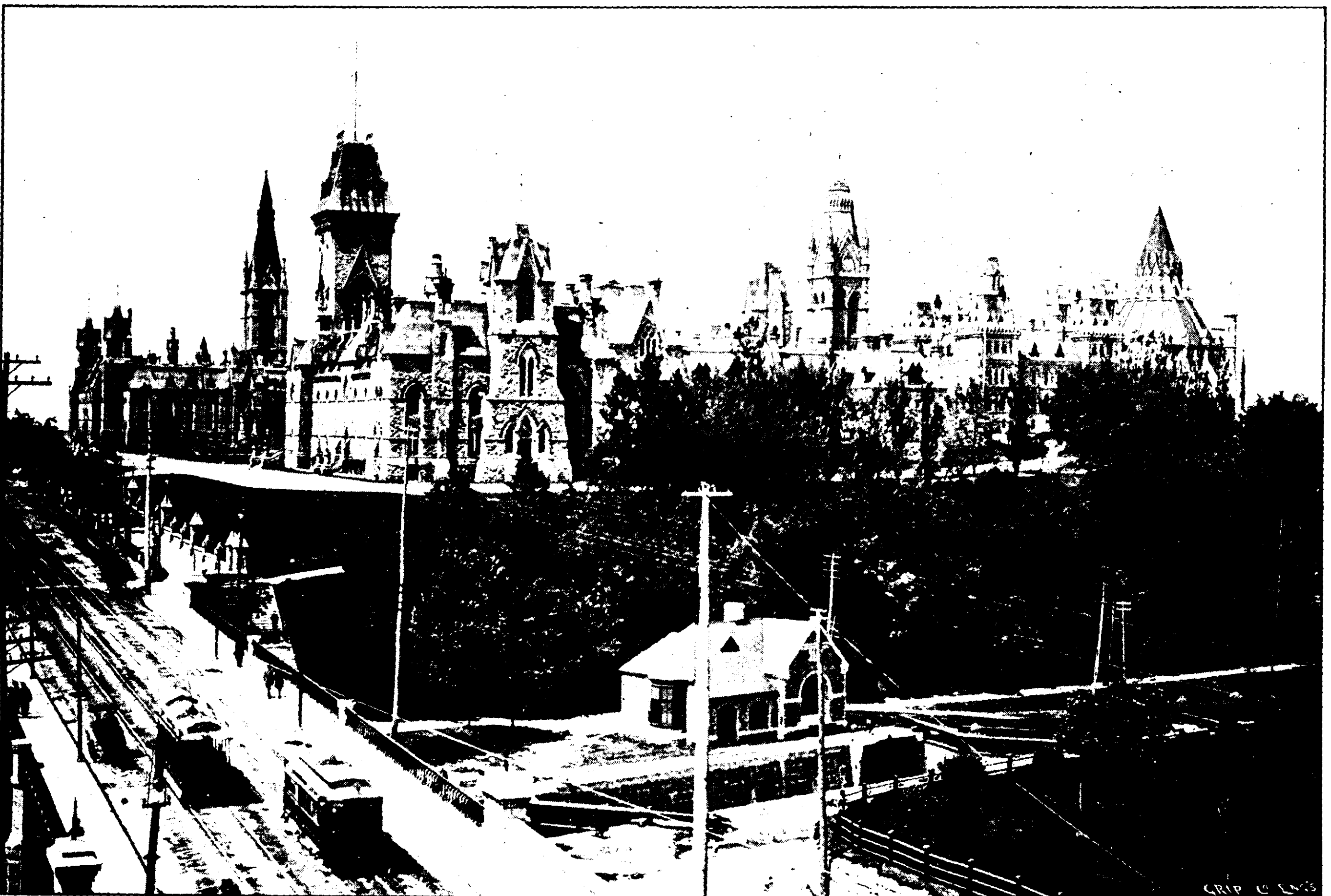
Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- [ ] Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- [ ] Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- [ ] Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- [ ] Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- [ ] Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- [ ] Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- [ ] Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- [x] Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- [ ] Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- [ ] Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.
- [ ] Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- [ ] Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- [ ] Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- [x] Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- [x] Pages detached / Pages détachées
- [x] Showthrough / Transparence
- [x] Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- [ ] Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- [ ] Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.

- [x] Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires: Continuous pagination.



PARLIAMENT SQUARE, OTTAWA.

FROM RIDEAU CANAL.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. AUGUST, 1893. No. 6.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON AND HIS CRITICS.

BY J. L. P. O'HANLY, C.E.

SPEAKING generally, or in the abstract, every citizen of a free country, above the status of the lowest grade of intelligence, yearns for the high honor to serve his country and generation in a public capacity. Political success is the goal of ambition. To shape and mould his country's destiny is the public man's highest aspiration; to impress history's page with his mark, his aim in life; to add his mite to the general stock of human happiness, his incentive; an examplar to generations unborn, his impulse. In pursuit, a vaulting ambition has not infrequently carried the aspirant beyond the limits of justice and moderation. To reach the summit, genius, in the giddy whirl of turmoil and excitement, intent only on success, has too often defiled her fingers and tarnished her robe. Her methods have not always been chaste, nor her tools choice. She has often built her trophy of heterogeneous materials. But in her well-stocked museum of patents and inventions; in her well-stored workshop of devices and contrivances; in her well-furnished magazine of shifts and expedients,—conversion to Catholicity, among English-speaking communities, as a means to an end, has no place. It is not a talisman to conjure with. It is not an *in hoc signo vinces* to batter the walls of Jericho with. Change from Protestant to Catholic in Canada, as everyone knows, is so near akin to political suicide, that few survive the shock. Those few who manage to pull through the trying ordeal must be possessed of extraordinary vitality, of great vigor of mind and body; while those who subsequently scale the ramparts and plant their standard on the thrice-guarded citadel, must be gifted with rare mental endowments.

Assuming bigotry dead, and buried beyond resurrection—a consummation devoutly to be wished—as extinct as the woolly horse of the glacial period; yet are the chances of Protestant innings in the race for popular preferment out of all proportion. Among the many advantages of the Protestant over his Catholic competitor are:—

First. The advantage of numbers—in itself, no small start in the race. For though bigotry were no more, prejudice, which is but another name for preference, long outlives her twin sister. This is a factor sure to play an important part in the stakes.

Man naturally loves his ease. His longings are ever for peace and quietness. Whatever disturbs his repose finds a place in his black list. Necessity alone stimulates him to effort. Human nature is inherently pacific,

paradoxical though at first sight it may seem. Illustrations many could be cited in proof; suffice one from each of these emotions,—the religious, the national, the political. Persons of like religious beliefs are observed to associate together, to consort with one another, to gravitate towards each other, for the obvious reason of there being less likelihood of disputes arising among them, or in their assemblies, than if they were members of jarring sects. These comminglings beget preferences. As with religious affinities, so with political parties and national organizations, though in a less degree. Hence, though bigotry's requiem were chanted, religious predilections would still play an important part in the game, and insure the triumph of the Protestant aspirant through the force or gravity of numbers alone.

Secondly. But the disadvantages arising from disparity of numbers is eclipsed, cast in the shade, a mere trifle, compared with those of the disparity of wealth. Protestants own three-fourths of the mercantile or available capital of Canada. Power and influence are the handmaids of riches, the priests who minister in her temples, who offer incense at her altars. It is well-known that a small but compact wealthy minority can dictate terms to a poor, struggling majority—(e. g.) the Jews on the *bourse.* How much more can a wealthy majority effect?

Thirdly. Protestants enjoy another great advantage over Catholics in their internal organization—*imperium in imperio.* There are comparatively few Protestants who are not members of one or more of the many secret societies which pervade the country. Every one of these wields great political influence, while, by contrast, Catholics are as sheep without a shepherd. While these secret associations may be a menace to the State, and to individual liberty, by sapping personal responsibility, it is evident that they constitute a potent factor in Protestant triumphs; they impart a powerful impulse to Protestant success.

Hence it is obvious that to any person ambitious for political preferment; to any person eager for worldly glory; to any person thirsting for earthly fame—and who is not—the incentives to join Catholicism in Canada, as a help to gain the coveted prize, are not present. Verily, the Catholic convert turns aside from very tempting and enticing bait. Nor do his wrestlings end with the defeat of sordid, mercenary cravings. He snaps and severs numerous ties and friendships, begotten of early associations. Many an endeared friend is wounded in his tenderest spot. Parental anathema may be ringing in his ears and blending with his dreams. He has been the passive witness of many a fierce conflict between conscience on the one side and self-interest on the other. In his lowering horizon shines no earthly beacon to cheer, illume, and beckon him on. Happily for his peace of mind, his eyes are turned towards the zenith, following "the star of Bethlehem."

He who encounters all this, and much more untold, and emerges from the ordeal victorious, must be a man of iron will, of bold and firm resolve. Still better, he is of all God's works the noblest—"an honest man," —and a man imbued with strong convictions, backed by courage to give them effect. Such, I infer, is Sir John Thompson. All this has he done; all this has he encountered. If he desired, as every professional man must desire, a wealthy clientele, where was he to look for it? To the very Protestants on whom he was voluntarily turning his back. If ambitious of political advancement, urged on by the inner promptings of genius, whence the prop to lean on to give strength and steadiness in the great effort? Hardly on the Catholics, whom he was joining, —a veritable broken reed—but on the very Protestants whom he was

deserting. His critics, one and all, admit his ability. Indeed, they tacitly admit that were he a Protestant, orthodox or heterodox, high church or low, all eyes—I mean Conservative eyes—would be turned on him as the leader, the deliverer, the Joshua of the party. In conversions *per se*, of one kind or another, I take no stock. It is a matter which solely and exclusively concerns the individual; a deal between him and his Maker. It should be a matter too sacred for criticism; where outside meddling falls nothing short of impertinence.

We will now briefly review the chief objections to Sir John Thompson's leadership.

The first count in the indictment charges the Premier with change of religion. Well, all that can fairly be said of this is, that he is in very distinguished company—St. Paul, Martin Luther, John Knox, with numerous lesser though brilliant luminaries. If it be a crime *per se* to change in Sir John Thompson's case, it was likewise a crime in the cases of all these high and distinguished personages. Does not this charge come with bad grace and strange inconsistency from the apostles, *par excellence*, of the right of private judgment.

The second count charges him with being the tool, minion, emissary, or other soul-destroying instrument of the Jesuits. The Society of Jesus is the *bête noir* of your orthodox Protestant. The Jesuit is *le garoux* to subdue refractory youngsters. Although a "Papist" to the manor born may, without his cognizance, be wriggling all his life in the toils of jesuitry, it is difficult to conceive how a convert, be he ever so sincere, could, in broad daylight, with his eyes wide open, fall headlong into the Jesuit trap, with his every sense on the *qui vive*. Assuredly, warning has availed him little. The convert, before his change of heart, has heard the Jesuit denounced in all the moods and tenses, as the emissary of Satan, and his methods as the ways of that infernal individual. Did he happen to escape this bugbear at home, he was sure to encounter it abroad, it being a topic in many an evangelical pulpit, tub, and conventicle. It is, moreover, the favorite theme of the literature specially directed to Protestant propaganda. Be the convert ever so sincere and zealous, he cannot wholly divest himself of all his early training and associations. Hence, at every step, he would be intently watching for Jesuit snares and pitfalls; treading warily and cautiously as an old mouse in presence of the dreaded cat's skin. Yet despite all watching, and it may be praying, every convert, by some inexplicable Jesuitical *legerdemain*, is tripped up by the heels, and enveloped in a haze from which he can never more emerge. Talk of the necromancy of the dark ages. It is as nothing to the witchery of the nineteenth century, with all its railways, telegraphs, telephones, phonographs, table-turnings and spirit-rappings.

It behooves us now to examine another charge, to separate the grain from the mass of chaff, and see what foundation there is for so grave an accusation. It appears that the department of the Government over which Sir John Thompson presides, in its ordinary routine, reported adversely to Federal interference with an Act of the Quebec Legislature regarding the settlement of the Jesuits' Estates Claims. It is not disputed,—much less denied—that the Quebec Government and Legislature were the lawful and only custodians of this trust. If memory serves, it passed both branches of the legislature without a dissenting voice, certainly without a division. Forsooth, because the Department of Justice did not recommend a veto of this purely local measure—a measure antagonizing no Federal policy,—a measure clashing with no Dominion statute—the head of the department must be in league with anti-Christ. Be that legislation well or ill-considered, ex-

pedient or inexpedient, its disallowance would establish, beyond room for disputation, provincial autonomy to be a huge farce. It would reveal the stupendous folly, if not crime, of maintaining a local government with all its costly paraphernalia, a gilded toy to amuse adolescent children.

Such is the slim and unstable foundation on which this vast fabric has been raised. It is difficult to restrain admiration for the fertility of imagination capable of creating so much that seems real, tangible, corporeal, out of material so aerial, fantastic, fictitious.

Another count charges the Premier with being the nominee of Archbishop O'Brien and the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, and of aiding and abetting these gentry in a deep-laid plot to hand over this country, body and bones, to the keeping of the Pope. An accusation so grave, and, to many of the lieges, so blood-curdling, should be supported by evidence insusceptible of doubt, by evidence overwhelming in its weight, perspicacity, and directness. But what do we find? Not a shadow, not a tittle, not the pretence of evidence. No, not enough to hang an innocent "Papist" in the days of good Queen Bess. Sir John Thompson was chosen by the late Sir John Macdonald as a member of his Government. Was he, too, in the plot? Was he also the nominee of Archbishop O'Brien? Earl Derby entrusted Sir John Thompson with the formation of the present Government. Is he, too, cognizant of the conspiracy? Is he likewise the nominee of Archbishop O'Brien? Perchance the Jesuits had a finger in the pie,—pulling invisible strings to which danced governors, premiers, and prelates!

Wherever there is smoke, there is said to be fire. But the fire on this occasion is akin to the fox's proverbial fire, when on a frosty morning Reynard bombarded a cairn. The whole romance, the whilom gigantic edifice, has been founded on the epistle of the bishop of Antigonish (Cameron) to his flock, on the appointment of Sir John, then Hon. Mr., Thompson, to the Canadian Cabinet. The constitution enjoins that the responsible advisers of the Crown must be members of either branch of the legislature. As it seemed undesirable to bury a man of Sir John Thompson's abilities in the torpid Senate, he must obtain a seat in the elective or popular branch; *ergo*, some constituency must approve of his acceptance of a portfolio. Here was the dilemma. Had Sir John Thompson continued a Protestant, scores of constituencies would be at his disposal. They would be vying with one another for the honor of being represented by so distinguished a man. It is well-known that, outside of Quebec, there are very few constituencies in the Dominion where a Catholic can be elected under any circumstances. Antigonish is one of these "few and far betweens." Right Rev. Dr. Cameron, in an epistle to his flock, with the utmost publicity set the matter before them in a plain unvarnished tale. He told them, in so many words, that, owing to blind, irrational bigotry, a Catholic, how high soever his attainments, how great soever his merits as a citizen, is almost as completely excluded from the government and legislature of his country, as if the penal laws were still in full force. He appealed to his people to enter their solemn protest against this worst kind of tyranny. He counselled them to lay aside for once their political differences; and rally around the standard-bearer of the sacred principle of equal rights to all citizens, irrespective of race or creed, clime or color. Dr. Cameron acted within his rights. This is the beginning and end, the alpha and omega, of the spiritual conspiracy hatched to throttle Canada, and hand her over, gagged and manacled, to the tender mercies of the Pope. Let me be not misunderstood. Than the writer, there is none who would more sternly rebuke, more unflinchingly resist, undue clerical influence in public

affairs—more especially in all matters pertaining to the untrammelled freedom of the electorate in the choice of their representatives; for this freedom is the bulwark of free institutions. I concede to the cleric exactly the same right as I concede to the lay. He is entitled to use the same weapons, advice and argument, as any other citizen. Hands off the spiritual sword every time, is, and always has been, my motto.

No Catholic can be silly enough to look for public favors because of his religion. In the race for political honors and public appointments, Catholics ask only a fair field and no favor. They ask to be judged as the citizens of a free country—each individual on his own merits and record. If they cannot furnish material equal at least to the best offering, then let them, by all means, stand aside. The country needs the services of her most gifted children. But they do protest, and will continue to protest, against being set aside, ignored, ostracised, because of the accidents of birth, bringing up, or choice of religion.

A further count in the indictment contains a strange interpretation and jug-handled criticism of the Premier's legislative and administrative record, particularly since the demise of the "Chieftain." It is hardly fair, it is far from generous, to saddle Sir John Thompson specially and exclusively, as if he were the sole culprit, with all the sins and shortcomings of the last government. He is responsible to exactly the same extent as the rest of his colleagues of the Abbott Administration. It is quite in order, and explicable on party lines, that Liberals should oppose and condemn the general policy of a Conservative Government. This may be termed their constitutional function. But it is, to say the least, hard to expect Sir John Thompson to follow in their footsteps. While a member of a government, he is in honor bound to carry out and defend to the best of his ability the policy chalked out for him by his party; or, failing this, to take up his hat and walk out. There is no middle course. A public man cannot, or should not, "run with the hare and hunt with the hounds." A public man who values honor, fame, and justice, above his own selfish and mercenary ends, will not "practise duplicity to accomplish his ends." At the Council Board it is the privilege of a minister to oppose or seek a change of policy. There he may seek the repeal or amendment of a statute. But when once a policy is determined on, it is the solemn and sworn duty of every minister loyally to carry it out, or, if he cannot conscientiously do so, sever his connection. Many a good man and true, honestly believes that the latter alternative would be Sir John's best course, whether gauged by prudence or honesty. But the responsible agent for Sir John Thompson's acts — Sir John himself — evidently thinks differently; and, I doubt not, as honestly and sincerely believes that his course is the one best calculated to serve the public. In such matters, either side is liable to be mistaken. It is opinion against opinion; and what are you going to do about it? In a free country, every one is entitled, on speculative subjects, to his own opinion, however ridiculous it may seem to his neighbor.

As to Catholic support for the Premier because of his religion, Sir John Thompson is greener than he is credited with, if he expects anything of the kind. Catholics, like other citizens, support the political party whose principles accord best with individual predilections, regardless whom the leader for the time being may chance to be. Leaders are ephemeral; principles are eternal. But in an intelligent community, it could not fail to raise for Sir John Thompson the sympathy and support of his co-religionists, if it transpired that he was being deserted by any considerable number of the rank and file of his party be-

cause of his religion. Catholics,—English-speaking Catholics, at least,—have suffered too much for conscience' sake, to be indifferent to the fate of a co-religionist, knifed for his religion. Party allegiance will always be secondary to freedom of conscience; and must yield whenever the latter is menaced. Men, who would desert their leader on account of his religion, would lead him to the stake and light the fagot: they have the will; they only want the way.

Sir John Thompson's assailants assert that their hostility is not begotten of bigotry. What then is all the pother about? His ability is conceded, and, *a priori*, his fitness. Not one of his detractors has the hardihood to charge him with any impropriety in his private life or public career. He is not accused of any disloyalty or recreancy to party fealty. One and all admit that personally he is *sans peur, sans reproche.* If any "kicking" Conservative can point to any one objection to his selection as head of the Government, but his religion, the public would like to hear it.

AN IDYL OF THE PLOUGH.

Siller clouds, an' laerocks sang
Up in the April blue;
Doon in the field the hale day lang
Young Geordie at the plough.
"Gee-wo-min! hie-min! hie-min-hie!"

Buddin' trees an' bloomin' gorse'
Aroon' the headrig braw;
He turns the fur, an' steers the horse,
Doon mony a bonnie raw.
"Hie-min! hie-there! hie-min-hie!"

Katie in her new print goon,
Atween the hedges green,
Comes steppin' blythely to the toon,
But ne'er let's on she's seen.
"Hie-min! wo-there! wo-min-wo!"

Geordie in the furrow stands,
An' glowers the lang road doon;—
The reins hard grippit in his hands,
What ails the donnert loon?
"Hie-min! hie-there! gee-wo-hie!"

Red, red the west; a weary craw
Sits on the idle plough;
But Geordie's to the town awa:
What's in his noddle noo?
"Hie-min! hie-there! wo-man-wo!"

Up through the scented gloamin' sweet
At last comes daunderin' slow,
Love's langour in their lingerin' feet,
Young Katie an' her Jo.
Ay min! ay!

—JESSIE KERR LAWSON.

POLITICAL LESSONS FROM THE TIMES OF CICERO.

BY EDWARD MEEK.

THE political situation of the Roman Empire in the time of Cicero affords many lessons which apply with striking force to the political condition of the commonwealths existing at the present day.

The Roman experiment of self-government, though based on a narrow foundation, was carried out on an extensive scale. In the age of Cicero, the commonwealth was nearing the apex of its greatness. Its military discipline had conquered, and its generals and governors ruled, all the civlized and settled peoples of Europe and Africa, and of Asia as far as the confines of Persia. Rome had become the centre of power, of government, of wealth, and of civilization.

The condition of a nation at any period of its history, is the result of the forces which have operated in its development.

After the abolition of Monarchy, the Roman constitution, at first oligarchical, gradually became more democratic.

All the offices, from those of Pontifex Maximus and Consul, down to the lowest, were elective. Most of the officials were elected annually,—every Roman citizen from the wealthiest to the poorest, having a vote.

It was a plutocratic age—a new and numerous wealthy class had grown up —most of them ready to purchase their way into office and power. Hence, electoral corruption and bribery became rampant. In theory, every office was open to the poorest; in practice, none but the wealthy could hope to succeed.

There were stringent laws against bribery and corruption at elections. Then, as now, the ballot box prevented intimidation and concealed corruption. Then, as now, there were election contests, election trials, and elections set aside, and men were unseated, disqualified and disfranchised for corrupt practices.

Corruption and intimidation eventually found their way to the seat of justice. Injustice, violence and disorder called for the interference of a stronger power. The way was opened for a permanent Dictator; and Julius Cæsar, the man of destiny and necessity, became supreme ruler.

The wars in which the Romans were forced to engage, compelled them to be conquerors, or to submit to the dominion of neighboring states. The subjugation of the Italian states carried with it their ultimate incorporation in the Roman commonwealth. Each conquest brought the state in contact with some new tribe or nation. This generally produced new complications and imposed new duties, which, in honor, the victors could not shrink from undertaking. These circumstances and conditions made the Romans a nation of warriors. Created and maintained by martial discipline, the commonwealth necessarily developed the military element, and that element naturally became predominent. The career of a soldier was the surest road to honor and power. Eventually it opened the way to the acquisition of wealth. War, originally a necessity, became in a time a profession. The patriotic citizen, in the early days, took up arms as a duty, and fought for the honor and glory of his country. Latterly, the soldier made the practice of arms the business of his life, and enrolled in the legions for the pay and spoils of war.

It seems clear to us, and it must have been apparent to many Romans,

that such a system would necessarily produce a military despotism.

The element by which the growth and progress of the state was nurtured, at last became the governing force.

Every institution of the commonwealth was designed to inure the people to war, and to inspire them with an aspiration for conquest and dominion. At times, a desire for peace gained the ascendancy, but the intermittent calms were deceptive. The Temple of Janus was occasionally closed, but the war spirit still lived in the Temple of Mars. Indeed, it seemed impossible for Rome to sink down into a peaceful life, without endangering or destroying her national existence. In a republic, there are always ambitious individuals, and this was true of the Roman republic. The tribunes, prætors, quæstors, and consuls became the generals of armies, and the governors of provinces. Veteran legions might salute their general, "Imperator." This distinction, bestowed by soldiers in the enthusiasm of victory, ultimately became a more exalted title than any conferred by the votes of the citizens. The victorious general was supported by the votes and influence of the veterans who had served under him in the camp and field. The support of the soldiers formed an increasingly powerful element at the annual elections.

Another influence had become powerful in the commonwealth. The commerce and finances of the world became centred in Rome. The spoils of war, the wealth, and the wreck of nations, found their way to the great city. Captive peoples were sold and purchased in her slave markets. Some men became enormously wealthy, and wealth purchased political power,—a Crassus could equip and maintain an army with his annual rents. Political power was thus reduced to two elements. "Government rested," says Cicero, "not on the constitution; not "on the laws; not on the will of the "best citizens, but on the power of "money, and on the force of soldiers,"—the one representing the power to purchase; the other the power to compel.

"When matters had arrived at this stage," says Tacitus, "the spirit of the constitution was dead. The outward forms remained, the elections were held, the consuls, prætors and tribunes were annually chosen, but they could no longer command, unless supported by the army. The real power was in the hands of the wealthy, and of the army." The consuls, the representative heads of the republic, consulted the Senate, and acted on its advice; but when the Senate proved adverse, they could act on their own magisterial authority, or could apply to the "Comitia"—the Assembly of the people. The constitution set no limit to the power of the Assembly to decide any question whatsoever that was laid before it, and the magistrates might, at any time, consult the people, rather than the Senate. The will of the people in the "Comitia" had, in the most explicit and unqualified manner, been declared to be supreme, alike in the election of magistrates, in the passing of the laws, and in all matters affecting Roman citizenship.

In practice, the Senate, not the Assembly, was the Legislature of Rome, and the adviser and director of consuls, and governors of provinces; but eventually both the Senate and the magistrates fell into the hands of a class which, in defiance of all laws, arrogated to itself the titles and privileges of a nobility. The Senate could always be convened. Matters were generally settled by a "Senatus Consultum," without any reference to the people at all, but, though the Senate tried to engross the whole legislative and administrative powers of the commonwealth, yet, legally, it had no sound constitutional authority. It could merely advise magistrates, when asked to do so. It was customary for the magistrate to ask the Senate's advice on all important matters (as the

Senate was the most convenient body to be consulted), and to follow such advice when given; but, if the magistrate chose to act independently, the Senate was powerless. The Senate had no legal authority over the Assembly, and except in certain specified cases, it rested with the magistrate to decide whether a question should be settled by a decree of the Senate, or by a vote of the Assembly; and the magistrate was not bound, except by custom, to obtain the approval of the Senate before submitting a proposal to the Assembly.

In the last days of the republic, the whole tendency was in the direction of ignoring and setting aside the authority of the Senate. But, when the authority of the Senate was set aside, the difficulty arose of finding a sufficient substitute. Some central authority was needed. Such authority was found in a "Dictator," supported by an army. The army obeyed the "Dictator" rather than the Senate, and the magistrates were also pushed aside, and subordinated to this absolute authority. The Assembly and the army made Marius and Sulla, Pompey and Cæsar, notwithstanding the strong opposition of the Senate.

"In the better days of the Republic," says Sallust, "good morals were cultivated in the city and in the camp. There was the greatest possible concord, and the least possible avarice; justice and probity prevailed among the citizens, not more from the influence of the laws, than from natural inclination. Citizens contended with each other in nothing but honor. They were magnificent in their religious services, frugal in their families, and steady in their friendships. By courage in war, and equity in peace, they maintained themselves and their state. They adorned the temples of the Gods with devotion, and their own homes with honor. They took nothing from the conquered, but the power of doing harm. Their descendants, on the contrary, have even wrested from their allies whatever their brave and victorious ancestors had left to their vanquished enemies. As if the only use of power were to inflict injury.

"At first the love of money, and then the love of power began to prevail. Avarice subverted honesty, integrity, and every other honorable principle, and in their stead inculcated pride, inhumanity, and general venality.

"Men made a sport of wealth, and were ambitious to squander disreputably what they had gained with dishonor. To gratify their appetites and passions, they indulged in all kinds of luxury and extravagance, without restraint." "They acted as though the perpetration of outrage were the only legitimate exercise of power.

"After Lucius Sylla recovered the government by force of arms, things proceeded to a more pernicious determination: all became robbers and plunderers. His victorious troops knew neither restraint nor moderation. Their rapacity was increased by the circumstance that Sylla treated them with extraordinary indulgence. Such troops, when they obtained a mastery, despoiled the vanquished of everything. Wealth was considered an honor, and poverty was thought a disgrace. Luxury, avarice and pride prevailed among them. They grew rapacious and prodigal. They undervalued what was their own, and coveted what was another's. They lost all distinction between sacred and profane, and threw off all consideration and self-restraint. Sloth, indolence, dullness and stupidity had taken possession of the nobility. They regarded the fame and virtue of another as infamy to themselves. They had recourse to slander and detraction against any seeking to rise by their own merits."

The small freeholders disappeared from Italy. The lands were owned by the wealthy. The estates were worked by gangs of slaves, superintended by freed-men. The old usages, beliefs and traditions, under which the re-

public had grown up, and which formed the solid substratum of thought among the masses of the people, by degrees had given way before the incoming tide of new ideas and fashions, intellectual and social, from Greece and the East. In temper and mental structure, the Roman commonwealth had ceased to be republican long before the republic fell. The people, deprived of their lands, drifted to the cities, became idle, and without settled habitations. They began to covet other men's property, and to regard their liberty, and the interests of their country, as objects of sale. They entertained themselves with spectacles of cruelty and sensuality. Gladiatorial fights and bloody exhibitions were their daily pastimes. The habits and thoughts produced by such influences were necessarily debasing and brutalizing. How could such men hope to retain the respect of mankind? How could they expect to remain the rulers of the world?

The generals, governors of provinces and pro-consuls—though accountable to—were independent of the Senate and the Assembly. They were free to rob and impoverish the provinces over which they ruled. Their insatiable greed, the exactions and forced contributions of the armies, the extortionate usury charged by Roman money-lenders, and the annual demands of the rapacious tax-collector, had reduced the provinces to an almost helpless condition of destitution and despair.

"The laws," says Tacitus, "disturbed by violence, defeated by intrigue, and undermined by bribery and corruption, afforded but a feeble remedy." The oppressed could appeal to Rome, and, in the better days of the republic, their appeals were heard, and the oppressors were sometimes severely punished. But, as venality increased, the sense of justice became blunted, and the appeals ceased to be effectual. The provinces, thus helpless, and wearied of the mixed authority of the Senate and people, distracted by contentions among the powerful, longed for any change which might bring them relief. And the Roman citizens themselves were tired of anarchy and civil strife. The wealthy desired peace to enjoy their riches, whether well-gotten or ill-gotten. The industrious artizans, merchants, and agriculturists all welcomed peace, that they might enjoy the fruits of their labor.

It became immaterial what form of government should be established. The necessities of the time demanded only a strong government—one that could suppress disorder, alleviate injustice, and restore prosperity and peace throughout the civilized world. It was felt on all sides and by all parties that a strong central authority was needed.

Such was the condition of the Roman commonwealth when *Marcus Tullius Cicero* flourished.

Cicero believed in senatorial government. In this respect he agreed with the political principles of Sulla, and, by association and inclination, he naturally became the head and the orator of the senatorial party, the leadership of which the great Pompey was reluctantly forced to assume. Cicero thought the authority of the Senate could be restored,—that it could be converted into such a governing force as the Roman commonwealth required—that its voice was still sufficiently powerful to recall and replace ambitious pro-consuls and generals, and to punish their extortion and corruption.

From these mistaken opinions, his reputation as a statesman has greatly suffered, but, in his efforts to maintain the old constitution, and to restore the authority of the Senate, the Assembly, and the laws, he displayed a patriotism and abilities which entitled him to the immortality he possesses. He looked with alarm on the growing power, ambition and influence of the pro-consuls and imperators. He endeavored to thwart the increasing aggrandisement

first of Pompey and then of Cæsar. By his powerful eloquence, and no less powerful pen, he exerted his brilliant genius in support of the authority of the Senate and constitution. He appealed to the old Roman spirit, but the old Roman spirit had passed away. The senators—the only body capable of ruling—were too much engrossed in the acquisition, or in the preservation and enjoyment of their wealth, to act for the preservation of the commonwealth.

In Cicero's time, the Senate was not the body of Conscript Fathers it once had been. In the days of the elder Cato, it was the most august body of rulers the world has ever beheld; and many men of learning, virtue and honesty, were still to be found on its benches. Some, such as Cato, of the truest patriotism and highest character, still adorned its ranks, and added dignity to its consultations by their wisdom and eloquence; but the proscriptions of Marius and Cinna, and the wholesale slaughters of Sulla, had almost annihilated the old race. Fear for their wealth, their families, and their lives, paralyzed all. Sulla had filled the vacancies with new men, many of them ignorant—others, the brutal instruments of his cruelty. To awaken in the minds of such men an adequate sense of their duties and responsibilities; to inspire them with justice and patriotism; to elevate them to a proper appreciation of the greatness of the powers they were expected to exercise, as just and humane rulers of the civilized world, and to give them courage to support the constitution, was a task beyond the powers even of Cicero.

Cicero has said that "A commonwealth ought to be immortal, and forever to renew its youth." The question arises, could the Roman commonwealth have survived the disorders, internal weaknesses and destructive forces which worked for its dissolution? If wise counsels had prevailed in the Roman Senate, and the demands of Cæsar had been granted, or his fair offers fairly met, the war between Cæsar and Pompey, or rather the parties they represented, might possibly have been averted; but the Senate had lost both its wisdom and its power. The two surviving triumvirs had arisen far above its authority. Nothing less could satisfy the ambition of the party represented by each, than universal rule.

Again, after the death of Pompey and the destruction of his party, was it possible, with Cæsar at the head of affairs, to restore a constitutional government? It seemed the desire of Cæsar to do so; but what he might have done, had he continued to live, can only be judged by his actions during life. After his assassination, the efforts made by Cicero to revive the patriotism of the leading men, and to restore the authority of the Senate, were worthy of a better result than the formation of a second triumvirate.

The death of the consuls, Hurtius and Pansa, at the battle of Modena, gave a fatal blow to all his plans and labors. Had the consuls lived and retained the control of a powerful army, in the interest of the Senate and the constitution, it seems possible that the life of the republic might have been prolonged. The difficulty has always been to provide a sufficient reward for patriotism. The honor and glory of fighting and dying for one's country, sounds very well, but, with the mass of mankind, the glory of self-denial and self-sacrifice of this kind has not, and never has had, a sufficient influence to restrain those who have the means from acquiring the substantial rewards of victory and power. It may be true that "the life of a commonwealth ought to be immortal, and forever to renew its youth," and this would be the result if all the members of the commonwealth possessed an equal amount of patriotism.

But men are naturally and necessarily selfish, ambitious and grasping. The struggle for existence exists in

society, as well as elsewhere, and will continue, no matter what forms, rules, or regulations society may adopt. This struggle implies the survival of the fittest, in their way, and consequently the extinction of the unfit.

Octavius and Antonius were both ambitious of gaining and retaining supreme power. The vast armies they controlled supported their commanders in this. It became impossible for them to recede from the position towards which they were advancing. Indeed, it is generally impossible for a man at the head of a party, an army, or a nation, to stop short of the highest results to which the force he represents aspires and can attain. Should a leader attempt to do so, another leader will at once be found to take his place and assume the responsibility.

On the whole, I think the condition of Roman society, as it existed in the time of Cicero, was necessarily and legitimately produced by the forces and influences which had been at work in the commonwealth for centuries, and that the tendency of those forces and influences, and their natural consummation, was a military despotism.

Mr. James A. Froude, in his exhaustive and eloquent sketch of the life of Julius Cæsar, says:—"The public life of a nation is but the life of successive generations of statesmen, whose horizon is bounded, and who act from day to day as immediate interests suggest." I do not agree with this proposition. There are movements and forces operating in all nations, arising from their habits, institutions and surroundings, much stronger and more lasting than the individual will of any statesman. It is such natural characteristics, institutions and surroundings, that make and mould the life and history of the nation. The statesman can, at most, be only the leader or exponent of the strongest sentiment; and it is possible only for one who is such an exponent to become the leading statesman of the nation.

Again, Mr. Froude says:—"The life of a nation, like the life of a man, can be prolonged unto the fulness of its time, or it may perish prematurely for want of guidance, by violence, or internal disorders." Can we accept this proposition without question? Can the life of a nation be prolonged? May it perish prematurely for want of guidance?

The forces operating in a nation may appear to prolong or prematurely to determine its national existence. They produce both the statesmen and the national life,—the guiding minds and what may appear to be the premature decay. But the immutable laws of cause and effect operate in the political and social as well as in the material world. What happens is the necessary result of sufficient cause or causes. We may indulge in endless speculations as to what might have happened had the preceding circumstances been other than what they were. History is the recorded experience of national life. From its lessons we may learn to check tendencies and eradicate evils which have proved destructive to the life of other states.

The parties in the Roman republic became military parties. The death of a leader might disorganize a party, but would not change the condition which produced it. The defeat at Pharsalia and the death of Pompey did not destroy his party; it still required the battles of Thapsus and Munda to crush it. The assassination of Julius Cæsar and the defeat of Mark Antony did not crush the Cæsarian party; it ultimately triumphed under the guidance of another. A nation may perish for want of guidance, but is such dissolution premature? When the conditions to call forth the guiding hand have ceased to exist, the guide cannot be produced.

Sylla did not aim at establishing a dynasty. His object was to restore and remodel the constitution by placing

the supreme authority in the custody of the Senate. By his sanguinary methods, did he prolong the life of the commonwealth? I think not. His policy proved only destructive and demoralizing. Cæsar did not contemplate the establishment of a dynasty or senatorial rule. His only plan seemed to be the creation of a supreme executive authority, leaving the legislative and judicial functions of the Senate, the magistrates, and the Assembly undiminished. Can it be said that Cæsar prolonged the life of the Roman commonwealth, or could have done so, had he lived? I think not. The forces which produced the political institutions of the commonwealth had become extinct.

The following lessons may probably be gathered from the history of the last days of the Roman commonwealth:—

1. That any government, from which the elements of justice and humanity are eradicated, cannot hope to be permanent.

2. That any government which develops the military element at the expense, or in excess, of all others, is tending surely towards a despotism, and will necessarily end in subjecting the nation to military rule.

3. That, when an army once feels its power in the state to be paramount, the way is open for the most popular or successful general to become the supreme ruler.

4. That true national development only takes place where intellectual and social superiority can gain the ascendant, or can have free scope to obtain such recognition and reward as they may merit.

5. That any government which does not exercise its power with the highest justice, humanity and moderation, has no right—other than the right of the strongest—to rule over any nation or people.

6. That a military despotism wielded by a wise and enlightened ruler may be a better government, and more advantageous to civilization and progress, than a democracy torn by dissensions and strife; but, as such a ruler cannot always be the best and wisest of men, the best possible kind of government which mankind has yet experienced, is where the people govern themselves, in a well regulated democracy, either directly or by representatives.

7. That the annual election of the magistrates to the various executive, judicial and administrative offices of the commonwealth, and the law forbidding a re-election for two or more years in succession, was a radical defect in the constitution, and exercised a pernicious influence on the administration. It deprived the state of the services of men who had proved themselves industrious, capable and honest officials, and it gave opportunities to the corrupt and incapable, of procuring themselves to be elected to offices which they never tried to administer for the welfare of the people, and the duties of which they had no time, even had they possessed the inclination, thoroughly to master.

8. That the permission and encouragement of human slavery, by any nation, discourages industry and exertion among the free citizens; and the system, when generally adopted—as it was by the Romans—becomes a great source of weakness, and tends eventually to bring about national destruction.

9. That any system of government which facilitates the accumulation of vast estates and great wealth in the hands of the few, at the expense of the body of the nation, is subversive of free institutions, and is dangerous to the liberties, and unfair to the honest industry of the people.

In this connection, I will quote the appropriate language and sound advice of Sallust, from one of his letters to Julius Cæsar,—"Whenever wealth "is held in the greatest esteem, all "praiseworthy qualities, such as in-"tegrity, probity, moderation and

"temperance, are despised. For, to "honest eminence there is but one "path, and that a difficult one; but "wealth every man pursues in his own "way, and it is acquired as success- "fully by disreputable, as by honor- "able means. Let no one, therefore, "be thought more qualified on ac- "count of his wealth to pronounce "judgment on the lives, or to deal "with the fortunes, of his fellow- "citizens. Let no one be chosen con- "sul from regard to fortune, but to "merit. He, who by merit gains "wealth, position, or reputation, feels "the greatest care and anxiety for the "welfare of the state."

Such were also the principles expressed in the strong and copious eloquence of Cicero. But the time had come when words not backed by the force of legions were of no force. Only generals at the head of armies possessed authority, and the tumult continued until all the contending elements were consolidated and pacified under the authority of Augustus.

IN SUMMER.

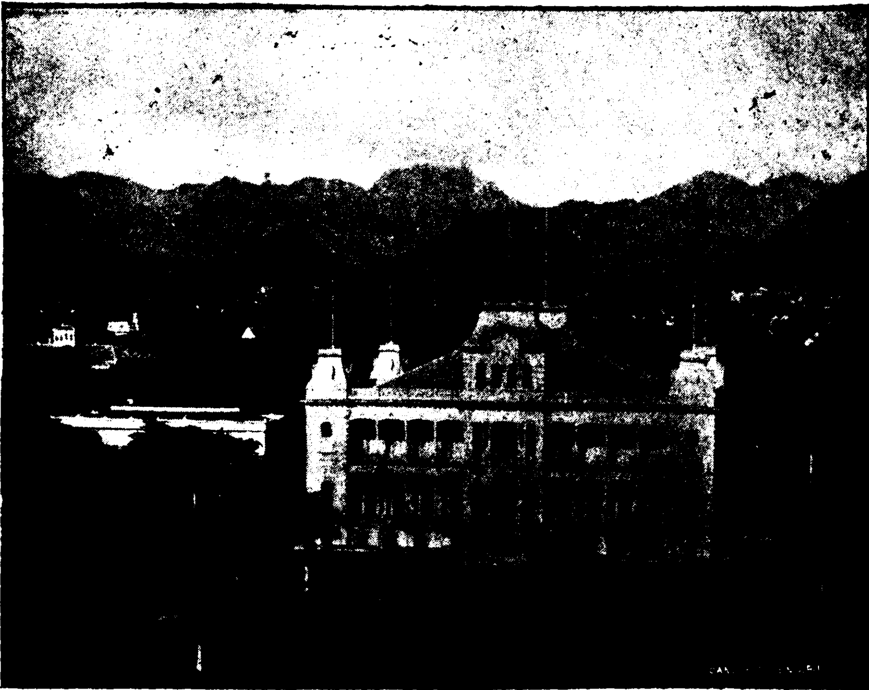
O'er a hundred leagues of clover bloom
And billows of waving corn,
With her dewy tears sun-kissed to smiles,
Comes the first breath of morn.
Oh, the blossoming earth and the pearly sky,
The cool, fresh scent of sweet things growing!
I'll vex me no more with life's how and why,
Or the things that lie beyond my knowing.
I am alive, in a world new-born,
Here is no room for scorning;
God's dawn o'erflows the eastern skies,
And the wind blows straight from Paradise,
At four o'clock in the morning.

—L. O. S.

SOMETHING ABOUT HAWAII.

BY H. SPENCER HOWELL.

SITUATED 2,100 miles from California, 4,000 from New Zealand, and about the same distance from Japan, the Hawaiian Islands are therefore nearly in the centre of the Pacific Ocean, and just within the tropics. It takes six days and a half to reach the group from San Francisco, and about thirteen days from Auckland, New Zealand. There are eight principal islands —all of volcanic origin. The climate is delightful; so even that there is only a difference of about twelve degrees between midday and midnight, and between summer and winter: the thermometer has not, within the last ten years, registered higher than 90° in the shade, nor lower than 54° (on the sea-level.) The native race evidently sprung from those wandering tribes which left the shores of Asia in the second or in the third century: certain it is that their traditions point to the fact of their occupation of the islands as early as the sixth century. From the year 1095 (giving an approximate length of time to each ruler) the Hawaiians have had an unbroken line of sovereigns—down to the present year. In 1542 the group was discovered by Gaetano, a Spanish navigator; and there is a legend that two ships were wrecked on the largest island, Ow-hy-hee, about 1527, and the sailors were compelled to remain and to intermarry with the natives. Cap-



IOLANI PALACE, HONOLULU.

tain Cook landed at Kealakakua Bay, on the west coast of Hawaii, in 1779, and there he was killed. Kamehameha I. conquered the entire archipelago in 1795, and a kingdom it has been ever since. In 1819, the people renounced the ancient religion: the first missionaries arrived in the same year and christianized the inhabitants of nearly all the islands—although there are many natives who still worship, in secret, the idols of their forefathers. The independence of the country was acknowledged in 1844. Although the islands were twice captured—once by the French and once by the English—the acts were done in error, and an apology was tendered the Hawaiian government by England and France. Certain Americans attempted to do the same thing in 1855, but the English and French consuls protested that it would be in contravention of treaties.

NATIVE RIDING WITH A "PAU."

The alleged "revolution" of the present year was projected and carried out by a ring of sugar-planters and adventurers, under the protection of the then United States minister, Stevens, assisted by American marines and blue-jackets from the man-of-war *Boston.* Queen Lilioukalani wished to form a better kind of government than that which had been in power during the past few years; and one which would give the natives the preference; but when Her Hawaiian Majesty promulgated the new constitution the revolutionists deposed the queen and established a "provisional" government. (Which meant that they would still provide themselves with big salaries!) The cost of administrating the affairs of this little kingdom had been something enormous—about a million dollars a year. The heads of departments received $5,000 per annum: the courts of justice cost, in the two years, $181,000: the expenses of the Legislature were $35,000; Department of Foreign Affairs—$217,000; Department of Finance—$751,000; and the Department of the Interior no less than $2,646,170; while there was an "appropriation" for *Miscellaneous Matters* to the extent of $183,000—and still another "contingent" amounting to $96,000! It would be interesting to know how much of this went into the pockets of

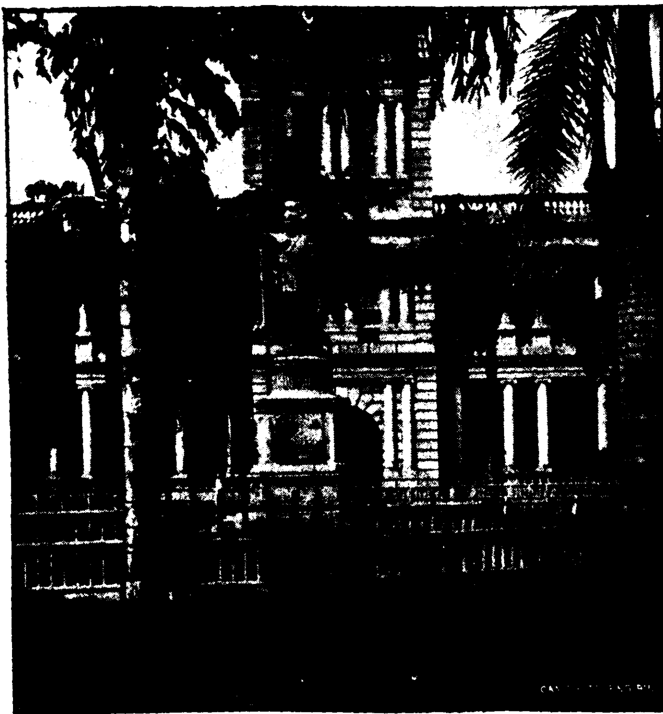
the natives! President Cleveland has shown wisdom in ordering the Hawaiian flag to replace the stars and stripes.

The heir to the throne is the Princess Victoria-Kawekio-Kaiulani-Lunalillo-Kalaninuiahilapalapa; and, whether she reaches the seat of honor in the Iolani Palace or is forced into exile, many of the natives will follow her fortunes—be they what they may; for it is the same all over the world—there is a spark of chivalry within the heart of every man, and deep-seated though it may be, 'tis kindled into flame by the touch of woman's hand. Of course it is possible that the political life of these beautiful islands may go through a complete change in the next few years; for all things change in time; there is no perpetuity on earth—even as there is no finality beyond the grave; the strongest fortress constructed by man is but a heap of sand, the most solemn promise made by woman only a breath of wind.

The Hawaiians of old worshipped many gods—deities who presided over the elements of nature, over nearly everything that was seen, and whose power was recognized in almost every act of their everyday life. The *Tabu* was the dread law that held the whole nation in servile bondage; and the chiefs and the sacred priests made it terribly oppressive to the common people. And yet with all this tyranny they were well governed; their private rights were respected—as long as they respected the rights of the chiefs in authority over them. It is strange that natives of tropical countries cannot stand civilization, that the advent of store-clothes and responsible government is but the precursor of national decline and final extinction. The Hawaiians are not by any means free from guile; but envy, hatred and malice seem almost unknown among

THE PALI, ISLAND OF OAHU.

these simple islanders. The native women are fine looking: they walk each with a carriage like that of a princess: the dress is a long, flowing robe—called a *holuku*—short in front, and with a train which they usually carry tucked up under the arm. Then, too, there is the *pau* (pronounced pah-oo) or divided skirt, which is worn on horseback, as they ride astride of the horse. Seldom is a native—man or woman—seen without a wreath of flowers around the neck, or hat; these are called *leis* (lays), and look very pretty on the orange-colored and white *holukus*. The language is harmonious; it has a soft, flowing accent, not unlike Italian. One word, in particular, is heard on all sides, and that is "*Aloha*." This means "love," but it also takes the place of our "good morning," "good night," "kind regards," etc. Divorces are very frequent among the Hawaiians; it seems as easy for a kanaka to get a divorce from his wife as it is to get a mortgage on his goods and chattels.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, HONOLULU

Honolulu is situated on the island of Oahu—not on Hawaii, as most people imagine; it has a population of about 25,000. There is a good telephone service in the city; the streets are lighted by electricity, and tramcars run on the principal streets. A short line of railway runs out to Pearl Harbor—seven miles away. No one who has seen the beautiful streets of Honolulu can ever forget them—the magnificent rows of cocoa, sago and royal palms; the overhanging tamarinds and "Prides of India"—with their scarlet crests; the stately breadfruit trees and *lauhalas*. The Iolani Palace, which cost over $500,000; the Parliament Buildings, Kamehamehan Schools and Queen Emma's Hospital, are all worthy of inspection, and would be creditable to any city in the world.

The Museum contains a fine collection of Polynesian curiosities; here we find specimens of the great *mamos*, or royal cloaks, *kahilis* and calabashes. The *mamo* was a bird that was once found on these islands; it had two bright yellow feathers, one under each wing; so it may be imagined the length of time it would take to procure enough feathers to make a large cloak: that of king Kamehameha I. had been in process of manufacture during "nine generations of kings!" The *kahili* is

is a sort of feather-banner, with a highly ornamented handle. The handle of one of these was a shin-bone of a rebel chief; while a *poi-bowl*—or calabash—was ornamented with teeth taken from the jaws of the slain enemy!

Kapiolani Park is a favorite resort of the people of Honolulu; it contains 200 acres, beautifully laid out in walks and drives, flower-beds, little lakes and rivulets—where millions of gold-fish can be seen swimming about in the shallow waters. Here, once a week, the Hawaiian Band plays in the evening. I found it delightful to sit on the river bank in the glorious "purple night," watching the flickering lights reflected on the surface of the Waikiki stream, and listening to the charming music, or *meles* sung by the natives; while through the *hau-tree* branches the misty-wing flitted about and sang her even-song. The band often plays in front of the hotel: there is a large square in front, with many palm-trees, algarobas, and tamarinds, on the trunks of which are placed twenty or thirty electric lights; so on concert nights the place is very brilliant; whilst to the beauty of the scene are added the bright-colored dresses and flower-wreaths of the happy-faced native girls!

ROYAL PALMS, QUEEN EMMA'S HOSPITAL.

The Hawaiian hotel is a large building, surmounted with a tower, from which a fine view can be obtained of the sea on one side and the mountain on the other. All the servants are Chinese. Cabs for tourists and others are always in readiness at the front door; but they are expensive luxuries in this city.

Still, few visitors lose the opportunity to engage one of these hacks to take them out to see the *Pali*—an immense cliff, six miles from Honolulu, and one of the grandest sights, in the way of scenery, on the island. The road gradually rises to the height of 1,200 feet; after passing through "the fair Nuanuu valley" it strikes into a narrower gorge—where the mountains rise on either side in steep

precipices, green with ferns and clinging vines, and where little white mountain owls soar among the jagged peaks; then it takes a turn round a great, red rock wall—beyond this is the *Pali.* To the right and left a palisade of broken crags swoops downward to the sea-shore; in front, the mountain breaks off, a perpendicular cliff; eight hundred or a thousand feet below is a beautiful valley, dotted with cultivated patches, groves of palms, sugar-cane plantations, coffee-gardens, with here and there a cottage or farm-house. Far away, beyond the variegated coloring of the landscape, is the Pacific ocean, shining like a sea of silver. This spot was the scene of the last battle fought between Kamehameha and Kalani of Oahu: there the invaders, under the former, drove the poor islanders through the pass and over the precipice, and for many years their bones could be seen whitening in the sunlight on the ledges, 800 feet down from that terrible cliff.

About four miles from Honolulu is Waikiki, the chief bathing place; where, at nearly all hours of the day, natives and others may be seen sporting in the waves. There is a "toboggon-slide" erected on the beach, where the bold swimmer may come down at full speed and plunge far out into the sea. Here, too, many native girls are seen, bobbing up and down in the surf; their heads decorated with long, streaming switches of sea-weed. On the island of Molokai, on the north shore, is the leper settlement: here, at Kalawao and at Kalaupapa, are districts set apart from the main island, where hundreds of unfortunate human beings are doomed to pass the remainder of their lives. No sadder sight can be imagined then that of a young Hawaiian girl torn from her friends and family—and they so affectionate, these gentle islanders—taken to the rock-bound lazaretto below the sombre precipice of the Kalea Pali, and cast among the outcasts of the world; so soon to die. And, perhaps, the very morning of the day of her arrest the poor thing did not suspect she has the fatal mark upon her. Who can describe the feelings of the condemned when the surf-boat grates on the beach—the shore from which she never can return? For many days the tear-dimmed eyes look seaward—far away, to that indigo cloud-shape which tells of her Oahuan home: for many weeks the aching heart seeks but to be alone: then comes the yearning for companionship in misery, and friendships are made; and the kind Franciscan Sisters come to the aid of the afflicted, helping her with words of sympathy and thoughtful acts to bear her terrible misfortunes with resignation.

Lahaina, on the Island of Maui, was once the capital: it is an ancient, sleepy-looking place, with long, shady streets, thatched and open lanais, and general tropical appearance. Behind the town the mountains of Maui rise up to the height of nearly 6,000 feet;—great dull-grey rocks which form a gloomy contrast to the light green sugar-cane fields and the cocoa-palms along the shore. Maui possesses one of the largest extinct volcanoes in the world—the crater of Halĕ-a-ka-la, which means "Palace of the Sun"; it is 23 miles in circumference and 8 miles in diameter; the scoriaceous walls enclosing the great hollow are 2,000 feet high. This monster volcano is 10,032 feet in height, and contains sixteen cones, from 400 to 900 feet high, within the barren cinder-field!

Kailua, on the island of Hawaii, was where Kamehameha died, in 1819: the priests hid his bones so carefully that they have never been found. Hilo, on the opposite side of the island, is a town of about 8,000 inhabitants. There is a saying among sailors on the Pacific:—"follow a rain-storm and it will take you to Hilo!" The only active volcanoes are on this island.

Mauna Kea (the white mountain) is extinct; but Mauna Loa (the long mountain) has been very active within

the last few years. One of the most destructive eruptions was the famous "mud-flow" of 1868. A large fissure, half a mile wide, opened in the side of this mountain at an elevation of about 5,000 feet, and a stream of hot mud and lava poured out and flowed down to the sea-shore, carrying all before it. It is said to have travelled at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour. Besides cattle, horses, sheep and goats, eighty-one human lives were lost! In 1881 another eruption occurred; but this was vertical—coming from the summit. The people of Hilo saw the molten lava slowly descending the side of the mountain, dividing itself into two streams—one part turning down towards Waimea, the other coming on in the direction of Hilo. It travelled at the rate of 75 feet an hour—slowly but surely; nine months after the outbreak it reached within three-quarters of a mile of Hilo: there, fortunately, it stopped.

THE OLD COCOA-NUT PLANTATION.

On a shoulder of Mauna Loa—twenty miles to the east—is the active volcano of Kilauea. In ancient days this was supposed to be the home of the greatest and most terrible, as well as the most beautiful, of the Hawaiian deities—Pelè, the goddess of volcanoes. Kilauea is over 4,000 feet above the sea-level, and about 28 miles from the coast, by road. The great crater is two and a half miles in width and nearly four miles in length; it is a huge sunken pit, five hundred feet deep. Nothing can be more desolate than this black, rugged, lava-bed; it has the appearance of a storm-tossed ocean, suddenly petrified, wave mounted on wave, and yawning chasms gaping from beneath great mounds of tumbled lava-blocks. At the south end is the ever-active crater of Halè-mau-mau—"house of everlasting fire." Around the edge of this chasm are innumerable cracks, extending in broken lines, large enough to receive an ox,

and apparently unfathomable: beyond, the bluffs clouds of sulphur-steam are constantly pouring out from the crater. Two hundred and fifty feet below is a lake of molten lava, half a mile wide, that lashes itself in waves of blinding light, as the gory lava is hurled high in the air by the subterranean explosions. The whole surface is moving; cracks appearing here and there, flashing now crimson, now gold, as the great cakes float off, to be swallowed up in the vortex in the centre. Sometimes the red lava at the edge will open and curl back showing the white-heat within; then the masses will heave up and furl over, as though in fiendish ecstacy. The fountains in the middle of this fiery maelstrom will sometimes shoot up forty or fifty feet; the great clots of lava falling back into the caldron with a hissing sound, and spattering in all sorts of fantastic shapes. But it is the slow movement that seems to tell of the irresistible forces, the mighty powers within the volcano; there is something majestic in the way in which the immense sheets of lava slowly tear themselves from the walls and sail onward to destruction. Viewed from the upper edge of the inner crater, the sight is truly grand, impressive—the most magnificent, perhaps in all the world! Compared with Kilauea, the volcanoes of the Andes are but smoking chimneys; Etna and Vesuvius—glimmering rush-lights. No wonder the Hawaiians of old worshipped at the throne of Pelè—no wonder that they still offer sacrifices, in secret, tő the dread ignipotent; for where can be found a greater earth-god? Powerful in its constant movement; inextinguishable in its fiery glow; unapproachable in its heat and its sulphurous incense-fumes—it is more beautiful than anything else in nature's world, more horrible than aught conceived by man; it has the brilliancy of the heavens, it is the mouth of hell!

TO PHYLLIS, IN HER HIGH DISPLEASURE.

The fair sweet morn had come. Her laughing eyes,
Brimful of daring mischief, had undone
Old Triton's self, and glancing shoreward won
For many a slow-winged honey-thief a prize
That wild-flowers love to lose. Ah! he was wise
At stealing kisses whom she looked upon!
E'en Zephyr's cool lips caught the wanton fun,
And laughing echoes filled the wind-kissed skies.

What could I do when you laughed, too! My love!
If you but knew how sweet that music fell,
From lips—to tempt Ulysses' bonds in twain!
If that blind boy whose eyes you have would tell
Where mine learnt all their daring, then above
These clouds should come the fair sweet morn again.

Kingston. —F. King.

A CANADIAN IN NEW YORK.

BY ELGIN MYERS, Q.C.

A SHORT sojourn in New York in the summer of 1891, where I was the recipient of much disinterested kindness at the hands of Mr. Erastus Wiman, so increased the interest that had previously been aroused in me by the accounts in the public prints of his achievements in the business, political and literary world, that now that his financial fame has become somewhat dimmed, I feel a desire that his countrymen should have at least some faint insight into the character of a

ERASTUS WIMAN.

man who for so long a period has occupied the attention of the people of this continent, even though that information be imparted by one so incapable of adequately performing the pleasing task as myself. The radical difference of opinion that exists between us on the subject of this country's future should, in my opinion, form no bar to the attempt to do justice to one who has so unselfishly and at such great sacrifices of time and money, labored to promote the interests of the land of his birth. It should be of interest to Canadians to study the development of one of their own countrymen, who, friendless and alone, without the prestige of family connection or social influence, and aided only by his sturdy independence of character, unusual capacity, and stubborn perseverance, arose from the position of a friendless lad earning a mere pittance as a farm laborer, to the commanding eminence of one of the leaders of the business, political and literary world of the continent.

It is in the hope that a short narrative of the incidents of that career will prove a stimulus to those who are about setting out to buffet the waves of the world, with possibly neither friendship nor capital other than their own individual merits and a determination to succeed, as well as in the hope that that narrative will bring nearer home to the Canadian people the life of one of their own countrymen who has gained distinction in a foreign land and who has been so misrepresented and misunderstood, that I have essayed this task. It is not within the province of this article to account for the recent eclipse of Mr. Wiman's star of fortune, nor to investigate its causes, whether they be founded on wrong business methods or miscalculation, or whether, as is more probable, his fortunes have been engulfed in the whirlwind of financial disaster that seems at present to be invading so much of the earth's surface. Suffice it for the present in this connection to simply reproduce the following portion of an article from a newspaper published in Staten Island,

which has for many years been his home :—" From real estate, stock in Rapid Transit and Electric Power companies, there seems ample assets belonging to Mr. Wiman's estate to pay all the indebtednesses in full, while behind it all is the energy, the ability and great force of ambition of one who fought in their home the Vanderbilts and their satellites and beat them all."

Of incidents in his career there is no lack. His life has been so active and so interwoven with that of the people, of all classes, that his biographer will not be troubled to find them, but will be perplexed by an embarrassment of riches. The great difficulty in preparing this article was to select from the great mass of facts, anything like a detailed relation of which would fill several volumes, those that might be deemed the most characteristic and at the same time, would not swell to an undue compass a magazine article. To the casual observer the most striking feature of Mr. Wiman's character, in view of the vastness and absorbing nature of his business enterprises, is his sentiment and imagination, two qualities that seem to be essential to that attribute in man that is generally termed greatness, but which are plants of so tender a growth that they have been crushed out of many men by the pressure of business pursuits, that, in many instances, have not been of so engrossing a nature as those that engaged Mr. Wiman's attention.

The youth, personal habits, religious beliefs and domestic life of a man of mark are always subjects of deep interest, the narration of which, as light streaks tend to relieve a darkened firmament, incline to brighten the heavy narration of the more weighty affairs of life. Beginning with his youth we find this erstwhile millionaire, at the age of twelve years, working as a farm laborer in the neighborhood of Churchville, near Brampton, in Peel County, a few miles west of Toronto, for the pittance of fifty cents per week. We next find him for four or five years employed as a newsboy and then as a typesetter in the newspaper office of his cousin, the Honorable Wm. McDougall, who conducted the celebrated "North American," which, after enjoying a short but successfnl career under its brilliant manager and editor, became extinct. Here young Wiman worked from ten to sixteen hours per day at wages commencing at $1.50 per week and ending at $5.00.

A reminiscence of his newsboy career was forcibly and pleasantly recalled in London a year or two ago when dining as a guest of Lord and Lady Thurlow. The latter, during the course of conversation, remarked that she too was a Canadian. Upon Mr. Wiman asking whose daughter she was, he was informed that she was Lord Elgin's. "Oh," replied Mr. Wiman, "I remember now, your birthday was on a New Year's day, and I heard your first cry." Curious to know how this could be, Mr. Wiman explained to Lady Thurlow that he was the newsboy who delivered the papers about forty-five years before at Elmslie Villa, which was situated just beyond Yonge street entrance to College Avenue, Toronto, where Lord Elgin, then Governor-General of Canada, resided. The house was a great distance from the street, and on this particular morning the snow was deep, and no track having been made, the newsboy, not large of stature, whilst beating his way through it became covered with snow. The weather was bitterly cold, and the kindly butler taking him into the hall before the large stove let him warm himself. The house, between the bustling of the servants and doctors, was in great confusion. Suddenly the vigorous cry of an infant heard through the door, and the butler exclaiming, "Thank God it's over," revealed to our newsboy friend that the future Lady Thurlow was born.

In passing, we may remark, that it is a comment on the small size to

which steam and electricity have reduced the world, and on the present all pervasive democracy, that the newsboy forty-five years later was, 3,000 miles away, the honored guest of this titled babe. The gold sovereign that Lord Elgin conferred on our friend was the first he ever possessed, and the joy it bestowed caused the naturally warm heart of Mr. Wiman to go out in generous contributions to the newsboys as regularly as succeeding New Year's came round.

These sums, as well as the farm wages, small as they were, were freely and regularly handed to a widowed mother to be applied to the common support of herself and a little sister, who divided between them the solicitude of the noble son and brother. Let it be said here that deep affection and never failing care for this widowed mother were among the strongest features of Mr. Wiman's character. Several citizens of Toronto, some of whom have occupied, and others of whom now occupy, positions of trust and honor, take pleasure in testifying, as indeed they also do to all the incidents of his Canadian life that are recorded here, to the noble self-sacrifices on the part of Mr. Wiman, in his earlier struggles for existence, to not merely support, but render comfortable and happy, his widowed mother, thus testifying to the possession of one of those human qualities that approach nearest to the Divine,—that of never failing filial love. It is needless to say that this anxious solicitude accompanied the mother through life, the need of support increasing with the capacity to contribute it, until death finally closed the eyes of one, who, while taking a last loving look upon her devoted son, prophetically foresaw that he would attain the eminence of what the world calls success.

From the many incidents that could be selected of absorbing interest at the newsboy period of his career, is one which also illustrates the narrowness of his circumstances. When young Wiman lost his week's wage of $5.00, rather than permit those who were dependent upon him to suffer from want, his filial and brotherly love prompted him to borrow from his co-workers in the office a sufficient sum to tide over the week, a sum which it is needless to say was speedily repaid out of the savings of future earnings.

The next we see of young Wiman is on the staff of the Toronto *Globe*, as commercial editor, where his keen commercial instincts soon became so manifest that they attracted the attention of Mr. R. G. Dun, who had established the enterprise of mercantile reporting.

The subject of this sketch went into the employ of this firm as a reporter, and his abilities soon raised him successively to the positions of manager of the Toronto and Montreal agencies, in which capacities he acquired that thorough and accurate knowledge of the commercial affairs of the Dominion, including a detailed information of almost every business man from Halifax to Winnipeg, for which he is so distinguished. Starting with a great prejudice in Canada against it, owing to its being regarded as a sort of detective concern, the broad and enlightened spirit with which its designs were pursued under Mr. Wiman's management soon rendered the agency one of the most popular institutions in the mercantile world, and soon caused it to be regarded as an indispensable adjunct to commercial life.

So successful was he in the management of the Canadian branch of the business, that he was, some twenty-five years ago, shortly after the close of the great Amercian Civil War, invited to the larger field of usefulness in the commercial metropolis of America, to assist in the management of the business there. His success in the smaller sphere of action was only the harbinger of his triumph in the greater, for he brought to bear in his connection with the New York concern the

same industry, energy, wonderful knowledge, tact and enlightened methods that characterized his management of affairs in Canada, until an institution that was up to that time regarded with the same distrust that it had been in Canada, soon developed into the most marvellous and popular system of commercial reporting in the world. The agency, when Mr. Wiman was removed to New York, possessed only eighteen branches, whereas it now has 150, an enormous revenue, and a large army of employés. His knowledge of printing found full scope here. He soon reorganized the printing department, improved and enlarged the Reference Book, which contains the names and rating of every trader in the United States and Canada, and it soon became the best credit authority in the United States. To him more than to any other man is due that marvellous success of commercial reporting which renders it possible for every trader, no matter how remote his location, from Maine to California, from Vancouver to Halifax, to procure credit in the great centres of commerce in accordance with the resources and standing he possesses at home.

Of almost incalculable advantage to the South was this system as thus perfected. At the close of the war all industries there were necessarily in a disorganized condition, so much so that almost universal distrust of the capacity of the business men prevailed. Owing, however, to the wonderful Reference Book, information was soon disseminated relative to the deserving and reliable, confidence was quickly restored, business men obtained that credit which was so essential to their existence, and the distrusted and desolate South soon began to blossom as the rose. The book also soon became the guide, philosopher and friend, and indeed the almost indispensable auxiliary to every counting house. The success of the Mercantile Agency System is an enduring monument to the business ability of Erastus Wiman and his associates, and alone is sufficient to satisfy the ambition of any ordinary man, for unless it had been well conducted it could easily have been the most unpopular of institutions.

It would be wrong, however, to suppose that this was his only achievement, although it is the one in which we believe he takes the most pride. Not satisfied with accomplishing, in connection with the agency, what was sufficient for the work of one life, he, almost immediately on arrival in New York, with that rapid insight into affairs that is so characteristic of him, saw what the multitude of other able financiers of that great metropolis failed to fully realize, the immense possibilities of Staten Island, which forms part of New York State, and lies six miles distant from and opposite New York, in a hollow of the coast of New Jersey. This island has been termed the Isle of Wight of America. Possessing an area of about 58 square miles, a shore capable of adding ten miles additional harborage to the port of New York, having in its north and centre lovely elevations which slope beautifully in all directions to the shore, Providence seems to have specially designed this favored place as an example of what His beneficence can accomplish for man in furnishing a spot where he could revel in luxurious delight, and which he could also turn to the most practical use. When Mr. Wiman first conceived the idea of putting to use this favored place, the beautiful uplands in its centre were almost unknown. Under his wise and skilful directions, the reputation of the island has much increased as one of the most popular resorts for recreation and amusement of the multitudes of the adjoining cities, who seek its sylvan retreats as a relief from the burdens of active business life, as well as one of the points to which is eagerly directed the attention of those men of affairs, who perceive the immense

commercial possibilities that are centred there.

One of his first and most noted achievements in this connection was the securing of a charter for the construction of a great railway bridge connecting the State of New Jersey with the island. This was accomplished against the whole force of that combative state, which did not wish to see its own water fronts depreciated in value by the presence of a competitor, combined with the enormous vested interests of the great railway corporations which had termini in that state, opposite New York city. After cyclopean efforts, he finally got the authority of Congress for its construction, and it stands to-day another monument to the ability, courage and pertinacity of this masterful man. By it, the Baltimore and Ohio and eight other trunk lines of railway are admitted to the harbor of New York making Staten Island probably the greatest future railway site in the world.

The Kill Van Kull bridge was incidental to the construction of the Rapid Transit Railroad in Staten Island, which Mr. Wiman also carried through against the immense local influence of such famous capitalists as the Vanderbilts and John H. Starin, who, as we would naturally suppose, would not care to be deptived of the monopoly they theretofore enjoyed in the ferry service between New York and the island.

The control of this ferry service was soon obtained by our Canadian friend. A direct result of the establishment of Rapid Transit and the building of the railway bridge has been to increase communication between the Island and New York city, by ferry, from 15 times per day to 58 times, to cause real estate to double in value, population to rapidly increase, the establishment of many additional manufactories, the price of products to the consumer to materially diminish, and to add a vast residental suburb to the adjoining overcrowded cities.

In the following extract from a letter recently written to Mr. Wiman, Sir Roderick Cameron, a large real estate owner there, expresses the universal sentiment respecting the value of Mr. Wiman's services to the island: "As fellow Canadians, we have differed in our political views, but there has never been an hour during the past ten years, when I have failed to appreciate what you have done for our island home. Your losses are as but a drop in the ocean compared with the enormously increased value of the island property, entirely due to your foresight and unflagging zeal. Keep up your spirits and all will be well with you."

One of Mr. Wiman's ambitions was to make the island a great centre for out-door amusements, and to this end he formed the Staten Island Amusement Company, which engaged for months the exhibition of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show on the island, and procured, at a cost of $40,000, the celebrated Electric Fountains from England, which now form so great an attraction at the World's Fair at Chicago.

Out of the electric display grew the Richmond Light, Heat and Power Company, also promoted by Mr. Wiman, designed to supply every manufacturer and every private individual with light, heat and power, "on tap," and to render night as day, through the many miles of foliaged slopes, lovely glades, and shady dells of Staten Island. It will, on completion of the pending improvements, supply not only lights, power and traction for manufactories and domestic purposes, but will also supply power to an electric railroad system our Canadian friend has planned in connection with a large land enterprise, which will thus make accessible to New Yorkers cheap homes in the romantic but almost unknown interior of the Island.

These vast undertakings in the country of his exile which have been enumerated, apparently did not mon-

opolize, much less exhaust, the energies of this truly energetic man, for we find him in 1880 and 1881 engaged in organizing and promoting the Great North-Western Telegraph Company of Canada, of which he soon became president, and he, after many years of patient, skilful and persistent negotiations against obstacles that would have appalled a man of less courage and perseverance, succeeded in leasing and practically amalgamating the old Montreal and Dominion Telegraph Companies, which were, by this act, placed on a solid financial basis, thus securing substantial dividends that are being paid, up to the present time. Not content with the performance of these labors in the commercial world, Mr. Wiman has for years accomplished in the political world what would have sufficed for the energies of any ordinary man.

Among his less prominent achievements was one dictated by that broad and disinterested philanthropy, and sympathy for human misfortunes, which have, from his earliest boyhood, been among his most happy characteristics. I refer to the Act for the abolition of imprisonment for debt, a barbarous punishment that was, until the good offices of Mr. Wiman were enlisted to secure its repeal in 1887, permitted by the highly civilized state of New York. Under the old law, men for years had languished in Ludlow-street gaol for the crime merely of being too poor to pay their debts. The movement for its repeal originated in the case of one Ross, a Canadian from Montreal, who had been incarcerated for some trifling indebtedness which was paid by Mr. Wiman, who restored him to his family on the anniversary of the evening when angels ushered into the world the message of peace and good-will towards men, with pockets filled not only to furnish his family with a Christmas dinner, but to relieve their immediate necessities as well. From Ross, Mr. Wiman heard of the five years' incarceration for debt of another person who was, from sickness contracted in gaol, likely to die soon, unless released. This man, by the way, had a wealthy brother in Montreal, who has liberally endowed a seat of learning there, but who was apparently unmoved at the prospect of his brother pining in gaol in New York for debt. I am unable to state whether or not he endowed a Chair of the Humanities. Mr. Wiman, during the course of his investigation into this man's case, was so struck with horror at the whole situation that he determined that perpetual imprisonment for debt should be a thing of the past, and going to work with his resolute will and against great obstacles, not the least of which was the stony indifference of the public, he eventually succeeded in accomplishing his aim.

On the wall of one of the cells in the Tombs of New York are these words, written by still another man, which bear mute testimony to the constant going about doing that unostentatious good which letteth not the right hand know what the left hand doeth, that characterized all Mr. Wiman's deeds of charity: "I am to-day forty years of age, and I thought I had not a friend in the world, when Erastus Wiman sent me a Christmas dinner. I vow that before I am fifty I shall be rated in the book which this man prints worth half a million, and before I am sixty I will be rated at a million." As idle as this boast at that time no doubt appeared, it has been more than fulfilled, as one of the largest places on Broadway, owned by this man, in which he is doing annually a business of $6,000,000, amply testifies.

A tale of absorbing interest is connected with his release from the Tombs, which was secured by Mr. Wiman, which is too lengthy to relate here. It would be a mistake to suppose that these vast schemes, so scantily outlined, were the limit of Mr. Wiman's achievements. His essays in

political, literary and social spheres during the time he was engaged in promoting these great enterprises, were characterized by the same boldness, energy and comprehensiveness that were the main features of his financial achievements. His mind was probably the first to conceive the vast scheme of joining in commercial union the two vast territories that compose almost this entire continent. His public meeting at Dufferin Lake, in the summer of 1887, inaugurated the movement, in which his heart is still so engaged, and which soon became the battle cry of one of the great political parties of Canada, under the name of unrestricted reciprocity. So engrossed in the desire to benefit his native country was he that he took no less than twenty-five trips to Washington on behalf of this movement, and after a large expenditure of time, money and energy, procured the Committee on Foreign Relations of the House of Representatives to give it the stamp of its approval in the famous "Hitt resolution." His refusal to renounce allegiance to the land of his birth and to take the oath of allegiance to the government of the United States has entailed on him very great inconveniences, among which are a foreigner's inability to hold real estate in his own name, or any title whatever in coasting vessels, in some of which he was largely interested, or to become a director in any banking institution, in one of which he was a large stockholder. This stand taken by him is an unobtrusive testimony to a genuine sentiment of loyalty that breathed in him, and is in striking contrast to the noisy demonstrations of many of his opponents in Canada, who bandy about, without much reference to its meaning, this much abused and misconstrued word.

Among the large number of pamphlets he has published, the vast number of addresses he has delivered, and letters to the press he has written on political, social and scientific subjects, are many that deal with this question of commercial union between Canada and the United States. No less than twenty-five articles of his grace the North American and Contemporary Reviews. He received requests to contribute no less than three different articles within five months to the same magazine. His public addresses have been delivered in nearly every city of the Union, and in all the cities of Canada except Hamilton. They have been delivered before the most noted commercial, scientific, educational and literary institutions in the United States. That he has been a powerful agent in the formation and controlling of thought on this continent scarcely any one will undertake to deny.

When we consider the work of this one man, we wonder what limit there is to human endurance, and naturally feel a desire to account for his ability to accomplish so much. That he must be a man of unusual ability, industry and energy goes without saying. Retiring at nine thirty, p.m. and rising at three or four a.m., he has thus been able to perform an amount of literary labor that would have been impossible, in view of his other engagements, without utilizing these early hours, most of his literary work having been done between these latter hours and seven a.m. He was always, when in the city, to be found at his office between nine a.m. and five p.m., after which his well known form could be seen pacing the deck of the ferry which carried him to his happy home in Staten Island, where he reigned as the idol with no rival, and where he usually spent his evenings reading aloud the popular authors to a charmed family circle. In this home, as well as in the city, he also dispensed the most generous hospitality. This extended not only to his private friends, but to the persons composing such important bodies as the Pan-American Congress, the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britian, the President and

Executive of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and other guests by the hundred.

To his other personal characteristics must be added a vivacity of intellect, a grand physique that has never been enervated by the use of tobacco or the excessive use of ardent liquors, methodical habits, dogged perseverance, a mounting ambition, and, above all, a light-hearted and cheery disposition which, during his whole career, from the time he was a barefooted boy earning fifty cents per week, to the time he became one of the most noted men of North America, has served him so well. Added to this, the springs of human sympathy and philanthropy were ever active within him, thus keeping fresh and green the moral constitution, which seems to react upon and keep healthy the physical, the drying up of which in any one is not favorable to longevity. It is almost incredible to a stranger viewing Mr. Wiman's freshness and vigor, that he is within ten years of fulfilling the sphere of life alloted by the Psalmist to man.

A short enumeration of his benevolent and charitable acts would fill a goodly sized volume. Among the objects of his cheerful support are his first school mistress, aged unmarried spinsters, widows, old men and distant relatives, who have up to the time of the present embarrassment in his finances been the regular monthly recipients of his bounty.

The offices in Montreal and Toronto of the agency with which he has so many years been identified were the centres in Canada from which these donations so freely flowed. No less a sum than $50.000 has, in the opinion of those best capable of judging, been given by him within the last fifteen years to these objects of his fond solicitude in Canada. If this large sum represents his gifts in Canada, what must be the sum that represents like donations in the United States where the field and demand for them were greater. If, as Burke says, "Men are ruined on the side of their natural propensities," we have in these charitable gifts the secret of Mr. Wiman's present financial embarrassment. Nothing is clearer to his most intimate friends than that if he had buttoned up his pockets to all cries for aid, the money thus saved, utilized as he so well knew how to utilize it, would have prevented his present temporary embarrassment. Many Canadians in the United States have especial reason to gratefully remember him. Scattered all over the Union from Maine to California are thousands who owe their present prosperity in life to the impulse of his sound and friendly advice and financial aid. His home and office in New York were the Meccas to which all Canadians, from the most prominent and cultured to the most ignorant settler, turned for recreation or help, and none of them went disappointed away. Especially was he solicitous of the welfare of the newsboys and telegraph operators, in whom, owing to his former connection with those callings, he felt a most active sympathy.

An indication of the hold he has gained on the hearts and imagination of the operators is furnished by an incident that occurred at a banquet given by the Magnetic Club in New York, where the chairman, upon introducing Mr. Wiman, said:—" He is the only director on a list of thirty millionaires composing the board, whom any one of the sixty thousand operators would approach with a certainty of borrowing a ten dollar bill."

In view of all these achievements, were the brittle thread which binds him to this life to be now snapped, could any one assert with truth that his life had not been a grand success.

Has it been any the less so because he has probably still twenty years, with all his accumulated experience, his ardor and energy undiminished, within which to recover from his present misfortune? All persons, however much they differ in opinion from Mr. Wiman on various topics, it is believed can join

in the heartfelt wishes of Mr. Bayard, ex-Secretary of State for the United States, and at present American Minister to the Court of St. James, who a few weeks ago thus wrote:

"DEAR MR. WIMAN:—

"The time draws near for my departure for my new scene of duty, but I am not willing to go without an expression of my sincere and hearty sympathy for the financial embarrassment which has come upon you. I cannot doubt but that the same foresight, energy, enterprise and integrity upon which your success has heretofore been builded up, will, in due time, reconstruct your fortunes, and leave you in that condition which you have so well earned and which, I sincerely hope, you may soon regain.

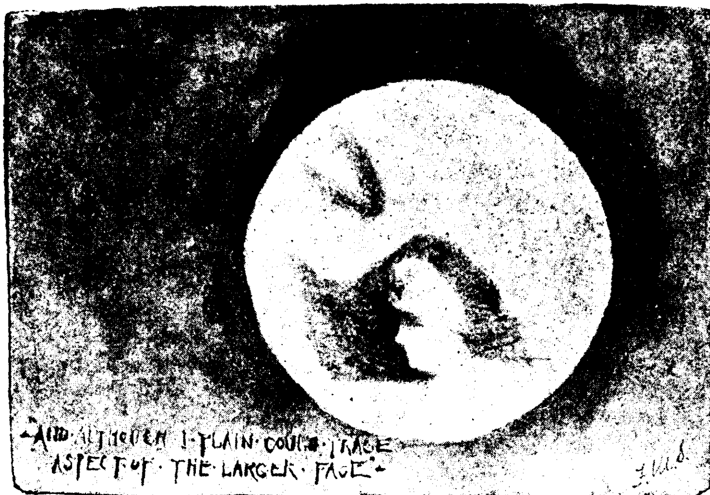
"Wishing you every good fortune, I am most truly and respectfully yours,

"T. F. BAYARD."

Such words, from such a man, the most representative of all the public men in the United States, fittingly close this tribute to Canada's friend in the United States, as indicating the esteem in which he is held in the country of his adoption, and the influence he wields for the benefit of the country of his birth.

THE MOON-MAIDEN.

(With Illustration by Miss Fanny Saxe)



I knew there was a maiden in the moon ;
Something told me,
And cajoled me,
When beneath the mystic gleam I strayed alone,
And those white and frigid flashes
Fire of life to my heart's ashes
Gave, as no fervid sun of day had done :
And, though I could plainly trace
Aspect of the larger face,
And her shadowy profile had not known,
Yet "Selene" 'twas I uttered,
Or "Diana" softly muttered.
When beneath the charmèd moon I strayed alone—
"Luna, Luna," low at vesper,
All enchanted, I would whisper—
Though so broadly smiled *he* in the moon—
Thus professing,
All unguessing,
Fealty to the Maiden in the moon—
To the patient, mystic presence in the moon.

Montreal. —C. A. FRASER.

REFERENDUM AND PLEBISCITE.

BY HON. G. W. ROSS, MINISTER OF EDUCATION, ONTARIO.

THE Republic of Switzerland, so fortified by nature against the encroachments of the invader, has fortified its constitution by a direct appeal to the popular vote against sudden changes, which for a moment seem plausible, but which on sober second thought may be found undesirable; while, at the same time, by the ancient right of petition, so emphasized in the British Constitution, a halting legislature can be compelled to submit to a vote of the people any question which in the opinion of a certain number of electors requires immediate action. The constitutional process to which these observations apply is called the Referendum, and is briefly as follows:

I. If the two branches of the Federal Assembly agree upon an amendment to the constitution, such amendment must be submitted for ratification to the people before it becomes operative.

II. If one branch of the Assembly favors the amendment and the other disagrees, or if fifty thousand voters demand an amendment, the proposed change must be submitted to popular vote. If the vote is favorable, a new election of both Councils takes place, for the purpose of making the necessary change, and a measure embodying this change, being first approved by the Assembly, becomes law, if approved by a majority of the popular vote, and by a majority of the cantons of the Confederation.

III. On the petition of thirty thousand voters, or of eight cantons, any statute of the Federal Assembly must be submitted to the people for approval.

It will be observed, that where it is proposed to amend the constitution the Referendum is obligatory. In all other matters the legislation of the Federal Assembly is operative, unless a demand for a popular vote is made as above stated. In the cantons, which in many respects correspond to our counties, a similar demand may be made for a full expression of the public opinion of the canton.

This system of popular control has been in operation since 1874, and although it may appear to diminish the importance of the Assembly, inasmuch as an appeal may be taken against its legislation, to the people, it nevertheless has worked satisfactorily. As described by an able writer in the "*Edinburgh Review*":—"Swiss democracy has met and triumphed over all the obstacles to national unity arising from differences of race, from religious discord, from historical animosities, and from the difficulty, inherent in federalism, of reconciling national authority with state rights. Her present peace and unity are due, as far as national prosperity is ever in reality caused by forms of government, to a constitution which has achieved all that the best framed of polities can achieve, viz., the giving free scope to the energy and ability of the nation."

To a Canadian, the Swiss constitution would appear to be entirely subversive of party government as understood and practised in this country. Following the traditions of Great Britain, we are accustomed to look for the redress of political grievances from one or other of the great political parties of the day, and whatever may be the objections taken to the excessive zeal of party leaders, and to the methods by which they sometimes attain their ends, a system under which the British Constitution has

broadened down from "precedent to precedent" cannot be entirely wrong. Under the banners of party government have marched the greatest statesmen of the centuries, and by its powers of organization have been achieved those victories for civil and religious liberty which are the chief glory of the Anglo-Saxon race. Like all other human institutions, it has its imperfections, and while on the one hand it may boast of enlarging the bounds of freedom, on the other hand it has upheld tyranny and encouraged oppression. But so have ecclesiasticism and democracy, yet who would desire to dispense with the power of either, in their proper sphere.

Occasionally there may arise questions, however, of such national importance as for the moment to absorb the intelligent attention of the whole people, irrespective of party. Such a question was the federation of the Canadian provinces in 1867. Such a question was the preservation of the Union at the outbreak of the great rebellion in the United States, and such a question should have been the settlement of Home Rule for Ireland. The referendum on questions like these, dissociated from all other political questions, would be a great advantage. Had the delegates who agreed to the original terms of Confederation asked the Legislatures of the respective provinces to submit to the people of Canada those terms for ratification, I am confident that that unity of feeling, which happily is now becoming more apparent between the provinces, would have had an earlier and more vigorous growth. Had the United States Congress appealed to the people for an amendment to the constitution, with respect to negro slavery, instead of paltering with the question for nearly half a century, at the demands of the southern slave-holders, millions of treasure and lives would have been spared; and had the House of Commons said we will have a direct vote on the question of Home Rule, independent of all other political questions, many a weary hour spent in acrimonious debate could have been given to much-needed legislation. As Dr. Bourinot, in a valuable monograph on "Studies in Comparative Politics," says:—"When a question comes before the people under the referendum, there are no considerations of party to influence their decision; men are not swayed by a desire to keep a particular set of men in office. The nature of the measure submitted is well known to them; it has been thoroughly discussed in the councils of the nation and throughout the country, and men are well able give their vote on its merits. A vote under the Swiss referendum, and an appeal to the people under the English system, are therefore subject to conditions which in one case generally give an impartial expression of opinion on a question, and in the other case may practically bury a great measure of public policy under the weight of entirely subordinate and irrelevant issues." In the United States the adoption of a new constitution by a state, or of amendments which may be proposed by the legislature, was always subject to ratification by the people. As far back as 1778 the legislature of Massachusetts submitted a draft constitution to the electors, and this practice has been followed by every state of the Union since that date. In some cases a vote is taken for the appointment of delegates whose special duty it is to prepare a draft constitution, but whether the draft is prepared by the legislature, or at the instance of a special convention, the popular control over the state constitution is the same in both cases.

Indeed, some states provide in their constitution for a direct reference to the people of questions which are ordinarily settled by the legislature. Wisconsin by its constitution took the right to refer to the voters whether or not banks should be chartered. Minnesota declared in her constitution

that certain railway laws should not take effect unless submitted to and ratified by a majority of the electors. Sometimes a legislature submits a question, in regard to which there is much conflict of opinion, to the people, in the form of a constitutional amendment. The legislatures of Indiana, Nebraska, Ohio and Oregon took this course in dealing with the proposition for extending the suffrage to women, and in 1876, Colorado, which had special power by its constitution to take a vote on the same question, submitted the matter to the electors. It may be needless to add that the franchise was refused in all these cases.

Another form of the referendum which has been acted upon in England, United States and Canada, is to pass legislation which becomes operative only upon its adoption by the people. For instance, in England, before a rate can be levied for the establishment of a free library, a vote of the ratepayers of the parish must be first taken, and there is now before the English house of Commons a bill in the hands of Sir William Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, for allowing the ratepayers of parishes, by a two-thirds vote, to say whether liquor shall be sold within certain defined areas. Over thirty years ago the legislature of the state of New York accepted the principle of local option in regard to the liquor traffic, and many other states since that time have adopted similar provisions.

The first legislation adopted in Canada in which the principal of the referendum was involved was the Temperance Act of 1864, known as the Dunkin Bill. By this act any municipal council could pass a by-law for the prohibition of the liquor traffic, but such by-law did not become operative until approved by a majority of the electors. In this case the legislature, which had clearly the power to pass prohibition, delegated its power to the electors, the *initiative* to be taken by the municipal councils, instead of by a certain number of petitioners as in the case of the Swiss referendum. Similar powers were conferred upon the electors by the Temperance Act of 1878, the *initiative* in this case, however, being taken by a certain number of electors in each electoral district. The power exercised by the old parliament of Canada in the Temperance Act of 1864, although just now contested before the courts, is still exercised by the legislature of Ontario, and under the license act has been extended to the electors in polling sub-divisions, so far as the transfer of licenses is concerned. Municipal councils are also invested by the legislature with power to refer certain questions to the electors for ratification; for instance:

I. Before a free library can be established in any municipality the approval of the electors must be obtained.

II. Before debentures can be issued creating a debt beyond a certain amount, the matter must be referred to the ratepayers of the municipality.

III. Bonuses for aiding industries or railways must be approved by the ratepayers.

Even the location of a school site is often submitted to the popular vote.

The legislation so far referred to has, however, in every instance, involved the following considerations:—

1. Some legislative body, either the House of Commons, the parliament of Canada, the state legislature, the municipal council, or a board of school trustees, must have taken the responsibility of expressing a definite opinion on the question to be submitted.

2. The opinion thus expressed, either in the form of a statute or a by-law, must be submitted for the approval of the people, (*a*) directly by the authority adopting the same, or (*b*) through the intervention of another body authorized so to do, or (*c*) on the petition of the people themselves.

There was therefore :—

1. The discussion of the question in the legislative body in which the power originated.

2. The discussion of the question by the subordinate power authorized to take the next step.

3. The discussion of the question at the polls before ratification by the people.

All the elements of public consideration in the fullest sense of the term were thus united in determining the merits of the question submitted

There remains one other form of ascertaining public opinion, in regard to which our constitution is silent, and which so far has not found a prominent place in the political organization of any country—the Plebiscite. Although the name has been but recently introduced into political nomenclature, it is nevertheless of ancient origin.

In the struggles in ancient Rome between the plebeians and patricians, for political power, by an Act known as *Lex Hortensia*, adopted in B.C. 286, the enactments of the plebeian Assembly were given the force of law, and the right of the common people to an equal voice in the government with the nobles was from that time recognized. The enactments of the plebeian Assembly were designated *Plebiscita*.

The first Napoleon, in 1804, and the third Napoleon, in 1852, asked the French people to mark approval of their accession to the throne of France, by a popular vote. In the State of New York, a number of years ago, the legislature, having been distracted and perplexed by the question whether articles made by prisoners in the state prison should be allowed to compete with other articles manufactured in the state, invited the opinion of the electors, and accordingly passed an Act in which the question was voted on over the whole state. Of course this decision of the people of New York was not binding upon the legislature; and, as Professor Bryce says in *The American Commonwealth*, "Although the legislature could not expect, by proposing a constitutional amendment, to enable the people to legislate on the point, they could ask the people to advise them how they should legislate, and having obtained their view in this matter could pass a statute in conformity with their wishes."

In the instances above given of the plebiscite, no actual legislation is involved. The practice, under the British Constitution, in order to ascertain public opinion on any great measure, is to dissolve parliament and appeal to the country. Professor Bryce aptly expresses this practice in the following words:—

"It is now beginning to be maintained as a constitutional doctrine, that when any large measure of change is carried through the House of Commons, the House of Lords has a right to reject it for the purpose of compelling a dissolution of Parliament, that is, an appeal to the voters. And there are some signs that the view is making way, that even putting the House of Lords out of sight, the House of Commons is not morally, though of course it is legally, entitled to pass a bill seriously changing the Constitution, which was not submitted to the electors at the preceding general election. A general election, although, in form, a choice of particular persons as members, has now practically become an expression of popular opinion on the two or three leading measures then propounded and discussed by the party leaders, as well as a vote of confidence or no confidence in the Ministry of the day. It is in substance a vote upon those measures; although, of course, a vote only on their general principles, and not, like the Swiss referendum, upon the statutes which the legislature has passed. Even, therefore, in a country which clings to and founds itself upon the absolute supremacy of the representative chamber, the notion of a direct appeal to the people has made progress."

In effect, Professor Bryce says, the House of Commons, through its representatives, goes down to the people and asks them if they approve of certain measures, and if they do, to signify that approval not by voting for the measure itself directly, as in the Swiss referendum, but by voting for an individual as the incarnation of the measure; or, in other words, the people of Great Britain at a general election instruct their representatives to pass certain measures, and they are passed accordingly.

Under a plebiscite this order is reversed. Parliament, instead of passing a measure, and exposing it to the hazards of an adverse election, and its consequent repeal, asks the people in the first instance, for their approval of a general principle, leaving the legislation necessary to give it statutory effect, to a subsequent stage.

Among the objections that may be brought against a plebiscite are the following:—

(1) It is *un-British.* So was the ballot, manhood suffrage, the federal system of government, the municipal enfranchisement of women, local option, municipal government, free schools, free trade, international arbitrations. In this century of progress it will not do for the science of government to stand still while all the other sciences are making rapid progress.

(2) It reduces the responsibility of parliament. Even if it does, what harm? The tendency of representative institutions in modern times is strongly towards a diffusion of responsibility. Our federal system is practically based upon the theory that the perfection of government consists in the judicious sub-division of authority. Has parliament suffered in dignity because it invests municipal authorities, school boards, and other corporations with independent powers in their respective spheres? Or is the House of Commons to-day less dignified because by recent legislation it has conferred upon county councils powers which it exercised itself five years ago? Even under a plebiscite, parliament must take the responsibility of action before effect is given to public opinion.

(3) It weakens the responsibility of the executive. As in the other case —what harm? The executive must take the responsibility of asking Parliament to submit a question to the people, before a vote can be taken. If this course is deemed unwise, Parliament may in the first instance condemn them, which would lead to their dismissal from power; or the people may condemn them at the polls, which would lead to their overthrow. So far as the executive is concerned, a plebiscite to them is simply a means of ascertaining public opinion. Instead of accepting petitions from individuals and corporations, resolutions passed at public meetings or by organizations of various kinds, as an expression of public opinion, they simply ask the whole people to express themselves coolly and deliberately on the question submitted for their consideration, and, having obtained that expression, they assume the responsibility of accepting or rejecting the advice given.

(4) It depreciates the individuality of public men. Why so? The importance of the question under consideration still remains. The man who favors its adoption could not desire a better opportunity for propagating his views. Every convert becomes an ally. Every effective argument represents a ballot. There is no confusion of issues, and there can scarcely be any uncertainty as to results, providing his views are accepted by the majority. A better field for the individuality of an honest, earnest man would be hard to find.

In favor of a plebiscite the following considerations may be mentioned:

(1) It is an appeal to the calm judgment of the electorate on a simple issue—a yes or no. Instead of a jury of twelve, as in ordinary civil or criminal cases, it is a jury of the nation, and the jurors know that their verdict

may affect themselves and their children to remotest generations.

(2) It increases the responsibility of the electors. In the last analysis, sovereignty is with them. Why should the sovereign not be consulted in matters of state? If an evil is to be removed, who is to be benefited thereby but the people. If a great national reform is to be inaugurated, why not let them share in the honor? Has Edward Burke's great maxim lost its force, namely, "Government by the people, for the people, and *through* the people."

(3) It increases the stability of legislation. In 1855, New Brunswick passed a prohibitory liquor law; the following year it was repealed, and Sir Leonard Tilley, the present Lieutenant-Governor of the province,—than whom no better authority could be cited,—says the effect was injurious to the Temperance cause. Permanence in legislation is quite as important as progressiveness. Under the British constitution, the House of Lords is supposed to check undue haste on the part of the House of Commons. Our Canadian Senate is supposed to discharge a similar duty for us. May we not strengthen this guarantee, that legislation is not ill-timed, by occasionally submitting a great question to a plebiscite.

(4) It is educative in the highest degree. To vote with the party in a general election is not necessarily the highest effort of electoral intelligence, although it usually exhibits a commendable degree of faith in party leaders. To vote intelligently on a great issue, like Prohibition, requires study and reflection. In forming a judgment, the personal equation of party leadership must be omitted, and the responsibility of solving a problem on its intrinsic merits must be met face to face.

The plebiscite, in the form previously indicated, has already been accepted with respect to legislation of a very important character. For the purpose of ascertaining public opinion, even where legislation was not involved, it has been favorably considered. The great convention of Temperance workers that met in Montreal in 1875 recommended the passage of a prohibitory liquor law, subject to ratification by the people. In the same year the Senate of Canada, by a vote of 25 to 17, resolved that should the government feel satisfied that the indication of public opinion by the petitions presented to Parliament was not sufficient to justify the early introduction of a prohibitory law, it would be desirable to take a vote of the electors as soon as possible.

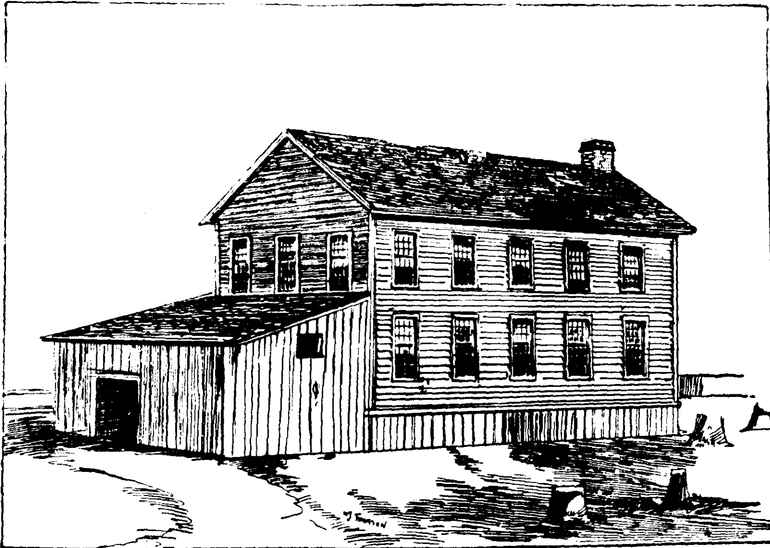
The legislatures of Ontario, Manitoba and Prince Edward Island have accepted the plebiscite with respect to prohibition; and the great National Liberal Convention that recently met at Ottawa has made the plebiscite on the question of prohibition a plank in its political platform. The tendency of public opinion in Canada is therefore evidently in favor of this form of appeal to the electorate on questions of national significance.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

BY W. ALLAN NEILSON, M.A.

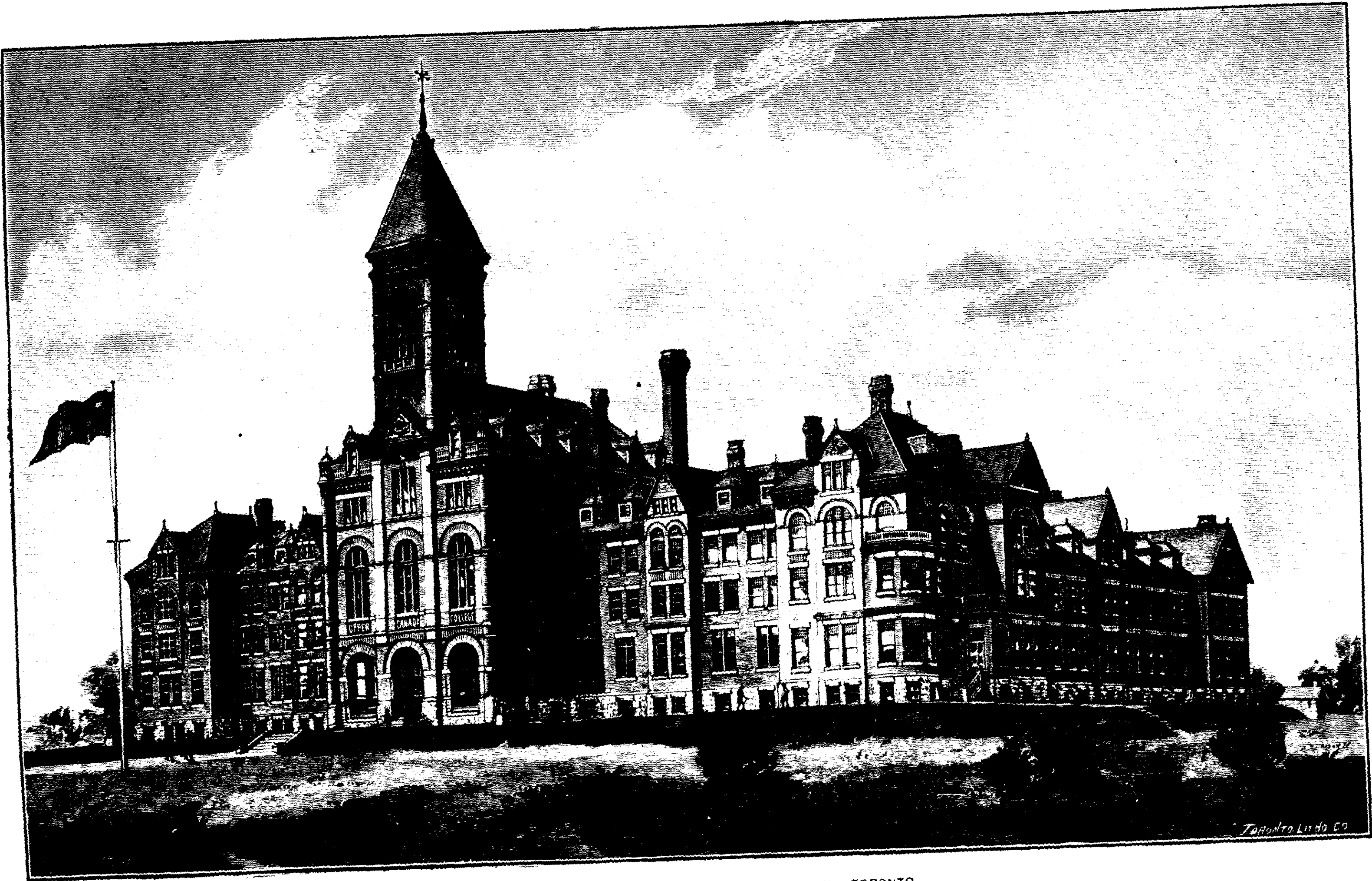
AMONG the many proofs of their enlightenment which the English-speaking population of Canada have given to the world, none is more striking than the zeal they have shown on behalf of education. Settlers in a new country have often such a face-to-face struggle with their surroundings, for the physical necessities of life, that an excuse is easily found for the temporary neglect of those higher elements in a nation's life which are represented by the school and the university. But it is to the enduring honor of this people that they have never resorted to such an excuse, but have endeavored always to make their progress symmetrical, and to afford to their children opportunities of becoming not merely acute commercial men and industrious artizans, but citizens with an aspiration towards the development of those higher qualities which give life its value and its joy.

This endeavor and this aspiration have resulted not only in the establishment of an organized system of public instruction which can challenge comparison with that of any other country, but also in the establishment of individual institutions which have made reputations that have spread far beyond this Dominion. And of these institutions, none can boast a more brilliant past, or look forward to a more hopeful future, than the one which forms the subject of this article.



"THE BLUE SCHOOL," THE BUILDING IN WHICH THE COLLEGE WAS OPENED IN 1829.

The story of Upper Canada College is so closely bound up with the annals of the province whose old name it bears, that it is necessary to go back to the beginning of things here to find the germ from which the present growth has sprung. It will be remembered that after the Constitutional Act of 1791 was passed, bringing into existence the Province of Upper Canada,

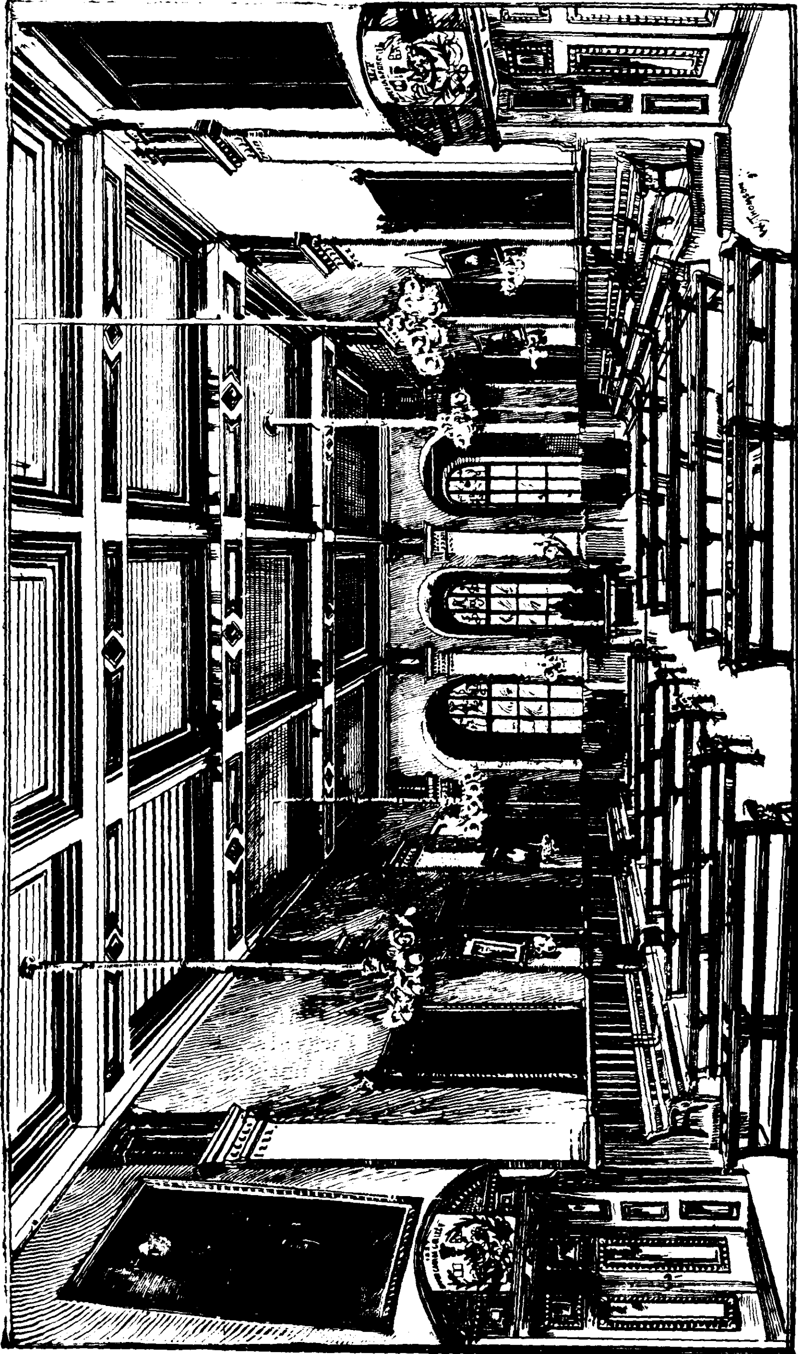


NEW UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, DEER PARK, TORONTO.

the first parliament met at Newark, now Niagara. This parliament passed a resolution for the founding of a Grammar School in each of the districts into which the province was then divided, but it was not till 1807 that anything was done in the York district to make the Grammar School more than a name. In that year the Rev. Dr. George O'Kill Stuart, afterwards rector of St. James's Cathedral, Toronto, opened the "Home District Grammar School," in a small building attached to his house, on the corner of King and George-streets. This school obtained recognition and a money grant from the Provincial Government; and though only a small rude building of one room, about twenty-five feet by fifty, we realize that its importance is not to be overlooked, when we read that it afforded the early training of men whose names are so identified with the progress and prosperity of the province as those of William Cawthra, Alexander Chewett, Charles and George Boulton, George and William Jarvis, and John Ridout. In 1813, Dr. Stuart resigned his charge and went to Kingston, as Archdeacon of that diocese. He was succeeded in the District School by Dr. Strachan, whose name is more familiar to the present generation as Bishop Strachan. Dr. Strachan was a native of the north of Scotland; had been a student of the University of Aberdeen; and, before emigrating to Canada, had had experience as a schoolmaster in a country village in Fifeshire. Before coming to York, he had been at the head of the Grammar School at Cornwall—the oldest school in the province—and one whose reputation he did much to create; and through his energy and originality, he not only put new life into the school over which he had come to preside, but formed a distinct acquisition to the community at York.

After Mr. Stuart left, the school was removed to a building near the corner of King and Yonge-streets, and it was held there till a new building was erected, about 1816, in the centre of the lot lying immediately north of St. James's Cathedral. This building, usually known as the "Old Blue School," derived its name from the slate blue color with which it was painted. It was a two-story frame building, containing one large plain school-room on the ground floor, about sixty feet by forty, and a large hall upstairs, used for lectures and the like. The vigour of Dr. Strachan's personality, and the enlightened nature of his ideas on the objects and methods of education, made his term of office in this "Old Blue School" much more important in the early history of the province than the modest pretensions of the building itself would lead one to expect. The following extract from an address which he delivered to his pupils throws such a clear light upon his aims, and is in itself so admirable, that we venture to quote it. He said: "In conducting your education, one of my principal objects has always been to fit you for discharging with credit the duties of any office to which you may be called. To accomplish this, it is necessary for you to be accustomed frequently to depend upon and think for yourselves; accordingly, I have always encouraged this disposition, which, when preserved within due bounds, is one of the greatest benefits that can be acquired. . . . It has ever been my custom, before sending a class to their seats, to ask myself whether they had learned anything, and I was always exceedingly mortified if I had not the agreeable conviction that they had made some improvement. Let none of you, however, suppose that what you have learned here is sufficient; on the contrary, you are to remember that we have laid only the foundation. The superstructure must be laid by yourselves."

Dr. Strachan resigned his connection with the "Old Blue School" in 1823, when he was appointed General Superintendent of Education in Upper Canada. He was succeeded by Rev.



PUBLIC HALL, NEW COLLEGE, DEER PARK.

Samuel Armour, M.A., of Glasgow University, and he in turn by Rev. Dr. Phillips, of Queen's College, Cambridge.

Meantime, however, a new Governor had arrived in Upper Canada, who was to bring about great changes in educational affairs. Sir John Colborne, one of the heroes of Corunna, had been, before coming to Canada, Governor of the Island of Guernsey, and in that capacity had shown great energy and enthusiasm in the resuscitation of Elizabeth College there, an old foundation of the Virgin Queen's, which had fallen into decay. The educational zeal which had distinguished him at home was maintained here, and at his request the provincial parliament resolved on a scheme for the establishment of a college and a university. The Governor himself produced a scheme for the new college, and wrote to Dr. Jones, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and requested him, along with a master at Eton and a master at Elizabeth College, to select a principal and three other masters for the institution he was about to found. Plans for the school building and the masters' houses were drawn up, tenders advertised for, and the work got under way. The site chosen was what was then known as Russell-square, now, of course, the Old Upper Canada College Block, and building operations were begun there in the end of the summer of 1829. That same autumn the masters from England arrived. These were the Principal, Rev. Dr. Harris, late Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge; first classical master, Rev. Chas. Matthews. M.A., of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; second classical master, Rev. W. Boulton, B.A, of Queen's College, Oxford; mathematical master, Rev. Chas. Dade. M.A., Fellow of Cain's College, Cambridge. The other members of the staff were the Vice-Principal, Rev. T. Phillips, D.D., who had been head of the "Old Blue School"; Mr. J. P. de la Haye, French master; Mr. G. A. Barber and Mr. J. Padfield, who taught English, writing, and arithmetic; and Mr. Drury, an artist of considerable ability, drawing master. The Principal was to receive a salary of £600, and the first three masters £300 each, with the privilege of taking boarders.

When these gentlemen arrived, the new building was not yet ready, so the old District School building was repaired and divided into several rooms, to serve until the college buildings were finished. Thus, in the old Blue School itself, Upper Canada College was first opened, and when the school was removed to its own buildings on Russell square, the furniture and part of the fittings went with it, part of which furniture is still preserved as a precious relic in the present buildings in Deer Park. These facts prove, beyond dispute, the right of Upper Canada College to consider itself the lineal descendant of the original Home District Grammar School of York, and the representative of the earliest educational institutions in the city.

The parliament of Upper Canada had set aside, for the endowment of the university and four colleges which it proposed to found, 500,000 acres of land, half of which was to belong to the university, and one-fourth of the remainder to each of the colleges. The other three colleges never came into existence, and their grants lapsed back into the Crown lands; and though 66,000 acres were set aside for Upper Canada College, this was for some time unproductive, and sums of money, amounting in all to £30,000, were borrowed from the funds of King's College to defray the working expenses. To repay this indebtedness, 18,000 acres of U. C. College land were made over to King's College, and the Legislature declared U. C. College free of debt. Orders were at the same time given to sell the remainder of the lands to provide funds for the benefit of the college.

King's College, the institution with which U. C. College had these deal-

THE COUNTESS OF ELGIN AND LADY ALICE LAMPTON,

*Receiving the Bouquets and Crest of the College, October 20th, 1847, in the **Hall** of Upper Canada College. (From an old cut.)*

ings, was as yet, however, merely a name, and did not come into existence for more than ten years after the opening of U. C. College. During that time the functions of the proposed university were in part fulfilled by the minor college, as Sir John Colborne sometimes called the institution which he had established, to distinguish it from King's College, the University which was to follow; and, in the seventh form, philosophy, higher mathematics, Hebrew, New Testament Greek, and other university subjects were taught. When King's College was at last founded, Dr. McCaul, who had succeeded Dr. Harris as Principal of U. C. College, became first President of the University, and the upper sixth and seventh forms of the school formed the nucleus of the University. Thus was U. C. College the foster-parent of the University.

During the early years of the existence of the college, the agitation which culminated in the rebellion of 1837 was going on, and the Reformers, who were fighting against the family compact, were not very well disposed towards the institution where many of the sons of their opponents were being educated. The feeling seems to have been mutual, for in 1837 the college boys are recorded to have marched to the Government House and offered their services in putting down the rebellion. Governor Head courteously declined, as there was no scarcity of adult volunteers, and having been treated to cake and wine by Lady Head, the boys returned to their books with the sense of having done their duty by their country. After the rebellion, and the reforms which followed it, the college ceased to be in any sense a party institution, and it is now again what it was intended to be at first, a national institution for the training of the men who are to be the leaders in all departments of public life.

How peculiarly Upper Canada College has fulfilled this function of the training of leaders may be realized by a glance at a few of the names of her alumni. They abound in every sphere of life. In the army we have the names of General Charles Robinson, commander of the forces in Mauritius; General Samuel Jarvis; General Sir Francis Colborne; General Ingall, of Chester; Colonels Dunn and Wells, who charged with the Six Hundred at Balaclava; Lieut. Maule, who also distinguished himself in the Crimea, and was killed there; Col. McLeod; Lieut.-Cols. Williams, Mewburn and Tempest, and many others who fought for Canada within her own borders; Col. Fred. C. Denison, C.M.G., M.P., who commanded the Canadian contingent in Africa; Col. G. T. Denison, who won, against the military experts of the world, the Czar's great prize for the best history of Cavalry Tactics; and many others. Prominent among those who have entered the world of politics is the Hon. Edward Blake, member of the Imperial Parliament; and in the present Dominion House of Commons there are eight old college boys; in the Senate there are four, while in the Provincial Legislatures, the school is proportionately represented. In the legal profession the college claims six chief justices and fourteen other judges, over fifty Q. C.'s, and more than one hundred barristers and attorneys now in practice. In the academic world it can point to over thirty former pupils holding professional chairs, while the President of Toronto University is a former head-boy. The President and two ex-Presidents of the Ontario Medical Council, the Surgeon-General of Militia of Canada, the Secretary of the Provincial Board of Health, and others, all received their education at this college, and show by their standing that, in this sphere, too, the old college boy holds his own. With such a record to look back upon, Upper Canada College can surely claim, with justice, to be an institution for the training of leaders.

But the significance of such a record

is not confined to the past alone; it is immensely important for the present. In a new country like this, men are apt to slight tradition, but there are few influences in connection with a school more inspiring than the tradition of a noble past. The fact of having once done a noble deed, it has been well said, forms a reason for being always noble, and the impulse to live up to a moral tradition makes itself felt in boyhood as strongly as at any period. Thus, the past history of Upper Canada College is not merely a glory to look back upon; it is an active force, giving hope and promise for the future.

THE PRINCIPAL'S LIBRARY, NEW COLLEGE, DEER PARK.

Returning to the history of the college, we find Dr. McCaul succeeded by Mr. F. W. Barron, M.A. Then in succession come Rev. W. Stennett, D.D., Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, M.A., and Mr. J. M. Buchan, M.A. Mr. Buchan died in 1885, when Mr. George Dickson, M.A., was appointed, under whose principalship the college has reached its highest enrolment.

In 1867, in consequence of the accommodation having been found too limited, additions were made to the buildings of 1829, which greatly improved them, both in appearance and convenience. The college, however, again outgrew its habitation, and in 1887 the Legislature decided to choose a site at some distance from the centre of the city, and rebuild there. Accordingly, with the money endowments of the school, a large piece of land was bought in Deer Park, and a magnificent new pile erected there. This was opened in September, 1891, and after two years' experience the college is quite at home in its new surroundings.

The new building is a large red brick structure, with a foundation of brown Credit Valley stone, built in the form of an E. Entering by the massive central doorway, you find two main corridors leading off to the left and right from the entrance hall. To the right are the reception room, the library, and the dining hall; to the left, on the ground floor and first floor, the class rooms, cheerful, well-lighted apartments, seated with a desk for each pupil. On the first floor, immediately over the entrance and under the tower, is the great assembly hall, where the whole school meets for prayers every morning. The walls are decorated with a magnificent portrait of the founder, Sir John Colborne, portraits of former principals, and massive walnut boards, with the names of head-boys and former pupils who have achieved scholastic distinction. The upper part of the building is occupied with the rooms of the pupils, (each furnished for one or two boys), and the rooms of the resident masters. Six of the staff, besides the Principal and Dean, reside in the boarding-house, each having charge

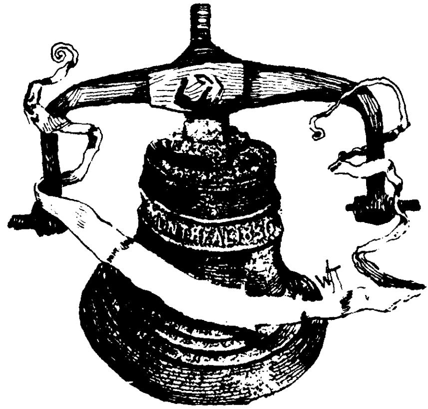
of a "house" or "flat," the twenty or thirty boys on which are under his immediate supervision. In the basement are well-fitted laboratories in connection with the amphitheatre, which is used for a science lecture room.

The college is lighted by electricity, and heated by steam from the engine room in the central basement, which also supplies power for the college laundry. Behind the college there is a large skating rink, a gymnasium, eighty feet by forty feet, a reading room, and a swimming bath. The grounds, which cover about thirty acres, are laid out for cricket, football, and tennis, and a quarter of a mile race track is in course of construction. Thus, very considerable attention is paid to the occupation of the boys' time outside of school hours, and to their physical development. At the beginning of the session each boy is measured, weighed, and examined by the college doctor, with a view to directing the physical exercise to be taken by the boy. In the lower forms physical drill has a regular place in the school time table. The principal games of the school are, in the autumn term, foot-ball; in the winter term, hocky; in the summer term, cricket and tennis. In the first three of these, foot-ball, hockey, and cricket, Upper Canada College stands this year at the head of all the schools of the province.

A college magazine, a rifle company, and a camera club, all of them flourishing, suggest some of the other means of recreation in vogue among the students.

The teaching staff of the college consists of three classical masters, three mathematical masters, two modern language masters, two English masters, two commercial masters, a science master, a drawing master, two music masters and the physical instructor. The old classical course, which has characterized the school from the beginning, is still maintained, but the student has the option of a modern or scientific course, or a commercial course. The honor lists of the University in recent years have given evidence that in scholarship, at least, U. C. College shows no sign of falling below the standard which it has reached for so many years.

In many cases, circumstances make it necessary for parents to send their children from home to be educated, and the Legislature only does its duty in providing for such. But necessity is not the only reason to be urged for the maintenance of the residential school. An able writer in an American magazine says of such schools in England:—



THE OLD COLLEGE BELL, NOW ON THE GYMNASIUM OF THE NEW COLLEGE IN DEER PARK.

There is reason to believe that the rich Englishman finds for his children in the great public schools the best antidote for the enervating influences of wealth. These schools have long been, and are, the real salvation of the upper class of English society. Here a boy drops rank, wealth, luxury, and for eight or ten years, and for the greater part of these years, lives among his equals in an atmosphere of steady discipline, which compels a simple and hardy life, and in a community where the prizes and the applause are divided about equally between mental energy and physical vigor. Here respect and obedience become habitual to him; he learns to regard the rights of others, and to defend his own, to stand upon his feet in the most democratic of all societies—a public residential school. Above all, he escapes the mental and moral suffocation from which it is well nigh impossible to guard boys in rich and luxurious homes.

This is the function Upper Canada College has performed, and is performing, for the people of the Dominion.

THE ETHICS OF TILLAGE.

BY PETER H. BRYCE, M.A., M.D.

VIEWED rightly, there are, in even the homeliest occupation, some elements of an ethical character which are worthy of consideration, not so much from their practical bearing, as this term is commonly understood, as from the mental and moral influences appertaining to the metaphysical substratum of all matters brought within the sphere of human consciousness. This may be apprehended from the meanings, even, which have gradually become attached to the very word *ethics* (ηθος), itself. Primarily *an accustomed seat*, the secondary meaning became a metaphorical one, as "custom," "manners of man," "moral nature," "character," etc. That such an element subsists in our subject, as in others, might be naturally inferred; but the derivative meaning of its Latin synonym gives, beyond question, evidence of the fact. The word *cultor* means primarily *one who properly tends or cares for*; while its secondary meaning is "a respecter," or "adorer." The word itself is the principal form of *calo*, "I till," with a secondary meaning, I "cherish," "venerate,' etc.

To the ordinary civic dweller, accustomed to view the farm as the source of so much material food supply, of varying quality, obtainable on the market or at the green grocer's, it will probably not have occurred that the occupation of "Honest Hodge" has any elements capable of being by any process of sublimation purged of its grosser material essence, thereafter leaving a residue worthy of admiration or even of brief contemplation. We trust, however, that for many the words of Cato express a truth, "In my opinion, there can be no happier life, not only because the tillage of the earth is salutary, but from the pleasure it yields."

With that delicate precision of meaning and apt expression peculiar to them, the French have adopted as the more common word for husbandman, *cultivateur*, a Latin derivative, and its selection would seem to indicate that, to the French mind, it represents a phase of rural life more or less peculiar to the Latin races, whose ancestors, at any rate, found therein ethical elements forming not an inconsiderable part of their ancient religion. Husbandry, moreover, was the occupation of the first pair: the *autochthones* of the earliest historic race, who dwelt in the Edenic land, between the ancient rivers, and *Ea* represented its tutelary divinity. The historic Nile Valley was for centuries the scene of an intense cultivation, whose details may still be seen pictured on the walls of ancient temples, and which has found in Theocritus a poet whose idyls have ever been the *Thesaurus* of pastoral sentiments and imagery; while all history attests that from the earliest times the mode of life of the ancient Romans was agricultural and pastoral, and that, in the Augustan era, it found its exponent notably in the poet of Mantua, whose immortal verse has lent a grace and beauty to bucolic pursuits, which still clings to the peasantry of the vine-clad hills of sunny Italy, and the valleys and plains of *La Belle* France.

It is not then to be marvelled at that the *cultor* became, while caring for the soil, an *observer* of its moods; a loving *student* of its processes; and, yet more, an *adorer* of Mother Earth. *Agricultor* came soon to mean a worshipper of the field, personified in a deity, his divine protector.

"Liber et alma Ceres, vestro si munere tellus
Chaoniani pingui glandem mutavit aristâ
Pocula inventis Acheloïâ miscuit uvis

Et vos, agrestum præsentia numina, Fauni
Ferte simul, Faunique, pedem Dryadesque puellae:
Munera vestro Cano. — Georg: Lib. 1-7.

With the decline of the Roman empire, and the accession of a series of emperors who represented but the vices of a nation intoxicated with its world-wide conquests, and lost to those heroic and honest virtues which had made Rome great, agriculture decayed; first, because of the attractions of war and foreign conquest, and afterwards because of the destructive inroads of Vandal hordes from the north. The Moors, who for a time became the light of Europe, resurrected Spain from its fallen state, and under them agriculture flourished in a high degree. But the victorious Knight of Spanish chivalry thought only of conquest and the pomp of glorious war, and the *matayer* was the laborer; and, as the laborer was held in contempt, so was his work. The seventeenth century saw some attention paid to agriculture; but it was not till the beginning of the present century that British agriculture passed from the stage of mere delving to that of a pursuit progressive, and more or less scientific. Without referring further to the rise and progress of modern agriculture, and passing by pursuits such as those of the forest-ranger, the gardener and botanist, and the artist of rural scenes, we may now turn to the more prosaic, if more utilitarian, pursuit of agriculture, as we know it in Canada. Until within very recent years agriculture meant the wholesale destruction of forests, in order that grain and grass crops could be grown. Later, we have seen introduced, cattle-raising, dairy farming, and fruit-growing; all becoming more or less specialized, with developments in material results which would have amazed our agriculturists of a generation ago. If we enquire closely as to what has produced these results, we shall find that primarily there have been a few individuals whom an absorbing love for some branch of this work has caused to lend time and talents to observing the varied processes which nature carries on to accomplish her manifold designs. Let us, though but partially, examine what seems to the ordinary observer the simplest process, viz., the growth of the seed. For each climate Nature has supplied species either originally suited to their surroundings, or, through slow and almost imperceptible stages, has brought seeds, drifting over the ocean to other shores, into harmony with their new environment, and suited them to new conditions. In either case she supplies from her infinite treasure-house some seed with the innate potentialities for development into the perfect plant.

"So careful of the type, she seems,
So careless of the single life."

Dormant this potency may remain for thousands of years, as the grain of wheat found in some sarcophagus in an Egyptian tomb; but still the matured seed, as some hidden thought, awaits only the favorable moment when its vital energy will develop into life and action. The seed, then, when planted, is at once placed under new conditions. Roughly, the gardener's boy knows these to be moist earth, and the bright sunshine, which pours thereon its warming rays; he may not know, nor care to know more. But how much more is involved! How infinitely complex are the processes which these new conditions bring into play! The vital germ of the seed begins to undergo chemical changes. The warm moisture fills its interstices and its walls, and finds in the elements of water the necessary element to begin the decomposition of its constituents and the evolution of new compounds. But these constituents are limited, and so upon the food supply stored up around it the germ draws for nutriment, which, as starch, has already been influenced by the moisture and warmth. And so the kernel of corn will soon have pushed its

second self above the ground, and another stage succeeds. Surely all this is but common every-day observation! But why this planting in the ground, when there is so much vital energy in the simple seed? Wise Nature knows that this energy will all be soon exhausted, and so, in common mold—the earth, earthy—she has laid away stores which have taken ages to accumulate from the particles which glacier and iceberg have torn from primæval rock and spread on the shores and floor of inland seas, there to lie till, lifted above the ocean's brink, they become the nursing mother of forests "vast, primæval." These have grown tall, have matured, have faded and died, and, reduced to simple mold, are now ready to play their part in building up new forms in the never-ceasing processes of the universe.

What part is it they play? The husbandman, perchance, knows not the *why*—only the *how*. He has, by the plough and all the array of wooden implements, opened up this mold to the air. He has trusted to the frosts of winter and the beneficent rain to spread apart its infinite molecules, thereby allowing the oxygen of the air—the alchemists' *phlogiston*— to enter in, and so exert its thaumaturgic influences. Long, very long, indeed, were its secret workings hidden. Two thousand years before Virgil's *cultor* led, by sinuous ditch, the waters from the Oread-haunted springs along the declivities of his Mantuan farm, the Accads had learned the uses of water, and led the waters of the ancient rivers through the paludal deposits of the peninsula, which became their so-called land of Eden. But it is but yesterday that we have learned the varied and diverse parts played by these occult forces in the history of plant life.

Centuries have passed since it was known that plant growth was promoted by allowing an escape of subsoil water by drainage; but none knew that it was only by this means that oxygen can reach down into the soil, and through the aid of its accompanying warmth, carry on its work of metabolism. The husbandman has known, too, for thousands of years, that organic mold becomes exhausted, and that the varied refuse, whether of animal or vegetable character, serves to supply the plant with what it needs; but none had known that all this plant life, growth, decay, and the transformation of dead matter into living compounds, depends upon the existence of myriads of living forms, so small as to defy detection—so minute, indeed, that millions may be in one cubic centimetre of earth—which, by developing and multiplying in the soil, utilize organic and mineral matters, gases in solution in the water of the soil, along with the oxygen in ground, air or water, and so prepare plant food which can be absorbed by the filamentous roots of the plant, and so being carried in stem and leaf, build up, under the influence of sun-light and heat, the myriad forms of plant life familiar to all.

Such, in brief review, is what he who delves and labors in earth's mold may see in fancy or know in actual fact; and therein may find ample food for contemplative enjoyment. But it is only the beginning of his pleasures. He notes the growing influences of a sun, and sees the earth waking from her winter sleep. The unfolding bud, the silent seeds springing into life and sending their tiny blades upward to meet the free air and sunshine, lead to further thought on the varying influences of climate, on the manifold forms of life, both animal and vegetable. How the chill air saturated with moisture, may in a few short days, or even hours, blight the promise of a fruitful year, by giving the lower forms of microscopic amporositic plants a favorable opportunity for development, thus stealing away the life of bud and blossom,—he may gradually learn to know; but the fell influence of these hidden powers, the

Ahriman ever opposed to the Ormuzd, —evil ever opposed to good,—he will never know, philosophize as he may on the origin of evil. But to some purpose will he have observed, when he knows that by labor, by draining away the water that becomes "waters of Marah" in the sodden soil, and by opening it up to the air by the tools of the husbandman, he may in large degree counteract, as in human life, the malign influences of an early existence, begun under untoward conditions. Observing, too, as in human life, the weak links of the armor, he cultivates in this or that plant some peculiar quality, specially fitted to oppose itself to a retrograde tendency due to soil or climate. Such becomes Art in the science of agriculture; such is the end and aim of all efforts in social life for the amelioration of the effects of heredity or bad social environment. The moralist, indeed, but turns to agriculture and finds in the common adage, "As the twig is bent so is the tree inclined," his motto for daily use; and seeks in change of conditions, as in food, in physical and moral surroundings, to accomplish the task of overcoming, as does the agriculturist, the

"Sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood."

But for him who tills the soil there is extended, as to all, the ever-widening horizon of limitless possibilities. He has learned how to make two blades grow where one has been; he is learning to mold every stem to grow how and where he wills. The liqueous, stunted, natural plant becomes the luscious, cultivated fruit; the wood-side weed becomes the fashionable decoration of a bride. By selection he overcomes drought; by early tillage and drainage he escapes the frost. He takes advantage of the instinct of the bees and fertilizing buds; he sees in the tempered wind a potent ally in his need. He constructs a wind-break to protect the tender vine, and utilizes the wandering winds to lift from the underground streams the nectar which makes the children of his rearing rejoice.

Surely, then, in the work of the husbandman there is food for contemplation, and subjects worthy of the highest imagination! If it be prosaic to many, then is it the *Eidolon*,—the mental image,—in such that is confused and imperfect. The images which are stamped on the brain in childhood, become the materials out of which the ideas and forms of things are created; and how unfortunate he whose ideas are but illusions, formed from impressions such as might be left on the brain of the captive prince, who has never seen aught but the bare walls of his prison-house! If it be true that the mercenary held in contempt the occupation which kept Rome virtuous and made her great; if the proud Spaniard thought arms the only profession of a gentleman; and if, perhaps, not a few amongst us to-day see in agriculture nothing worthy of their interest and instruction, one cannot help some discomforting reflections on the results, not alone upon the physical capabilities of the coming race, but upon its capacity for appreciating what has ever been the basis of most that has endured either of poetry or prose. The spring-poet singing from a Dider-at garret may perhaps be worthy of the arrows shot from the pages of a one-cent 'daily,' for, as modern Art teaches us, the sea-coast of Cornwall with a fisher-girl in costume, is a somewhat difficult subject to paint in a studio in murky London; but every contemplative spirit will realize the truth of Lowell's words:—

"For as in Nature nought is made in vain,
But all things have within their hull of use
A wisdom and a meaning which may speak
Of spiritual secrets to the ear
Of spirit; so, in whatso'er the heart
Has fashioned for a solace to itself
To make its inspirations suit its creed,
And from the niggard hands of falsehood wring
Its needful food of truth, there ever is
A sympathy with Nature which reveals,
Not less than her own works, pure gleams of light,
And earnest parables of inward love."

CONCERNING CRITICISM

BY HELEN A. HICKS.

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS, in discussing the methods of certain American essayists, has been satisfied to attribute to the peculiarity of sex whatever does not suit his individual taste in the critical work of Agnes Repplier. "In literature as in some other things," he says, "a woman's opinion is often personal and accidental; it depends on the way the book has happened to strike her; the angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence."

Now, there are few who will wish to gainsay Mr. Matthews, when he declares that in literature a woman's opinion is often personal and accidental. It often is. What he has failed to demonstrate is that men have any immunity from personal prejudice in criticism, that their literary perspectives are always true, their standards always of the best, and their various sliding scales of valuation always identical with that of the educated opinion of the world. Expecting not at all that whatever unripe fruit women may have to vend in the literary market should be devoured with the same gusto as if it were a mellow, black-seeded harvest apple, is it not possible to show that this special fault which Mr. Matthews imputes to women alone—the fault of a personal and accidental judgment—is, if not a necessary and inseparable quality of the critical instinct, at least common to all critics in the present stage of development of that art? And are there not certain laws of criticism, formulated at infinite pains and after generations of experiment, by which the critic may guide himself, but which must be always subject to that final tribunal, the personal judgment of the reviewer himself?

Andrew Lang admitted, not long ago, that that unfortunate though generally-admired young lady, *Tess of the D'Ubervilles*, was personally offensive to him, and further, in reply to Mr. Hardy's show of resentment at his plain speaking, he gave some reasons for his impression which go to show that it was purely "personal and accidental," and depended "on the way the book happened to strike him." "There is no absolute standard of taste in literature," he says, referring to *Tess*, "but such a consensus of opinion comes as near being a standard as one generation can supply. So I confess myself in the wrong so far as an exterior test can make me wrong; and yet a reviewer can only give his own impression, and state his reasons, as far as he knows them, for that impression. * * * To be more sensitive to certain faults than to great merits, and to let the faults spoil for you the whole, is a critical misfortune, if not a critical crime. Here, too, all is subjective and personal; all depends on the critic's taste and how it reacts against a particular error."

Besides this delineation of the critical temper, there are several rather notable examples on record of the mistakes these gentlemen have made. Carlyle's "mass of clotted nonsense," *Sartor Resartus*, was so abused by the ink-bottle gentry that when at last its author read Thackeray's laudation of it he could only say, "One other poor judge voting," having lost all faith in praise or blame. Even the bookseller's taster thought its wit heavy and much after the style of the German Baron "who took to leaping on tables, and answered that he was learning to be lively"; while a critic in the *North American Review* lamented the fact that certain legislative improvements

which would admit of the lynching of *Sartor's* author had not yet found their way to England. Mr. Pickwick with his gaiters and his good nature has been a source of delight to innumerable people, yet wise, liberal, high-minded Dr. Arnold—not a critic himself, but the father of one of the greatest—was shocked by the book, and deplored its popularity among the Rugby boys. Robert Browning for the better part of his life was misunderstood, always published at his own expense, and refrained from replying to his detractors, because, as he said, he had an aversion to writing the poetry and the criticism too. Bret Harte's stories were denounced as immoral before the people began to praise them. *Vanity Fair* could not find a publisher and was hawked about London until Thackeray brought it out at his own risk. *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Quarterly Review*, the main avenues of intelligent criticism at the time, ridiculed Keats as a disciple of the Cockney School of Poetry. Emerson had so poor an opinion of the critics that he thought it safer to be blamed than praised, and always grew suspicious when he saw himself lauded in the newspapers. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table is even more cynical. "I believe," he says, "in the school, the college, and the clergy; but my sovereign logic for regulating public opinion—which means commonly the opinion of half a dozen of the critical gentry—is the following:—*Major Proposition*: Oysters *au naturel*. *Minor Proposition:* the same "scalloped." *Conclusion*: that —— (here insert entertainer's name) is clever, wise, brilliant,—and the rest."

And the conscientious critic is frequently as wide of the mark as the fawning critic. It is even possible that some writers who have been but lightly esteemed by us have builded better than we know. Walt Whitman's stately chant may mean something more than a magnificent failure to the readers of the twentieth century, and even what are called the objectionable features of Rossetti's strain may be explained by a better understanding of its *motif*.

No, the critics have never been infallible. What they have been in the past they probably will be henceforth and forever—a mass of individuals, each expressing, as well as he knows how, his individual impressions, and trusting the reader to supplement them with others which his own judgment commends. The critic shoots an arrow into the air; if it falls to earth, he knows not where; it may hit the mark and it may not. Men, apparently, have no immunity from bad marksmanship.

This is not to say that there are no guides to assist the critic as he seeks after the mysterious something called literature, in the miscellaneous mass through which he has to wade in quest of it. He has the accummulated experience of those who have gone before him, and has succeeded in some notable cases in imbuing his comments on other men's thoughts with something of the creative spirit.

But immediately on setting out he finds there are writers before whom all the laws and guides of his craft fall into insignificance, who cannot be tried by any of his tests, and who transform him from a critic into a eulogist. He discovers that the only tribunal before which the immortals have been or can ever be summoned is the bar of public opinion, of the opinion of the cultivated world, not of their own times only but of all succeeding generations. He recognizes the presence of something which is familiar, while it cannot be fixed or named, something of world-wide import, but too illusive to be snared in the meshes of a phrase. It is to be found in greater or less degree in all literature, but it is the predominant quality of Shakespeare, of Dante, of Goethe, and Milton. It dwells somewhere between the truth of an author and the perfection of his self-expression.

But to those writers who do not oppose this difficulty the critic may apply his canons, always bearing in mind that the last word has not yet been spoken, that the final models and standards have not yet been given to the world; that art is, in fine, a continuous revelation, having for its permanent element, spirit, not form There is the textual criticism of the book, dealing with words and phrases and, the question of different versions; and there is the historical estimate, which presupposes a wide knowledge of the conditions under which literature has been created, which never detaches a writer from the age in which he lived, and which necessitates the ability to look through details of time, race, and circumstance to the *motif* that underlies the book, and has grown out of the development of language and thought. And there is the personal or æsthetic element, purely a matter of feeling, and making a book delightful or repulsive to us by reason of its relation to our own peculiar inclinations and experiences. It is here, in the realm of the feelings that the critic's taste is subjective and personal. It is unfortunate that certain blemishes should spoil the excellence of a book for a particular class of readers; but we know that they do. It is not an easy matter for a deeply religious person of the orthodox sort to do justice in his thoughts to Mrs. Humphrey Ward: the subjects of which Bourget and Maurice Barràs, and all the other modern French realists treat, as well as their form and conception, make them difficult to be appreciated fairly by Anglo-Saxon readers. The critic is not exempt from these personal prejudices. Indeed it is doubtful whether the cause of truth would be served if he were. Besides, in the majority of cases the exigencies of the book-trade make it necessary for him to perform that miracle, "to bestow faint praise without damning." He is beset with difficulties. If he escapes the Scylla of a too vigorous denunciation, in one case, he is more liable to fall into the Charybdis of eulogy, which is never criticism, in another. Amid all these dangers he must steer.

It is not a new discovery that we see in others no more than we have in us to see. However we strive amain, invoke the literary Shibboleths of the past, or anticipate the standards of the future, the truth remains that no man can recognize or value in another what he is himself totally destitute of. Is it possible then for the critic to make this true estimate of which Matthew Arnold speaks as depending entirely on recognizing the degree of the soundness of substance and perfection of form of the author? Is it possible to point out that better part of each writer which is general rather than individual, which is an experience common to all, and finding expression in some new way in this one? For the new, some one has said, is only the old which has been condemned before. It is impossible to define this quality of genius which pervades the masterpieces of literature, and of which fugitive traces are everywhere discernable, but is it beyond the insight of the critic to point it out? It is the reflection of Truth herself, and, as in water face answereth to face, so in literature this shadow rises up to picture our common life. Let this once be recognized, and the rest may safely be left as a mere matter of what is called taste. Matthew Brown has illustrated this point aptly. He says, "The radical question put by the man who thinks he sings is: 'Do you acknowledge this for singing?' All the praise in the critic's ink-pot that does not go to this point should be held worthless, all the blame that admits this point may be borne with, however unjust or foolish."

THE DISPLACEMENT OF YOUNG MEN.

BY J. L. PAYNE.

THE man who has his eyes open to what is going on about him cannot fail to see that the extent to which young women have entered the arena of daily work has materially contracted the range of congenial and promising employment for young men. It is observed, for example, that many of the places which young men had very properly regarded as hopeful starting-points in life, are now pre-empted by young women; and the question arises as to how far this displacement can go without creating very serious and far-reaching trouble. To my mind, the situation already wears a grave aspect, and yet it would seem to be only in the initial stage. If the conditions I have in view continue to develop as they have been doing for the past twenty years, we may expect to witness important social and economic changes. Indications are easily discernable of the forms which some of these changes will take.

Nearly all classes of clerical work are passing rapidly into the hands of young women. These young women enter the offices with skilful fingers, winning manners, industrious ways, and general aptness to write letters, keep books, count cash, and discharge the multitudinous duties attaching to business life. The time has gone by when it can be said they are unfitted to do as well as young men. They do their work satisfactorily and well. Taken altogether, they are neater, better behaved, and quicker than young men. Nor can it be said any longer that physical disabilities render them inferior to young men in clerical positions where endurance sometimes becomes a factor. Here again, the work and methods of the office have either been adapted to suit the clerk, or the old notion of feminine frailty is shown to be ill-founded; for experience has clearly demonstrated that these young women can do whatever is required of them, and do it to the satisfaction of their employers. This is at once the severest and best test that can be fairly applied. But laying aside all arguments in this relation, and assuming that the facts are not in question, I find myself perplexed when I come to think about the bearing which these conditions now have, and may have in the future, upon the circumstances and life prospects of our young men.

Let me present a few facts in this relation. I know something of the Canadian Civil Service, and also the American, and from observation I should say that two young women now enter the departments at Ottawa and Washington to one young man. What is true of the Civil Service is unquestionably true of all branches of business where clerks are employed. Shops and offices are all but closed to young men, and each year the situation assumes a more fixed form. Into all the lighter branches of labor women are entering in steadily increasing numbers, to the exclusion of men. It is this exclusion or displacement to which I wish in this imperfect way to call attention, since it cannot be long until a remedy will be asked for to relieve the pressure. It is within my knowledge that competent and well-educated young men are fighting for places in the offices of the great railway companies, where, as yet, women have not entered as in other departments of work. Twenty clamor for every vacancy that occurs. The result is, that these bright young fellows, capable of doing excellent work, are forced to

toil for long hours, often at night, for the munificent salary of $15 a month. After two or three years of hard and faithful service, promotion to the $25 a month class is possible; while $35 to $50 is the outside figure to which a clerk may aspire if he exhibits special qualifications and sustained devotion to his task. Why do young men willingly work for less than board and clothing in many instances? The answer is obvious. So many of the starting points, formerly open to them only, are now barred by young women, that those who have clerical work to sell as the means of opening hopeful avenues, are obliged to take whatever they can get and be thankful. By-and-by the railway offices will find young women willing to accept $15 a month, or less, for $75 worth of work, and then the young men who wish to follow that occupation will be obliged to serve two or three years' apprenticeship for nothing, or abandon hope in that direction altogether.

The optimist comes forward with the convenient argument that these social and economic difficulties solve themselves by a process of adaptation. He instances the fact that the spinning jenny threw many thousands of weavers out of work in England a century ago, and yet the world did not come to an end. The children of the hand weavers adapted themselves to the innovation of machine weaving; but I have not learned that the fathers found anything but distress and loss in that change. Just so is it with the young men who see the barrier which the widespread employment of women is throwing across many of the established highways to commercial and industrial life. It may be an extreme view—I hope it is—but, if the next twenty years witness the same relative increase in the number of working girls and women as has taken place since 1870 in this country and the United States, we shall see young men doing the house work, and their sisters and mothers carrying on half the business of the land. As an instance of how the pinch is commencing already to be felt, I might cite the case of a family, consisting of two girls and a boy, all old enough to earn their living. The young man is a wide-awake, industrious and clever fellow; but, while his sisters are in good situations, he finds it impossible to secure an opening in which he could hope to make even the price of his board. This is by no means an exceptional case. Twenty years ago there would have been ten openings before him to one that exists to-day.

It will be said that marriage comes in to remove a large proportion of eligible young women from the sphere of toil and competition, and that, because of this, the problem cannot grow any more difficult than it now is. This suggests the importance of a cognate matter. Whatever the thoughtless and unobserving may say, it is a fact capable of easy proof, that marriages are on the decrease in proportion to the population. Some months ago, I took occasion, in writing for an American magazine, to prove by statistics two really grave facts:—First, that the proportion of marriages on the part of young men between the ages of 23 and 30 had materially declined during the past twenty years; and, second, that the number of unmarried persons, in relation to the total population, had very materially increased. I hold, after giving the matter careful thought, that the increasing number of working girls, and the falling off in the relative number of marriages, are connected in the relation of cause and effect. It would be unreasonable to say that when a young woman undertakes to earn her own living she necessarily cuts herself off from marriage; but I do contend that when she does so she diminishes her chances, in that she aggravates the conditions which make for a reduction in the marriage rate.

It is not difficult to find the two main causes for the condition of things

I have so hastily and imperfectly outlined. The prime incentive to all this is the feverish desire of the great middle class to live like the rich; and the second cause is revealed in the popular doctrine of woman's independence. The wearing of expensive clothes, the renting of fine houses, and the consumption of luxuries in many forms, have enhanced the scale of general living to a high point. Neither young men nor young women are content to live as did young men and women a generation ago—a thing which is natural and in most respects commendable, but it is only accomplished by the payment of a high price. A part of this price is, that the daughters shall earn their living as well as the sons, and that neither the daughters nor sons shall have the willingness to begin married life on a humble scale. Then, there is this general clamor for the "emancipation" of women and the "equality" of the sexes. It has its origin in a noble instinct, and I cannot find it in my heart to blame young women for desiring to earn an independent livelihood; but I am firmly convinced of this: It is one of the inexorable and fundamental laws of creation that man alone shall be the bread-winner in the economy of domestic affairs, and the violation of this mandate can only bring retribution and sorrow. In other words, it is an unnatural thing to have women working as they are doing on every hand to-day, and we may rest assured that it can only be continued at heavy cost. The evidence of that cost will become painfully clear before another decade has passed.

I am honestly in doubt as to whether or not a remedy for this state of affairs can be successfully applied at the present time, or in the near future. Any means at all practicable would have to be educational in character, and should aim to simplify the general conditions of life. This is an easy thing to talk and write about; but I question if a feasible scheme to accomplish direct results could be devised just now. The instincts and impulses which move the masses cannot be given a radical reformation within a short space of time. Only the few are philosophical; the great majority are like sheep. It is obvious, however, that society will not rest on a healthier basis until men and women in the community are content to modify the general scale of living. The spread of education has acted as a great leveller; but it has not brought the means for all to live alike. In this fact lurks the mischief. The great middle class in our country, who are well-versed in social current ethics, want to live as much like the wealthy class as appearances will permit. I have in my mind a young lady who asked me a few years ago to assist her in some arrangements for attending a ball at Rideau Hall. I tried in a quiet way to suggest that a ball at the Vice-Regal establishment should be regarded as the peculiar luxury of the rich, and quite outside the range of entertainments for common people like ourselves; but to all this she triumphantly answered: "You forget that I have the clothes to go in!" So she had. Although obliged to earn her living, she had heedlessly plunged into debt for the necessary equipment to move in aristocratic circles whenever, by hook or by crook, she could get the requisite invitation card. She was, however, but a specimen of the predominant type. More than half of all the people I know are obliged to scheme and sacrifice in order to maintain the standard of living which they have set for themselves—or, to be strictly truthful, which their neighbors have set for them.

Take away this artificial basis of social and domestic life, this imprudent and wasteful effort on the part of common people to live as if they were opulent, and by that one act you would return half the girls who now work to their homes. I say this because I believe that more than fifty per cent. of all the girls who now toil

do not need to do so. Twenty-five years ago only one girl earned her living to ten who do so to-day. Will anyone say that necessity has caused this great change? I think not. A very large proportion of the additional ninety per cent. have entered the field of toil in order that their parents may keep up appearances and they themselves enjoy many luxuries. So that, if this wild rush of young women into every branch of commercial and industrial life is to be checked, popular notions of what are the necessaries of existence, and what are the mere trimmings, must be altered.

No girl should work who does not need to. If this rule were observed it would create an opening for at least two hundred young men in this city of Ottawa alone; for there are at least that number in the capital who have no other excuse for working than comes from considerations of cupidity, selfishness and pride. I know something of the circumstances of at least fifty girls who earn their living, and it is the simple truth to say that thirty of them should be at home. Three bright young women have a father who owns much property and adds at least $5,000 a year to his fortune. Two others emerge from a home to which the head brings a fixed income of $3,000 a year. A score of others would not need to toil if anywhere from $800 to $2,000 per annum were thought to be sufficient for the maintenance of a small family. If it could be said that the surplus earned by these girls was saved over against the day when it might be needed some defence would be had for this voluntary labor; but the truth is, so far as my personal observation goes, that it is all consumed in relatively luxurious living. It has become fashionable to work, and every year sees the army of working women grow larger.

The next step in the direction of remedial measures, is to awaken a proper appreciation of all that is involved in this wholesale displacement of young men. Few people seem to give the matter thought, although to me it seems an exceedingly serious thing. The fact that young men are being displaced seems to have been overlooked in the general desire to enlarge the mart in which girls might barter their deftness of hand and alertness of mind. When the community has begun to think and observe along the lines of this sketch, it may be that considerations of *right* will give way to considerations of *expediency*. No one can argue with good reason against the rights of women to enjoy precisely the same measure of freedom that is allowed to men. It should certainly be the privilege of every woman to earn her living if she wishes to do so, though her father be a millionaire; but when it is shown that she thereby blocks the road of some young man, who is obliged to win his bread, and curtails his opportunities in life, the matter wears a different complexion. Her real mission is in another direction. Hence, I say, young women must realize these two things in chief: First, that in working, if they do not need to, they take the places properly belonging to young men; and, secondly, that modern notions about the independence of women, coupled with extravagant ways of living, are partly responsible for the conditions which are bringing about a steadily declining marriage rate on the part of young men. In other words, when girls work they intensify the conditions which are filling this country with spinsters and bachelors.

A CHAPTER FROM THE NORTH-WEST REBELLION.

BY GEO. B. BROOKS.

FAR beyond the lines of travel, in a portion of the great Dominion where the white residents are few and far apart, and are either missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church or factors of Hudson Bay Company's trading posts, is a district of surpassing loveliness. Lacking the grandeur of the Rockies and Selkirks, or the weird sublimity of the Saguenay Valley, it possesses a beauty of scenery—hill and dale, lake and stream, copse and forest—which, when it becomes better known, will doubtless attract tourists from all parts of Canada. At present, despite the fact that the region teems with game great and small, its inhabitants, few in number, are pure Indians, belonging to the most peaceful tribe among them, the Chippewayans.

Comparatively little is known about these far-northern red men. Less warlike than their southern neighbors, the Crees; less civilized than the Blackfeet; seldom coming in contact with white men, and consequently purer in their morals than most North-Western aborigines, they are industrious, tractable, grateful to those who befriend them, and skilled as fishermen and hunters. Their chief settlement, extending from Beaver River to Cold Lake, contains a few well-built, substantial log-cabins, a small Roman Catholic Church, some cleared and ploughed land and, here and there, some rude attempts at fencing. They farm in very primitive fashion, but own a few head of cattle, a few rough, shaggy ponies, and the usual number of gaunt, ill-looking dogs,—not the least important or useful of their belongings.

As a race, or rather as a tribe, the Chippewayans have much in common with other Indians of the North-West, yet they differ from them in many ways. What one notices in them first of all, just as it is noticeable in all Indians, is the prevalence of harsh features, a swarthy, if not a dirty, complexion, and sparkling eyes. But a different and better type is to be met—tall men, with noble-looking heads and delicate features. They are the exception among them, it is true; but they can be seen, and are a proof that the tribe is not utterly degraded. They are an interesting people, and just as long as they are not contaminated by white people, will, doubtless, retain their simplicity and the other good traits of character which they possess.

Nominally, at least, these people are Christians, and members of the Roman Catholic Church. Their religious instructor is Father Legoff, who has lived and labored among them for the last thirty years. Rev. Father Legoff deserves something more than a passing notice. A tall, thin, spare man, I mistook him for an Indian when I first saw him. His face was tanned the color of leather, his clerical garb was frayed and worn, his shoes would have puzzled a cobbler to mend, and altogether he looked more like one of his flock than their shepherd. It is true that my introduction to him was just after he had spent many weary weeks a prisoner in Big Bear's camp, wandering over the country, ill fed and ill protected against the weather. Father Legoff was born in Quebec and is of good birth, being descended from a long line of aristocratic nobles of Old France. Nearly forty years ago, when a young man, he volunteered for missionary work in the North-West, and, as I have already stated, has been

among the Chippewayans for the last thirty years. Residing long amongst the dusky children of the wilderness, following nomads, and sharing the habits and exposures of the tribe, in time he became subject to all the vicissitudes of the situation, and partook largely of the character of his surroundings. Ill and weary as he looked, there was no more enthusiastic priest in the North-West seven years ago. To listen to him as he sat at supper in my tent; to see his eye kindle and light up with enthusiasm, as he told of the gratitude of the uncultured people in his charge; to gradually come to understand his gentleness of character, his child-like, religious simplicity; to understand the hardships he had passed through—often in winter on the verge of starvation; to realize all he had given up, all that he had voluntarily assumed, was to love the shabby-looking priest, and to wish the world contained more such noble men and noble Christians. For months at a time this devoted priest never saw a newspaper or received a letter. His diet was that of the Indians, coarse, plain, ill cooked. He would work with the members of his flock on their little patches of clearances; he baptized, married, buried them, and when his own time comes, will be buried by them.

Whatever the bickerings of party politicians, whatever the aims of self-seeking, ambitious men; however strong religious antipathies in Eastern Canada may be, I wish to bear my testimony to the devotedness, earnestness and simplicity of the Roman Catholic missionaries in the Canadian North-West. When men of birth and breeding, of culture and high social standing, voluntarily sever the tie which binds them to the glitter and glare of the world, and don the garb of the humble missionary, there must be a prompting which carries them beyond earthly considerations. It was such a faith that sustained the holy army of martyrs in the last agonies of their cruel torture, and the same faith reconciles to a life-long exile in arctic or semi-arctic latitudes the noble men who, for conscience sake, labor among the far North-West Indians and the Esquimaux.

The Chippewayans took part in the North-West rebellion, but reluctantly and under compulsion. The whole of Louis Riel's object in fomenting trouble; all the wild schemes he may have entertained, with the purpose of forming a republic of which he was to have been the first president, will probably never be known, but as he sent his runners and emissaries to all the bands of Indians between Rat Portage in the east and the Rockies in the west, it is not unreasonable to suppose that he contemplated a general Indian uprising, with all its accompanying horrors. Very shortly after the Frog Lake massacre, a band of Cree Indians visited the Beaver River settlement, and urged the Chippewayans to take up arms against the government. A prompt refusal was the reply, and then began a system of threats and petty persecution which finally succeeded. Some of the cabins in the settlement were looted; the church was invaded, and the altar despoiled, the few modest ornaments on it being stolen; cattle were driven away and the lives of the people menaced. Urged by Father Legoff, the Chippewayans remained loyal for a long time, but as their cattle kept disappearing and their cabins were burnt, they eventually threw in their lot with the rebels and went to Fort Pitt, accompanied by Father Legoff as a prisoner.

While it is to be deplored that these inoffensive people should have joined the rebellion, it was, in one sense, a good thing they did so. They were never active rebels. When Fort Pitt was burnt, they held aloof and took no part in its destruction. At the fight at Frenchman's Butte between the rebels and the Canadian militia, they refused to fire a shot, and on several

occasions showed they were unwilling rebels. To their devotion, at least some of the white prisoners Big Bear had captured, owed their lives. Every night they mounted guard over the tepee in which factor McLeod, his wife and daughters were confined, threatening to shoot at sight the first man who should try to invade their privacy. For three months, Big Bear dragged his captives about the country between Edmonton and Battleford, and during the whole of that time the Chippewayans rendered them many a service and did them many a kindness, often sharing with them their food. Who knows what additional horrors there might have been to relate had not these few Indians been in the rebel camp?

Immediately after the fight at Frenchman's Butte, General Strange camped for a couple of days on the banks of a small creek close to the scene of the fight, awaiting the arrival of General Sir Fred. Middleton from Battleford. While so waiting, a number of Big Bear's prisoners came into the camp and were well cared for. They had doleful tales to tell of hard treatment, painful marches and scant provisions, during the time they had been captives; and their appearance bore them out in all they said. A second-hand clothes dealer would not have given a dollar for all their apparel. From them it was ascertained that after the fight at the Butte the rebels had become disorganized and had broken up into different bands, Big Bear having gone in the direction of Battleford, and another band having gone north, taking with it Mr. McLean, the Hudson Bay factor at Fort Pitt, and his family. When General Middleton arrived, General Strange with a detachment of militia and mounted scouts was sent to the Beaver River in the hope of intercepting the rebels who were stated to have gone north. The Chippewayan reserve was reached after a three days' march through a country very difficult to traverse and swarming with mosquitoes and all kinds of small torturing flies. On the evening of the third day the detachment camped about a mile from Beaver River, on the southern extremity of the reservation, General Strange making Rev. Father Legoff's house his headquarters.

About four days later, a tall, thin man, heavily bearded and browned by the sun, shabbily dressed in a frayed long black cloak or coat which reached to his heels, was halted by one of the sentries and asked his business. He was no other than Father Legoff, and he was at once taken to General Strange's headquarters, where he told his tale. He stated that the Chippewayans had broken away from the rebel Crees and were within a few miles of their old home, anxious to return, but when they found the Queen's soldiers in possession of the place they were afraid to do so, conscious of having done wrong. The reverend gentleman had come on alone to see the officer in command of the troops and to intercede for the Indians. What passed between General Strange and Father Legoff is known only to those two gentleman, but that same evening Father Legoff, accompanied by the chaplain of the Mount Royal Rifles, left the camp and went in the direction where the Chippewayans were. The following day, shortly after noon, a great yelping of dogs, gradually growing louder, showed that strangers were nearing the camp, and an officer and a squad of men were sent to meet them. It was the Chippewayans with their wives and children returning to give themselves up, and trusting to the leniency of General Strange. A more pitiful-looking lot of human beings it would be hard to imagine. Men, women and children were literally in rags, in many cases not having enough clothing to cover their nakedness. They were more than half famished, and many among them were suffering from loathsome

running sores. They were not allowed to pass the line of sentries, but after being disarmed, were told to camp about half a mile from where the soldiers' tents were. Canned meat, hard biscuits and some tea were served out to them, and gratefully did the poor folk accept the dole.

From Father Legoff it was ascertained that a few Crees, having with them Mr. McLean and his family, had pushed further north and would probably be found somewhere along the shores of Cold lake. The day after the Chippewayans surrendered, Lieut.-Col. Osborne Smith and one hundred men were despatched north to Cold lake, with orders to patrol the shores of the lake, and keep a careful lookout for any rebel bands. There is an old saying that "All trails end at Beaver River," and certainly it was hard work getting through the country between that river and the lake. There was no trail, but any amount of muskeg, and the swarms of flies were simply unendurable. Everything had to be carried on pack horses, and for them a road had frequently to be cut through the bush. The poor brutes suffered intensely from the heat and the flies, and more than once became so maddened by pain that they broke away from their drivers and plunged into whatever water might be near, glad to cool themselves. It was very nearly as hard upon the men in the detachment. As no tents were taken, every man had to carry an additional load in the shape of his overcoat, and not a few were overpowered by the heat. From the corners of the eyes, from the ears and nostrils, blood trickled—the consequence of bites from flies so small that they were hardly discernable. This torture for man and beast lasted two days, when, with a joyful shout, the lake was reached, and for a time, at least, discomfort was at an end.

As its name implies, the waters of the lake were intensely cold, but were very pleasant to drink. With a rush, every man plunged into them, and the pack horses, as soon as relieved of their loads, did the same. At the borders of the lake the flies disappeared; beyond a few mosquitoes at night, there was no annoyance from that cause.

The lake is a large sheet of water, about twenty miles from north to south, and about the same from east to west. It was on the south shore that the militia camped, making their couches on the sandy beach out of the branches of trees. Small scouting parties were sent out, and the remainder of the soldiers enjoyed themselves fishing and bathing, all drill having been discontinued. After being at the lake for a week, a courier from General Middleton brought the news that Mr. McLean and his family had been rescued, and orders for the detachment to return to Fort Pitt—an order which, of course, was cheerfully obeyed.

It only remains to state that the Chippewayans were all pardoned by the Government for the part they took in the rebellion; that help in the way of seed and farm implements was sent to them, and that they are now doing well on their reserve and living in a state of contentment, which is all the greater from the wisdom gained through their experiences in the Riel rebellion.

A CAMP EXPERIENCE.

BY E. STEWART, D.L.S.

OUR party consisted of a surveyor, two assistants from the School of Practical Science, Toronto, a cook and three axemen, and our camp at the time in question was pitched on the grounds of one of those isolated stations of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in that wilderness region between Sudbury and Port Arthur. It was some time in the month of September. After a hard day's work we were just partaking of our evening meal, when passenger train No. 1 pulled up at the station. Now, this was an every day occurrence, and one of the great events of the day. There was one other of equal importance, which usually took place in the forenoon, viz., the passing of No. 2, going east; and these, with the passing of an occasional freight train, were the only disturbing elements to break the natural repose of that sylvan solitude.

But on the evening to which I refer, a very unusual occurrence took place. A passenger, not known to any one about the station, and apparently neither a pedlar nor a tramp, actually remained behind after the call "all aboard" had been given. He stood for a moment or two on the platform, watching the departing train, till it was lost to view around a curve in the road, and then noticing our tents only a few rods away he walked quickly over, and in a few minutes was a guest at our rude table.

Question and answer quickly followed, with the result that before nightfall we were probably better acquainted with our visitor than we would have been under ordinary circumstances in a week's time. He was a man of about thirty years of age, very tall and thin, quick and terse in his speech, and by no means disposed to remain in ignorance of anything, if by asking a question he could be enlightened. We soon learned that he was a graduate of our own Toronto University, and that he had been a fellow of that institution; but, not satisfied with the ordinary course of studies pursued there, he was at this time taking a post graduate course in an eminent seat of learning in the State of Massachusetts, of which latter institution he was also a senior fellow, and was entitled to the prefix of either professor or doctor, whichever distinction we cared to use in addressing him. In a word, we found him to be a man of brilliant parts, and one who evidently had chosen the student life for the love of it, for he seemed an enthusiast on every subject: and the subjects were not few, that he discussed during his stay with us. But like most men who possess clear mental vision themselves, he seemed to think that any person of ordinary intelligence could not fail to understand and be interested in the rather profound subjects which, for the most part, engaged his attention. And his possession of this quality of mind will perhaps, account for his apparent lack of perception, as revealed farther on. His mission to this unfrequented region was in the interest of the ethnological faculty of his American Alma Mater, his special task being to obtain statistics and collect relics relating to the Indian tribes of Northern Canada.

I have next to say a word regarding one who is always a very important member of any camping party, viz., the cook. In our case, at this time, this important position was filled by a man of probably fifty-five years of age. He was by no means the type of man

frequently found occupying this position, but one who had read books, and not only read them, but also criticised them whenever he could not agree with the author. He claimed auld Scotia for his birthplace, and held, in all their Calvinistic purity and severity, the undefiled principles of his ancestors, the Covenantors.

The axemen, with one exception, were natives of our sister Province of Quebec, whose language they used incessantly, save when engaged in the recreations of eating and sleeping. The exceptional individual above referred to was an American by birth, from the State of Michigan, and his name in full was William Reenan. On week days he was known by and answered to the euphonious name of Bill; but on the Sabbath, when we had plenty of time, we soon all adopted the example set by our cook, a strict Sabbatarian, who invariably on that day addressed him either as William or Mr. Reenan. I am sorry to say, however, that the cook's reverence for the holy day did not seem to impose on him the same duty regarding poor Joseph and Peter. Joe and Pete seemed good enough any day for the "pea soups," as he called them.

Whether it was this distinction that led the Professor into the error of taking Bill for one of the staff, or the latter's off-handed familiarity with him, I am not prepared to say. However, we all noticed it, and I must confess that no one seemed anxious to set the Professor right on so trivial a matter.

Regarding, or to use his own favorite expression, "as regarding" the aforesaid Mr. William Reenan, otherwise Bill, I feel that I would not be doing justice to his memory, or to the public, if he were passed by without more than ordinary notice. Of his early history, however, unfortunately little is known to us, beyond what his own memory could furnish. According to his own account, he was born in the northern part of the State of Michigan, of humble, but not particularly respectable parents, one of whom died when Bill was very young; and the other, shortly after this event, married another man, who conceived the idea that his acquired relationship to Bill gave him the privilege and imposed upon him the duty of *bringing him up* under the strictest rules of parental authority,—an authority that, strict as it was ordinarily, was exceeded a hundredfold on frequent occasions, when the aforesaid step-father had indulged too freely in the cups, which in Northern Michigan inebriate but do not cheer. This state of affairs continued till Bill had attained the age of fifteen, when he forsook the parental roof and came to relatives in Canada.

We have his own authority for the statement that he had completed his education before this; and though every sentence that he uttered proved that his preceptor had signally failed in teaching him to apply the simplest rules of grammar, yet he was as profoundly ignorant of this as poor, unpretentious Joe and Pete. And though not so vain as to imagine that he had mastered every subject, yet he had the assurance, very common to the Western American, that there was nothing too difficult for his understanding; and certainly there was nothing in the wide range of the sciences that he would hesitate for one moment to discuss. So much was this the case, that often, to relieve the ennui and dulness of the long Sabbath days, some one of us would propound some absurd proposition, just for the purpose of getting Bill's opinion regarding it, and when ever a question came up on which there was a difference of opinion between us, it could always be pleasantly settled by some one suggesting that it be left to "Bill." Consequently it was not long after the arrival of our new friend till we all took a back seat around the camp fire, and allowed "Bill" to discuss the most profound subjects with him. But we would often have to break in when we knew

Bill was going too far, lest the Professor should lose faith in his most interested auditor.

The Professor arrived on a Saturday night, and No. 2, the next morning, left with us an itinerant trader and his pack. This individual impressed us as being a direct descendant of his countryman who lived in Palestine many years ago, and in whom, we are told, there was "no guile." He seemed to respect our observance of the day, for he said not a word to anyone in our tent regarding trade; but we noticed that he was particularly friendly with Joe and Pete. The result of all this was that he sold them a gold watch and certain articles of jewelry at, as he said, half-price, because we had been so kind to him. But I am sorry to say that his generosity was only appreciated for about a week, when the jewelry, like the chameleon, began to change hue, and the watch became refractory, and, instead of moving on with the sun, or even standing still, like Joshua's moon, actually took on a retrograde movement, thereby causing great confusion in the calendar; and poor Pete, as he looked on the object of his former delight, was heard to exclaim that "if it kept on dat way it would soon be last week, and he would lose a great many day's pay." He said Mr. Abraham Moses was not "an honest man," and that he would never buy a gold watch any more.

The discussion during the forenoon revealed the fact that the Professor had by no means neglected theology in his range of studies; but it was evident that his views on this all important subject were far too advanced to meet with the approbation of our only authority in camp—the cook. On the Professor enquiring if there would be any religious service that day at the station, it was ascertained that the usual visiting missionary could not be present, and without any great pressure he agreed to fill the vacant place that evening.

We had dinner, and then to our surprise and to the horror of the cook, the Professor expressed a desire to try his luck at fishing in the lake near by, and asked if we had a trolling line. We at once appealed to the cook, who usually kept one in his tent, but on this occasion, no doubt for a good and pious reason, it could not be found. The Professor, however, after we had made a search, obtained one from another quarter, and in a few minutes he and a halfbreed, whom he had engaged, were seen going forth, as the cook said, "in defiance of the Fourth Commandment."

Consequently we were, for the most of the afternoon, deprived of our visitor's company. But, though absent, he was by no means forgotten, for we soon heard a lively theological debate in progress in our commissariat quarters, in which the participants were the cook and William. Now, as already stated, the former was extremely orthodox in his views. He admitted no middle ground whatever between the saved and the lost, the elect and the reprobate, and while William wished to shape his own views so as to be acceptable to his friend the cook, yet he was unwilling to believe that the Professor was an infidel. The controversy continued till they had both become sleepy, and finally, instead of quotations from Paul and Peter, there were heard only the snores of the controversialists.

I may say here, that if you have ever gone through a summer's Sunday afternoon in tent in those isolated regions, you will, at least, not criticise too severely the conduct of our guest. Nothing I know of is so wearisome to endure, unless you are of a somnolent disposition, as those warm, long, lingering, lazy hours, when all nature seems not only resting, but slumbering, undisturbed by a single sound save that of the ubiquitous mosquito, as it goes its rounds in search of its victims. One could almost fancy that the dream of the lotos eaters was here realized, and

that it was always afternoon. But all things here have an end, and about five o'clock a canoe was seen rounding a point in the lake, and a few minutes after the Professor and his man, Antoine, came up to the camp with a dozen fine fish. Half of these he gave to his man, and then walking quickly over to the cook's tent, said, "Here is a mess for supper." But the cook would have nothing to do with them till Monday morning, and, moreover, refused in the bluntest manner to attend kirk in the evening.

The service was held in one of the rooms in the station house, and was attended by about a dozen, besides those from our own party. Our own Bill led the singing, and was about to take up a collection, when the Professor vetoed it by saying that, at the expense of not seeming orthodox, they would dispense with that part of the service. Bill acquiesced, but afterwards remarked that the proceeds might have been applied for the conversion of the Jews. As might be inferred, all our party were present except Joe, Pete and the cook, who, divergent as their views were on most religious matters, were of the same opinion regarding the impropriety of this man occupying the position that he had assumed ; and it was quite as entertaining as the sermon, or lecture, as it would be more proper to call it, to hear Bill, after it was over, explain to the cook the number of good points that the Doctor, as he invariably called him, had made, and insist that "he ought to have went." But he was as unsuccessful as ever in satisfying him that the Doctor was not an infidel.

It was growing quite dark when the Professor again came over to our quarters, and, seating himself by the camp fire, asked for a pencil, and was soon engaged in the rather abstruse reasoning by which Prof. Hinton and others attempt to prove the existence of a fourth dimension, that is, that outside of all that is comprehended within the three dimensions of length, breadth and thickness, there may yet be a fourth beyond these. He undertook to show that this was not only possible, but probable, and it was soon apparent that the most interested of his audience was the aforesaid descendant of Abraham and our own Bill. The former, however, when asked if he could get a glimpse of the conception, said that he thought so, but that it was not his "beezness," and that it would not pay him to waste his time studying it. But Bill said he thought it was very easy to understand, and turning to the rest of us said, "Can't you catch on? Why it seems to me that what the Doctor says as regarding that there fourth dimension is all right. I don't see why there can't be four, just as well as two or three of them."

This finished the day, and nothing of particular interest occurred till the following evening, when we returned to camp early, and ordered the cook to prepare supper as soon as possible, so as to give the Professor time to get away on No. 1 at 6.30. In a few minutes the operator sent over word that the train was two hours late. This gave an opportunity, after we had finished our evening meal, for considerable conversation, which happened to turn on mathematics, and the Professor, with book and pencil in hand, was soon engaged in some curious problems, some of them in the higher mathematics and others in, what might be called mathematical tricks. One of the latter was to prove that two parallel straight lines would enclose a space, "Euclid to the contrary notwithstanding," as the phrase goes. Of course the point was to detect the fallacy in the train of reasoning that arrived at such a result.

As usual, Bill was to the fore, and with all eyes followed the Professor with all the earnestness of one who comprehended every step in the long chain of reasoning, as he certainly thought he did ; and when the latter arranged his equation, letting $x = a$

× b, and then transposed, cancelled, multiplied, eliminated, etc., etc., Bill said, "Yes, that's true." But when he said, "Now, we can substitute this for that, on the ground that things equal to the same thing are equal to one another," Bill seemed to break down entirely, though the Professor, in the twilight, did not notice it, and Bill still said "yes." Soon the solution was completed, and Bill again said "Yes, that's so." The Professor waited a moment without saying anything, evidently expecting some conjecture from Bill, as to the problem, but Bill evidently thought that the proof was satisfactory enough for him and seemed anxious to change the subject, and, in fact, did ask him what arithmetic he liked best; but the Professor, without giving him a definite answer, said, "Well, do you see where the fallacy comes in?" Bill looked a little puzzled (the word fallacy not being in his vocabulary), and replied, "Which is that, Doctor?" "Why," he said, "do you notice anything incorrect in the work?" "Well, now," said Bill, "the only thing I don't catch on in that there sum is what you said as regarding things being equal to one another. How is that, Doctor?" The Doctor turned to him and said, "Why, did you never study geometry?" "No," said Bill, "I don't remember that rule being in our arithmetic at all; and, besides, I never got no further nor long division. But that there sum does mind me of one we used to have. I presume you've heard it, Doctor? Oh! you must of heard it:—

"'If the third of six be three,
What must the fourth of twenty be?'

"But you must of saw it before, doctor!"

During the early part of the evening the rest of us around the fire had managed, with becoming gravity, to interpolate a word now and then, and, as usual, kept Bill from appearing too absurd. But fearing an abrupt termination to the conversation being brought about by the uncontrollable risibility of one of our number, some one suggested that there was a certain matter in the notes of the day's work which required immediate attention in our tent. So we retreated to this safe distance, and from there watched the proceedings, as revealed by the flickering light of the camp fire. I am afraid, however, that our conduct would have rather complicated matters and have had the effect of sending our good friend away with the impression that we had, along with our hospitality, designedly inflicted a practical joke upon him, but that just at the time when the worst was feared, the shrill whistle of No. 1 was heard near by, which served the double purpose of drowning any audible smiles that may have escaped from our tent, and also of permitting us to change the subject without any seeming disrespect.

The train, being behind time, only halted for a few minutes; and then another whistle from the engine, waking up a number of echoes over those silent hills, and our Professor was henceforth to us only a memory. We soon relapsed into our every-day routine of camp life, but Bill often afterwards referred to the Dr. as a "mighty smart man".

THE BACKSLIDING OF ELDER PLETUS.

BY WILLIAM T. JAMES.

PLETUS MERRICK, a foundling, had been brought in swaddling clothes, by strangers, to the Shaker Community of South Union, Kentucky. He had no recollection of any other home, nor of his parents, nor, indeed, of life in the outside world, save of what little he had seen of it in occasional glimpses, from time to time, when he had been commissioned to transact business for the Society in the neighboring town of Bowling Green to the north and the villages of Auburn and Russellville to the south of "Shakertown." His career had been narrowed to the uneventful routine of a life of quietude devoid of incentive to ambition and of the necessity to train and educate himself for the struggle for preeminence in which men of the world engage. The almost monastic seclusion in which he had been brought up, isolating him from influences that encourage competition for social and mental excellence, was enough to lethargize the faculties and energy of a nature less positive than his. Viewed retrospectively, the days of his existence from childhood to maturity were alike as the blades of grass on a hillside, which, seen at a glance, appeared a smooth, undulating ascent. Figuratively speaking, he had not yet reached the summit of his prime; therefore his gaze was directed upward and rarely backward; for it is not until we are aware that we have begun the descent of the other side of the hill of life that we are disposed to turn and review the arduous part of the journey which has brought us thus far on our pilgrimage to the tomb.

EX-ELDER PLETUS—TO-DAY.

The memory of his association as a boy with other boys, under the discipline of a rigorous deacon and the tuition of a kind but eccentric schoolmaster, recalled nothing remarkable of that period. The only impression received in those days calculated to give a bias to his after life, was derived from a book of travel and from another of biography, which a proselyte from the—to him—mysterious world had brought to the village and allowed him to read. From the former he learned that the whole area of the earth was not circumscribed by the visible horizon; that the sun did not go down about fifty miles to the west of South Union; that there were vast oceans of water, navigated by ships manned by intrepid sailors, who, sometimes, for months, saw no land on either side; and that these voyages were often made to countries whose inhabitants, fauna and flora were different from those of that neighborhood. The latter book gave him a crude idea of the

sorts and conditions of men who lived in large cities.

These books brought before the boy's mind, in a manner that stirred his imagination, facts and information that enlarged his understanding, and made comprehensible vague hints dropped by the schoolmaster, which only foreshadowed and never conveyed the knowledge that they did. Moreover, there was a something in them that appealed to his ambition and relish for adventure.

As he grew older, he was wont to ponder the possibilities suggested in the books as the guerdon of earnest effort, and to long for an opportunity to choose from among a thousand different occupations, one to be followed as a straight path to fame and fortune. Shakerism offered no outlet for ambition—no laurel-wreath for which to strive; and he felt himself to be restricted in his surroundings—unduly limited in scope for the exercise of his vigor and activity of intellect. With the self-assurance of a young man, he thought he lacked but freedom from his present restraints, and stimulus to exertion, to display intrinsic qualities that would lift him above his fellows. Thus it came to pass that this feeling of restlessness made him yearn to become a worldling.

These "unholy desires," he had been taught to believe, were the pernicious strivings of an inborn love of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," opposed to his peace and spiritual progress and likely to entice him from the pure simplicity of a Shaker communal home to the selfish pursuits of the world, scripturally metaphored to him as "the flesh-pots of Egypt.'

Often he would withdraw himself from his brethren to debate silently and alone the thoughts which would obtrude upon his mind. Opinions which, from a Shaker standpoint, were decidedly heterodox, were being evolved out of the chaos of a mind that, for lack of proper training, had assimilated, without sequence, what ever it could glean, whether from the religious teaching of those of his sect or from the expressed theories of converts newly settled in the Society. As these opinions began to take shape, they prompted him to fight his way through the doctrinal difficulties that beleaguered his faith with doubts and assailed it with that insinuating weapon of agnosticism—interrogation. To put these questions aside unanswered, was to ignore his reason; to retreat into negation, was to dwarf his personality; but an investigation of the distinctive difference between the manners, customs and ethics of Christendom and a life of self-abasement, celibacy, isolation, comparative inutility, and co-operative acquisition and ownership of all things elsewhere held as personal property, promised a solution of the problem which harassed his brain and made of serenity, turmoil; and of contentment, dissatisfaction.

But the world—that huge pantomime of tinsel splendor, dazzling as it allures and then becoming dreary as a deserted theatre when its gaudy finery is penetrated—was it really as his fancy pictured it to be? No. For had he not heard many times the testimony of those who, after squandering their prime in the pursuit of its vain glory, had turned from it disgusted, cynical and broken in spirit, to seek among the Shakers a haven, where, removed from its buffeting elements, they might drop the anchor of faith into the secure moorings of resignation and be at rest? But how few were these compared with the number of such as still sought and, mayhap, found happiness without the pale of his sect. Fewer still were they who lived out the last decades of their miserable lives in a Shaker settlement, after renouncing the world. Some ghost of a former illusion beckoned most of them away to their haunts of the past, as soon as their wounded hearts were healed and their fretful nerves soothed. Shakertown was to

some a convalescent home, whereto they came to rid themselves of mental maladies, the dregs of their wickedness, the malevolence of cheated desire or an itching for change. Restored by orderly living and rest, they returned as the dog "to his own vomit again, and as the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." With rare exceptions, only they who had spent their youth in the Society and knew little, if aught, of other religions and a more liberal and free life, seemed to regard as gospel the doctrines of Shakerism, and these usually showed a lack of character and soon succumbed to inertia.

"IN THE PRINTING OFFICE. . . . DISCUSSING POLITICS AND SPINNING YARNS

Should he remain a Shaker till death, or should he despise the teachings of his sect to wrestle with a hostile world in the gratification of a mere dream of youth? This was a query that perplexed him by its recurrence, remaining an open question until he attained his majority, when he was urged—strenuously urged—to sign the "Church Covenant," the final vow of complete consecration of himself to the Order forever. Should he do it? He resolved to decide once for all whether he would or would not leave his fraternal home. He decided in the negative, signed the solemn compact and set his face Zionward and his back to the world.

After his school-days were ended, he had left the cottage where the boys were housed and become affiliated with the Centre House Family as a novitiate member, when he worked at gardening, then on the farm, next in the tailor shop, afterwards at carpentry, until he again changed his trade to the more congenial occupation of printing.

Under the instruction of an itinerant printer, who periodically disappeared to return in a few months a penitent, he gained a rudimentary knowledge of the craft. There, in the small printing office, with its one Washington hand-press, some thirty fonts of type and a few other articles of an amateur outfit, he was taught his first lessons in type-setting and press-work, gaining what practical experience of typography he could from the printing of seed-bags, catalogues, occasional leaflets of Shaker songs and sundry other job work required.

When there was no printing to be done, he would sometimes lend a helping hand in the adjoining room, where the seed grown for sale was dried, sorted, packed and labelled for the market, or do such odd jobs around the

house and shops as such a jack-of-all-trades could turn his hand to. Often, in idle spells in the winter-time, when lack of employment grew irksome, he would be one of a motley group, whom Brother Joseph, the printer, would assemble around the oblong wood-stove in the printing office, for the pastime of discussing politics and spinning yarns.

Among those who formed this un-Shakerlike circle, more frequently were present than absent Daniel Knight, who had been in turn a sailor, gold-digger and an Arizona judge before his chameleon career found him a Shaker; Isaac Wilkins, a visionary with a tendency to spiritualism; William Booker, a tall, cadaverous individual, who wore his hair long, chewed tobacco and was the village Nimrod; Seth Bilbrook, an ex-Confederate trooper; and Thomas Potter, a short, wiry little chap, who had charge of the seed-room and was postman for the community. With such a variety of human nature, it was little wonder that the conversation was versatile, always interesting, often humorous, and usually not very edifying, for the worldly-wise would talk of the world, and the Shakers, bred to circumspection, were too much engrossed or amused to reprove them for referring to episodes of their past lives which, as professed converts to Shakerism, they had better have forgotten or remembered with shame. Judging from the entertainment they seemed to find in relating these reminiscences of their graceless lives, it is an open question whether their conversion was as complete or sincere as they feigned, or that they had not sought among the Shakers a home, which offered the necessaries of life and careless ease in return for their labor performed in a kill-time sort of a way, rather than a religious refuge from the blight of sin. Be that as it may, they were good fellows socially; not one of them but was liked even by the older members. So long as they outwardly conformed to the rules and customs of the Society, were regular in their attendance at worship, decorous at union meetings and chaste in their behavior towards the sisters, their sincerity was neither questioned nor doubted.

All that Brother Pletus heard at these gatherings of the good and bad qualities of society, he mused upon afterwards, analyzing with his critical faculty the motives, and the ends of the desires of men; their aspirations and how far short they were likely to come of realization; their sordid pleasures and the penalties incurred in the pursuit of them; their passions and all the phases of human character as made manifest in their conduct. As he pondered over these things, the world seemed to him as being dominated by selfishness, lust of power and of place; that all, more or less, were playing the part of a make-believe; and that good flourished in out-of-the-way places, and even there, was trampled under-foot by the heedless throng, going its separate ways in quest of its own aggrandizement; that the good thrived and was imperceptibly outgrowing the bad only because the good was imperishable and could never be crushed out of existence. How the serene life he was living contrasted with that of those who were fretting and fuming in perpetual unrest, like the great sea, that leaps upon the shore and wrestles with the rocks that it may become greater—broader but shallower—and chafing by night and day because it cannot overrun the whole earth! How calmly—how contentedly he might live, if he would, in this dreamy, peaceful hamlet, the sound of the boisterous strife of contending factions borne in upon his ears from the streets of cities, only to make more snug the fraternal home in which it was his privilege to dwell!

"Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?" he asked himself in the words of the Psalmist many times. Why do not the people flock to Shakerism as sheep

to their fold at night? But then, on the other hand, it occurred to him that of the sheep that were once in the fold, many had returned to "the beggarly elements of the world." True, this was provocative of little surprise to the faithful few who never strayed from the flock into an unknown wilderness, since experience had taught them to recognize the inability of some to continue in the faith. Of these, he remembered, some came back and were received again into fellowship after confession and repentance of their backsliding, being too old or too indolent to resume their former status outside.

The return of such backsliders did much to convince Brother Pletus of the prudence of his resolve to adhere to the faith in which he had been nurtured, and to help him to curb his uneasiness under the restraint and monotony, the emptiness and lovelessness, of his existence, for, despite his apologies to himself for his decision to remain a Shaker, he still was subject to spells of doubting and restlessness, in which he was inclined to renounce the vow by which he was pledged till death to the life he had chosen at his majority. With a determination to improve the time and make himself more eligible to fill any position of trust or responsibility to which he might be called by the Ministry, he set zealously to work at educating himself in the higher branches of knowledge. Assisted in his purpose by Elder Harvey—one of the "Ministry" or executive board—who gave him access to his library, he soon became devoted to the acquisition of such literary and scientific learning as he had opportunity to study, and, before long, he began to be regarded by his brethren with favorable speculation as to what office he would be called upon to take.

His first promotion came upon the demise of the second elder of the Church Family, in whose place he was installed. This stimulated him to a more scrupulous training of his thoughts into harmony with Shaker doctrine. Soon afterwards, he was again promoted. The organization of a new Family, to be known as the West House Family, for whom a house had been built in the western section of the village, necessitated the choice of an elder to take charge of it. To this important post Elder Pletus was appointed, much to his own gratification and that of the brethren and sisters who were drafted with him from the Family with which he was formerly associated.

II.

Not long after the West House was occupied by the new Family, Elder Pletus was deputed by the Ministry to go to Bowling Green to see a family named Pearson, who were contemplating the adoption of Shakerism and the consecration of what little property they possessed to the service of the Community. The family consisted of an elderly couple and their only daughter, Prudence. The latter was a pleasant-featured person, in the prime of young womanhood, with a genuine, affectionate disposition and an individuality as marked as it was unobtrusive. Her fresh complexion and habitual serenity betokened a mind at peace with itself and content with her lot; and her dignified, yet natural deportment at once commanded the respect of all whom she chanced to meet.

Elder Pletus was received by them, as the representative of the Society, with much cordiality, and invited to dine with them, which he did. During the meal the conversation turned to the object of his visit, soon leading to a description, by Pletus, of the habits, customs and social system of the Shakers, in the following words:—

"Scattered through the States of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Maine, Ohio and Kentucky, are eighteen communities of The United Society of Believers,

commonly called Shakers Holding ourselves aloof from the world at large and limiting our dealings with it to commercial intercourse, we are, in every respect, a peculiar people, worthy of more public notice than we receive, for our broad theology, our almost Utopian mode of life, and our primitive simplicity of habits

"This sect was founded in the latter part of the last century by Ann Lee, whom we regard as our spiritual mother; some of the older and more orthodox brethren claiming her birth as being the fulfilment of the predicted second coming of Christ,—the incarnation of the feminine personality of the Deity; but this has ceased to be urged as sound doctrine. As a matter of history, she was an Englishwoman, whose marital relations were such as to make her dissatisfied with the life she was living, and endeavor to attain to the realization of an ideal state of social purity, and a higher plane of spiritual experience, as taught and exemplified by our grand prototype, Jesus Christ. Having an exalted soul and a strong individuality, evidenced by a mind susceptible of original conceptions and unalterable convictions, she was, we believe, chosen of God for the mission she was pre-eminently qualified to undertake, and inspired—whether by direct revelation or intuition, I will not pretend to decide, for I know not—to formulate and establish a religio-socialistic system, which even our opponents will admit is unique and innocuous. This system, now known as Shakerism, begun and maintained by its founder and her faithful followers, in spite of much persecution, we, in our time, are perpetuating.

"Conspicuous among the principles of the Society are the dedication of ourselves to a life of absolute celibacy and chastity, the banding of ourselves together in a co-operative community for mutual support and protection—in short, a brother and sisterhood, pledged to purity and aspiration to a higher life than it is possible for one to live outside of our borders.

"The particular Community to which I belong is similar to all the others in general arrangement. It is governed by a Ministry of its own, consisting of four persons, two of either sex, ordained by the controlling Ministry of the whole at Mount Lebanon Society, in the State of New York. Our Community

SISTER PRUDENCE.

is sub-divided into four Families, each occupying respectively the North, East, Centre and West Houses. Each Family keeps its property and industries separate from those of the others, holding in trust, and cultivating enough land from which to raise food for its own consumption and for sale. Carpentry, tailoring, shoemaking, farming, preserving of fruit, growing of

seeds and cattle-breeding contribute to our maintenance. The brothers occupy one half, and the sisters the other half of the house, while the children we adopt, and those of proselytes who bring their families with them amongst us, are housed in cottages apart from their parents, under the undisputed authority of deacons and deaconesses appointed to take charge of them. Parental and marital relationships are not recognized by us, all other kinship being merged into that of brother and sister. Order is maintained, and the domestic and industrial interests of each Family are looked after by two elders and two elderesses; deacons and deaconesses, acting under their instructions, attending to the duties to which they are assigned. Each house contains a large dining-room, kitchen, scullery, dormitories, sewing and store-rooms, a sick-room and a meeting-room. In the latter the Family meets thrice weekly for worship, devotional exercises and exhortation, there being also a general meeting-house in which the whole Community assembles every Sunday afternoon for the same purposes.

"We really have no definite creed, but accept the admonitions of scripture according to our own conscientious interpretation of them; and we believe in the precepts of Jesus Christ, and in the following of the pattern which his life affords of celibacy, continence and unselfishness.

"Rigorous precautions are taken to prevent the violation of our distinctive rules. The dormitories of the sisters are on one side of the house, and those of the brethren on the other side, approached by different stairways and corridors. They are large, and each contains six or more beds, the furniture comprising, besides these, a stove, chairs, tables, mats and wardrobes. They are also used by their inmates as sitting rooms in the daytime. Lack of luxury is more than compensated for by their cleanliness and wholesome comfort, their orderliness, and the cheerful companionship which should, and does generally exist among their occupants. Manifestations of partiality for one brother or sister more than another is reproved, for we are enjoined to be charitable in the matter of the personal faults of our neighbors, and to strive to be agreeable to all and offended at none. Clandestine courtship, or conduct between a brother and sister that may lead to love-making, is immediately punished with reprimand or removal of one of the offenders to another Family or Community, or even with expulsion from the Society, should they persist in these misdemeanors.

"Our method of admitting converts to fellowship amongst us is, on their profession of faith in our principles, to allow them first to live for a short time in a house set apart for the accommodation of those who are about to join, that they may have an opportunity for investigation before signing the Novitiate Covenant, and becoming attached to a Family for a probationary term of three months. Then, if they are still satisfied with Shakerism, and desire to unite themselves permanently with us, they are required to sign the Church Covenant as full members. This act necessitates the surrender of themselves and all their personal belongings to the service of the Lord and the Society, and the taking of an oath to relinquish all claims against the Society, either for the recovery of their former possessions, or for recompense for labor performed whilst with us, and to depart peaceably if they ever wish to leave. No distinction is made between those who have or have not money or property when they join, and all share equally in the privileges of the commonwealth.

"We are averse to war, taking no part therein, and we regard the barbarous slaughter of our fellow-men, by means so terribly cruel, as a blot upon Christianity and civilization. We lament the existing circumstances

which seem to compel nations to maintain and train their soldiery to the dreadful skill of warfare, and look eagerly forward to the time when universal peace shall prevail, and right, not might, shall be the arbiter of national disputes. While, as loyal and law-abiding citizens of the country in which we dwell, we are interested in American prosperity, we take no active part in politics, either by voting or otherwise expressing our opinions, for reasons which, perhaps, others may fail to appreciate."

From a statement of facts, Elder Pletus drifted into a laudation of the purity of a life of self-denying chastity, and the unselfish, fraternal equality of a communal home.

Mr. and Mrs. Pearson interrupted him at intervals to question and debate certain points, but their daughter spoke not a word. Her calm, thoughtful eyes never removed their steadfast gaze from his face. They seemed to pry into his very soul, to see how truthfully his words were in accord with his inner convictions. He seemed to feel that in her was a will not to be turned from the decision of her judgment, and so upon her he directed the ardor of his persuasion, for surely she was worth winning as a sister.

Although he was sincere in all he said, his motives, too, being unquestionably honest in exerting his influence upon the vacillating trio, there was beneath the impulsion of his speech an undercurrent of feeling, which, analyzed, would have been found to be the precursor of a love for Prudence Pearson more fervent than brotherly, and decidedly partial in its tendency. This, Elder Pletus did not realize at the time. Truly, he was aware of a predilection for the woman he was then wooing as a sister; but that only made him the more earnest in his appeal. Did he answer an argument from her father or a question from her mother, his logic swerved to the silent debater, and focussed its power upon the mute opposition that came from her eloquent eyes.

Whether of the three she was the most intelligent, or that the object of his mission—now that he had seen and begun to love her—was made subsidiary to the prime purpose of securing her consent, was why he so assiduously courted her favor, it matters not. Before he left them, he so wrought upon the mind of the maid that she grew passive and concurred with the decision of her parents to become probationary members of the Society.

It was not until long after they had joined the Order, and been affiliated with the West House Family, that Elder Pletus fully realized the strength of the passion for Prudence Pearson which his familiarity as head of the household had ripened.

Dressed in a plain gray gown, a white kerchief fastened about her neck, with an unadorned lace cap upon her head, she looked the personification of modesty, simplicity and sweetness — a true Priscilla. Many were the furtive glances he stole at her meek face as she flitted about the house, intent on her duties. There was a grave—almost matronly—dignity in her mien, which, while it in no wise conflicted with her maidenly charms, neutralized the inharmonies of her surroundings and brought her personality into clear relief against the quaint background of Shaker life. She did not look so prim as the uniform mode of attire made most of the sisters appear. Indeed, her placidity harmonized with her Puritanical garments, and their sober hue and fashion made more obvious the classic contour of her face and figure, for beauty is enhanced by contrast.

"She is a woman who ennobles her sex; if the world is so bad, why take from it such an ideal example of womanhood?" thought Elder Pletus. He half reproached himself for having been instrumental to her immurement in Shakertown.

At "union meetings," when the

AT A MEETING IN SHAKERTOWN.

brethren and sisters who were disposed to be sociable met twice a week for conversation and singing of Shaker songs, the sisters seated in a row, with their hands clasped upon their laps and wearing the ubiquitous lace caps, faced by the brothers in a similar attitude, Prudence and Pletus were the conspicuous figures of the group. Great was his appreciation for her society on these occasions, and impatiently he awaited them. He could not help addressing his remarks almost exclusively to her; and the conversation being usually of an elevating nature, as it was generally confined to spiritual matters and topics concerning material progress, literature and social reform, she had ample scope for the display of her culture and sagacity in the discussion of subjects which interested her.

Every meeting such as one of these added fuel to the fire of his passion, and drew them nearer to the time when they must part or go forth into the world united as man and wife.

At the first religious meeting she attended, Sister Prudence was alternately surprised, amused and startled by the queer service, and the grotesque antics which the zeal of some led them to exhibit in a paroxysm when the dance culminated in a shake. Nor is this an uncommon experience with those who behold for the first time the ludicrous ceremonials of Shaker devotions. But the novelty wore off as she became accustomed to the sight, and, in time, she too could be seen in the ranks, apparently enjoying the singing, marching and dancing.

When the bell rang for worship, the brethren and sisters, who were quietly awaiting its summons in their rooms, would decorously form in Indian file in the corridors upstairs, each one locking hands together in front of him. Then, headed by the elders and elderesses, they would descend their separate stairs and march into the meeting-room on the ground floor, where, the brethren on one side and the sisters on the other, they formed ranks. For a few moments they stood with heads bowed in silent prayer, then a song, in the singing of which all joined, was sung and repeated.

As the words and tunes of these songs are all composed by Shakers, there is a peculiarity about their melodies which is remarkable: and it is not unpleasant. Some are sung with a mournful cadence; others have a triumphant strain, while many are tender and pathetic. This is a favorite one, frequently sung as a prelude to the service:

"My weary heart has found a resting-place;
My feet no longer need to roam,
For in this blessedness of perfect rest
I've a home, sweet home.
I've a place to lay my heavy burden down,
A refuge when the cold storms come:
O happy thought!—the hope of life fulfilled
In our home, sweet home!"

And this is another, the tune of which is adapted to the time of the slow march:

"We are on the sea of life,
Tossed by winds and waves of strife;
Feeble though our hearts may be,
If, Lord, by faith we trust in Thee,
We can stem the rolling tide;
With our Saviour for our Guide,
Though the winds be rough and high,
We'll anchor safely by and by."

As they sang the latter, they marched, two by two, around the room, waving their hands in graceful, rhythmical unison to the time of the music, while a selected choir of the best male singers marched in an inner circle, swelling the general harmony and imitating the others in their motions. In the short pause that followed the conclusion of the song, somebody would start a livelier air, suited to the quick-step march. As the words of all the popular airs are memorized by the members, the strain would be taken up at once and the procession would move at a jog-trot, keeping pace with the music, which kept pace with the feelings of the singers. As the excitement increased, the singing and the marching became more and more brisk

until everybody broke into a dance, still singing vociferously the while. This is an indescribable feat of Shaker agility, being a kind of hop, skip and turn-about, the variety of evolutions increasing as they lose control of themselves in the frenzy that seems to seize upon their wits at this time. There is a funny little nursery rhyme about one James Crow which is very suggestive of a Shaker dance. It contains a couplet which runs somewhat to this effect:

> "Wheel about and turn about, and do just so,
> And every time you wheel about, jump, Jim Crow!"

The words suit the action so appropriately, that a reputation for striking innovation awaits the first Skaker to discover and introduce this couplet into the ritual of his Order as a vocal accompaniment to the dance. Presently, when everybody became giddy and bewildered, and everything appeared to be in utter confusion, they stamped their feet upon the floor and wound up with a tremendous shake, as a dog would shake the moisture from its coat after having been in the water. The significance of the act is explained by them as being symbolical of their desire to rid themselves of sin by figuratively shaking off the baneful psychological conditions which are supposed to exist and to be detrimental to their spiritual natures. Unlike the custom of the world, the sisters did not dance with the brothers, but followed in couples behind them; and no instrumental music was used in the meeting-room.

Before the meeting closed, they again formed into line and sang; afterwards, if anyone had aught to say of experience or exhortation, the congregation remained standing and attentive during the speech, sometimes corroborating, sometimes verbally applauding, such sentences as evoked comment. Then they filed back to their rooms as they came, to pass an hour in reading or chat before retiring at ten o'clock.

It was considered the bounden duty of every member to make confession of his or her faults to the Ministry, and to report to that body at once anything known to have occurred contrary to the regulations, that wrong-doing might be suppressed and order maintained. Encompassed by so large a company of witnesses, and having so little opportunity to divulge his passion to whom it yearned, it was not strange that many months should elapse—during which period the ardor of his feelings intensified—before Elder Pletus dared to entertain the idea of opening the flood-gates of his soul to relieve himself of the pressure of desire which concealment could hardly hold in check.

Oh! the nights of broken slumber. Oh! the feverish restlessness of those long, weary months. Oh! the pangs of the struggle betwixt his application to duty and the temptation to ignore it. The glittering world loomed seductively before him; ambition and the strivings of his vigorous manhood rebelled against his will; the mild sanctity of the face of Sister Prudence haunted his dreams when asleep, and compelled his admiration when awake. His conscience complained of the load he forced it to bear unconfessed, and suggested an interview with Elder Harvey; but with that suggestion he would not—dared not comply, for he knew such a disclosure might cause the removal of Prudence to another Family or, more probably, the transfer of himself to another Community, if his infatuation should prove irremediable. So he held his peace; now wrestling with the secret; now trying to oust the love that possessed his heart; now giving himself up unresistingly to its delightful control, not disputing its supremacy until it threatened to elude his discretion by an open declaration.

III.

One day, towards evening, as the rain poured a deluge and the black

clouds of a thunder-storm darkened the sky, Elder Pletus heard the trampling of a horse in the yard, and looking out of the window of his room, he saw the animal running loose. Putting on his hat, he went to the door and called it first by the name of one and then of the other of the two horses owned by his Family, but it did not come. He then concluded that it was one of the Centre House horses, and called "Selim!" haphazard. Selim whinnied and trotted straight to him. He patted the brute and spoke a few kindly words to it for its obedience, and then, seizing it by the forelock,

"SHE IS A LIVING DELILAH, WHO HATH ENTICED THEE WITH HER WILES."

led it out of the yard and across a long field to the Centre House stables.

After fastening the horse in its stall, he went into an adjoining barn to get some corn for it. He was surprised to find the door open, and thought that, perhaps, some tramps were sheltering there for the night; but he was still more astonished—nay, startled—when, entering the door, he ran against a woman in the gloom, and was accosted by name in a familiar voice.

"Sister Prudence!" he gasped, clutching at her wildly and trembling as a man who, in mortal fright, would grasp at an apparition; for he was thrown completely off his guard by so unexpected an encounter.

"Yea; and you need not be so scared. I am not a ghost, and I will not hurt you," she replied, laughing heartily.

"I am not scared. I—I was—"

"You were what now, Elder Pletus? Come, confess that you were frightened—and that by a woman! Fie! I thought you were braver than that!"

"Nay; I was not *frightened*. I was startled to discover it was *you*."

"Why me, pray?"

He did not answer; but, overwhelmed with a sense of the impropriety of the situation and his having taken hold of her, which she, in her chaste innocence did not realize, he took off his frock coat, wrapped it about her, and, despite her protestations that he should thus deprive himself of it for her, led her out into the teeming rain. What a conflict raged within him! How he longed to take advantage of this propitious chance to tell his love! How manfully he withstood what only a Shaker would consider a temptation!

"I have been to the office on an errand from Eldress Eleanor to Sister Nancy, and I was caught in the storm when returning, so I took shelter in the barn. . . . I am so glad you came, for it got dark suddenly and I was afraid, not knowing how long I might have to wait for the rain to cease," she said, half apologetically, after an embarrassing silence.

"Yea," he assented brusquely.

"But you did not tell me why you were startled to find it was me. Surely I was not to blame?"

"Nay."

"Then why not tell me the reason?"

"Sister Prudence, I must not—dare not explain. Let this suffice," was his answer, with an almost savage emphasis.

Prudence was now startled. Not understanding the motive of his unwonted severity, and thinking she had unwittingly broken some rule which she had yet to learn, she said no more.

When they parted at the door of the house, he said to her:

"Sister Prudence, you will, please, mention this occurrence to Eldress Eleanor, and tell her how we met and why we were thus together to-night."

However formally he had compelled himself to speak these words, the parting salutation of "Good night, Sister Prudence," was uttered with tenderness and punctuated with a deep-drawn sigh, which could not have failed to impart a clue to his feelings towards her.

Selim did not get the corn, and both the stable and barn doors were left wide open.

All that night Elder Pletus tossed on his bed and could not sleep, and the next morning he was in a fever and unable to rise. At last, nature, long harassed with wakeful worry by night and restless torment by day, had succumbed. As the day wore on, he became delirious. The secret which he had so vigilantly guarded from observation, escaped him in the disjointed phrases which he muttered in his aberration. The burden of his ravings was that a woman had bewitched him with her eyes and set his passions loose in defiance of his will. Luckily for him, none but Sister Prudence—who had been detailed by Eldress Eleanor to minister to his sickness—heard who that woman was, and she knew best why she kept that discovery to herself. Whether the knowledge thus derived was treasured in concealment by her womanly tact as a joy which no one else might share with her, or whether for his sake, she deemed it discreet to be silent, she betrayed not that her lover ailed of stifled love for her.

"Aha!" ejaculated Elder Harvey, with a shake of his venerable locks as he picked up a novel from a table in the sick man's room and thrust it into the stove. "Getting wet is the cause of the fever, and this trashy book has put the woman with the bewitching eyes into his head," thought he. And he went away, rehearsing a homily on discipline for the reclamation of the backsliding favorite of his flock, which he intended to deliver to him as soon as Elder Pletus was restored. He did not know that the day before he had been taken sick, Pletus had gently reproved a young brother for cherishing this relic of the world he had professed to have forsaken with all its vanities, and had persuaded him to relinquish the book, purposing to take it to the Ministry for them to dispose of it.

Owing to the temperate life he had always led, and his robust physique, the herbal remedies given him allayed the fever in much less time than they would allay it in a person of inferior stamina. In a few days, his strength was sufficiently recuperated to enable him to attend to his duties. He looked rather pale, and felt weak, but otherwise was little the worse for his illness.

He was alarmed when told he had been delirious, and, while in that state, had repeatedly spoken of a woman who had a remarkable influence over him. He felt sure that that which he had held captive within his own breast with so stern a resolution, had burst the fetters of silence and become the gossip of the village. Yet no one mentioned it in his hearing on the first day he was out of doors; but this he attributed to their consideration for himself.

The day following, a request came

to him from the Ministry to present himself before Elder Harvey. This was tantamount to a confirmation of his conjectures. He was, however, much relieved to discern that his elder brother had but a vague inkling of the true state of his mind, and had sent for him that he might chide him for having in his possession such a book as "a sensational novel—a gaudy fiction—an embellished lie, decked in the Devil's finery, the better to entrap the passions which deprave men." Seeing this, he ventured to interrupt him in the middle of an interminable sentence, predictive of the consequence of reading "such inflammatory literature," to explain how and where he had obtained the novel. Contrary to the expectation of Elder Pletus, instead of the explanation smoothing over the matter, the face of the old man clouded with a sorrowful, reprehensive frown, as he uttered the accusation:

"Brother Pletus, if she be not the woman of the book, she is a living Delilah, who hath enticed thee with her wiles that she may deprive thee of thy strength."

"Nay, Elder Harvey; she is no Delilah, nor have I been enticed of any woman," he replied.

"You acknowledge her existence: who, then, is she?

Elder Pletus turned his flushed face to the wall and was silent awhile, before he answered in an almost inaudible, yet decisive tone:

"I will not say."

The old man stood aghast, amazed at this unwonted disobedience—nay, rebellion—in one who had heretofore been invariably docile, and submissive to discipline. Anger sparkled in his eyes; his lips twitched with the sudden checking of words that nearly found utterance. But it was gone in a moment, and unshed tears twinkled on their lashes. He had once been young himself, and, mayhap, had loved as this man.

"My son," he began in a quavering voice, "nearly sixty years ago I fought the same battle against the flesh that you are fighting now, and I conquered. Look at me; consider my age; see this vitality for an old man! Am I not young in vigor, though old in years? Am I not straight and strong, when I might—if I had lived so long—been decrepit? Look, I say, and see in my life a proof of the blessedness of that victory! Hear you the words of scripture: 'Walk in the spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other!'"

Elder Pletus stood with his head bowed, pained to the core of his being, yet mute and unmelted.

"What say you, Brother Pletus?" the elder asked.

"Little I have to say, since nothing you or I can do will eradicate that which has become part of myself—bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh."

"Surely you are not betrothed or—or married to this woman surreptitiously?

"Nay; neither. But my nature is strong in its hold upon that which it cherishes. Many months I have striven to extirpate the love which came upon me with a stealth that eluded my cognizance until it was too late and I could not cast it out. I know now that, whether I marry this woman or never woo her, the love I bear in my heart will never leave me. Therefore I say it is 'bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh.'"

"But do not the scriptures say, 'If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee?'"

"Elder Harvey, if you have ever loved in all sincerity, you may believe this assertion. It were easier for me to literally pluck out my eye than to pluck out of my heart that which does *not* offend me. If this subject must be discussed with Biblical arguments, how will you refute the scriptural declaration that 'For this cause shall a

man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh?'"

"Enough—enough. We will not try to dispute the quotations of each other by controversy. Go you to your room, my son, and read studiously the eighth chapter of Romans. I will see you again soon. In the meantime, be strong; resist this allurement as a good Shaker, and you will be a better man for having suffered of it. Remember it is my wish and expectation that one day you shall fill my place, to strengthen the feeble faith of your weaker brethren."

In one of several interviews with the same member of the Ministry, which followed the one described, Elder Pletus, being vexed with a return of his old spirit of restlessness, and having grown despondent, spoke moodily of leaving the Community, promising to come back if the change should cure him of his infatuation. He even proffered his resignation as elder, since of late he had found it impossible to be consistent in his thoughts and aspirations with the principles of the Society, which, in his position, he felt bound to exemplify. But Elder Harvey ignored the proposition, saying that so long as he struggled against this besetting sin, he was blameless. And so, still disheartened, he returned to the monotonous routine of his daily duties, his burden heavy as before, and the conflict still raging fiercely within him, with no prospect of a settlement of the question that would not be put aside.

One day, several weeks later, the matter was brought unexpectedly to a crisis. Eldress Eleanor came to tell Elder Pletus that Sister Prudence had made up her mind to sever her connection with Shakerism, and would not be dissuaded from her purpose, not even by her parents. Thinking he might have some influence upon

"WILL YOU BE MY WIFE, PRUDENCE?"

her, she besought him to come and see the sister. He accompanied the eldress to the sewing-room, where they found the object of their solicitude alone and in tears.

"Sister Prudence," he began in a faltering voice, "are you unhappy here that you wish to leave us?"

"Yes," she replied in such a tone of distress, that he trembled with suppressed agitation.

"Why are you unhappy, Sister Prudence?" the eldress asked.

"That I cannot tell you,' said the other, growing pale and controlling her emotion with difficulty.

"Entreat her to stay, Elder Pletus," pleaded Eldress Eleanor, bursting into tears also; for Prudence was greatly beloved of her.

Pletus made an effort to speak, but the words he would have spoken seemed to stick in his throat and choke their utterance. His hands were extended towards her in an attitude of earnest supplication, and his features expressed the entreaty his tongue refused to articulate, but she did not heed him.

Sister Prudence had swooned.

Elder Pletus was both alarmed and aroused. In an instant he had forgotten himself, his eldership, the presence of a spectator—everything and everybody save the unconscious object of his affection, whom he clasped wildly, endearingly in his arms.

Eldress Eleanor was horrified at this rash, unseemly behavior of the first elder of the Family. She screamed and endeavored to take her from him, but he motioned her excitedly away.

This, then, was the woman who had bewitched him—she to whom had been assigned the task of nursing him in his sickness. What an astounding revelation!

Gently he tried to arouse Prudence from the fainting fit by calling her affectionately by name. Not even when other sisters came into the room did he put her from his arms. When she opened her eyes, he led her to a chair and allowed her to sink upon it. Then, to the amazement and confusion of the auditors, he said candidly and with much tenderness:

"Sister Prudence, I love you dearly."

"I know it, Elder Pletus; that is why I am going. I am but a stumbling-block to you if I stay," she answered.

"Prudence, pray do not go for my sake; for I vow I will not remain here a day after your departure. I am better able to cope with adversity than you are; I will be the one to leave—unless—unless—Oh! Prudence, do you love me? Say you love me—say you will be my wife, and we will go away together. Believe me, I am sincere. My love is not the growth of a day; I have loved you from the time when we first met. Tell me—tell me now: Will you be my wife, Prudence? This is no time for hesitation. Is it yes?"

During this almost frenzied outburst, wherein the words had flown spontaneously from his heart, hot with passion and charged with the magnetism of his ardent nature, he seemed totally oblivious of the presence of any third party. Prudence Pearson also appeared to be strangely unconscious of her surroundings. She stood as one fascinated, neither retreating or showing any sign of resistance as he approached her in the importunacy of his suit and took her hands in his, finally embracing her.

Then the spell of her entrancement was broken. As her head sank upon his shoulder and she hid her scarlet face, in very modesty, from her tearful sisters, only his ear caught the smothered whisper:

"I will, Pletus."

Turning to Eldress Eleanor, not without a smile of triumph upon his face, Pletus—no longer a Shaker elder—said with touching simplicity:

"My good sister, Eleanor, I have shocked you and these my sisters. I have, no doubt you think, brought re-

proach upon my eldership and given you all cause to grieve at the manner of our departure. Forgive me, sisters. I cannot for shame see my brethren, and especially Elder Harvey, who has been to me a spiritual father. Plead, I implore you, his and their pardon for us, and say I will write to-morrow. Good-bye—good-bye, and God bless you all."

With these words, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he led his betrothed wife by the hand from among them and departed.

Prudence and Pletus were married that day in Bowling Green.

On the morrow, Elder Harvey found his way to them. He brought with him their wardrobe, and a cheque for five hundred dollars as a gift from the trustees of the Society. He sat with them at their hotel an hour or more; but all he said—all he seemed to be able to say—as he left them was:

"We shall miss you both; do not forget us. May the world be kind to you, and the Lord God shield you as His own, and prosper and bless you with all that is worth having. I am an old man, and I may never see you again, my son. Heaven bless you!"

And the old Shaker tottered out of the room. When he got out of sight, he shook as he had never shaken before, but it was with an agony of tears.

A MOUNTAIN MARCH.

A Himalayan Reminiscence.

BY A. H. MORRISON.

Our camp is on a little plateau, a natural level among the mountain steeps. Here we had halted yesterday morning after our first march up the basal slopes of the giant chain of the Himalayas. It is as yet pitch dark, for it is but one a.m. The *reveille* has, however, sounded, and already the companies are at their tents, striking and packing them for the camels. Every here and there are to be seen fires of dry bushwood, kindled to throw light upon the scene. The ruddy blaze causes everything near to stand out in strong relief, while rendering yet intenser the outer gloom, where the advanced line of the jungle repels the invading glare. I am luckily in a position to take matters easily, so sit and look on. My *bawarchi* (native cook) has prepared me a cup of hot coffee and a biscuit, and I loll on my folded tent, which has been packed by a fatigue party, and munch and sip while watching the preparations for the march.

It is a novel and an amusing scene withal. Ever and anon between the now paling glare of the fires and myself, stalk, like quadrupedal ghosts, the long lines of camels, which are the pack animals. Now an elephant, with flapping ears and ponderous tread, shuffles by towards the commissariat, or, again, a string of oxen are goaded, unwilling, toward their hackereys,—open carts for the accommodation of the regimental staff, the sick, the women and children, etc. A perfect babel of sounds has succeeded to the midnight stillness; men shouting to their comrades, drivers yelling to their cattle, oxen bellowing, camels grumbling savagely as they kneel to receive their burdens.

I watch the manœuvres of one of these creatures, evidently an old stager, with amused interest. He has been forced, after a stubborn remonstrance, upon his knees, and there he squats, making no move, but grumbling awfully, with that half-plaintive, half-rebellious unction that only a camel can summon on an emergency. Presently everything is nearly ready. The poles are in their places, the tent has been laid along, and the last ropes are being passed, when, with a vicious bellow, he makes a great lurch from his knees, and down tumbles the whole burden. A shower of blows and anathemas, delivered with every degree of emphasis, and the latter in half-a-dozen tongues, from broad Irish to Pushtu, follows, and down flops the irreconcilable again. This time he is held by the nose rope, and the lading accomplished, and at a given signal, his head being released, with an ungainly wallow, like a sinking Dutch lugger, he staggers to his feet, and stands placidly surveying the prospect as though nothing unusual has happened.

At length all is declared ready. As if by magic the tents have disappeared. The fires flicker low, toying with the vapors, and there, just on the confines of the plateau, beyond the lines of baggage animals now slowly wending their way onwards into the gloom, is seen the regiment in column ready for the route. A clear voice rings through the night air over the expiring embers: " Fours, right; left wheel; quick march." The last sound of the word march is lost in the resounding thud of the big drum, and the companies vanish away, one after the other, into the night-mists and the

shadows, to a glorious burst of music from their magnificent band, playing forty strong.

I am for the present a non-combatant attached to the staff, so I follow in the wake, keeping by the side of my hackerey, which is drawn by two small oxen, and piloted by a typical Hindoo, a very sphinx of Oriental reticence, from whom nothing can be elicited but a grunt, varied by an occasional ejaculatory "*aree bail!*" (ah bullock!) accompanied by a jab with his stick in the direction of one of the diminutive creatures. My native bearer brings up the rear with the inevitable *hubble-bubble* (native pipe). Presently he mounts the hackerey by the side of the sphinx, and I am left to trudge alone.

The air at this hour is chilly, for we are on rapidly rising ground, and the pace is tediously slow. I endeavor a remonstrance with my sable Jehu, "Come old fellow," I say, "can't you stir those *bails* up and get along a little faster?" My bearer interprets. For response, we have the usual grunt, supplemented by the customary jab. No recognizable effect results, save a remonstrant wag of the head from the near bullock. Grunt number two follows, "*aree bail!*" Jab number two. Remonstrant wag from the off animal. Then follows a short course of choice cursing in an unknown tongue, in which is invoked dire retribution upon the unfortunate creatures' heads. The stick jabs persistently, but no farther effect is produced. Presently, Jehu desists and lapses into the mummy state as before. It is useless to expostulate, so I resolve to take matters into my own hands. I approach the nearest bullock stealthily, and am about to administer a sound cuff, which, I imagine, will set things hurrying, when with a prescience altogether startling to one unacquainted with Hindi bullock life, the little savage, after a vicious snort and shake of the head, makes a side lunge at me with his hind leg, and narrowly misses inflicting an ugly wound. "*Aree Sahib. mat maro!*" (Ah, sir, don't strike!) falls from the lips of the aroused driver, and a shower of jabs and blows follows from his stick; but these are native, and the bullocks are opposed solely to alien interference. They take no notice as before, and presently resume their dawdling gait, while their pilot once more re-enters the Land of Nod.

The hours drag, for it is dark and I have no company. The pace is simply petrifying, but we trudge patiently along, hoping for better things in the sweet by-and-by. And, indeed, ere long, things do begin to brighten. The air grows more elastic. My eyes open more fully to the prospect. The bullocks begin to travel a little faster. The driver rouses himself for a pull at the *hubble-bubble*. I hear the subdued twitter of a bird, and I know the dawn is at hand by an indefinable something in the air. For a space it seems to grow colder and darker, sure presages of the dawn. We gain a vantage ground upon a shoulder of the mountain side, just where the road makes a grand sweep to the left. I know instinctively, by the freshening air, that we have emerged from a narrow pass, and that, did daylight permit, the eye would range unimpeded to the right over distances of landscape, height and depth, hollow and ridge and summit, scarcely conceivable to him who has not traversed these mountain wilds.

My watch proclaims it daybreak, and I halt to view the phenomenon for the first time among the mazes of the Himalayas. Out to the east, and at what seems a prodigious distance, slowly palpitates into being a film of gauzy gray, slightly frayed at the lower edge. It is the glimmer of the far horizon, notched by the serried ridges. The film seems to shiver coldly. It is Nature shaking off her coverlid of vapors, waking for the day. Slowly the pulsing gray film lengthens and broadens, slowly at first, and then more

rapidly, for in the tropics there is no dawdling over celestial phenomena. One by one the objects outline themselves more distinctly: vast abysses of blue-black shade yawn up from depths profound, lost in gloom; intermediate stretches of cold gray elevations reach, fold on fold and tier on tier, toward the broadening film. That film, but a moment ago, cold and neutral, is now flushing pale pink, and the gray veil is lifting further to the zenith. And now have sprung into view, as if by magic, the masses of the mountain pines. There they stand, grim sentinels of the passes, sombre and impenetrable, rank on rank, phalanx on phalanx, deep on deep, immensity on immensity. Springing from the feet of the gorges too far beneath to be seen, they rear their mighty heads upward along the steeps, and are not lost till the pale purple of the distance seems to blend everything in a common hue. Even now in the spectral dawning they seem to cast their shadows from them, as substantial entities, a solid something apart from themselves. Those wonderful shadows, mysteriously dark, vaguely outlined, grandly proportioned!

ON THE HIMALAYAS.

But while I have been standling lost in admiration, with my eyes fixed upon these masses of mountain giants, a great change has come over the face of nature. I turn from peering down into the black depths of a pine-clad abyss to behold a very transformation scene. Who could have conceived such distances, such outlines, such colors, lights and shades! The east is all a rosy red, pink scales and dapplings laid on silver-grey, barred here and there with crimson strata, the banners of the advancing sun. Down in the valleys, at irregular intervals, are yet to be seen little floating islands of mist, fleecy and white, stealthily creeping, or rather sailing up the inclines to melt and dissipate in the upper air. The peaks tower one above the other. The pine slopes lap and are merged. The valleys stretch away in panoramic vistas, till the lip of the confining barrier, guarding the last, touches the crimson lip of the sky line. Between the mountain road and that sky line are to be seen every variety of texture, every gradation of color

and tint; from blue-black of unsearchable depth, strong grey of nearer rock, darkest green of foliage, through all shades of lighter greens and greys, browns, purples and neutral tintings of the middle distance and background to the red and blue of the horizon, and so up again through scarlet and pink and azure mottlings of the cloudscape, to the pearly greys of the utmost zenith.

At last with an exclamation of delight, I see the fiery rim of the sun as it is protruded above the crest of the farthest rise. Up it mounts, distending as it goes. The shadows flee away to deeper depths. The colors strengthen and blaze. The sky becomes a mosaic of the most marvellous hues, the painted vapors lying here in bars, there in cirri, surging now in rose-tinted waves, anon curdling into cream-colored masses and wreaths, broidered with silver, or shot with the radiance of gold. All nature is awake and alert, paying obeisance before the great round orb, now sheer of the crest, and flung like a protecting ægis over the earth. All things seem jubilant at the advent of the morn, all, save a few outlying shreds of vapor away to the left. There, far as the eye can see, yet linger these pale gray skirmishers, sole remnant of the discomfited legions of Night, the last retreating scouts of yesterday; but they too begin to disperse, and presently melt away in a silvery dust of impalpable mist, pierced and routed by the arrows of the triumphant day.

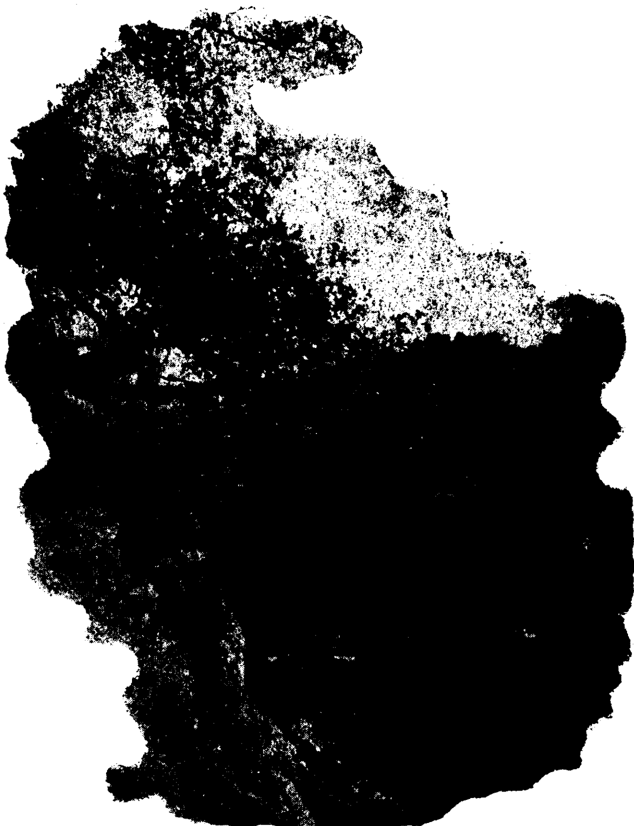
I turn to pursue the mountain road, the hackerey being now some distance ahead; but I can soon overtake it, so am in no hurry; and just at this juncture, as we emerge from beneath an avenue of mountain oak and rhododendron into the open, we come upon the main column of the regiment, which has halted half-way for refreshments consisting of coffee and biscuit or bread. Nothing loath, I too call a halt, and obtain my cup of coffee from the stand.

It is a beautiful spot, this little nook cradled away among the mountain masses, a veritable oasis of bloom among a wilderness of trunk and leaf. Seated upon a fallen tree, hard by a little babbling rill which issues from a mossy recess in the hill-side and comes rippling down in musical cadence to my feet, I survey the scene. The road has widened into an expanse of broken surface and underbrush to the left, affording a fine halting ground. To the right stretches away, as before, a vast amphitheatre of hills, lifting their summits towards a now cloudless expanse of purest blue, in which the sun, yet young, gleams like a golden medallion set in lapis-lazuli. But it is the flora of the hillside that attracts me now. The pines here, as elsewhere, stretch tier on tier around and up, but between are the rhododendrons of tree-like growth, flushed at the edges of the sprays with the rose-pink of bursting bloom. Huge fronds of fern are set here, there, and everywhere, in files, in columns, in echelon, every separate leaflet dusted with spores. Broad and beautiful begonia leaves are interspersed, and green, grassy growths, crested with strange devices of Nature's heraldry, shake their quivering lances at the tilting breeze. Wild flowers, scarlet, purple and blue, are scattered about in lavish confusion, but, far up on the hillside, I catch a glimpse of the crowning marvel, a ledge, so it appears to me, on which is flourishing in tangled exuberance some strange herb with white blossoms. The contrast of color is strikingly beautiful, the pure white of the bloom breaking like a floral cataract over the edge of the verdant steep, and cresting like foam the dark green waves of foliage that surge and roll away from beneath the clustering wreaths of blossom down to the very foot of the gorge. And all this while, the mountain air, fresh and breezy, is singing low and plaintively among the pine tops its morning hymn, to the accompaniment of many sounds, of man

and bird and beast and inanimate nature, never heard in the plains below.

After an interval the men again fall in, and march off to the inspiriting strains of the band. I toss my last fragment of biscuit at a querulous woodpecker, a very dude of a bird, which has been jerking its crest and tail, and scolding me for the last five minutes, and rising, loiter along by the edge of the road, which has here a parapet built knee-high. Presently I look over into an abyss of leafage, herb, shrub, and moss-hung forest bole, down, down,—I cannot see the bottom for the trees. Two soldiers of the rear guard pass me, and after forging a little ahead, they also pause to look down. A troop of monkeys, huge, silver-gray fellows, here suddenly come into sight down the slope, slinging their agile way from tree to tree. One of the soldiers has observed them too, and, detaching a massive stone from the parapet of the road, rolls it down over the incline. It whirls, crashing and bounding like a living thing, towards the monkey troop. One great fellow, with extended arms, has just poised himself for a spring. He leaves his vantage ground, a projecting limb, just as the stone, thundering, attains his level. Either not seeing or heeding it, or confused by the noise, he springs to meet the stone half-way to the opposite tree, and falls like a shot, almost cut in two; while the stone pursues its headlong way till lost to sight in the maze of underwood below.

Moralizing upon the fate of monkeys and of men, I resume the route. Birds of gorgeous colors flit across my path. Beetles, huge and horned, encased in mail of burnished green and gold, crawl at my feet, and butterflies of many hues begin to disport themselves in the strengthening sunbeams. Suddenly at another bend in the road we come across a mountain cabin, be fore which is seated in patriarchal dignity the presumable owner, a white-haired and wrinkled son of the soil. He is squatted on a mat in the slanting sunshine, and is busily engaged in the usual cleansing process peculiar to his tribe—how the skins of these aboriginal mountaineers can stand as much rasping as they do is to a foreigner simply incomprehensible. The two soldiers linger for a moment to indulge in some good-natured chaff, and I catch



ON THE HIMALAYAS.

fragments of the dialogue as I loiter slowly by. The typical Hindoo who cannot speak English has one set answer to everything asked : *ham nahin janta*, (I don't know), varied by an occasional *hans*, (yes), whenever he wishes to vary the monotony of conversation, being influenced, doubtless, in his choice of answers by the expression of face, inflection of voice, etc, of the interlocutor.

"Rampur," says one of the men, raising his voice, "how far off ?"

The patriarch, after a prolonged scratch and semi-contemptuous stare, shrugs his shoulders and vouchsafes answer, "*Ham nahin janta, Sahib.*"

"No *janta*, why what use are you, if you don't *janta* your own neighborhood, eh ! You're an old duffer."

An equivocal shrug and no response.

"Any goat's milk ?"

"*Ham nahin janta.*"

"I suspect you don't want to *janta* that, do you ? A few pice (copper coins) would do your understanding all the good in the world, wouldn't they now, old fellow ?" produces the coins, and makes gestures of drinking.

"*Hans, Sahib,*" and a capacious smile ripples over the countenance of the old man, "*dudh* (milk), *hans.*"

A hideous old woman, attracted doubtless by the conversation, here appears in the doorway. She is the wife or the mother of the aged mountaineer, it is impossible to tell which, so deceptive are the ages of Eastern women. She looks, however, over seventy, and is repulsively ugly and dirty, with sunken, blear eyes, withered cheeks, and skin like that of an exhumed mummy. She glares at us half suspiciously, half defiantly.

The old man mutters something, and she re-enters the hut to re-appear soon with a brass *chattie* containing the milk.

The soldier tosses the coins on to the mat, and receives the liquid in his canteen, "Is that your daughter ?" continues he. "She's a pretty little creature, a regular mountain daisy, isn't she now ?"

"*Ham nahin janta, sahib,*" dubiously and with a puzzled look.

"Well she is, isn't she, Jim ?" this to his companion.

Jim nods gravely, and articulates the cabalistic legend, "You bet," with all the unction of a judge of the supreme court.

"Yes, and you'll give her to me when we come back, won't you, and come and live with us yourself, eh !" good-humored rising inflection.

A HINDI BELLE.

"*Hans, sahib,*" taking the cue, presumably, from Jim's devout demeanor.

"That's sociable—and bring the whole family. Well ta-ta, we'll call again, and don't lavish the mountain beauty upon a ne'er-do-well before our return."

The old man, who had risen to pick up his coins and deliver the milk, resumes his seat with a self-satisfied salaam, and the incorrigible and his friend Jim turn to go.

In justice to the Hindi women it must be observed, that though they age early, and become for the most part singularly hag-like and repulsive in appearance, yet, when young, they possess in common with their Western sisters many attractions, being singu-

larly lithe and graceful in figure, with jet black tresses, small, well-shaped hands and feet, and large, lustrous eyes, that lose only too early their youthful fire and languor.

Our day's march is about twelve miles, and after another hour's trudging we come upon the new encampment, the white tents nestling cosily as before, on a level, or rather, gently rounded swell of undulating ground, a curtain, as it were, connecting two loftier hills. The regiment has been in some time. The baggage animals have been unladen, the rations issued, and breakfast is in course of preparation. I wend my way to my tent, which is pointed out to me by a fatigue man, and after a delightful *douche* in cold mountain water, throw myself full length upon my *charpai* to wait lazily the advent of *bawarchi* with breakfast. That finished, there is nothing to do but while away the hours as best one may till the *reveille* sound the assembly for the route the next morning, as before.

ACCUSED BY THE DEAD.

BY E. MACG. LAWSON.

I THREW my *Materia Medica* aside, too restless to study, and thrusting my hands deep into my pockets, began mentally to review the situation. Here was I, a man twenty-three years of age, exiled from all the attractions of the city, from all contact with any sort of culture (other than agriculture) forbidden all manner of work, mental or physical, with instructions to rest and accumulate flesh.

After a four years' course in Arts at Toronto University, I had at once entered the faculty of Medicine. I had always been a hard student, and consequently had to pay the penalty. At last Exams., I had found myself a physical wreck, and the doctors had ordered me to leave work and rusticate for awhile. It was, then, six months ago that I had first come to B——.

I had liked the place well enough at first, but the want of some one with whom I might exchange ideas had soon become so great that I had resolved to return to the city. And this I assuredly would have done had not my landlady one morning informed me that a "handsome gent." had taken a room in the farm house that stood about half-a-mile from mine. I had resolved to call on this man and beg him for pity's sake to help me spend some of the time that hung so heavily on my hands.

I had found him, at first, in all respects a most amiable companion. He was about thirty-five years of age, small in stature and rather foreign in appearance. His eyes were of that coal black, indefinitely expressive type so rarely met with among our very intimate friends. His brow was narrow, and his mouth, partly concealed by a well trimmed brown moustache, was small and rather indicative of weakness. I had noticed all this at a glance, and yet was prepared to find my new acquaintance a most agreeable companion. And I had not been mistaken. He had received me with all courtesy, inviting me to stay and lunch with him, and giving other evidences of a gentlemanly disposition towards me. There was one thing in his manner, however, that I could not help setting down in my estimation of him, to his discredit. I constantly felt that he was studying me with a suspicious

scrutiny whenever I had my eye removed from his.

Nevertheless we had got along splendidly together, and I had found him both entertaining and instructive. He had travelled much, and now a great longing for quiet had forced him to seek this secluded spot, where, for a few months at least he hoped to keep away from railways and steamships. He had a superficial knowledge of everything and could converse on any subject. In short, I had found him a most interesting character, and if at times he had seemed forced in his manner, I had been too thankful for his bare presence to be supercritical.

We had spent many happy days together, during which time I had attempted to find out some of the details of this remarkable man's life. But I had never succeeded in getting further than that his name was Tisdale, that his father had been Scotch and his mother Italian, and that he had no profession, but lived on a comfortable patrimony. There were many evidences of his Italian origin in his sudden outbursts of passion, and, above all, in his superstition; for it has been said, that to be Italian is to be superstitious. Indeed, this characteristic of my friend Tisdale amounted to a morbidness. He believed in visitations from the dead, and in fact announced to me more than once, with an earnestness not to be mistaken, *that he had seen the face of a dead friend.* It was this peculiarity of his that had finally caused our drifting apart from one another. He had become morose and sullen and preferred being alone, and days would pass without any communication between us.

I had again begun to feel the want of a companion, but this time with a double intensity, because, before Tisdale had come to B——, I had made the time bearable by taking an interest in the exciting discussion that was going on in the city papers concerning a certain murder that had taken place in the city. An unknown man had been found dead in the woods just outside the town. He had been shot through the heart by some one unknown, who had been careful to remove all means of identification. The newspapers had been full of it. My friend Bolton (who is a born detective rather than doctor), had written me several letters in which he put forth his theory of the murder. He had sent me all the daily papers, and caused me to take great interest in the mystery. But the murderer had so effectually removed all means of identification that the detectives could do nothing, and the case was dropped by the press.

And now there was nothing of this kind to reconcile me to my lot, so I had written to Bolton imploring him to come up. I had asked him also to bring up, if possible, something to dissect; for I had resolved to do some work in spite of the doctor's orders. It may be imagined, then, that it was a real joy to me to receive a few days later an answer from Bolton, telling me that he had decided to come up and that he had succeeded in purloining the head, thorax and right arm of an excellent sub. In a postscript he had added "*It is a most interesting sub.*"

I smile now as I think of that postscript. How like Bolton it was! His subs. were always interesting; he had a story to tell in connection with each one. And he would be here tonight! "What story will he tell about this sub.?" I wondered.

I rose up and gazed out of the little porthole window. It was twilight; one of those silvery twilights with delicately tinted west, so beautiful in themselves, yet so cruelly prophetic, with their leafless trees outlined on the grey sky, of the approaching cold. I felt an unspeakable sadness as I watched the last faint blush gradually disappear from the western horizon.

"What a sad thing it is," I said "to contemplate death, even though it be but the death of a beautiful summer."

"Contemplate death!" said a voice beside me in a hollow tone, "Oh Heaven! It is awful!"

I started. So completely had I been absorbed in the thought suggested by the descending darkness that I had not noticed the door open. Tisdale stood beside me, his face ghastly pale.

"Why Tisdale!" I cried, "What is the matter? you are ill!"

"It is nothing," he said, sinking into a chair, "my heart trouble—I am easily upset—As I came in—your face—so like my dead friend—Forgive me I pray."

"Calm yourself, Tisdale," I said, while getting some brandy from the sideboard. When he had drunk a glass or two he recovered himself, and before long we were sitting opposite each other, with bottles and glasses on the table between us, conversing as of old.

We sat thus for many hours, and it was nearly midnight before Tisdale rose to go. I accompanied him to the door, and, as we stood there talking, a flash of lightning lighted up the sky. Tisdale shuddered. "We are going to have a storm," he said nervously, "How I do fear these storms. Every blast of thunder seems directed against me, and every flash of lightning points at my heart. Do not despise me for my weakness, my friend," he cried imploringly, "but let me remain with you until the storm blows over."

So we went in again: at first vainly attempting to keep up a conversation, then silently resigning ourselves, each to his own peculiar thoughts.

We had been sitting thus for some time, and the storm was raging without, when there came a loud knocking at the door. I joyfully called out, "Come in, Bolt." The door opened and Bolton, carrying a huge valise, came into the room.

"This is a rough night," he said, placing his valise on the table.

"I'm awfully glad to see you, old man," I cried, as I pulled off his rubber coat.

I presented him to Tisdale, who shook hands with him, and again sank back into his chair, trembling with each new peal of thunder.

"But how did you manage to get the sub. away from the building?" I asked, pointing to the valise.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Bolton, at the same time applying a key to the lock. "That was a splendid piece of business. I got a lot of the boys to line up, forming a screen between Dr. Primy and myself, and, while they were feigning profound interest in Primy's demonstration, I wrapped up my sub. in my apron and bolted down the stairs. At the foot of the stairs this valise was awaiting me. I popped my sub. in, put on my coat and hat and walked home as unconcernedly as you please."

"And here you are," he said, while taking the subject from the valise and setting it on the mantel shelf. "There is as interesting a subject as either you or I have ever had anything to do with. *That man was murdered in cold blood*!" With his eyes fixed on the mantel shelf, Tisdale started from his chair, a ghastly pallor on his face. Bolton, who had his back towards him, did not notice the effect his words were producing.

"Six months ago," he continued, "that man was found, with a bullet in his heart, in the woods close to the city. The body was taken to the morgue, where it was preserved for a long time, till, when it was found that there was positively no means of identification, the corpse was secured by the medical school. I had taken a good deal of interest in the case, as you are aware, Ned, and you may imagine that I regarded it as a rare good fortune when it turned out that I was numbered off to work on this new sub.

"One day, as I was dissecting the arm, I discovered something that had escaped the vigilance of the detectives. (As there is a large reward offered by the city for the arrest of the murderer, I thought it just as well to keep the secret for a while.) On the under sur-

face of the arm there was a blurred blue marking, which on careless inspection appeared to be a bruise, but which a close examination proved to be the tatooed markings, T. G. R. I went to work to search the registers of the principal hotels (for according to my theory the murdered man was a stranger in the city), and at last came across the name Thomas G. Raeburn." A brilliant flash of lightning lit up the face of Tisdale, distorted with agony, still gazing at the face on the mantel.

"I made enquiries about this name, and also of the name that was written below it, James Brodie. I found that the first belonged to a refined foreign gentleman who appeared to be very wealthy, the other to his travelling companion or valet. I found that they had left the hotel three days before the murdered body was found."

While Bolton was speaking, the storm was raging more and more fiercely. The thunder and lightning seemed to come at the same moment.

"Now this is exactly in accordance with my theory. You remember I told you that I believed the murdered man to have been some wealthy foreign bachelor, who, being independent of home connections was wandering about the world at will. He had a travelling companion who was his secretary. That secretary is the murderer. Now the question is, *where is that man?*" At this moment there was a blinding blaze of lightning followed by a peal of thunder that shook the rafters of the room. As if in answer to the question, *where is that man?* the arm of the subject on the mantel, which had been inclined to the head, fell down, and the finger with awful significance pointed straight at Tisdale. We all jumped to our feet in horror, and a shriek of terror burst from Tisdale's lips.

"I knew it," he cried, "I knew he would find me out. I confess it all. I am the man. I am *accused by the dead!*" and with a despairing and agonizing cry he fell on the floor.

Bolton and I looked into each other's pale faces, and read each what the other felt. Then, as if words had failed him, Bolton pointed to the face on the mantel. My heart stood still. Never before was such expression seen on the face of Death! Contempt, bitterness, and the cold, cruel smile of triumph were there. While we looked, there was another fearful blast of thunder, and, like a thing that had discharged its function and was no more, the subject seemed to collapse, and fell from the shelf.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

S. P. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., has announced a series of prizes and medals to be awarded out of the Hodgkins' Fund for the best treatises in the field of any science, or any art, provided only that they have to do with "the nature and properties of atmospheric air in connection with the welfare of man." The first prize is $10,000; the second, $2,000; the third, $1,000: other prizes will consist of medals. Competition to close July 1st, 1894, save for first prize, which closes December 31st, 1894. Mr. Langley will supply full particulars to any applicant.

By means of patient observations, extending over many years, Schwabe, an amateur, discovered the periodicity of sun-spots. By means of ten years' of photometric observation of the asteroids for brightness, Parkhurst, of Brooklyn, N.Y., another amateur, has discovered that the variation in the brightness of the sun during that time has not amounted to as much as one per cent., and that sun-spots, or no sun-spots—all sides of the sun give out essentially the same amount of light.

It is announced that the Warner Observatory will be removed from Rochester, N.Y., to the State University at Boulder, Col., with Dr. Lewis Swift and his son, Edward, as observers. It is now stated that though the observatory itself was the property of Mr. Warner, the well-known 16-inch telescope was and is the property of Dr. Swift.

The Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto is endeavoring to be of some service to astronomers in general, as well as to those amateurs in Toronto and in Ontario in whose interests it has been actively working for several years. It is trying to bring about, if possible, a world-wide understanding on the much-vexed subject of changing the astronomical and nautical day so as to commence at midnight, at the civil day does, instead of at noon. To ascertain the opinions of astronomers, the Society, in connection with the Canadian Institute, has distributed nearly one thousand pamphlets containing matter leading up to a question which professional and other observers are asked to answer. It is understood that answers are rapidly coming in from the United States and Europe, and that much interest is being taken in the action of the Society. The course of the Society, in this and other matters, goes far to justify the Legislature in making an annual grant to its funds.

Notwithstanding the heat and drought of spring in the west of Europe, a backward spring was experienced, not only over much of Canada, and the United States down to the Gulf of Mexico, but also in many parts of the old world. It seems strange to those of us who can think of Palestine only as a warm country, that Jerusalem, during the last ten days of March had snowfall so abundant as to rival the greatest ever known in Toronto in the third decade of March. Seventeen inches of snow fell, impeding traffic in the city and its environs. In the country the effects were not merely inconvenient; many perished through cold and starvation. Twenty-six travellers, lost in the snow, were buried at what was known in ancient times as Shechem. But later heavy snow-falls are recorded. A party of travellers tell of being snow-bound on the Mount of Olives about the middle of April, and from thence looking over at the snow-covered roofs of the Holy City. An inscription a little distance from the Lake of Gennesaret reads "Do not be surprised if you see snow here in April; I have seen it in June." These occasional occurrences of severe weather do not prove that the climate of Palestine is becoming colder. King David complained of the cold at night, and an ancient Scripture, included in the non-canonical books called the Apocrypha, tells how Nehemiah, the governor of the returned exiles, was waited upon by farmers from the neighborhood of Jerusalem to secure relief from the extortionate rates of interest on mortgages which well-to-do Jewish money-lenders were exacting from them, and how, after several days of consultation, they returned home on account of not being able to endure the severe cold.

A naked-eye comet, which will be known as Rordame's Comet, was discovered at 10 p.m., July 8th, at Salt Lake City. It was also independently discovered at 10 p.m., July 10th, at Galt, by Mr. John Goldie, who had not heard of Mr. Rordame's prior discovery. This comet, which about July 20th, was in the constellation Leo Minor, appears in a small telescope as a nebulous object with a hazy and ill-defined tail. Photographs indicate conditions not visible in any telescope, such as the presence of more than one tail, and the existence of a smaller comet travelling either alongside of or within the larger tail, and at the same speed. The stranger is an interesting object, and is being sedulously watched by astronomers, and is well worth the study and contemplation of amateurs. It is moving rapidly to the south-east and is generally supposed to have passed the sun. Its spectrum has been observed and drawn by Mr. A. F. Miller and Mr. Andrew Elvins, members of the Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto.

BOOK NOTICES.

Later Canadian Poems.—Edited by J. E. WETHERALL, B. A. Royal 16mo, 187 pp. Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

A beautiful little volume, in blue cloth, in excellent print and the best of paper—it prepossesses the reader. The contents, on perusal, increase his appreciation of the volume. The poems selected are from thirteen of the younger Canadian poets: none of the poems are of earlier date than 1880. The poets from whom selections are taken are William Wilfrid Campbell, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, Prof. C. G.

D. Roberts, Duncan Campbell Scott, Frederick George Scott, E. Pauline Johnson, S. Francis Harrison, Agnes Maude Machar, Ethelwyn Wetherald, Sara Jeanette Duncan, and the late George Frederick Cameron and Isabella Valency Crawford. On the whole, we are inclined to think that the poems selected well represent the genius of the writers, and do great credit to the judgment of the editor, though, perhaps Prof. Roberts is not represented to the best advantage in the seventeen poems from his gifted pen. The work merits more than a mere notice; a review is impossible without entering into a discussion of the peculiar merits of the writers. Canadian scenery, Canadian life, and the vague aspirations of Canadian sentiment, find expression, sometimes in an exquisite manner, in nearly all of the writers; in fact the volume is a distinct evidence that Canada has a literature peculiarly its own. Campbell's references to the lakes and their surroundings are very happy, as are also Bliss Carman's rich descriptions of Nova Scotian scenes. Lampman's wonderful powers of description is illustrated to the full in many of his poems, notably, in that exquisite series of pictures, surpassing almost anything in Wordsworth, contained in the poem on "Heat." Duncan Campbell Scott reflects well, in a tone distinctively his own, the scenery of the St. Lawrence Valley. The selections from E. Pauline Johnson, another of the writers, exhibit the peculiar personal force and beauty which makes her name rank amongst the greater names in the poesy of the present day. Altogether, the volume is a worthy reflection of Canadian literary attainments, and will receive appreciative attention in many lands. Canadians who wish to know what our own poets are doing, and the high rank they have achieved in the poesy of to-day, will read the volume with pleasure, not unmingled in some cases with surprise. Eight excellent phototypes of Canadian poets from whom selections have been made are given.

The Marshlands—By J. F. HERBIN. Royal Octavo, 33 pp. Windsor, N.S., J. J. Austen.

This, is a modest, well printed and attractive pamphlet of poems relating to that beautiful Basin of Minas and neighboring lands which has furnished, and will always furnish, a source of inspiration for rare poetry and romance. Mr. Herbin, in this series of short poems, gives in easy flowing verse picturesque reproductions, of much merit, of the scenes and spirit of the Marshlands. His verse is melodious, even in the most difficult measures, and the poems generally show, not merely high descriptive talent, but that touch of soul which marks the truly poetic spirit.

English Pharisees; French Crocodiles, &c.—By MAX O'RELL. Demy octavo, 234 pp. Toronto, Rose Publishing Co.

This latest work of Max O'Rell is one of the very best by the racy, piquant author. French and English typical characters are portrayed in brief, pointed sketches; similarities between English and French ideas are skilfully drawn, and likewise the contrasts in the inimitable style of O'Rell. On the whole, the observations passed by the author appear to be good; at any rate, to contain more than a germ of truth, nor has the author, for the sake of wit and brilliancy, departed from a spirit of good nature and kindliness in these sketches, which are at once French in some of their peculiarities, and, after the style of travelled Frenchmen, broadly sympathetic and cosmopolitan. The volume is at once brilliant, witty, and instructive. Some of the sketches—among them "Jacqueline, the Fortune of France"—are masterpieces of appreciative criticism.

In the Days of the Mutiny.—By G. A. HENTY, Demy octavo . . . . pp. Toronto, Rose Publishing Co.

Few periods in the history of the British Empire afford so fruitful a field for writers of fiction to draw inspiration from than does the period of the Indian Mutiny. The details of the terrible butcheries of that revolt, the deceit, treachery, inhuman cruelty of the mutineers, the heroism of the defenders of the Empire, the awfully perilous position in which the British were placed in many an instance, furnish material for masterpieces in descriptive literature. The present volume, on the whole, does justice to the opportunities afforded. It is a beautiful story, and a large, and for a considerable time, a steady demand for it is almost certain to exist.

Friendship.—By MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, FRANCIS BACON and RALPH WALDO EMERSON,—*with portraits.* Octavo demy. 104 pp. Chicago, Albert Scott & Co. Torouto, Rowsell & Hutchison.

It was a happy idea, the combining in one volume of Cicero's *De Amicitia* (of which an excellent translation is given here by Cyrus R. Edmonds), with the essays of Bacon and Emerson on the same subject. A better selection could probably not have been made from the numerous dissertions that have been essayed on Friendship, nor could reading on this subject be found anywhere more charming, elevating, and profitable to the reflective. Of the three authors, Cicero's essay is the best. Ancient as it is, it is the most appropriate to the relations of men in our modern age, or in fact to the relations of civilized men in any age. It is unnecessary to say to those who have read it, that in justness and clearness of view, in the common sense application of his ideas to every day life, and, perhaps above all, in the lofty morality which characterizes Cicero's view of Friendship, the essay is a masterpiece. Bacon's very short essay presents views very similar to Cicero's. Emerson's quaint and brilliant writing charms, but his view of Friendship, is not satisfying: it is too burdened with conceits that, applied, would not be satisfactory to the best instincts, even of many of the most virtuous. All three of the writers hold that only the virtuous are capable of friendship in the highest sense of that term. The three essays, representing three ages of the history of the world, show how little ideas change on many questions which concern the heart; in fact, Cicero's is more modern in spirit than Emerson's. The volume is well printed on heavy paper.