailed upon his parents to let him join a party of young men who were leaving for the woods fifty miles distant. It proved for him, an unfortunate trip. One day while he was binding on a load of logs, the binding pole broke and he received a heavy blow on the elbow of the right arm. As there was no surgeon within fifty miles of the camp he was attended to by the best means his fellow-workmen could provide. After a few days, thinking he was all right, he went to work again. The exertion proved too much, for in a short time the pain returned, and continued to get worse every day, until at last Mr. Fitzgerald was forced to return home, where he got the best of care and medical attendance. This, however, did not relieve him, as the pain had become chronic and by this time affected his whole arm, and partially the right side of his body. He thus suffered for years, unable to get any relief, his arm becoming withered and paralyzed, and he was forced to give up his farm and try various light commercial pursuits, and abandoned all hope of ever having the arm restored to usefulness. In the fall of 1892 he was induced to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. Mr. Fitzgerald's first order was for half-a-dozen boxes, and before these were gone he began to experience the beneficial effects. The pain from which he had suffered for so many years began to lessen. He procured another supply, and from that out the improvement was constant and rapid, and he not only recovered the use of his arm, but is enjoying as good bodily health as he did before the accident, seventeen years ago. Mr. Fitzgerald feels that the cure is thorough and permanent, and as a natural consequence is very warm in his praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have been the means of benefitting many others in his neighborhood, who had seen what they had done in Mr. Fitzgerald's case. For cases of partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, and all nerve troubles, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the only certain cure. They act directly upon the blood and nerves, thus striking at the root of the trouble, and restoring the system to its wonted vigor. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Seldenectady, N.Y. Refuse all imitations which some unscrupulous dealers may offer because of the larger profit from their sale.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S LAST LETTER.

The last letter of the late Professor Tyndall is believed to have been one which he addressed to Mr. Colles, of the Society of Authors, of which body Professor Tyndall was a vice president, as well as one of its earliest and staunchest friends. It is dated December 3rd, and did not reach its destination till after Dr. Tyndall's death. The following portion of the note is published in *The Author* :

"Dear Mr. Colles,—I have been 'shamefully treated'—lifted on the wings of hope and then let fall like a simple gravitating mass without a pinion. When I reached England from Switzerland six weeks ago my prospects were fair. Three days after my return they became clouded. I was smitten with an attack in the chest, which drove me to my bed, whence I am hardly yet able to rise. This is why I have not acknowledged your friendly note informing me of the kindness of — in undertaking to look over the poems of —. Will you thank him on my behalf? Yours very faithfully,
JOHN TYNDALL.

LIFE DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.

He could see now what she was, but he saw also how graceful was her walk, how beautiful her figure. Of course she displayed these advantages, of which she was fully conscious, from a good motive, but an instinct, inherited possibly from Mother Eve, may have had something to do with it.

All at once loud cries rose on the air, followed by a rush of feet. A crowd was running up behind them. The roar was the same that Manette had heard the day before in the Rue de Bussy, when the mob, about to sack the grocer's shops, passed under her window. She knew what it meant. A popular tumult was sweeping through the Rue de Seine which five minutes before had been so quiet and deserted. The crowd was already running under the wall of the College des Quatre-Nations, where Manette had just encountered the man in a blue coat.

Alarmed at the prospect of finding herself the next moment borne along by the hideous throng, the girl began to run, and the east wing of the edifice forming a deep angle as it abutted on the Quay, she rushed into it for shelter.

The human whirlwind swept past. Manette saw a man who was running a few yards in advance of the pack of wild beasts who were pursuing him. He was an old man with white hair. His black clothes were fluttering in tatters, for he had been seized already and had escaped out of their hands. It was women who followed most closely at his heels. They were foremost among his pursuers. The whole pack yelled and howled.

"*A la lanterne!*" they cried. "He is a priest! Down with all priests! *A la lanterne!*"

A crowd of men followed the women, as eager as they were to be in at the death of a hunted human being. One of the foremost furies, turning round, suddenly snatched a pike that a man near her was waving in his hand; and the possession of this weapon seemed to give her fresh strength. At one bound she was in advance of all the crowd, and the length of the pike did the rest. The victim fell.

Manette had shut her eyes. She did not see the murderers spring upon their bleeding quarry. Her trembling hands let fall her little bundle; her limbs sank under her; she grew faint. She would have fallen but that a man's arm supported her. A man's voice whispered: "Never fear them! I am here to help you. Let me take charge of you. I will place you in safety."—Translated from the French of Paul Perrot for *Littell's Living Age*.

To excel is to live.—Beranger.

If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou wouldst, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking?—Thomas a Kempis.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Halifax Chronicle : The Province is in an excellent financial position, so that no danger of direct taxation for provincial purposes need be anticipated for many years to come. Such a danger could only become inevitable if the people of Nova Scotia should perpetrate the folly of placing a Tory Government in power.

Ottawa Citizen : If the controversy between General Middleton, Lieut.-Col. Houghton and Col. Boulton continues it will lead many persons to doubt whether any reliance can be placed upon the statements of history. If these officers who were at Batoche and took part in the campaign previous to that fight cannot agree among themselves whether a retreat was ordered on a certain occasion or whether it was a forward movement who is to decide?

Montreal Witness : The bill remains a good tariff reform measure for the United States, and is a big step in the direction of a revenue tariff from the McKinley tariff, which drove the United States farmers into revolt. Canadian farmers should insist upon a radical reduction of their burden of taxation. The presentation of the American bill to the Senate comes in good time for the Canadian Government, which will probably be very glad to see the American tariff reform bill in its final form before presenting their revised tariff to the Canadian Parliament.

Vancouver World : British Columbia has at the present time at the helm of its affairs men who have faith in the country and its people. The Province is going ahead with rapid strides. Times, it is true, are not as good as they were a couple of years ago; but take it all in all we are not suffering as are our neighbors across the border. The outlook here is more encouraging and hopeful than is that of the American coast or Mountain states. Our Government realizes its position and the duties devolving upon it in this respect and is proving itself to be equal to the occasion or any emergency that may arise.

Manitoba Free Press ; The farmers are those who cultivate just as much of their lands as they can conveniently attend to, sowing a variety of grain; enough wheat for flour and seed; sufficient barley and oats to feed their cattle; a fair quantity of potatoes and other vegetables; paying attention to their bunch of milch cows, their fattening steers, their sheep, hogs and poultry. If some portion of their crop fails they have always enough that is successful to carry them over in comfort till the next year. If their grain is frosted they can turn it into beef and pork—it is never a total loss to them—and their butter, eggs, poultry and vegetables secure them from the want which is the portion of their wheat-growing neighbors. The country needs more farmers and fewer wheat growers.

Quebec Chronicle : They are still pegging away, in Ottawa, at the fast Atlantic service question. Mr. Huddart is going to England to see about it. He wants the Government to subsidize the line at the rate of three-quarters of a million of dollars per year, and the Government is, it appears, willing to give that much, provided the steamers are greyhounds, twenty knot boats. Of course, nothing definite has so far been achieved, the scheme being, practically, in embryo yet. Mr. Huddart wants a ten years' contract, and proposes to establish also a fast line from Great Britain to Australia and New Zealand, using the Canadian Pacific Railway for making the connection between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. This is a scheme of pretty big dimensions, and, perhaps, Mr. Huddart may be able to float it.

Siegfried Wagner, the son of the great composer, is giving his whole time to the preparations at Bayreuth for the series of Wagnerian representations that will commence in July. He is a left-handed conductor, which very often perplexes the orchestra. He is said to be a musician of great intelligence.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

A notable plant for the electrical transmis-
sion of power was opened at Gringesberg,
Sweden, on Dec. 18, 1893. Electricity gener-
ated by a water-fall is conveyed through cop-
per wires about one-sixth inch thick strung on
high poles to mines eight miles distant, where
it runs motors aggregating 140 horse-power
and supplies 20 arc-lamps and 200 incandes-
cent lamps. The power was previously suppli-
ed by steam-engines and local turbines, all
of which have been now entirely dispensed
with.

The Mont Blanc Observatory is now under-
going its presumably worst season, and the
most interesting news of the kind during the
coming spring will be the account of how its
occupants passed the winter, and what obser-
vations they were enabled to make. But it is
not expected that much can be done in winter,
except in connection with meteorology, and we
must look for whatever discoveries are to come
through the advantages of high altitudes to the
South American and Californian observatories.
—*English Mechanic.*

A most remarkable electrical experiment
was successfully exhibited at the College of
Physicians and Surgeons in Baltimore, Md.,
last week. By means of a flexible rubber
tube a diminutive electric light was introduced
into the stomach of a patient. The lights in
the rooms being lowered, over two hundred
persons viewed the workings of the patient's
internal organs through the transparency the
light created in the abdominal wall. Prof.
Julius Friedenwald conducted the experiment,
which has heretofore been regarded as an im-
possibility. — *Boston Transcript.*

Dr. J. S. Pyle, *American Journal of Poli-
tics*, December, enters an indignant protest
against the existing wasteful custom of execut-
ing criminals who, in the hands of scientific
men, might be utilized for the best interests
and enlightened development of humanity.
The *modus operandi* of the mental processes
can never be made clear save by experiment
on the living brain, and the restrictions im-
posed on scientific research in this direction
are something lamentable. Moreover, the
criminal is a debtor to society, and ought not
to be hurried off the stage until he has settled
his score. The subject would be kept under
anesthetics during the investigations.

On investigation, the recent Louisville
bridge disaster has some inexplicable features,
which the engineering journals are trying to
unravel. It will be remembered that a span in
course of erection fell from the collapsing of
the wooden false work that supported it, and
that several hours afterward a complete span
fell. This completed span seems to have been
lifted bodily from its piers and to have been
deposited upright and whole on the bed of the
river about 25 feet away. The roller and ped-
estals on which it rested remain intact and
there is not even a scratch on the piers. If
this result were due to the wind alone, it is
estimated that it must have had a velocity of 75
to 90 miles an hour.

Artificial silk, made by the processes an-
nounced by M. Chardonnet in 1889, is now
manufactured on a commercial scale at Besan-
con. It is simply collodion forced through
fine apertures, issuing as delicate threads,
which are then passed through water. The
water takes up the ether and alcohol in which
the collodion has been dissolved, solidifying it
and giving it elasticity. The collodion is pre-
pared on a large scale from wood-pulp, and the
resulting product is said to possess all the prop-
erties of natural silk. The only difficulty yet
to be overcome lies in the imperfect regulation
of the pressure in the cylinders, resulting in the
frequent breaking of the threads, and conse-
quent impossibility of maintaining a uniform-
ly good quality in the output.

No human being can come into this world
without increasing or diminishing the sum
total of human happiness. — *Elihu Burritt.*

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Other Chemicals
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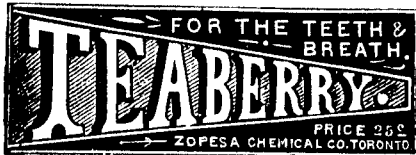
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It is to be hoped that the excellent articles in the *Times* on the Canadian North-West will be widely read. They form one of the most important contributions to the literature of the subject in recent years. The tone is sound and moderate, neither running into optimism on the one side, or to pessimism on the other. It is evident the writer knows what he or she (one is never certain about the sex of journalists nowadays) is talking about, and has taken much pains to arrive at a fair and accurate judgment. The North-West is not an El Dorado, but it is possessed of a fertile soil, and a climate which, although severe, is admirably adapted for general mixed farming.—*Colonies and India.*

The young African Prince Eyo Ekpenyon Eyo II, who was recently brought over to Liverpool by Mr. Alfred L. Jones, and placed in the Congo Institute, Colwyn Bay, cannot, it appears, bear the English climate. The Prince has just written a letter to his kind patron, in which he says he cannot keep warm, and offering to go back as steward, which, it is reported, he has now done. Here is his letter to Mr. Jones:—"My Lord, I try all my best to see if I can stand this cold, but now is more worse to me. I can feel even my fingers and my feet, and I seat beside the fire all the day long from morning to evening. I can go outside except on Sunday. My Lord, I don't think I will stand this cold. My Lord, I see all you kindness to me since I came over here, but I am very sorry because cold stop me to see the end of it."—*Colonies and India.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rosa Bonheur, the famous artist, is given special permission to wear masculine attire. She affects the dress of French workmen.

The old Lincoln homestead in Larue County, Kentucky, has been bought by a syndicate of Kentuckians, who will convert it into a park and present it to the Government.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* counsels the formation of a society like the Municipal Art of New York to watch over the public squares, buildings and monuments, secure artistic work and prevent the erection of poor buildings and statuary.

Housekeeping is a science. It cannot be intuitively grasped. Its principles are sometimes imparted by mothers to their daughters. No doubt the science of housekeeping could be effectively taught in schools. When the time comes when no girl who expects to marry is believed to have finished her education until she has graduated in the science of housekeeping, the vexing servant girl problem, which now seems so formidable, will have disappeared from American life.—*Milwaukee Evening, Wisconsin.*

The cura of the Adelaide (S.A.) Museum, who was recently sent to Lake Militgan to collect the remains of the diprotodon and other extinct animals, returned to Adelaide the other day with about 60 cases of specimens that he has collected, including one entire skeleton of a diprotodon 10 feet long and six feet high. He also obtained the skeleton of a bird called the dromohrno, which is somewhat similar to the emu. The curator says that to remove everything round the lake and make a thorough search would be a work of 50 years.

Direct trade in two years, 1890 to 1892, increased the South's imports \$89,000,000 against \$82,000,000 in all the rest of the Union, and swelled the South's imports 25 per cent. against 5 per cent. in the rest of the United States. One prime object of Southern direct trade has been to induce Western grain and flour and meat to go abroad through Southern ports by Southern railroads. In 1892 as a fruit of this direct trade the West shipped \$104,000,000 of its exports through the South to foreign countries, of which \$85,000,000 were breadstuffs, \$13,000,000 meat products, and \$6,000,000 cattle. And nearly all of this Western stuff went through Baltimore, Newport News, New Orleans and Galveston.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The great vertical compound condensing Reynolds-Corliss engine, which formed the principal feature of the power house of the intramural railway at the Fair, was never once stopped during the period of the exhibition for repairs to the engine proper, and yet it propelled no less than thirteen trains of five heavily loaded cars each, through the working hours of each day. The award committee watched the working of this engine on one occasion for twenty-three hours in succession, and satisfied themselves that while running at 100 revolutions per minute, its speed did not vary as much as 1 per cent. even when the gross load was suddenly reduced something like 50 per cent. A few years ago the construction of such an engine would have been scouted as an utter impossibility.—*Railway Review.*

If the fact were not officially certified, it would be difficult to believe that the enormous pressure of 60,000 pounds to the square inch had been registered in a trial of ordnance, or that any gun was ever made which would stand that almost inconceivable strain. Such, however, is the official report of a trial made not long ago at Birdsboro, Pa. The piece tested was a Brown segmental tube wire-wound gun, the powder charge 18 pounds, and the projectile an 84-pound shot. The gun was a 5-inch rifle, and the shot being somewhat roughly finished is supposed to have been a trifle large for the bore. At any rate, the pressure above stated was shown by the United States Army pressure gauge and duly reported, after careful and repeated inspection by a United States ordnance expert.

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"Second Act."—"Der Freischutz in Costume," scenes from "Il Trovatore."
Selections from Grand Opera and Oratorios. Chorus of 40 pupils and Orchestra.
Tickets 25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00.
Plan at Nordheimer's Music Store, on and after March 24th, '94.

The Hon. Simon Wolf, of Washington, has about completed a "roll of honor," in which he has entered the names of all Jews who have served in the army or navy of the United States.

The metropolitan and city police districts of London, according to "Whittaker's Almanac" for 1894, cover an area of 443,421 acres with a population of 5,633,806. The total length patrolled by the police reaches 8,360 miles.

As to the speed with which the migration flights of birds are accomplished, Canon Tristram, in the British Association, quoted Herr Gatke as maintaining that godwits and plovers can fly at the rate of 240 miles an hour. Dr. Jerdon had stated that the spine-tailed swift, roosting in Ceylon, would reach the Himalayas, a thousand miles, before sunset. In their ordinary flight the swift was the only bird the author had ever noticed to outstrip an express train on the Great Northern Railway.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

The mystery about "the letter that never came" has been solved. It was never sent. — *New Orleans Picayune.*

He: Will you be my wife? She: No.
He: Ah! May I be your husband? She:
That's different. — *Free Press.*

The poor Czar has no salary at all, and his private property only yields an income of about \$1,000,000 a month. — *New York Recorder.*

Laura: Tell me, Uncle George, is that deformed gentleman what is called a "crook?"
Uncle George: No, indeed. He is a bicyclist. — *Boston Transcript.*

"I've noticed one thing about widows' weeds," said his Reverence. "What's that?" asked his Honor. "They rarely interfere with the growth of orange blossoms on the same soil." — *Puck.*

Travers: I was coming out of my house this morning and I met my tailor. Jagway: What did he have to say? Travers: Oh, it was so long since he had seen me that he didn't know me. — *New York Herald.*

He had spoken to her very softly, very sweetly, very earnestly, and the blush came to her cheek. "Why is your face red?" he smiled as he took her willing hand. "Because my heart is," she whispered, and the light of the silver lamp drew back and left them in the blissful shadow. — *New York Sun.*

"My dear," timidly ventured Mr. N. Peck, as his wife stood at the ticket window arguing with the agent, "there are more than forty people behind you getting madder every minute." "I don't care," snapped Mrs. Peck. "Forty people are not going to get any madder than just one." — *Indianapolis Journal.*

At Newry, a few days ago, a Parnellite coal-porter fell into the quay, and was rescued by a well-known member of the M'Carthyite party. After having regained consciousness he asked who saved him, and on being informed that it was a M'Carthyite he exclaimed: "Throw me in again, for I wouldn't be under a compliment to him!"

An Irishman in France was challenged by a Frenchman to fight a duel to which he readily consented and suggested shillalals. "That won't do," said the second. "As the challenged party, you have the right to choose the arms, but chivalry demands that you should decide upon a weapon with which Frenchmen are familiar. "Is that so?" returned the Irishman. "Then, begorra! we'll fight wid guillotines."

A Frenchman was teaching in a large school, where he had a reputation among the pupils for making some queer mistakes. One day he was teaching a class which was rather disorderly. What with the heat and the troublesome boys, he was very snappish. Having punished several boys, and sent one to the bottom of the form, he at last shouted out in a passion: "Ze whole class go to ze bottom!" — *Tit-Bits.*

"GRIN LIKE A CHESHIRE CAT."

"Well, well! Didn't ever hear of a 'grin like a Cheshire cat?' Why you see, a man down in Cheshire had a cat which grinned and grinned until there was nothing left of the cat but the grin, just as some scrofulous people, who don't know of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, get a cough, and then cough and cough until there is nothing left of them to erect a monument to but the cough."

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the most effective, anti-bilious, anti-dyspeptic, strength-giving remedy extant. For weak lungs, lingering coughs, spitting of blood, scrofula, sores, pimples and ulcers, it is a wonderful and efficacious remedy.

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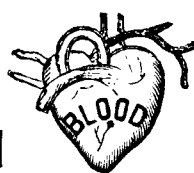
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