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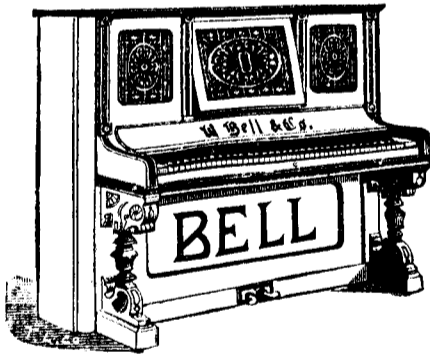
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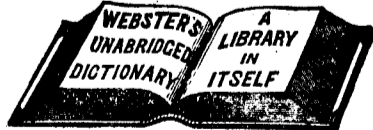


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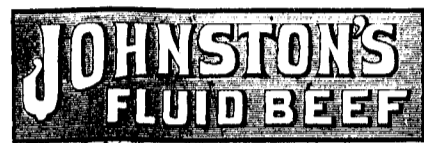
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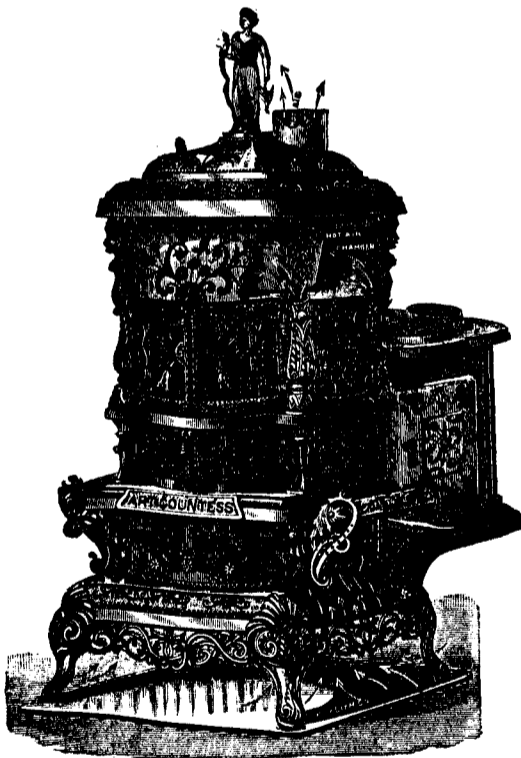
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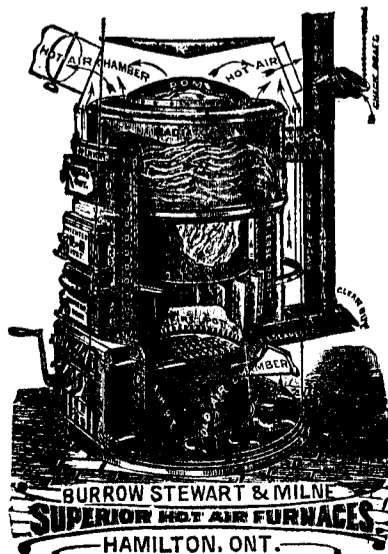
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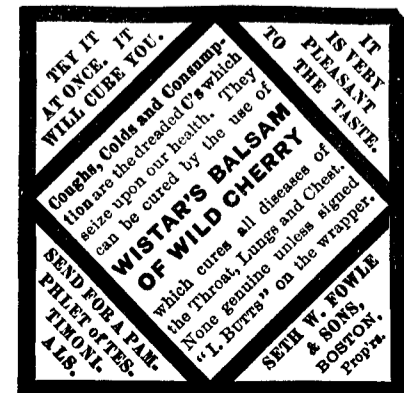
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## THE WEEK :

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

THAT free interchange of products with the United States would be, on the whole, commercially profitable to Canada, is a proposition which few Canadians would care to dispute. Any arrangement tending to facilitate such interchange, and not inconsistent with the self-respect of the Canadian people and their honest duty to the Mother Country, could not fail to be acceptable to the great majority. Hence Mr. Wiman's address before the Young Men's Liberal Club of this city the other evening—an address which we are bound to say showed tact and ability of a high order—was, we will not say superfluous, but devoted largely to the proof of what is generally accepted as almost a truism. Much allowance will, however, need to be made for oratorical exaggeration. Not many sober-minded people will be persuaded that there is any magic in even continental free trade which could work so wonderful a transformation as that painted in such glowing colours by Mr. Wiman. By no waving of the wand of Commercial Union, or of any other wand, can our land be made an El Dorado. For Canadians, as for other peoples, industry and economy are the hands of fortune, and the only hands with which her best gifts can be secured. The utmost that commercial treaties, Zollvereins, or any other form of international legislation can do is to remove the artificial barriers which national legislation has erected. That this would be of great service, in the present case, we have already admitted. The point we wish to reach, after guarding ourselves against the very common and serious danger of expecting too much from mere political arrangements of any kind, is that, if a practical people are to be persuaded to throw themselves heartily into an agitation for any great change, something more is necessary than that they should be convinced that such change would be in itself beneficial. They must also be shown that its accomplishment is at least within the range of reasonable possibility, and that it is, moreover, quite consistent with other and it may be higher obligations than those by which its promotion is prompted. Perhaps we have no right to complain of Mr. Wiman that in his Thursday evening's

address he made scarcely an effort to meet those two dialectical conditions. It is quite possible that he adheres to the safe motto, "One thing at a time." Possibly he may be reserving for future occasions his answers to the objections which now seem to so many minds absolutely conclusive against his scheme, objections drawn, on the one hand, from the very strong reasons that appear for doubting whether the American Government and people will ever consent to unrestricted reciprocity in any form save the one which no loyal or self-respecting Canadian can consider for a moment; and drawn, on the other hand, from our relations to Great Britain. It is impossible to accept men's individual opinions or assertions on points so vital. But such opinions and assertions were certainly very nearly all that Mr. Wiman gave us in his address. He must, therefore, excuse us, if we decline to accept his case as proven, and wait for further light.

THERE is, we suppose, no necessary connection between the merits of a proposed scheme or policy and the consistency of its chief promoter. The real logical force of any argument advanced by Mr. Wiman before a Toronto audience in support of Unrestricted Reciprocity or Commercial Union would be in no wise weakened intrinsically should it be shown that Mr. Wiman had in another country and before another audience advocated views quite inconsistent with those now presented and pointing to conclusions radically different. But in all discussions of this kind it is inevitable that the practical cogency of the reasoning is greatly strengthened or modified by the personality of the reasoner, and the popular impression in regard to his frankness and honesty. It must, therefore, have been a serious disappointment to Mr. Wiman's friends and to those who wish for the success of his crusade, that he made no attempt to deny or explain away the glaring discrepancies which are publicly alleged to exist between his Canadian speeches and those addressed to audiences on the other side of the border. Mr. Wiman could not easily have been much more emphatic than he was on Thursday evening in his assurance that he did not regard the policy of Commercial Union as tending to Annexation, but the opposite. The closest commercial relation is, he declared, the absolute preventive of Annexation. The only argument in the Annexationist's mouth is that of material advantage, and if this advantage could be gained without political union, the only argument in favour of Annexation would fall to the ground. Possibly many Americans favoured Commercial Union as a means of Annexation, but, he reiterated, those who look deeper see that it would be the surest preventive of political union. It would achieve everything in the way of commerce that could be achieved by Annexation, and in his opinion it would postpone indefinitely any consideration of political annexation to have the commercial interests of the country harmonised in the way proposed. Now there is, as we have granted in a previous number, great force in this argument. We have yet to meet the Canadian-born Annexationist who prefers the Constitution and institutions of the United States, as a whole, for their own sake. The only successful answer, so far as we can see, that could be made to the plea above presented must proceed along the line of an assumption that under international free trade the influx of American citizens into Canada would be so great as to change its political complexion, an assumption which goes so far towards admitting that the policy would be greatly successful commercially and financially that an opponent of Commercial Union would hesitate to use it. But what surprised us and must have disappointed the audience was that Mr. Wiman, in making these strong declarations of his political faith, did not deem it necessary to say a word in reference to the charges so plentifully made, and apparently so well substantiated, that in addressing American audiences he has taken ground precisely opposite to that above indicated. Did he or did he not say on one occasion, as reported in the *St. Paul Globe*, that "Canada under Commercial Union could no longer resist the attractive forces which would prevail towards a political absorption;" on another occasion, as reported in the *New York Herald*, that "Commercial Union is the only right road to Annexation," and so on through the long list of quotations paraded by his

critics? The statements, if so made, would not prove that such results would actually follow, but they would most surely prove that the chief advocate of Commercial Union must be sadly lacking in sincerity and other qualities of character which lie at the foundation of confidence. Mr. Wiman, having invited our attention in advance to his Toronto address, must excuse us for stating thus frankly one of the dilemmas which confronts and perplexes us.

ONE point incidentally touched by Mr. Wiman is well worth the serious consideration of every one who has even the slightest influence in shaping the political and commercial policy of the Dominion. We refer to the passage in which he alluded to the great danger of misunderstanding and irritation arising in connection with such delicate questions as those of export duties on lumber, the long-and-short haul clauses of the Interstate Commerce Act, and so forth, and one day precipitating a commercial war. The *Empire* well observes that: "As to the desirability of the most intimate commercial intercourse between Canada and the United States, consistent with the relation which we sustain to the Mother Country, the healthy development of our own institutions, and the maintenance of our own complete freedom of action, there can be no possible doubt," and that "It did not require Mr. Wiman's arguments to convince the people of this country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, that it was the evident design of Providence that these countries should be friends, and that they should be mutually helpful to one another." And yet it can hardly be denied that there have been some incidents in connection with Canadian legislation, even within the last year or two, that were adapted to increase the danger of such a catastrophe as that hinted at by Mr. Wiman. Witness the hasty action at first taken in regard to the standing offer of reciprocity in fruits and certain other articles, and in imposing the untenable export duty upon saw-logs. In these cases the wise and conciliatory action which followed the second thoughts of the Canadian Government was tantamount to a confession of error. It is very desirable that such errors should not be repeated. We say so much in the name of the good fellowship that should prevail between two peoples so closely united by mutual interest, kinship and contiguity. At the same time we are far from admitting that "Ontario could be frozen to death by a law of Congress," or that Canada is so entirely dependent upon United States legislation, in regard even to her commercial future, as Mr. Wiman would seem to imply. None the less every right-minded citizen of either country must deprecate the disposition too often manifested in a certain class of platform speeches and newspaper articles, on both sides of the line, to make offensive allusions and sling out cheap defiance to their cousins across the border. Whatever may be the future of Canada, whether she shall work out her destiny as a self-governing colony, a member of a great Imperial Federation, or an independent nation, she must ever live side by side with the United States, and the peace, happiness and prosperity of her people must ever be affected to a very great degree by the cordiality, or the opposite, of their relations to the great Anglo-Saxon nation which Providence has made their next-door neighbour in perpetuity.

THE resignation of the Advisory Board of the North-West Assembly is an event of some interest in connection with the working of the peculiar machinery of the Territorial Government. The announcement made in the Assembly on behalf of the Board was that its members resigned because they were unable to take the responsibility for several executive acts. In some further remarks Mr. Hultain, who announced the resignation, stated that, having been elected by the Assembly, he and his fellow advisers felt responsible to it. There had been, he added, a tendency on the part of members to criticise them rather than the system, and to draw an unfair comparison between that and the ideal system they wished for. These remarks make pretty clear the source of the trouble. The members of the Board were evidently placed in an anomalous and untenable position. They were the constitutional advisers of an Executive which was in no wise bound to follow, or even, we suppose, to ask their advice. On the other hand, they were naturally held

blameworthy by the Assembly which elected them, for executive acts over which they had no real control. It is not wonderful that they hastened to escape from a situation so equivocal and thankless. We have not learned whether steps have been taken to either elect or appoint another Board, but it would not be surprising if it should prove difficult to find men willing to accept office under such conditions. We commented, at the time the Act was under consideration, upon some of its nondescript and unsatisfactory features. It is not unlikely that this event may strengthen the agitation for a complete organization and full responsible government for the Territories.

THE Behring Sea dispute has been from the first, peculiar among international questions, in that the argument has been wholly on one side. The American Government has vouchsafed no explanation or defence of its policy. Even its most zealous supporters have scarcely made a pretence of serious reasoning in support of its claims, while the more honest and candid American speakers and writers have, to their credit be it said, either clearly intimated their doubts as to the justice and tenableness of their Government's position, or have frankly admitted that they had no case. Sometimes, it is true, the admission has been accompanied with some vague assertion as to the necessity of preserving the seals from destruction; but such claims, based on the assumption of a right to do wrong were so manifestly Jesuitical that they really made the logical surrender more apparent. And now, to cap the climax, Professor James B. Angell, unquestionably one of the weightiest authorities in the United States on such a question, comes forward in the *Forum* and establishes beyond dispute the substance of the Canadian contention. It is needless to summarize his article. It is but a clear and able presentation of arguments which have again and again been presented, though probably never before in a shape in which they could reach the eyes and command the attention of so many thoughtful Americans. We do not suppose that Mr. Angell's relations with the Washington Government are of such a character as to warrant the supposition that his article is intended to pave the way to a surrender which has very likely been contemplated from the first. Mr. Angell summarizes his conclusion as follows: "On the whole we find no ground on which we can claim as a right the exclusion of foreigners from the open waters of Behring Sea for the purpose of protecting seals. If we have any good ground and are determined to stand upon it, then we ought to proceed with more vigour in maintaining our policy. To send one little revenue steamer, carrying a small crew, into Behring Sea, and to despatch on each of the captured vessels one man, a common seaman, as a prize crew or commanding officer, is simply absurd." He urges, moreover, that negotiations should be opened at once with a view to an amicable settlement. Such an article from such a source is gratifying. But it only makes deeper the mystery in which the course pursued by the British Government in the matter is involved, and gives some colour to the supposition that there may have been some tacit understanding between the two Governments—a supposition which we cannot for a moment entertain. But what other great nation under the sun would have quietly suffered her subjects to be subjected to such treatment as that to which the British Columbia sealers have been subjected, knowing that the claim asserted by the offending Government was not only utterly untenable and absurd, but was no doubt known to be so by those asserting it?

EVEN in these closing years of the nineteenth century writers of more or less note are found occasionally deprecating the tendency of the times toward a more general dissemination of what is known as higher education. The multiplying of colleges may, they fear, attract to the professions young men who would find more fitting avocations as mechanics, and may result in still further overcrowding the ranks of brain-workers. With the views of such writers we have no sympathy, nor do we in the least share their fears. Education is not alone for the rich, the talented, or the children of the educated. These are, on the contrary, the classes to whom college training is least necessary. Geniuses, indeed, can better dispense with the intellectual discipline gained by systematic study than can men of ordinary intellect. Extraordinary ability will carry its possessor to the front, no matter under what disabilities he may labour. It is the average, common-place man to whom liberal opportunities for mind-culture are the greatest boon. They may not enable him to attain brilliant success, but they will, if faithfully used, add

greatly to his own happiness, and to his value to the community in which he lives. After all, the point at issue is, confessedly or not, but a phase of the old conflict, still so far from final settlement, between the advocates of aristocratic institutions and the champions of democracy—between men who can conceive of no stable society without sharply drawn lines of demarcation separating the classes from the masses, the educated and cultured from the ignorant and rude, the domineering brains from the docile hands, and men who cherish visions of an ideal State, in which education shall be a universal birthright and social caste, a hateful remembrance of a darker age. Had those who look with apprehension at the increasing number of young men who desire a fuller and higher mental training than is afforded by the Public Schools been born a century or a half-century sooner, elementary education of the masses would have found them ranged among its bitterest opponents. The proposition that every man should be taught to read and write would have been in their eyes a revolutionary programme fraught with the gravest consequences to society. Elementary education, however, has become in Anglo-Saxon countries all but universal, the disaster predicted has not taken place, and the man of culture who in this day should propose the abolition of the Public Schools would be looked upon as a phenomenon or a fanatic.

THE assumption that the professions are being overcrowded at the expense of the trades is one often made by those imperfectly acquainted with the subject. As a matter of fact, if lawyers and doctors are overplentiful, so are mechanics. In the trades, as in the professions, there is room at the top; but, as a rule, a first-class mechanic enjoys a much smaller share of the comforts of life, and must content himself with a much lower remuneration than a lawyer or doctor who has been only moderately successful, while the large pecuniary rewards attending brilliant professional success are, so long as he remains an employé, utterly beyond his reach. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the advice so often tendered to High School and University graduates, to learn a trade, is so rarely taken. If, however, it were a fact, that the trades were becoming depleted on account of the number of young men taking academical courses, it would be, to our mind, cause not for regret, but for satisfaction. The remedy would lie, not in limiting higher education, but in making it still more general. The threatened congestion of the professions would then be averted by the operation of natural laws, and numbers of educated young men would perforce turn to manual occupations as a means of livelihood. With such an acquisition to the thinking element in the ranks of workingmen, the relations between capital and labour—the most tremendous problem of the time—could not long remain unsettled. Nor could they then be settled in any other way than by restoring to handwork the dignity of which it has long been unfairly deprived, or, perhaps, has never yet attained, and making the market value of the hand-labourer's services not a mere subsistence, but a liberal share of the comforts and refinements of life. However uncertain the improvement of their own lot may seem, workingmen who are making sacrifices in order to educate their children are entitled to an unselfish satisfaction in the knowledge that they are doing a noble part towards the amelioration of the lot of their successors in the so-called humbler walks of life.

AMONG the many unsolved problems of the time may be reckoned that of the future of colleges and universities. In both hemispheres, or at least in the English-speaking countries of both, there is a disturbance of the old ideas and ideals which is likely, sooner or later, to result in a gradual overturn and a settlement on a new basis. The recent opening of Mansfield College at Oxford marks a phase, or perhaps we should rather say a stage, of the movement in the Old Country. The most significant feature of the event is, to our thinking, the intimation that those great institutions whose life is identified with that of the nation are no longer to be regarded as existing for the special behoof of any class or sect, but as the property of the whole people. Henceforth all subjects of the nation are to be entitled to share in their benefits on equal terms. But scarcely second to this in significance is the other fact that the new college has its foundation laid in voluntarism. To argue, as some have done, that the opening of the Congregational College at Oxford is a step in the direction of federation of the kind that is now being attempted in Ontario, and that some are striving for in Manitoba, seems to us a misreading of its significance. The

vital element of the long struggle in England has been the principle that the higher education of the country shall not be subject to ecclesiastical control. The issue in Canada, an issue which is still being fought out in Nova Scotia, in Ontario and in Manitoba, is whether higher education is to be under the control of the State. The Canadian, and perhaps we might say the American issue—though the question seems to be quietly settling itself in the United States—may not be as yet so clearly understood or so fully developed as the English, but many who are opposing the federation movements here see, or think they see, that the control of a political Government may be just as fatal to the higher life, the absolute freedom, the complete development of a university, as is that of a State Church. Voluntarism, they maintain, is the only palladium of intellectual and spiritual freedom in both cases. The question of support also involves an important principle. It is not wonderful that the murmurings of the many against the appropriation of the public funds, to which they are forced to contribute, to costly institutions for the education of the few, wax louder and louder. There can be little doubt that as the power of the ballot passes more and more into the hands of the people, the seemingly just rule that the money which belongs to all must be used only for the support of institutions in whose benefits all can directly share, will come to be an axiom of public administration. The same tendency which impels such old national institutions as Oxford to throw open its doors to all, in the Old World, will tell against the founding of such institutions in the New World. All recent history, both in England and in America, happily shows that the cause of higher culture, like the cause of religion, will lose nothing and gain much from being thrown for support upon the sympathy and liberality of the people.

IS the United States going the way of the ancient republics? There is certainly some danger of it if the facts and figures arrayed by Mr. Thomas G. Shearman may be relied on. According to these statistics the tendency of wealth to concentration in a few hands is more marked in the United States than in any other country. Not only so, but the rich are vastly richer there than elsewhere. His aggregates are almost beyond belief. To conceive of property to the value of one hundred to one hundred and fifty millions of dollars under the control of one man beggars the powers of conception of one who has not become accustomed to think in millions. The state of things indicated by the fact, if it be as we suppose it is a fact, that seventy men represent an aggregate wealth of two thousand seven hundred millions of dollars, and the further fact that 25,000 persons own one-half the total wealth of the whole nation of 60,000,000, is indeed startling if not appalling. According to Mr. Sherman, while the average annual income of the richest one hundred Englishmen is about \$450,000, that of the richest one hundred Americans is not less than \$1,200,000, and probably exceeds \$1,500,000. And the limit of this concentration is, we are told, by no means reached. The process is still going on, and going on in so marked and rapid a manner that Mr. Shearman, leaving the solid ground of existing facts and soaring into prophecy, feels warranted in predicting that, if the present conditions continue for the next thirty years, at the end of that period fifty thousand persons will practically own the whole country. But, happily or otherwise, thirty years is a long time in the history of such a people, and it is almost inevitable that great changes, now unthought of, will take place within that period. It may be hoped that those changes will be beneficial, for unless such occur the upshot must be a catastrophe such as the world has never seen. Meanwhile the problem set before the student of political economy is one well worthy of the profoundest study.

THE Montreal *Star* calls attention to a problem which demands deeper study and a better solution than it has yet received. It says that within a few days three boys were brought before the Recorder as incorrigible, and that only a few weeks since the attention of the police was drawn to a band of boy burglars in that city. It tells also a tale which sounds like the invention of an imaginative newspaper correspondent during the dull season, but which must, we suppose, be accepted as a fact of current history. The story is that in Detroit the other evening a constable arrested eight boys, whose ages range from ten to thirteen, in a cave which they had hollowed out in a vacant lot. The floor of the cave was covered with leaves, a fire was burning, and two dogs were on guard outside the entrance. The place was filled with all manner of

goods, stolen from stores in the city. After all those who glance occasionally over the records of the Police Court in our own city have no reason for incredulity with regard to any revelations of juvenile precocity in the schools of crime which unhappily abound in all cities. The question for practical philanthropists and practical legislators, too, is, What is to be done in the way of cure, and of that prevention which, if we could but be convinced of it, is a thousand times better than cure? The *Star* hints that incorrigibles should be sent to the reformatories, and that their indifferent and neglectful parents, if such exist, should be made to pay the bills. This is a good suggestion so far as it goes. But is there not something radically, amazingly, stupidly amiss in the state of society and of civic administration which fails to find a preventive, and does nothing till the disease has reached a stage at which the cure is so hard and expensive, not to say hopeless? In plain words, ought it not to be somebody's business to do something with these boys long before they begin to qualify themselves for figuring in the police courts? We have no doubt that one source of difficulty arises from the tendency to take an extreme view of the sacredness of parental right. Recent legislation in England, passed at the instance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, has gone far in the direction of recognizing the sound principle that the abuse of a right nullifies it, especially when that abuse militates against the rights of others and the social well-being. Is it not high time that the hand of justice should be laid sternly upon the man or the woman who, being a parent, fails to perform the first and highest of parental duties, while at the same time the hand of mercy is outstretched to rescue the child from the fatal influences which are dragging him downwards in consequence of the parental neglect?

#### RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

THE war of race and religion, which seems to be passing from these parts to the northern Provinces will help to an understanding of questions which are continually being agitated among ourselves, and enable us to realize the difficulty of solving some of those questions. As regards the double language, there seems no reason whatever for establishing in Manitoba a system which may have been a necessary evil in Quebec, but which is acknowledged to be an evil. If this system can be put a stop to at once it will be a great benefit to the province. So much for the question of language.

The religious question is by no means so simple; nor is the question of education in general. If we are contented to have merely secular education, there, of course, is an end of the question. And there are many sober, earnest, religious men who think this to be the only satisfactory solution that can be reached. They maintain that it is the business of the Church to provide religious instruction, and the business of the State to give secular education. If this were clearly understood, frankly accepted and acted upon, there need be no more difficulty on the subject. The religious and the secular would each be relegated to its own province, and all clashing would cease. In theory, at least, this seems quite simple.

In practice, however, it is not quite so simple. In the first place, it may be asked whether any teacher, however skilful, can entirely avoid the religious questions. Can he teach history, for example, without explaining the nature and origin of the quarrels which have arisen on this very subject, sometimes leading to bloody wars? When he is asked by his class to explain the conversion of Constantine or the "thundering legion," how will he avoid the subject of miracles? And how will he satisfy the Christian parent on the one hand, and the Agnostic on the other? Even if he keeps clear of ancient and mediæval history and the period of the Reformation (!) and sticks to English and Canadian history, he will hardly be able to omit all reference to the religious quarrels of the Puritan Revolution; and then, how is he to give any explanation that shall be approved at once by the Episcopalian and the Independent? We are taking only the most obvious causes of embarrassment in the secular teaching; but without going further we may see clearly enough that isolation of the secular and the sacred is not so simple in practice as it appears in theory.

But this is not all. A great many religious people, who would seem fanatics only to those who do not believe in religion of any kind, declare that they regard an education without religion to be no true education at all. It is not merely that the small amount of religious instruction that is given in the Sunday School on one day in the

week is miserably inadequate. This, in their judgment, is not the whole nor the worst part of the evil. Regarding man as a religious being, they maintain that the very root of his development as man must be struck into religious soil, or the whole progress of his training must be wrong, defective, warped, distorted. In their view, then, a merely secular education is positively wrong; and they have precisely the same objection to their children being taught in this fashion that an unbeliever would have to his child being instructed in the Christian religion as true and binding upon his conscience. Considerations like these seem to have influenced the Anglican Synod in Manitoba, and the leading Presbyterians as well; and it would not be too much to say that they have weight with a good majority of the inhabitants of the Dominion, whether Roman Catholics or Protestants.

If, then, secular education is not to be universal, what is the substitute? Non-sectarian religious belief is the reply. But this again is ambiguous. Let not our readers suppose that we are here assailing or defending any particular system. We are trying to get at the merits of the subject and especially to show the real difficulties involved in it. We are not prepared with a complete solution, and we must doubt whether any such be possible at the present moment.

To return, non-sectarian education may mean different things. With some it means merely reading the Bible, without any comments being made or any questions asked. This plan was recommended by the late Earl Russell; upon which a writer in the *Spectator* suggested that the Bible should be read in the original languages. It would convey about as much instruction, he said, as the mere reading in the mother tongue, and it would promote reverence by deepening the sense of mystery.

But most people who are in favour of non-sectarian religious education mean more than this. They mean that the children should have the Bible explained, and that they should be questioned upon it. But here again there are difficulties. Of course no Roman Catholic would allow his child to be taught in this fashion. The omissions necessary in such religious teaching would, in his view, vitiate the whole method. We cannot for a moment blame the Roman clergy for forbidding their children to attend the religious instruction of the public schools. They could not consistently allow such a thing. What every just man must blame the conduct of the late Archbishop for is his presuming to meddle with the arrangement of Scripture lessons for the Public Schools, when he did not mean that his own children should be allowed to read them. It is clear, then, that we must either have secular education or Separate Schools. On this point there would seem no room for doubt.

What, then, are we to do if we agree to have Separate Schools as part of a system of religious education? What provision is to be made for Protestant children? Two courses are imaginable: Either each denomination might be allowed the same privileges in the way of Separate Schools as are conceded to the Roman Catholics, or the Protestant communions might agree upon a formula which should embrace all the doctrines which they hold in common. There are difficulties attending both of these courses. The first would in most places be unworkable, because the number of ratepayers belonging to one denomination within a certain radius would be unable to support a school. Besides which it must be confessed that few religionists have the strong, clear convictions of Roman Catholics, such as would lead them to take vigorous and decisive action for such an object. Roman Catholics are first churchmen and next citizens. Most Protestants are first citizens and next churchmen. Here are the difficulties with regard to the first suggestion.

May we then hope that the Reformed Churches will agree upon a *Formula Concordiæ*, a joint creed that will satisfy them all? If our talk about the reunion of Christendom has any meaning, surely such a thing might at least be attempted. At any rate, it is not at all satisfactory merely to put the Bible, in whole or in part, in the hands of the teacher, and tell him that he is to give non-sectarian education out of it; and we imagine that this is very much what is now done. Such a course is not fair to teachers, or children, or parents. Non-sectarian religion may mean the so-called Apostles' Creed, or it may mean more, or it may mean less. It may mean the common beliefs of the evangelical churches, or it may mean the belief common to these and to Unitarians. One of the latter would certainly consider the doctrine of the Godhead of Christ a portion of sectarian Christianity. In order, then, to work this system, some creed must be agreed upon.

It will be seen that we do not pretend to settle the very important question of religious education. It will probably settle itself by-and-by in ways that we cannot forecast. If, however, we can make the difficulties of the question more apparent, we may help towards a quiet, moderate, patient viewing of the subject, and so prepare for its ultimate settlement.

#### SUMMER'S LEGACY.

O SUMMER, can it be that thou art dead?  
I fain had held thee longer, cherished thee  
For many days to come; but from the dim  
Far North and chill thy Fate drew surely nigh,  
Striding with even steps o'er cornfields ripe  
For mower's scythe, through silent orchards brown,  
And full of luscious promise for the land  
That sleeps to-day beneath the redd'ning sun.  
Thy parting spirit spreads a wistful haze  
Through all the breathless air, while thine unseen  
And humble mourners raise the funeral dirge,  
The crickets' cadenced chorus, waxing loud  
And strident, waning tremulous and low.

It seems to me but yesterday thou wert  
A babe, clad in the tender hope of Spring:  
And at this self-same window whence I now  
Look forth on Autumn's omen of decay,  
I stood and drew into my very soul  
Deep thoughts of dewy air fraught with all vague  
Sweet promises of thee, foreshadowing  
The fragrance of all flowers that were to be.  
O Summer, did thy loveliness fulfil  
All that the Spring low whispered to my soul?  
Or art thou fled and naught hast left behind  
But crickets' moan, dead flowers, and leaves,  
Of sweetest hopes but saddest memories.

F. VALENTINE KEYS.

#### CONCERNING THE OLDEST ENGLISH LITERATURE.

IT will not seem strange, or need any preface or apology, if in a seat of learning in the English colony which has always cherished the deepest reverence for the homeland, the attempt be made, however unskilfully, to pour-tray what has ever been that home-land's crowning glory—her matchless literature. Changes which the keenest eye cannot now foresee may push England from her proud position among the nations of the earth; her famous deeds in trade and colonization may be remembered only as we remember the enterprises of ancient Phœnicia and her long list of statesmen, warriors and heroes slip from the unretaining memory of coming ages: but her literature is imperishable. As long as human nature remains human nature, as long as beauty delights us and sad things move us to pity, so long must the names of England's greatest sons be held in loving remembrance. The world will not soon forget the men who told in English speech her Canterbury tales, and wove the glittering web of her romantic drama and sang of paradises lost and regained. And while the names of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton are treasured, the name of the land that bore them must be revered. These are her builded memorial, more enduring than brass. It is not, however, of three great periods of our literature, named from three great Queens, that I propose to-day to speak. My theme is not the Carlyles and Tennysons of our own Victorian day, nor the intellectual giants of the Queen Anne era, nor "the spacious times of the great Elizabeth." I wish to take you further back than the time of Chaucer even, back to the dawn of civilization in Western Europe. It is the custom to speak of a stream of literature. Whatever its beginnings, English literature is now no rill or streamlet, but a very Amazon of grandeur, depth and power. And while it might be not without interest to trace the wanderings of this mighty river, it is no part of my plan to do so, but I will go at once to the very source, the fountain, the well-head where it took its rise. To continue the figure, it has not all flowed from one source: there have been many affluents and tributary streams of tendency all along its majestic course. There is the Norman flood meeting and flowing alongside, but not mingled, like the Ottawa beside the St. Lawrence. The effect of the confluence was incalculable. The united rivers flowed on with an impetus neither possessed by itself; but the English stream had flowed for centuries in its own bed and between its own banks. In other words there was an English literature, native to the soil, with its own history and development long before Duke William of Normandy stumbled and fell on Hastings beach, and in his fall grasped a kingdom. It is to this indigenous English literature, and to the oldest part of it, that I wish to call your attention.

At the very beginning of our enquiry we are beset by a difficulty about names. If the subject of this lecture had been announced as Anglo-Saxon Literature, you might have felt that it was something which concerned only special students in that department. But I felt sure that your interest would be awakened in any portion of our literature, however removed from our age and sympathies, which could justly lay claim to the title "English." It is because I wanted every lover of English literature to feel his right to every part of his vast and rich inheritance

that I have chosen to call this particular period by a familiar name instead of one that sounds more learned, but is incorrect and misleading. It is not of a "Saxon" or "Anglo-Saxon" literature that I am going to speak, but of English and Old English. At first sight it may seem absurd to hunt down a word, a mere part of speech; but many a misunderstanding has been kept fresh for ages by a misused word: and this term "Anglo-Saxon" has done more mischief than any other I know in the way of confusing our notions about our own history and literature. This term is largely responsible for the vague idea that there is a language and history buried somewhere in the gloom preceding the Norman Conquest, much less closely related to ourselves than the language and history of Homer's Greeks. It has made us think of the first stage of our language as a foreign language. It is due to this that we think of our literature as a literature of shreds and patches, with sharp lines of division between grotesquely separated "periods," instead of what it really is, one great organic whole.

Let us briefly examine the history of this obnoxious term, and see by whom it has been used, and in what sense. First then; it is popular usage. Nothing is commoner than to speak of the Anglo-Saxon people, the Anglo-Saxon language, the Anglo-Saxon literature, by which is usually meant the language and literature of the people inhabiting England between the 5th and 11th centuries. Up to the Norman Conquest they were Anglo-Saxons and then apparently became something else. The practice dates from the revival of the study of our ancient language in the 17th century. A new interest was felt in the doctrines and customs of the early church and this old literature was appealed to by religious disputants. For instance the sermons of Aelfric, a bishop of the 11th century were quoted, as protesting against, what was in his day, an innovation, the Roman doctrine of Transubstantiation. The term "Saxon" was also used loosely, as synonymous with "Anglo-Saxon" and applied in the same general way. Both these terms have continued in use to the present time, but latterly "Saxon" has been superseded by "Anglo-Saxon."

As early as 1852, however, there was a protest. A hot-headed writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*\* argues impetuously against this misnaming of our literature, our language, and ourselves. His argument is partially historical and partly based on the literary monuments. He finds that of the three Low German tribes we believe to have settled in Britain, the Angles were by far the most numerous. They left their old home in a body, and according to the account in Bede† and the *O. E. Chronicle*‡, Anglia, i. e., the territory of the Angles in Jutland, was ever after their emigration a waste. A glance at the map shows that, while the Jutes occupied the small County of Kent, and the Saxons the lands south of the Thames, the rest, and by far the greater part of what is now known as England, as well as lowland Scotland, was the domain of the Angles or Engles. We should expect that this territorial predominance would make the name of the Angles the most noted. Was it really so? For instance, what was the language of those people? What did they call it themselves? Strange to say, there is no mention of "Anglo-Saxon." They call themselves and their language always "English" and nothing but English. We might naturally expect that men living in different parts of an island, and separated by differences of dialect, would give their language local names, just as now-a-days one particular dialect of English is always called Scotch. But this was not the case. We have the indirect testimony of a churchman and a king on this point. The Venerable Bede was a Yorkshireman, and wrote a church history in Latin. Alfred the Great spoke the idiom of the South, and translated Bede's history. They have both only one name for the language of all the tribes, and that is English. Further, an examination of our ancient laws proves that the only folk-group spoken of in England, and the only folk-name of their law and language is English. Again: the testimony of the coinages is unanimous. Of the thousands of coins which have been found, not one bears the name "Anglo-Saxon," but English. The usual impress is "Rex Anglorum," "King of the English." When we come to examine the charters, however, we find a difference. The term "Anglo-Saxon" alternates with "English." But the language in which these charters were drawn up was Latin: their authors were foreign scribes, for whom the plain word English was not good enough, and the more high-sounding "Anglo-Saxon" was used instead. The first occurrence of the word is probably in the Latin life of Alfred, ascribed to Asser, in which the former is styled "Angul-Saxonum rex." This is late usage. To sum up briefly. The term used earliest by the people themselves, and by far the most extensively, is English. The term used late, used sparingly, and by foreign scribes at that, is Anglo-Saxon.‡ So far the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

One of our latest authorities in English history, Professor Freeman, has taken up the subject in his usual incisive fashion. The great contention of his somewhat noted history would seem to be that the English race is essentially one from their first settlement in the island of Britain to the present day. To this end, he spends much labour in establishing a consistent nomenclature, which he is careful not to violate. His is the most temperate, the most careful, and at the same time, most exhaustive statement of the case which has come to my notice. In his

lectures on "The Origin of the English Nation\*," he has sketched his argument in a popular way, and elaborated it with more exactness and detail in his "History of the Norman Conquest†." He goes over much the same ground as the writer mentioned above, basing his reasoning on the Old English Chronicles, the usage of foreign writers, and the language of the charters. He not only makes good the claims of "English," but shows that the terms "Saxon," and "Anglo-Saxon" are inapplicable and out of place. The following citation from Sir Francis Palgrave‡, although applied primarily to history, puts in a very clear way, the reasons for calling ourselves, our language, and our literature by one name at all periods: "I must needs here pause," he writes, "and substitute henceforth the true and ancient word English for the unhistorical and conventional term, Anglo-Saxon, an expression conveying a most false idea in our civil history. It disguises the continuity of affairs and substitutes the appearance of a new formation in the place of a progressive evolution." There is other eminent authority in support of this view. Professor Henry Morley, of the University of London, makes this statement in his history of literature §: "It is certain that these peoples when settled in Britain, however they may have accepted distinctions made to account for the names Angles and Saxons, all called themselves alike the English folk, and their language the Englisce Sprace, English." But it is needless to multiply quotations. The leading authorities are agreed that the practically invariable usage of the men who spoke this so-called "Anglo-Saxon" was to call it "English." No one need stumble at the phrase "Old English" as applied to the earliest stages of our language, when we use without scruple the terms "Old French," "Old Norse," and so on. The case of German is in point. It is a sister language which has lost much in vocabulary, much in inflection; it has been much influenced by classic syntax, and there have been great influxes of foreign, particularly romance words—so much so that a patriotic crusade has arisen against the *Fremdwort*. Yet no German dreams of denying his own connection with the past by calling his language in its first stages by another name. To him it is simply Old German. We perform that peculiarly English action of turning our backs upon ourselves by calling the first stages of our language "Anglo-Saxon."

There is, then, analogy as well as historical accuracy on the side of "Old English." There are also practical advantages. We have a term which is simple and intelligible, which is at once adapted to popular use and "admits of scholarly definition." More than this, if this term is accurate, we perceive that there is no "new formation" but "a continuity of affairs," "a progressive evolution." We perceive that the period before the Norman Conquest is not to be cut off, as it were, from the rest of our literary history; that there has been no break with the storied past, but that English literature is English literature in the Ninth Century as well as the Nineteenth. That this is a most valuable point of view to gain, I need not stop to argue.

And do not think because ten centuries lie between that this oldest English literature is lacking in interest. The reverse is the case. No modern European literature is more interesting in its early growth. It is really not so far removed from our sympathies, for mankind is much the same in all ages. Coming down the mountain side, I saw a huge shape coming towards me in the morning haze; coming nearer, I saw that it was a man; nearer still, it was my brother. And so may we, across the mists of a thousand years still make out, in these old monuments, where writers of an elder time traced their unconscious portraits, the faces of men with features not unlike our own.

What is, then, this Old English literature? What is its age, nature and extent? So much time has been spent in determining the name, that I can only answer these enquiries briefly, and then glance hurriedly at some of the more beautiful passages in the works which have come down to us. None of the vernacular literature of modern Europe is older than ours, dating as it does from the Eighth Century. It contains both prose and poetical monuments; heathen poems, Christian poems, riddles, translations, homilies, annals. The history of the nation is recorded in what is known as the *O. E. Chronicle*. This was undoubtedly instituted by King Alfred the Great. Some of the entries describing events which took place long before the compilation began, sound like fragments of old war songs. For instance, under the date 473 we find this: "In this year Hengest and Esc fought against the Welsh and took countless booty, and the Welsh fled from the English as fire." We have translations from the pen of this great king, parts of which it would be fairer to call original compositions. These are accompanied by prefaces unconsciously portraying the character of the royal author, a character which a recent writer calls the most perfect in all history.¶ Turning to poetry, we find that, at the upspringing light of Christianity, the English heart burst forth into a rapture of song like a lark at sunrise. The new convert from heathendom laid hold of Scripture story or legend of saint, and turned them into spirited English verse. The most remarkable of these is the so-called *Cædmon's Paraphrase*, describing the Fall of the Angles and the consequent Fall of Man, which in general outline as well as in single passages corresponds to Milton's famous epic. We all remember the line—

Yet from those flames  
No light, but rather darkness visible  
Served only to discover sights of woe.\*

Cædmon says in his description of Hell—

They sought another land  
That was emptied of light,  
That was filled with flame,  
Fire's horror huge.

Again, Milton describing Satan rising from the black pool, writes—

On each hand the flames,  
Driven backward, slope their pointed spires, and roll'd  
In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale.†

And the Old English singer has it—

He dashed the fire in two  
With fiendish craft.

It has been argued that Milton may have known of this poem through his friend Junius, the first publisher of *Cædmon*, and have borrowed lines from it just as he did from the classics‡. It seems at least probable.

But all these are less interesting than those remnants of an historic past that seemed even then far away and long ago. There was a world submerged when Christianity overspread Western Europe. It was the pagan Germanic world, but it had a civilization of its own, a philosophy and an unwritten literature. It was overwhelmed by a great flood of new ideas, and though little survived, we do possess curious flotsam and jetsam of that mighty world-wreck. Mouldy vellums found by chance on some small island within the Arctic circle, or in some old monastery book-room, scraps of parchment covered with half-erased characters, binding some forgotten book, these are our treasures; for, from them, we painfully build again the vanished past. From a book of songs and a store-house of sagas we know with what eyes the Northmen looked out upon nature and life. We possess a cycle of ballads celebrating Siegfried, the winner of the Fairy Gold, and many a native legend done into Latin verse by Saxo Grammaticus and in monkish dress, the *O. E. epic of Beowulf*. These only show how much we have lost. Alfred the Great, as well as Charlemagne, made collections of the vernacular songs and ballads, no doubt such as those we find inserted in the *O. E. Chronicle*, and those worldly songs which induced the pious Otfrid to write his harmony of the Gospels as an antidote. These collections are lost. The references are endless to manuscripts destroyed by accident, or by those who did not know their value, or to monkish zeal erasing the writing from parchments to make way for the barbarous Latin of some silly legend. We must be thankful, however, for what we have. The English collections, such as the Exeter song-book, and the *Vercelli Codex*, are among the most valuable. They form part of this Germanic world, but with a character of their own which I shall endeavour next to illustrate. Passing by some of the most interesting, such as "The Ruined City," which seems to link us with the last of Roman civilization in Britain, and "The Message of the Banished Man to his Wife" bidding her come to him over the seas at the first note of the cuckoo, I shall take up a ballad of the Tenth Century. The poem in question is founded on an historic event in the unhappy reign of Ethelred the Uncounselled, when the Danes were harrying England in every direction and exacting tribute from the imbecile king. That this was not the spirit of the people every-where is shown by this incident. News was brought to Byrthnoht, the *ealdorman*, or as we should say now, the lord-lieutenant of his county, that the Danes had plundered Ipswich and had moved their forces up to Maldon, where the river Panta divides. Their ships were moored in the stream, and they themselves were camped on the tongue of land between the forks. The poem gives an account of the opening parley, first on the English side. I cannot reproduce the music of the original or even the form of the poetry, but can only hope to give some idea of the spirit in a rough and ready prose version.

"There and the Byrthnoht began to set his men in battle array: he rode down their ranks and counselled them: he taught his warriors how they should stand and hold their ground, and bade them that they should hold their bucklers aright, fast with fist, and be not afeared.

"And when he had set that folk in fair array, he lighted down among his men where it liked him best, where he knew his house-carles were the dearest. Then stood forth on the shore and spoke up stoutly, the Vikings' messenger. He spoke words, he who, in boastful fashion, announced the sea-farers' errand, to the Earl, there where he stood on the shore.

"Dashing sea-rovers send me to thee, bade me say to thee that thou must quickly send us gold rings for safety: and better for ye is it that ye buy off this rush of the spears with tribute than that we share in stern battle \_\_\_\_\_."

And there is more in the same insolent strain. Then:

"Byrthnoht made answer, he gripped his shield and swung on high his slender ashen spear: he spoke words, angered and single of mind: he gave him his answer. 'Listen then, sea-rover, what this folk saith: they will, for tribute, give you spears, the deadly point and ancestral sword, war-gear, I trow, that is not good for ye in battle \_\_\_\_\_."

After this indignant rejection of their shameful proposal the battle begins. Byrthnoht in the spirit of chi-

\* Harper's ed., p. 13ff.

† Oxford, 1873, vol. I. Ap. A.

‡ Normandy and England, iii., p. 596.

§ English Writers, I., p. 226.

¶ Freeman, Norman Conquest, vol. I., pp. 51-55.

\* Par. Lost, I., 62-64.

† Par. Lost, I., 222-224.

‡ Morley, English Writers, II., p. 109, f.

¶ Earle: Hist. of A. S. Lit., p. 112.

\* *Gen. Mag.*, April, 1852, pp. 321-8.

† Bede Hist., ed. Bohn, cap. XV., p. 24.

‡ A. S. *Chronicle*, ed. Bohn, 1847, p. 309.

valry allows the sea-rovers to pass the ford at ebb tide unmolested. The battle goes against him, however. The Danes are too strong for them. The brave old man is cut down fighting gallantly, many have already fallen, and the cowards turn and fly. But the house-carles, his hearth-companions, among whom "it liked him best to be," close round his body and are slain to a man, defending it. It is only evincing once more what the English have shown on many a battle-field from Hastings to Isandula, that when all is lost they know how to die.

The greatest treasure of our old literature is the long epic poem of Beowulf, mentioned above. It is the legend of the Dragon-Slayer, which we find in so many mythologies, and consists of two episodes—the freeing of Hart-hall from the man-destroying monster Grendel by the hero Beowulf; and secondly, a battle with a fiery dragon or Worm, in which Beowulf, now grown old, is slain in the moment of victory. The lay begins in true saga style with an account of the hero's ancestry. Scyld Scefing had come as a child over the seas in a mysterious ship. At his death, the old monarch is borne, according to his last directions, to his ring-prowed ship, shining and ready in the haven. His faithful thanes lay the body by the mast, heap war-weeds and armour round him, pile fair jewels from far lands on his breast, hoist his golden standard over his head, loose the sail against the wind, and "let the waves bear their gift to the sea." There is something in this sea-burial that appeals as strongly to the imagination as that other phantom ship which sailed before the visionary eye of Coleridge. I must pass by the various incidents, the midnight wrestle with the monster Grendel in the desolate hall, when he, who had the strength of thirty men, tore out the fiend's right arm; the swimming of Beowulf, and the struggle in the cavern under the mysterious pool, and dwell for a moment on the opening episode of the second part.

In it we see depth opening upon depth, and in that distant time men's minds turned upon a time still more distant. A characteristic tone of melancholy pervades it. The situation is one which must have had its parallel in those early days of strife and bloodshed. A whole tribe has been blotted out in some great battle: the few survivors build the burial mound for their dead friends: then one by one they die or wander off till one alone is left: his last duty is to consign the national hoard to the earth. Again I must resort to a rough prose paraphrase, as I cannot hope to reproduce the irregular music of the verse, which is like the break and fall and rush of billow after billow on the beach. It would make a poem by itself with the title, "The Last Man."

There were many such ancient jewels in that burrow, as a certain man had hid them there with thoughtful mind, the hoard of a noble race, the precious treasures. But death swept them away in by-gone times: and only one man of the nation's war-band who, longest lived, mourned the loss of friend, and wished to tarry, that he might for a little while enjoy the long-lasting treasures. The mound, all ready, stood on the plain, near the sea waves, new by the ness, firm, inaccessible. There in the warden of rings bore a portion hard to carry of the treasure of earls, of beaten gold. Few words spake he.

"Earth! now hold thou, since heroes may not, the treasure of earls. Lo! in thee, aforetime good men got it. Battle-death has swept away, the fearsome life-bale, each one of the men of my people who gave up this life. They saw joyance in hall. No one have I to bear sword or fetch the cup of beaten gold, the precious drinking vessel. Otherwhere is the war-band gone. The hardened helmet inlaid with gold shall let the jewels drop from their settings: they who burnished are fallen asleep, those who should brighten the battle-mask: and likewise the warsark which bided at battle over the clash of the shields, the bite of the swords, it moulders to dust after the fighter who wore it. Nor may the ringed corslet go far and wide after the war-chief as an aid to the hero. There is no more delight of harp nor play of the glee-wood; nor swingeth goodly hawk through hall, nor does swift steed trample the castle-yard. Mighty death hath sent many of the race of men far away. So sad in mind, he mourned in his grief, the one alone after them all, in sorrow lamented by day and night until the wave of death touched him at the heart."

I would like to dwell on the pathos and Hamlet-like gravity of this scene, but time will not permit. A word in closing. I have tried to show that the very beginning of that literature of which we are so justly proud is worthy of what has followed; that it is not to be separated from the rest, and that there is food there for the lover of pure poetry, as well as material for the antiquarian and the student of grammar. In regard to this literature, early and late, as a College and as Canadians our attitude should be this. As a band of students we have a plain duty: To cultivate it ourselves and encourage the study of it in others. As a people, as an English colony, we are the undisputed heirs to all that is best in the civilization of the home-land. It is our duty, as well as our right, to hand on the best of that civilization to coming generations. The grand possibilities of this young land cannot be measured. Scholars hold that the poems of Homer were first sung in Asia Minor before they crossed the Egean to become the glory of the land of Greece: and if we but reverence and study our language somewhat as the Greeks studied and revered theirs, the time may come when the fame of English letters shall leave the old continent to be indissolubly linked with the name of a greater England on this side of the sea. ARCHIBALD MACMURDO, B.A.

### THE DAY-DREAM SHIP.

SWIFT the sails are spread and silent,  
And the harbour lights burn low,  
When the Dream-ship goes a-sailing  
To the Land of Long Ago.

Would you know of that fair country?  
Love lived there one summer day.  
With his foolish tears and kisses,  
But the Dream-ship may not stay.

On she glides—the stream is narrow;  
Trouble-trees arch overhead,  
Dropping shadows o'er the mist-land,  
Where one Hope has hid its dead.

On! the river's pulse grows faster;  
Rapids! yet the banks are fair;  
Here are rocks, and wrecks, and crying;  
Oh, dream pilot, care! beware!

Toronto.

ALME.

### LONDON LETTER.

NOTES BY THE WAY: UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

ALL day long we had been wandering from one small village to another, losing ourselves continually among the downs and woods so much alike. Sometimes a cart piled high with brown bracken came by with a jingle of harness. Then we made a point of asking our way, but might as well have enquired of the squirrels among the trees or of the moths flitting ahead of us along the paths, for it is impossible to make sense of the Hampshire dialect. Or we would interrogate the solitary stranger tramping alone who would with all possible care sketch out the route, most of which information was forgotten before we had gone five paces. Every now and then the shrill tooting of a horn could be heard, proclaiming the passage on the highway of a waggonette crowded with sightseers bent on visiting the principal places of interest (which include, so the way-bill prints in large capitals, The Exterior of Miss Braddon's Country Residence) in this wonderful New Forest of ours. And we declared our pity for those poor deluded folk yonder, driven in herds along the straight Roman roads to their destination with no knowledge of the thousand attractions to be found among the winding paths that lead far away from the noise and the dust and the melancholy milestones. Time was banished completely from our recollection. Under the trees nothing reminded us of that silent figure, for his footsteps were inaudible on the grass and moss, and among the ferns. So continually we turned aside for a nothing. The call of a wood-pigeon was enough, or the desire of a handful of blue gentian—and in consequence it was late before we struck the right way and kept it, later still before we heard the sound of Lyndhurst bells.

Such a bright little place, half small town and half village, is the capital of Hampshire. Its fine modern church is built on a hill, so that its spire may be seen and its bells heard as far as possible. The inn in the long street was at first crowded about with carriages of all sorts, and sizes, empty of their tourist occupants who were wandering listlessly enough among the graves in the churchyard, or staring at Leighton's fresco at the back of the altar. Why is sight-seeing so depressing an occupation to the majority of people? I protest I heard these good people sigh as they loitered in the aisles, and vainly tried to take an interest in the President's rather commonplace rendering of the Parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins. They only cheered up as they climbed to their places in the waggonettes, and the poor weary horses turned their patient heads towards home. Then they took a parting glance at us and our dusty boots, wondering (I think) how we had reached Lyndhurst, and why we were staying behind; and so, round the turn. We lost sight one after another of the crowded, dingy carriages, and soon the forest-town was left to itself and to us.

It was then that resting near to the gay little village, with the spreading trees all round, and the rooks clamouring above our heads, we sat on a gate—like the characters in that delightful article in this month's *Cornhill*—and read with great pleasure and amusement the new number of Miss Duncan's weekly account in the *Ladies' Pictorial* of her tour round the world. It chanced to be the description of a visit paid to the home of the Mikado. Did we read it? I cannot tell, for I seemed to hold in my hand not a cumbersome double-columned paper, where between the pages lurked gorgeous fashion-plates or little paragraphs of social news, but a quaint looking-glass in which real figures from the far-away spoke and laughed and moved among real scenes. There stood the Palace with its brown shining moat and curved-tiled roof, and sentry-guarded entrance, through which we could see the saloons hung with silk and tapestry. The traveller took us with her into the innermost recesses of the queer carved building, for by the magic of her art we could step right into the mirror, as in the fairy tale (do you remember?) one could jump across the gold frame into the picture; and we lingered by her side as she bade us look at the little Japanese lady tottering ahead, at the officials in their carpet slippers, at the marvellous decoration of the many-coloured rooms. It was something of a shock to leave this Aladdin's palace for the prosaic Hampshire meadow with the cattle bells jingling across the fields, and it was a journey we put off as long as we could. It is not often one is allowed to

visit foreign places in this happy fashion, untroubled by statistics, heights of mountains, depths of rivers, told exactly what we wanted to know, shown the very sights we wished to see; and we appreciated our good fortune to the full. With every literary quality—with imagination, gaiety, the art of telling a story, observation, thought—it is easy to predict for the writer you have sent us from Canada a successful future. If it is an astonishment to come upon the adventures of *Orthodoxa* and her friend (adventures that surely will again be told in book-form) among fashion and furniture and cookery articles, none of which require a great amount of skill to concoct, or a great strain on the intellect to read, it is also an immense pleasure. Miss Duncan has much to answer for, for we spent a whole golden hour this October afternoon discussing, on the gate, the merits of her *Social Departure*, when we ought to have been tramping on the road to the Rufus Stone: and I think if she had chanced to pass by this quiet country place as we were making the welkin ring with our recollections of the interviewer, the company at the garden party, the dishes at the dinner, she would not have found herself *de trop*.

It was sometime after we left Lyndhurst that we came of a sudden to a clearing at the foot of a hill, and were told we had at last reached the heart of the forest, and were standing on the lawn at which the charcoal-burners' rude cart was laden with the body of Rufus the King. Above the slope were some empty carriages, and toiling up towards them as we were going down was a belated string of tourists, two or three of whom were holding cocoanuts won at the spot where Tyrrell's arrow glanced against the tree. And cocoanuts pervaded the place. The oak itself having died (an inscription on an iron pillar says it was alive in 1810) some other interest was promptly provided, taking the form of a neat gypsy-faced woman willing to sell photographs of the surrounding scenery, and a picturesque Maclise-like man in a brown fustian and a red waistcoat who presided over the bowling-alley, and gave out the indigestible prizes. Nearly everyone had a shot. They walked straight to the bowls, played, and then looked on a little, afterwards returning up the hill, well content with their expedition. No one cared for the trees or for the photographs of the trees. No one would have stayed a moment at a place they had driven miles to see if it hadn't been for the cocoanuts. "Is this *all!*" their faces said plainly as they came towards the clearing, but as soon as they caught sight of the man in brown fustian their expressions changed; and his little entertainment was the one touch of nature in this sylvan scene that made us all kin.

My companion had troubled me more or less all day by supplying her tourist information about all the New Forest, but here in the sunset-light, with her eyes fixed on the cocoanuts she forgot her office of cicerone and left me to wander as I pleased among the thickets and lonely wood-paths that surrounded the Rufus Stone. It is difficult to remember all the inspiring conversation one hears, but I know that at Ringwood we had come across the poor craven shade of King Monmouth who, after the Sedge-moor defeat wrote piteous letters from that dull little countrytown to the brotherly power on the throne. We had seen the house (near a farm) from which Dame Alice Lisle had been dragged to be burnt, and the churchyard at Effingham where her body is at rest; I had had the field pointed out, called Monmouth's close to this day, where at last they captured the miserable soldier-hero, disguised as a shepherd, with the royal George in his pocket. But out of earshot of my companion I threw history to the winds and lent a willing attention to the delightful talk of a lad I chanced to meet on the look-out for snakes, and whose earthly hopes I discovered were bounded for the present by the wished-for possession of a reed-warbler's nest. Here, where Sir Walter Scott has often strolled with Mr. Rose of Gundamore, here where one still seemed to catch some echo of the delicate tones of Caroline Bowles as she answers Southey's strings of questions, I was told of some of the lesser marvels of a world with which my small friend is so familiar, a world unseen by me. He had read little besides natural history books and cared evidently for nothing else, and he told me with eyes wide open, and as if they were matters of the highest importance (like the production of a new book or a new play) that the short-eared owls come from Norway the first full moon in October to spend the winter, and that this year he meant to watch for them; that once he had seen a pure white wagtail; that sand grouse, which have padded feet like camels, have been shot by Muddeford and a bee-eater, all beautiful colours, had been caught at Iford. "I want to go to the Mediterranean one day, and see the cranes fly across from Africa with the small birds on their backs. I know a man who has been and who says the little ones sing the whole time—that's how they pay their carrier. I shall travel when I grow up" he said, valiantly. "I shall see everything in the world, all the new birds and all the new flowers."

When I strolled back I found the tourists gone, and the cocoanuts packed up for the night, and in the half light there was my companion slowly wandering up the hill on her homeward way. When I repeated something of what my friend in the woods had told me, and how he intended to go the world over when he grew up—"Those who want to travel never do" I was answered irritably; "I would give anything to see Japan; it's the one place I want to see, and I know I shall die without going there."

"*Tout le monde a sa carcassonne*," I answered, which speech gave to my discontented friend that precise amount of comfort, and no more, which one generally derives from quotations. WALTER POWELL.

## PARIS LETTER.

FRANCE is truly the land of novelties. Up to the present it was the custom here, and still practised elsewhere, not to review a book till it was published. That philosophical joker, M. Renan, has handed the manuscript of a volume that will appear about Christmas next, to be reviewed by a critic of *Le Temps*. Even Dumas fils never carried the puff preliminary for his works to such a length. Only "Almanacs for the New Year" were accorded the privilege to appear four months before the arrival of the coming New Year's Day.

In M. Renan's writings there is nothing to be expected but style; expressive words delicately coupled, with a velvety flow and harmonic cadence. But search his volumes from cover to cover, and you will not find a concrete fact in which you can stick a pin and museum it. His forthcoming Christmas-box to purchasers will be called the *Avenir de la Science*. It was written in 1849, when he seceded from the Catholic Church as a member and as a graduate for its priesthood. His science is not that of electricity, etc., nor yet that of the economic order tending to make the poor rich, and the hungry full. It is the science of history, or rather the science of everything that is opposed to doctrine, revelation and biblical faith—that will not help taxpayers in arrears, nor dock-labourers federating for an extra penny an hour to buy beef, beer and bread—that working man's trinity.

Mind, reason, asserts Renan, ought to govern the world. In the worlds of Plato and More, and which only existed on paper, that was possible; but reason no more guides the car of the State than logic does people. The French Revolution, following Renan, was sublime, because it applied reason to emancipate the world. Now it was by not confining itself to its own country that the Revolution of 1789 committed its hugest blunders, and that France of to-day suffers from the recoil. There were countries—England and Holland—that were emancipated centuries before the volcanic eruption of '89. The "reason" the eleven million of electors of France desire to know is why their taxes augment, and their national debt swells; why their exports are sickly; why their deputies rage like the heathen; why the Republicans with a majority of 130 in Parliament cannot vote the ameliorative reforms for toiler and bread-winner, that similar classes enjoy elsewhere; while their colonies are anemic or consumptive, and why France is kept isolated in Europe. All other than this bread and butter "reason" is but leather and prunella.

On the philosophic Tom Tiddler's ground, M. Renan is again all fog. He lays down that the "work of Creation being full of necessary imperfections," it is incumbent on this open sesame reason to remedy them. "Humanity ought to be organized scientifically," continues Renan. Why not embody his organization in a short Bill—set forth his co-operative plans for cheap food, cheap clothing, sanitary domiciles, a Christian-like share to the worker in the profits of capital, where the hewer and drawer will have less crumbs and more of the cake, and where the stomach of Lazarus will not be taxed *ex equo* to that of Dives? Renan concludes by ruling that it is the province of this science, of this reason to "make God perfect," and to commence the universal work to first "organize humanity," and then to "organize God." And to think that Renan was elected an Academician for being the standing counsel of such nonsense—the created to create their Creator! That is the philosophy of the President of Superior Instruction in France. The State pays the Catholic, Protestant, Israelitish and Mahomedan religions, a total of 57 million frs. for the maintenance of their creeds, and salaries Renan to demolish them. It is akin to the Emperor Charles V. shutting up the Pope in the Castle of St. Angelo, and then ordering the clergy to pray for his deliverance.

The French press devote much attention to the progress of Russia in Palestine, and applaud the extension of Muscovite expansion in that region. There was a time when France was more jealous of Russia's edging into the Holy Places. Even now it is a two-edged sword. His Holiness will hardly allow the Greek to oust the Latin Church from the guardianship of the cradle of Christianity; if France throws up the "keys," the Papal trump card, Italy or Austria might secure it; even Bismarck himself, Lutheran though he be, and a doctor of divinity, might utilize the vacancy. In the religious or the pilgrimage point of view Russia exceeds all other nations in the number and extent of her churches and monasteries round the territory sacred to the Saviour. On the other hand, Germany has numerous agricultural colonies throughout Syria. And the silent Turk looks stoically on at all the infidels fighting for edifice space round the Holy Sepulchre; he has no idea of moving on—till Constantinople be taken from him. Richelieu cannonaded the Huguenots, while at the same time he sought the aid of German Lutherans to pommel Spanish Catholics; even Louis XIV. at one time negotiated with the Sultan of Turkey to lend him a *corps d'armée* of the Faithful to make Christians obey the Decalogue as interpreted by the boudoirs and the courtiers of Versailles.

Even in the omnipotent days of Wilson, it was difficult for a female to obtain the decoration of the Legion of Honour, a farmer's wife with fifteen children was refused it, and there was no pair of red-breeches reward—as Disraeli used to bestow—for the husband, for meritorious conduct and salutary example. The Supérieure of the Sisters of Charity in Tonkin, in religion Sœur Marie Thérèse, but when belonging to the world 42 years ago sister to a well-known Marquis, and herself a fashionable beauty—has just been decorated with the Order. It

is the Victoria Cross that ought to be pinned to her badge of the Sacred Heart. The general commanding ordered all the troops to parade in gala uniform; they formed a square, when the Sœur was led into the middle; the General then addressed the lady: "*Ma Sœur*, hardly aged 25 years, you were wounded at Balaklava, while you were succouring the wounded; at Magenta, you were in the first ranks of combatants, and were also wounded; since, you have nursed our soldiers in Syria, China, and Mexico. On the battle-field of Reichshofen, you have been found severely wounded, in the midst of our dead cuirassiers; on a later occasion, a shell fell in the ambulance confided to your care, you seized it, carried it to a distance of 90 yards, when it exploded, inflicting on you frightful wounds; hardly cured, you were the first to volunteer for Tonkin." Then the General drew his sword and touched the religieuse three times on the shoulder, said: "In the name of the French army, I accord upon you this Cross of the Legion of Honour; none has more glorious title to the recompense; none has done more than you in giving your life to the service of the country and the army. Soldiers, present arms!" Henceforth, this new comrade of glory whenever she encounters a sentry, he will present arms, or a soldier, he will make the military salute. Z.

## TO HER WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

CANST leave the spoil of Eden on vintage morns  
To see the waste with toil and hardship quelled;  
Canst thou go forth as one who had rebelled,  
Still innocent, and meet the bitter scorn;  
Canst take with me that journey through the thorns  
And thistle-fields, undriven—self-compelled;  
Can Love be thy flame-swordsmen, unbeheld,  
With sterner heed than his who visibly warns?  
God's consecrated curse be on us, then;  
We shall fare forth unanxious, hand-in-hand,  
To labour, prospering as our days increase,  
Redeeming deserts for the world of men;  
Spring shall be with us in a winter land;  
Grief we shall know, but also love and peace.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

## A MEMORY OF MOORE.

THE house is still standing, at Ste. Anne Belle Vue, on the Island of Montreal, in which Thomas Moore passed some of the days he gave to Canada. A stone, white-plastered, high-walled house, like most of the houses erected at that period in French Canada, it has a gray, slanting roof, from which projecting windows start like astonished eyes; a house to be remarked upon at once, in viewing which one mentally and immediately ejaculates, "That house has a history." But what house has not? Time turns all things into the history which, all unknown, unread, moves the universe of souls.

When you muster courage to climb the creaking steps, to push open the door, trellised in cobwebs, you find yourself in the room the poet inhabited, and in which he wrote that melodious strain, "The Canadian Boat Song." In the corner stands the clock by which he timed the inspiration—sublime idea! A tradition which, though it has but transitory value, a moment's thought does away with it as effectually as Sappho's Suicide! Solomon's Songs! Cleopatra's Cunning End! the truth being that these simple verses were written in the open boat on the St. Lawrence during a five days' journey between Montreal and Kingston, and were suggested to the imaginative mind of the poet by the peculiar measure of the *voyageurs'* *chansons* as they plied the oars.

The same metre is found in that exquisite poem, "Paradise and the Peri"; the Peri's closing cry has caught the musical jingle.

Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done,  
The gates are passed and heaven is won.

We are authentically informed that the words and music of "The Canadian Boat Song" were ever dear to Moore, recalling vividly a happy period of life. This is easily realized, for where the affection is concerned association has much to say, and time turns to treasures many trivial things. Those who are not poets also possess precious memories; land-marks of long ago. But it seems almost inconceivable that a man of Moore's mental calibre should at the moment have considered the lines worth committing to paper.

So we wander with this touch from Genius's torch still flaming the memory. "And of the time when full of blissful sighs we sat and gazed into each other's eyes; silent and happy; as though God had given naught else worth looking at this side heaven!"

Montreal.

MAY AUSTIN.

THE death of Sir Tindal Robertson, the member for Brighton, by his own hand, is a lamentable event. His figure in the lobby of the House was a well-known one, and to see him arm-in-arm with his attendant recalled to many the times when Mr. Fawcett still lived and moved in the political world. Both lost their sight in early manhood, and both, nevertheless, fought their way into the House of Commons. But I fear the excitement and high-pressure life of the modern politician was too great for the Brighton doctor, whose mind must have become unhinged, probably from the depressing conviction that the new life he had chosen was too much for his physical powers. Nowadays a Parliament man must be made of steel, and have a constitution like iron.

## THE SONNET.—IX.

ALL the earlier Greek dramatists were more or less indebted to Homer for material and Æschylus, commonly known as the father of Attic tragedy, termed his works "dry scraps from the great banquet of Homer." Many Greek scholars would be glad to find more of the dry scraps than have been preserved. It is not altogether impossible, since so much new antiquity is now being brought to light. To day it is announced that Euclid's lost books have been found. The warrior poet has been variously criticized and compared with Sophocles and Euripides. His style has been termed Miltonic from his mighty words and power of expression. He has been compared with Shakespeare by many a critic. Two feelings predominate in Æschylus; religion and war. It must be borne in mind that he was trained in the mysteries of Eleusis, his native place, and that he was actively present at Marathon and Salamis. He lived in a most critical period and his genius rose to the highest point attainable. No less than seventy plays are attributed to him, though only a tenth of that number are known. It is to Æschylus that Mr. Aubrey De Vere addresses the following very artistic sonnet:—

A sea-cliff carved into a bas-relief;  
Dark thoughts and sad, conceiv'd by brooding nature,  
Brought forth in storm:—dread shapes of Titan stature,  
Emblems of Fate and Change, Revenge, and Grief,  
And Death and Life;—a caverned Hieroglyph  
Confronting still with thunder-blasted frieze,  
All stress of years, and winds, and wasting seas:—  
The stranger nears it in his fragile skiff  
And hides his eyes. Few, few shall pass, great Bard,  
Thy dim sea-ports! Entering, fewer yet  
Shall pierce thy mystic meanings, deep and hard:  
But these shall owe to thee an endless debt;  
The Elusian caverns they shall tread  
That wind beneath man's heart; and wisdom learn with dread.

This sonnet is not equal to many written by Mr. Aubrey De Vere. It is poor in the structure of the octave; the rhymes are not altogether fortunate, the images are rather complex, and the introduction of the double rhymes in the second and third lines detract from the smooth flow of the verse. The octave runs into the sestet, and the final couplet would excite the wrath of some particular critics. Altogether it is a sonnet of most deliberate manufacture and therefore, although suggesting much of the subject, a failure.

The second of the three great Greek tragedians has not, so far as we can remember, been honoured directly by any sonnet notice; but there are two sonnets indirectly affecting the dramatist. The following is the first specimen we have given of the fine work of Edmund W. Gosse, and its subject is

## THE TOMB OF SOPHOCLES.

A bounding satyr, golden in the beard,  
That leaps with goat-feet high into the air,  
And crushes from the tyme an odour rare,  
Keeps watch around the marble tomb revered  
Of Sophocles, the poet loved and feared,  
Whose mighty voice once called out of her lair  
The Dorian muse severe, with braided hair,  
Who loved the thyrsus and wild dances weird.  
Here all day long the pious bees can pour  
Libations of their honey, round this tomb  
The Dionysiac ivy loves to roam;  
The satyr laughs, but He awakes no more,  
Wrapped up in silence at the grave's cold core,  
Nor sees the sun wheel round in the white dome.

The simplicity of the workmanship on this sonnet is in marked and favourable contrast with the laboured chiselling of the previous one. This is a picture of reasonable scope; that is a fresco of too large design for the painter, no matter what labour may be spent upon it. The story of Philoctetes formed the plot of one of Sophocles' dramas, and Wordsworth seems to have been greatly impressed therewith, for he refers to the great sufferer in at least two of his sonnets.

The following draws from the fact that the presence of a lower being in the order of creation may serve to brighten the lot of one who may be, as Sophocles makes Philoctetes:—

Without a friend,  
Without a fellow sufferer, left alone,  
Deprived of all the mutual joys that flow  
From sweet society.

The sonnet written by Wordsworth was intended to convey a fact for the feelings and is part of the plan generally carried out by the great teacher; but it will serve here chiefly as an introduction to a very much finer one by Russell, on which Wordsworth has certain remarks of interest. It is one of the later sonnets, and is usually included with the miscellaneous group of his Poems of the Imagination, No. 12, reading as follows:—

When Philoctetes in the Lemnian Isle,  
Like a form sculptured on a monument,  
Lay couched; on him or his dread bow, unbent,  
Some wild bird oft might settle and beguile  
The rigid features of a transient smile,  
Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give vent,  
Slackening the pains of ruthless banishment  
From his loved home, and from heroic toil.  
And trust that spiritual creatures round us move,  
Griefs to allay which Reason cannot heal;  
Yea, veriest reptiles have sufficed to prove  
To fettered wretchedness, that no Bastille  
Is deep enough to exclude the light of love,  
Though man for brother man has ceased to feel.

This is straight from Wordsworthshire, as Mr. Lowell has happily named the poetic land of which Rydal was the capital. The teacher cites the captive of Lemnos as the example in the octave, and refers to the prisoner with the historic rat of the Bastille in the sestet to verify his lesson. The sonnet is, therefore, not classical; it is also not historic; but it is eminently didactic and Wordsworthian. In a letter to Dyce, the composer of more sonnets than any other English writer has some remarks to this effect, that although a sonnet should have a begin-



ning, a middle, and an end—as a syllogism—the Italian form is best fitted into two parts, of eight and six lines each. Milton, however, flows over from the first to the second portion of his metre, with the object of “giving that pervading sense of intense unity in which the excellence of the sonnet has always seemed to me mainly to exist. Instead of looking at this composition as a piece of architecture, making a whole out of three parts, I have been much in the habit of preferring the image of an orbicular body—a sphere or a dew-drop.” A little further in the same letter Wordsworth says of the Italian construction of the sonnet, “Russell’s upon ‘Philoctetes’ is a fine specimen: the first eight lines give the hardship of the case, the last six the consolation, or the *per contra*.”

The sonnet in question is entitled

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN AT LEMNOS.

On this lone isle, whose rugged rocks affright  
The cautious pilot, ten revolving years  
Great Pæan’s son, unwonted erst to tears,  
Wept o’er his wound: alike each rolling light  
Of heaven he watched, and blamed its lingering flight;  
By day the sea-mew screaming round his cave  
Drove slumber from his eyes; the chiding wave  
And savage howlings chased his dreams by night.  
Hope still was his: in each low breeze that sighed  
Through his rude grot he heard a coming ear,  
In each white cloud a coming sail he spied;  
Nor seldom listened to the fancied roar  
Of Oeta’s torments, or the hoarser tide  
That parts famed Trachis from the Kuboic shore.

The story of Philoctetes is too well known to repeat. It was the subject of a drama by Sophocles, and of a statue by Pythagoras. The latter was said to have been so expressive of pain as to move the spectators to tears. In the Berlin Museum is an exquisite gem, supposed to be a copy of the famous statue at Syracuse. “Troy cannot fall without his arrows” was the reason Ulysses and Neoptolemus took him from Lemnos by artifice.

The author of this sonnet, Thomas Russell, like many other young authors of his day, was regarded and hailed as a poetic genius of the highest rank. The fate of Alexander Smith has overtaken him, and will overtake more to come. The remarks of S. T. Coleridge on Poetic Promise can well be noted in this regard: “In the present age it is next to impossible to predict from specimens, however favourable, that a young man will turn out a great poet, or rather a poet at all. Poetic taste, dexterity in composition, and ingenious imitation often produce poems that are very promising in appearance. But genius, or the power of doing something new, is another thing.”

Russell was twenty-six years old when he died—either from consumption or a broken heart, or both. Southey called him “the best English sonnet-writer,” and Landor was extravagant in his praise. His sonnets, with few exceptions, are not known, except to specialists. That quoted above is certainly his best, and cannot be omitted from any proper collection, whatever may happen to the others. Henry Francis Cary wrote that the whole of it was exquisite, and Anna Seward called it “a fine and truly Miltonic sonnet.”

It is one of the examples that Mr. Theodore Watt could select in support of his wave theory—the octave and sestet being splendidly opposed, in which respect it is certainly not Miltonic; but the happy use of proper names in the final lines gives it that title, as Cary pointed out.

So far as our limited knowledge of sonnet literature permits a remark, no writer seems to have selected Euripides as the subject of memory; and it may also be remarked that American writers have seldom dealt with Greek subjects at all. Rome, Venus, and Egypt seem to be more in their line of poetic travel, so far as antiquity is concerned. Probably there are some hidden away in old magazines.

The next sonnet we select forces us to skip a couple of centuries in Greek chronology, and brings us to bucolic Bion, who has been preferred by some critics to Theocritus as a pastoral poet, and to his friend and mourner, Moschus. It is to the Idyllium of the latter poet on the death of Bion that Mr. Lang refers in his sonnet, and that we are indebted for all that is known of the poet.

BION.

The wail of Moschus on the mountains crying,  
The Muses heard, and loved it long ago;  
They heard the hollows of the hills replying.  
They heard the weeping water’s overflow;  
They winged the sacred strain—the song undying,  
The song that all about the world must go—  
When poets for a poet dead are sighing,  
The minstrels for a minstrel friend laid low,  
And dirge to dirge that answers, and the weeping  
For Adonais by the summer sea,  
The plaints for Lycidas, and Thyrsis (sleeping  
Far from “the forest ground called Thessaly”)  
These hold thy memory, Bion, in their keeping,  
And are but echoes of the moan for thee.

The beauty of this sonnet is apparent, and the di-syllabic rhymes are peculiarly fitted to this elegiac strain. Its simplicity recalls the sweet plaint of Moschus, and the allusions to later dirges are felicitous. The charm of it is enhanced because (in the words of Moschus himself) “’tis our hard lot to hear dull bards grate out their harsh sonnets, flashy, rude, and vain.” If the Sicilian Muse still exists, she must certainly rejoice in Mr. Lang’s sonnet.

SAREPTA.

WHAT shall I give? To the hungry, give food; to the naked, clothes; to the sick, some comfort; to the sad, a word of consolation; to all you meet, a smile and a cheery greeting. Give forgiveness to your enemies; give patience to the fretful; give love to your households; and, above all, give your heart to God.

PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES.

“L’EDUCATION ATHÉNIENNE.” By Paul Girard (Hachette). This volume treats of education in Athens during the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., that is, covers the most brilliant eras of Greece, the periods when she won her most renowned victories, and when her most celebrated philosophers, painters and sculptors flourished. Respecting physical education, the Greeks did not consider that the *summum bonum* of their ideal, but only an essential element, a preparation for the *mens sana*. Intellectual education rather was the aim.

The happiness, power, and greatness of the State were the cherished ends of every Athenian; hence why the State, to develop these, stepped in to direct and to complete the education of youth. In practice, however, M. Girard observes, the State never interfered till the youth had arrived at his eighteenth year. Then it became obligatory for him to receive military instruction, to be initiated into all the customs and institutions, to be made acquainted with all those sacred things that composed country. Parents had thus the fullest liberty in the bringing up of their sons to their eighteenth year.

School-boy strikers will be delighted to hear, that Grecian lads, whether at school or exercise grounds, enjoyed the fullest latitude. All lessons were short; none partook of the home-lessons martyrdom of 1889. The scholar could study when he pleased, and as he pleased, interspersing with this freedom of study games and recreation, which relaxed his mind and varied his work. Plato and Aristotle were opposed to these paradisaical methods, but their remonstrances were unheeded. May it not be owing to the absence of this *autoritaire* pedagogy that the Grecian youth excelled in arts and letters, because not cramped and constrained?

Grecian school programmes might not quite suit modern boys; but they suggest greater elasticity in subjects, and no brain over-pressure. The aim in Greece was, not so much to learn, as to learn how to learn. No attempt was made to turn out Grecian lads encyclopædists, Admirable Crichtons, or big gooseberries. It was the nurse first taught the Grecian youth to lisp in numbers; she taught him selected songs and told him approved tales. That was a “real” school. All games were amusing and had a useful end. At the “Grammar” School the master or “grammatist” only taught the boy the three R’s, plus an elementary study of the poets. The schools were held in the open air, under trees or under the arches of a portico. Ventilation and light were thus secured.

Plato did not like teaching poetry to youth so early; on the other hand, youth as a rule is never injured by being rocked a little in illusions. Feeding youth on positive knowledge, when its age demands only to satisfy an ideal of its own creating, is not exempt from danger. Salutary brain activity cannot be engendered in youth cabin’d, cribb’d, confin’d, by the domain of hard facts. A generation of petit utilitarians would deprive life of its last shred of poesy. After the “grammatist” succeeded the professor of the flute and the cithar—the latter becoming just now a popular instrument. Music was, in the eyes of the Greeks, for a long period the most perfect form of intellectual culture, as it ever remained one of their most delicate pleasures. Gymnastic instruction included dancing, wrestling, jumping, running, throwing the spear, etc. Lastly came drawing, philology, science and philosophy. Then the youth was taken charge of by the military professor, and drilled and disciplined to bleed at Marathons and Leuctras.

“HENRIETTE,” by François Coppée (Lenierre). The author is known by his idylls, dating from 1875, by his brief stories or *contes*, published in 1882, while the opera has “Coppelia” in its repertory. He now expands into a novelist, for “Henriette” is a simple and clean romance wherein the popular poetic qualities of the author are dominant. M. Coppée describes the humble, with natural heart touches, while imparting nobility to modest worth. “Bernard” fought well in the 1870-1 war; on the return of peace he relapsed into vice and died. His widow, young, of sculptural beauty, and stoical character, never failed in her duty as a wife, less out of love for her worthless husband than out of respect for herself.

She escaped back-biting by the coldness of her temperament, but it prevented her at the same time from fathoming the depth of Colonel de Vois’ love, who offered himself as second husband. She receives the Colonel’s addresses with reserve; she is frightened by the repulsion of her son, Armand, towards a stepfather—for mother and son are one in affection. Armand, however, falls in love with a work girl, Henriette Perrin, and his mother becomes in turn jealous of his transferred affection. Henriette is very simple, although a Parisienne, and very chaste in her passion, though lowly. But Madame Bernard cannot see in her other thing than a little grisette, without virtue as without orthography, who has stolen her son’s heart, as she will later accuse her of killing him by typhoid fever, which has carried him off. The mother marries the Colonel; and the day she goes to the altar is that, when Henriette, refuged in an hospital, hears, for the first time of Armand’s death. She writes from her deathbed a touching letter to the mother, imploring pardon for the involuntary fault of loving her son—to which her heart alone was the accomplice. Did M. Coppée write the story to give this pretty letter? Mothers, censure the author for ranking maternal love as secondary in the plot. In the gamut of true-love, which note is first?

UNE COLONIE FÉODALE EN AMÉRIQUE. By R. de Saint-Père (Plon). This is an interesting history of the

colony Acadia, discovered by Sébastien Cabot in 1497, and where the French established themselves in 1598, holding its possession till 1713, when the peace of Utrecht led to its change of name to that of Nova Scotia. It is the scene of Longfellow’s “Evangeline.” The volume first appeared in 1877, but the present edition is double in size, by the introduction of comparisons between the then and now—the colonization systems of France and England. The author “labours” to prove, that the French colonists, by their more vigorous bodies, more energetic minds, and often superior industrial habits, proved better pioneers than the Anglo-Saxon. This special pleading and undisguised *chauvinism* rather mars the interest and the effect of the work. He attributes the success of French colonization in Northern America to the adoption of the feudal, the territorial, the social and the political systems prevailing in France during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But these systems failed in the mother country itself. The second part of the book is devoted to the history of Nova Scotia from the period of its passing out of French into English hands, and the fruitless efforts of the French to throw off the English rule. The question of Gallic *versus* Anglo-Saxon colonization is resolved a long time since. The French can take territory, but do not colonize it; the English do both.

LES NEGRES DE L’AFRIQUE SUSEQUATORIALE. By A. Hovelacque (Lecrosnier). The author is a professor in the Anthropological School, and deals with the manners, customs and usages of the inhabitants of Senegal, Guinea, the Soudan and the Upper Nile. France is occupied with the scheme of a Trans-Saharan railway, 1,250 miles long, destined to unite the Mediterranean with the Niger, and thus open up Algeria and Tunisia to the Soudanese, who are to people these possessions; to counterbalance—strange aim—the “European foreigners and Arabs in Algeria,” etc., while utilizing the Arabs as a lien with the Soudanese, and thus prevent all invasion of Algeria by the Central Africans, etc. Another day-dream. It is Ain-Séfra, in the department of Oran, that it is contemplated to form the head of the Timbuctoo-Niger Grand Trunk. At first it will be modelled on the lines of the Trans-Caucasian railway.

In Black Africa, M. Hovelacque states that woman—as in other savage countries—is only the first of slaves, though before her marriage she enjoys every liberty. Matrimony is only a ceremony of purchase, of which the price is paid in slaves and cattle. The husband is always at liberty to send back the wife to her parents, but on condition of restoring all the property he received with her. Polygamy is general, but the collective wives constitute a happy family, for hard work leaves them no time for quarrelling. Heritage is curious; property does not descend to a man’s own children, but to his sister’s children.

Slavery is not disliked by the slaves, and three are generally allowed to each free man. The head of a family is a despot, and the political system, a kind of oligarchic republicanism, where the sovereign is elected by the manhood vote, and then reigns as a true despot. Few of the people but practise an industry—potters and smiths are most in repute. Agriculture is not ignored, and in many cases the land is cultivated in common by the village, the produce—tobacco, ground nuts, cotton, etc.—being divided, following certain rules. The inhabitants are not pastoral. Their money consists of Indian shells, gold powder, copper rings, blade iron, and the sacrifice of human victims, not unfrequent. The negro is incapable of sustaining attention, has much imagination and no lack of vanity. He acquires foreign languages rapidly; has a natural inclination to thieving and a strong weakness for begging. M. Hovelacque deliberately states that missions cannot civilize the negroes, but commerce can. They belong to an intellectual and moral development distinct from Europeans, though in other respects not inferior to the mass of Europeans.

THE SIMPLON PASS.

IT is probable that before many years railroad engineering will have successfully overcome the great natural obstacles that have hitherto prevented direct railroad communication between Western Switzerland and Italy, and the Simplon route which has long been regarded as unrivalled as a mountain carriage road, will soon be noted for the length and number of its railway tunnels.

Knowing that the magnificent scenery of Switzerland can only be seen to advantage by walking or driving, and in view of the fact that perhaps the next time I visited that part of the country the novelty and discomfort of the mountain diligence would have given place to the railway carriage, I decided to cross the Alps into Italy by this route, and on a bright sunny morning in last July I climbed to the top of the Swiss Poste, as the huge conveyance drawn by eight horses is called, and leaving the town of Brieg, and the Rhone Valley, commenced my progress towards this interesting and remarkable Alpine Pass.

It may be safely affirmed that nothing short of ocular demonstration can furnish anything like an adequate idea of the wonders presented by a trip over this route, so awful and magnificent does nature here show herself.

The ascent begins almost immediately, and soon my fellow travellers and I were wondering in which direction the road would lead, so impassable did the rocky chain in front of us appear, but, with remarkable daring, human ingenuity seems to have achieved a work which would have seemed in a remoter age an idle speculation and the road soon showed itself winding like a serpent along the edge of the precipices.

Commenced by order of Napoleon after the battle of Marengo it was completed in 1805. During three years of incessant labour more than 30,000 men were employed on it and although still exposed at certain seasons of the year to avalanches and storms every precaution seems to have been taken to prevent accidents.

The temperature falls rapidly as the ascent is made, and it soon became so cold that I felt the comfort of my overcoat and gloves, although only a few hours before I had been sweltering in the midsummer heat at Brieg.

At the summit of the pass, 6,595 feet, there is a magnificent view to be obtained of the Bernese Alps, and of the town of Brieg in the Rhone Valley far below and the snowy sides and peaks of the mountains around us appeared only a few hundred feet away, so clear is the atmosphere, although they are many thousands high. Here in the immediate vicinity of the eternal snow is a Hospice at the base of the Schönhorn, a large building founded by Napoleon, and subject to the same rules as the great St. Bernard. It is a life fraught with great hardships, that the devoted monks here lead; the climate is so rigorous that many of them soon break down in health, and are forced to retire to the warmer climate of the valleys, and nothing will grow but the hardy Alpine rose, and even the herdsmen seem to have forsaken the spot.

But now we commence the descent, passing through galleries and tunnels cut out of the solid rock, with water from the melting snow dripping all around us, with frightful precipices on our right, and lofty mountains on our left, and looking down one of the former I was able to experience what it was like to be above the clouds, as the bottom of the valley was quite hidden by clouds slowly drifting across.

The Valley of the Simplon contracts as we descend, and ends in a frightful chasm, between rocks towering to a dizzy height of 2,000 feet. The pace at which we travel is terrific, and I certainly never saw better driving, even by the Jehus of the London streets. The eight horses are urged to their fastest trot, and we swing round sharp corners in the road at a rate fast enough to satisfy the most ambitious of drivers. I could now realize the immense height to which we had attained by the descent, as now we seemed to be going down into the very bowels of the earth, and the air became damp and chilly. Soon, however, everything changed and we were in Italy, transferred almost before I was aware of it, from a land of ice and snow where nothing but the Alpine rose will flourish into a land where vegetation is luxuriant, and where the air is soft and warm.

I can conceive of no greater contrast afforded anywhere of the change from winter into summer, from desolation to prosperity than is furnished by the passage out of the Simplon Valley into Italy.

In a few minutes more we reached Domo D'Ossola, a small town charmingly situated on the River Tosa, where I was once more to join the railway.

Toronto.

A. C. F. BOULTON.

### WOMAN.

Of all sweet things of earth and sky,  
Wild woodland flowers or garden roses,  
Delicate eggs the nest encloses,  
Or perfume where the dew-nets lie,  
There's nothing that the gods can bring  
That's half so good to hear or sing  
As woman, though she laugh or sigh.

For when she laughs the skies are bright,  
Glad birds keep singing all the day,  
And in the evening every lay  
I whisper in her bosom white;  
And while about her arms are fast  
I think of all the day-long past,  
And all the waters filled with light.

And when she sighs, ah! who shall say  
The charm has lost its graciousness,  
Her eyes have less the power to bless,  
Or sadness stolen her heart away!  
Sweet broken music in her mouth,  
And tears like rain in summer drouth,  
Draw deeper than the flowers of May.

Ottawa.

COLIN A. SCOTT.

### MR. PATMORE'S ESSAYS.

IN a small volume of about two hundred pages, Mr. Patmore has condensed the result of much thought upon subjects connected more or less closely with the art of which he is a master. Art, in the largest sense of the word, comprehends all the forms in which men of genius utter what is in them; and Mr. Patmore is no more straying from his special business as a poet by writing upon architecture, than Michael Angelo when he laid aside the chisel and the brush in order to write sonnets. It is possible for a critic to grasp a principle in Art without much technical knowledge; but the poet, when he has his singing robes on, does not think of principles; his work then is to create. Wordsworth, although prepossessed by a theory which, combined with his lack of humour, often led him astray, forgot it altogether when, in the full flush of inspiration, he produced his noblest verse; and Coleridge's marvellous critical sagacity was not, we may be very certain, brought into play when he wrote "Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner." A poet cannot say why his verse flows from him one day in a full and rapid stream, and why upon the

next his hard-bound brains are dry as the dust of summer. The poet's hour is not the hour of the critic. At the same time, a few of the most famous singers have raised the critical art to the highest level; and when a poet writes about poetry, the reader who loves literature will always listen with interest to what he has to tell him.

Mr. Patmore understands well the limitations of criticism, and says truly that in dealing with such a work as "The Tempest," "its noblest function is to declare its own helplessness by directing attention to beauty beyond beauty which defies analysis." In noticing recent works, admiration, unfortunately, is not the critic's chief function. Mr. Patmore can be severe in his estimate of brother-poets, but he is, we think, nearly always just. Nothing can be more vigorous and, in our judgment, more truthful than his estimate of Shelley both as a man and a poet. Of no modern poet has more frantic nonsense been written, and Mr. Patmore's comments will be intolerable to the worshippers who, like Mr. William Rossetti, regard Shelley as "among the most perfect, the most unspeakable of artists," towards whom "the very soul rushes out as an unapproached poet, and embraces him as a dearest friend."

"If to do," Mr. Patmore says, "what is right in one's own eyes is the whole of virtue, and to suffer for so doing is to be a martyr, then Shelley was the saint and martyr which a large number of—chiefly young—persons consider him to have been as a man; and if to have the faculty of saying everything in the most brilliant language and imagery, without having anything particular to say beyond sublime commonplaces and ethereal fallacies about love and liberty, is to be a 'supreme' poet, then Shelley undoubtedly was such. But as a man, Shelley was almost wholly devoid of the instincts of the 'political animal,' which Aristotle defines a man to be. If he could not see the reasons for any social institution or custom, he could not feel any; and forthwith set himself to convince the world that they were the invention of priests and tyrants. He was equally deficient in what is commonly understood by natural affection. The ties of relationship were no ties to him; for he could only see them as accidents. 'I, like the God of the Jews,' writes Shelley, 'set up myself as no respecter of persons; and relationship is regarded by me as bearing that relation to reason which a band of straw does to fire.' As these deficiencies were the cause of all the abnormal phenomena of his life, so they are at the root of, or rather are the imperfections of, his poetry, which is all splendour and sentiment and sensitiveness, and little or no true wisdom or true love. The very texture of his verse suffers from these causes. In his best poems it is firm, fluent various and melodious; but the more serious and subtle music of life, which he had not in his heart, he could not put into his rhythms; which no one who knows what rhythm is will venture to compare with the best of Tennyson's or Wordsworth's, far less with the best of our really 'supreme' poets."

Lord Tennyson, as a contemporary poet, is perhaps too near and dear to us to allow of a strictly impartial estimate of his poetry; but Wordsworth can be judged of with the calmness bestowed upon a classic, and, to our thinking, he stands so incontestably at the head of the reflective poets as to rank with the three or four English poets who can be called 'supreme.'

Of Rossetti as a poet, Mr. Patmore writes with a temperate appreciation that will carry more weight than the extravagant praise lavished on this remarkable man by some of his friends and followers. He says truly, that while his power is chiefly shown in his long ballads, it is impossible not to feel that they are more or less anachronisms both in spirit and in form. But how fine is the remark that in much of Rossetti's work "there is a rich and obscure glow of insight into depths too profound and too sacred for clear speech, even if they could be spoken; a sort of insight not at all uncommon in the great art of past times, but exceedingly rare in the art of our own."

And here is a passage from an affectionately appreciative paper on Clough, evidently written by one who knew and loved the man:—

"Those who recognize in the 'Bothie' Clough's almost solitary claim to literary eminence must somewhat wonder at the considerable figure he stands for in the estimation of the present generation. The fact is that Clough, like James Spedding, was personally far more impressive than his works; and the singularly strong effect produced among his friends by the extreme simplicity and shy kindness of his life and manners, and the at once repellent and alluring severity of his truthfulness, gave his character a consequence beyond that of his writings with all who knew him, though ever so slightly; and the halo of this sanctity hangs, through the report of his friends, about all that he has done, and renders cold criticism of it almost impossible. No one who knew Clough can so separate his personality from his writings as to be able to criticise them fairly as literature; no one who has not known him can understand their value as the outcome of character."

These remarks, while true of Clough, may be also applied generally in relation to the contemporary estimate of men who appear to be intellectually what Saul was physically, higher than any of the people. We cannot judge with critical impartiality of authors who express the thoughts of the age, or of statesmen who carry out its wishes. In the present day, every man who does his duty well and is well paid for doing it, is almost certain of a testimonial, and possibly, when his work is done, of a biography. "In this age," said Southey—and the remark is truer to-day than when he made it—"when a person of any notoriety dies, they lose as little time in making a book of him as

they used to do in making a mummy." And the evil does not stay here, for the poor victim runs the risk also of being represented in bronze or marble. If the nine years during which a poet is advised to keep his verse were the space required after the death of a public man before his life should be written or a monument raised to his memory, what a boon it would be to the public! In "Shall Smith have a Statue?" Mr. Patmore writes with keen satire on the modern fashion of recognizing too hastily the claims of men distinguished by the public. The enthusiasm of the moment, he suggests, may result in making ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of our children, and by raising statues too quickly "we may be placing an awful and easy vengeance in the hands of posterity, which might choose, not to pull down such monuments, but to let them stand."

In the short but weighty essay that gives a title to this volume, Mr. Patmore observes that it would be well for the professed critic to remember that "criticism is not the expression, however picturesque and glowing, of the faith that is in him, but the rendering of sound and intelligible reasons for that faith." Doubtless, as a general rule, it is true that the critic of Art or Literature must have a reason for his faith, just as he will have a reason for his faith as a Christian; but he cannot always make that faith intelligible by argument. There are passages, for instance, in the great poets that may hold him captive in a way quite inexplicable to criticism; all he knows is that the stamp of inspiration is upon them; and so, too—Christianity being an inward life, and how can life be explained?—some of the strongest reasons a man has for his religious belief may be those he is the least capable of making intelligible to an unbeliever.

We may observe, in conclusion, that these essays, reprinted from the *St. James's Gazette*, strike us in several instances as too full of thought to be fitted for the hasty readers of an evening paper. No one, however, who did read them in that journal could fail to be surprised at their elevation of thought and lucidity of expression. There is no rhetorical effort in such papers as "Imagination," "Pathos," "Love and Poetry," or "Cheerfulness in Life and Art;" but the words are so fitted to the thoughts, that while the mind of the reader is quickened, his ear is satisfied. In these essays there is a pithy wisdom that reminds us of Bacon; and there is, too, in large measure, a gift which Bacon lacked—spiritual insight.—*Spectator*.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### ANOTHER CURIOSITY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—A Curiosity of Literature in your last issue reminds me of one quite as ridiculous, which is not found in an American text-book.

In the "Encyclopædia Britannica," under the heading "Guelph," you may read: "Guelph, the chief town of Wellington County, Ontario, Canada . . . is situated on the river Speed." . . . The river is navigable at this point and there is a considerable shipping trade in wheat." The writer has evidently misunderstood the American use of the word shipping.

WELLINGTON.

#### SCHOOL REGULATIONS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Frequent complaints are made in our daily papers, as well as in the *Educational Journal and Monthly*, of the persistence with which new "Regulations" are made from time to time by the Educational Department. The last set issued seems to have met with very general dissatisfaction, and a great deal of fault is found with the Minister for making what are described as "unjust and unreasonable" regulations. I shall not attempt to say whether the writers of these complaints have made out a good case against the Minister or not. The question I am concerned with just now is, Is not the system to blame more than the Minister? I believe it may be taken for granted that every Minister of the Crown administers his department to the best of his ability. Of course he may be a weak, vacillating man, easily influenced by designing persons, but I cannot believe that he wilfully misrules. Or, as is the case with the Minister of Education, he may have to depend largely upon his subordinates for advice. No one man can be supposed to be familiar with all the details of our educational system. Hence the great precaution necessary in making regulations affecting our schools.

Would it not be in the best interests of all concerned—much better even for the Government—if no regulations were allowed to take effect before they had been approved by the Legislature? If proposed regulations were sent down to all P. S. Inspectors, High School Boards and Masters six months before the Legislature meets, when that body came together they would have a pretty fair idea how the regulations were likely to affect the various educational interests and would be prepared to vote intelligently. I believe if this were done we should never see laws, retroactive in character, come into force, nor so many changes as we have now. There is as much fashion in things educational to-day as there is in women's millinery, and the fashions change so rapidly that it is almost impossible to keep up with them.

I know it is argued that teachers and Inspectors are

now consulted, and regulations are made to meet their views. How are they consulted? let me ask. Is it through the Provincial Association? If so, who gave them power to speak for the great body of teachers in Ontario? It is in no sense a representative body. It is well known that if a man goes there with a "cut and dried" resolution and springs it upon the Association, he has no difficulty in getting it passed, especially if he is supposed to represent the views of the Department. This may seem like a slur upon the teachers, but men are not prepared to vote against a resolution which they have not had time to consider. Moreover, many of our best teachers never put in an appearance at the Provincial Association. I think I am within the mark when I say that the High School section is not attended by one-tenth of the High School teachers in this Province. There are few outside of the immediate neighbourhood of Toronto, unless they have "axes to grind," who attend, and I repeat, the so-called Provincial Association is in no respect entitled to speak for the teachers of this Province. Some opportunity should be afforded them and School Boards to make their wishes known to the Government. The suggestion I have made will do this, as well as put an end to the continual murmurs about the too frequent changes in the regulations. All proposed regulations should be sent out for consideration six months before the Legislature meets, and no regulation should come into force until approved by the Legislature.

REFORMER.

TRUE TALE.

THE exigencies of modern life have produced a pushing race—calculating, ambitious, restless. We learn this in the pulpit; we see it upon the street, particularly at the corners, where our elbows come in contact with those of our fellow-men. But perhaps we meet with this modern combativeness most of all in journalism and in authorship. Everyone desires to be an author in these days; and those who may not, desire beyond all things that after their death they may be enshrined in literature, commemorated in biographies.

Ferdinand Smith now—of all men—must be an author. He was a young man, pleasant, amiable, though possessed of a fixed, stern jaw and a small, keen eye; fairly educated, no more; and at present occupying a modest post in a Savings Co.'s office, emolument \$500.00 a year. And there came upon him one night, as he stood reading the exchanges in the Public Library, like a fever, the thought that he would like to be an author. This may have partly been because another fellow in the office, Reginald Brown, had managed some successes in the magazines—indeed his name struck Ferdinand's eye that evening more than once as he turned over the pages of the *Era*, the *Lantern*, the *Progress*.

So Smith—Ferdinand Smith, to be polite and engaging—went home and mapped out all sorts of large ideas for serials, plays, epics, romances, vaudevilles, dictionaries, translations and short stories. Being one of those resolute young men, with whom the last new idea was a powerful stimulus to work or to play, just as it happened, he set to work and soon completed his first maiden effort—a serial of grave importance, historical, laid "in teacup times," and graced with hints of colonial garb and speech, vivacious and heavy by turns. There was a good deal of the "Nay, sweet maid, I meant not idle flattery," about it; and more than a trace of "Ho, varlets! Attend me there! Hath His Eminence not come then? By'r-lady!" etc, etc. Still, there was plenty of action and fire about the thing; and a tournament in the middle gave the writer opportunity to use his descriptive powers to exhaustion—which he lost no time in doing. When completed he wrapped it up and sent it off, having carefully obeyed all directions as to writing on "one side only," and "stamps," and "name and address," and "folding" in place of "rolling."

Meanwhile Brown had achieved almost phenomenal success with a "little thing" of his, which he had resolutely sent to twenty-one periodicals, and which, after having been refused by eleven, haggled over by six, and "retained for consideration" by the remaining four, had finally been accepted by the first, when Brown had allowed a sufficient length of time to elapse before trying it on a second time. Once seen in this—the best and most popular of all the magazines—it passed from paper to paper, till Smith grew almost mad with envy, particularly as his friend Reginald Brown was his fellow-lodger as well as fellow-clerk, and interested in the same young lady, a typewriter with "bronzèd" locks, as Ferdinand sometimes called them.

Time went on, and one day brought the serial back. Ferdinand read, trembling, that a historical serial was not required by the periodical in question; it would much prefer a natural novel of every-day life. Disgusted, he went to his desk, and did the most foolish thing he could have done—sat down and began "a natural novel of every-day life," instead of emulating Brown and deluging the market with the historical novel until he found someone to take it. Back in a couple of months came the every-day novel. The editor regretted his inability, but traces of haste were too apparent. Besides, the subject was one fully treated of in the leading serial of last year.

So it went on, Brown advising, Smith ignoring advice and trying to run one magazine at a time, until a year and a half had actually worn away and Ferdinand was no nearer the realization of his dream. Then he began to see his mistake. He viewed with jealousy the jaunty air of Brown, contributor to this, and this, and that and the

other, and his eye—the impending novelist's, budding poet's eye—saw signs of growing intimacy between his fellow clerk and the engaging type-writer, who "type-wrote" Brown's manuscripts for him in the evenings.

"Just like a juggler with his balls," remarked Reginald calmly. "The more you have going, the more difficult it looks, but it's only a matter of first principles. If you can keep two going, you can keep a dozen. Take my advice. Choose something short and simple; get it copied fairly and clearly out, about twenty-five copies, and send the same thing to every magazine under the sun. That's what I did with 'Sunrise.' I never saw the sun rise myself yet, but with a catching quatrain metre, 'pyres' and 'fires,' a due admixture of 'pines' and 'isolation born of dawn,' I made out a very charming little poem which has gone all over the world by this time. You can do as well as that. But you must go the right way to work."

"It can only be taken by one thing at a time," grumbled Ferdinand. "It does seem so absurd."

"Absurd? Not at all. It is an immense saving of time, that's all, and in literature time is everything."

Finally, Ferdinand followed his friend's advice and wrote a poem entitled "Three Questions." He got the idea out of a book by Jean Paul Richter; the first question being asked by Love, the second by Life and the third by Death. He got Miss Lestrangle to make twenty-four copies, and he automatically did them up one night and posted them to various papers and periodicals in the morning. And then he dropped his pen and waited.

Before a week had passed, however, came a change into his life over which he had no control, and in the presence of which even his resolute attempts in the direction of authorship dissolved, leaving very little behind. Ferdinand had to his knowledge only one relative in the world, and that was an uncle, a dear old man of unbounded sympathies, who had ever treated his good-looking nephew with great kindness and justice. Learning that he was dangerously, fatally ill, caused by an explosion in his laboratory—the uncle was a chemical professor and a bachelor—Ferdinand hastened to his side on leave of absence, and was, in fact, out of town for five weeks attending almost constantly to the wants of his old friend, talking to him and reading to him, chiefly the latter. He had his letters sent on, of course, but was chagrined to find that nothing came concerning his manuscripts. The twenty-four—noble twenty-four—appeared to have completely vanished. One day, however, when he cut open the leaves of a magazine to which he had sent a copy of his poem, he found it in print in the corner staring him in the face, and with flushed cheeks and moist eyes he read it to his uncle.

Three days after, to his surprise, he found it in another magazine to which he had mailed a copy, and to his final consternation and horror, it appeared on the tenth day in *Progress*, and Ferdinand knew that a terrible fate was in store for him. Making some excuse, he hurried himself back into town and ran across his friend Brown at the station. Miss Lestrangle was on his arm, in a costume of chocolate and yellow, Gainsboro' hat, and locks even more "bronzèd" than usual. There was a solemnity about Brown that appalled Ferdinand; already collapsing under the one shock, he was anything but ready for the second.

"I congratulate you," said Brown, shaking him by the hand. "To get into *Progress* is no end of a good thing for you. I managed it."

"You?" said Ferdinand, in despair.

"Well, you see, there I was hanging around your room, and seeing your letters arrive, and noticing the printed names in the corners of the envelopes, and all that, and you sixty miles away with the sick uncle, and so I thought I'd open them and arrange your business for you. I accepted *Progress*' offer for 'Three Questions,' \$20; not bad for a three stanza poem. I accepted—in your name, of course, old fellow—the *Era*'s proposal for another short bit of verse, \$15, and finally the *Preston Courier*'s offer of \$10 for a third bit of verse, and there you are in *Progress*, my dear boy, which is worth the rest of them put together."

"But do you know what you've done?" shouted Ferdinand Smith, almost frantic with fury, especially as he noted how confidently Miss Lestrangle leant upon her companion's arm.

"You may have meant it kindly, but you've involved me in everlasting disgrace! You have accepted in my name the same poem three times over, and what do you think the editor of *Progress* will say—has said by this time—when he sees his original poem, for which he sent twenty-five dollars, printed simultaneously in the *Era* and the *Preston Courier*? I shall never survive the blow, never dream of getting the ear of a respectable editor again."

Brown, to do him justice, was amazed for one moment as the consequences rushed upon him.

"How was I to know? You never told me you had followed my advice, and I swear that the only mention of the name of your poem occurred in the slip from *Progress*. I'm awfully sorry, Smith, I—I—hope it will come out all right. But here's our train. Cora—say good-bye!"

And Cora—that is, Mrs. Reginald Brown, said good-bye.

As for Ferdinand, he patched it up as well as he could with the three editors, but, as he had intimated, it was a long time before he could get any attention from first-class magazines. The memory of having been dexterously "sold" did not soon fade from the editorial mind. The *Era* demanded its cheque back, and he sadly sent it, while the *Courier* denounced him ruthlessly in its columns, *Progress* maintaining a severely cold attitude and printing

a stiffly satirical editor's note referring guardedly to the little episode.

Needless to say Ferdinand Smith's attempts at authorship received a decisive blow through the rash friendship of his colleague, Brown, although he recovered in time and has now set himself to arduous work, no longer cheered—alas—by the sparkling image of Cora.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MISS MARIE STRONG is now one of the permanent musicians in Toronto and has lately sung at some leading concerts. Her fine contralto voice and excellent method will doubtless secure her many engagements.

THE fine new three-manual organ built expressly for the Conservatory, and placed in Association Hall, Yonge Street, is now nearly completed and its formal opening will be made the occasion of a recital, of which due notice will be given.

WE are glad to notice that the Conservatory of Music has increased its already numerous staff by the addition of Mr. John Bayley, the well-known and popular band master of the Queen's Own, who has been appointed to a position in the violin department.

WE unfortunately go to press too soon to give any notice of Miss Nora Clench's concert, at which there will be, no doubt, as large an audience as Toronto can furnish or the new and handsome Academy of Music contain. Everything points to a hearty reception for the young Canadian artist.

MR. SMYTHE'S Organ Recital at the Toronto College of Music last Thursday created much interest in musical circles, and his performances gave much pleasure. The programme was probably a lighter one than Mr. Smythe will give some future day to a Toronto audience, but was naturally the more pleasing on that account. Mrs. Macfarlane gave her songs very creditably.

MR. EDWARD FISHER and his staff have, by the way, been doing good work in the recital direction, and the fortnightly matinees given by their pupils have been largely attended. The programmes, which are always of a high order, have been most creditably rendered and speak volumes for the thorough work done by the teachers. The attendance has been very large this term, which is all the more gratifying as the students are drawn from all parts of Canada and the States.

THE arrival of Mr. Mantell at the Grand brought out a large sprinkling of ladies who, it must be borne in mind, will always prefer a *risqué* French emotional drama, in which a Mlle. Marco, a kind of heroic *Dame aux Camélias*, displays her costumes and her power of ranting, to the pretty opera bouffe of "Evangeline" and kindred productions. Mantell chose for his Saturday matinee that most uncomfortable play, "The Marble Heart," in which he did his best with an unnatural part. A strong likeness to Irving was manifest in all the later scenes, and in the prologue many traces of staginess were apparent. Mark Price as the Frenchman and editor of *The Magic Lantern* did first-class work, and brought a little life and light with him whenever he came on the stage, a fact for which the audience was most grateful.

It has been given to Mr. Pinero in "The Profligate" almost to inaugurate a new era. Written several years since, the man who made all London laugh at the playful satire of "Dandy Dick" and "The Magistrate" scarcely ventured to hope that a play in which he had dared to handle dangerous topics, to speak out truth with refined clearness, would find a manager willing to risk failure. "The Profligate" has been rejected in some of the provincial cities, but larger London gave it a royal welcome. Then came the "Doll's House," the success of a week; but in spite of its reception, it is doubtful whether England is ripe for Ibsen's startling realism, or if, indeed, the great Norse playwright does not overshoot the mark in his laudable desire for truth. In the face of much intellectual reasoning in favour of Ibsen, we may surely be excused for hoping that the day when "Ghosts" is accepted by an English audience is far distant. But better, far better, the brutal frankness of an Ibsen, nay, even the painful materialism of a Zola, than the mere horrible tissues of sin and folly, absolutely devoid of moral. Better L'Assommoir in the drinking shop than La Tosca, with her profane prayer for the man she has murdered. Better the romantic drama of the old fashioned style, at which we smile our smile of modern cynicism, than the society play of the school of which John Strange Winter tried and, happily for English morals, failed to be the pioneer. Mr. H. A. Jones is, though inferior to brilliant Mr. Pinero in literary excellence, another of the best new dramatists. In "Saints and Sinners" he did not wholly succeed in forcing home his lesson; in "Wealth" he conspicuously failed; but in "The Middleman," with Mr. Willard as the splendid exponent of its hero, he has seconded worthily the success of "The Profligate," with a play with an admirable teaching. Very high in the list of really artistic pleasures comes a good play, well mounted and well acted. It takes us into a new world, and makes us readily forget our troubles and petty annoyances. Only, when we wish to go to what Thackeray calls "Fancy Street," "Imagination Street," let us take care we bring home with us some "sweetness and light," some honest emotions, and let us one and all boycott the drama without a moral.—*Jersey Express*.

## ART NOTES.

A MONUMENT in memory of the distinguished painter Hans Makart will be erected next spring at Vienna.

SOME fragments of a Hyksos statue, which had been usurped by Menephtah, have been recently found at Alexandria, near Pompey's Pillar, and have been removed to the Cairo Museum.

THE first general meeting of the Hellenic Society in the new session took place at 22 Albemarle Street on Monday last, at 5 p.m. Mr. Cecil Smith read a paper on "An Archaic Greek Lekythos," recently presented to the British Museum by Mr. Malcolm Macmillan; and Mr. J. A. R. Munro gave an account of recent excavations in Cyprus, and exhibited some of the objects found.

WE are promised an important work on the "Barbizon School of Painters," from the pen of Mr. David Croal Thomson, author of "The Life of Thomas Bewick," and "The Life of Phiz." The book will be profusely illustrated, and will deal exhaustively with the lives of Théodore Rousseau, Narcisse Virgilio Diaz, Jean François Millet, Charles François Daubigny, and Jean Baptiste Camille Corot.

THERE is a statistical paper in the *Art Journal* on the sales of the past season. From this it appears that people have been buying more water-colours and fewer oil-paintings than they did last year; taking, that is, water-colours that fetched £100 and upwards, and paintings in oil fetching £200 and upwards. The highest price paid for a water-colour was £2,415, which was given for "The Vale of Clwyd," by David Cox. Raphael's "Knight's Dream," which is engraved for the frontispiece of the journal this month, was bought in 1847 for only £1,050.

MR. J. J. HISSEY, of Raven's Moat, Eastbourne, writes:—"Now that the electric light is being generally introduced into our houses, it may be well to caution those possessing valuable water-colour paintings against placing the electric lamps in close proximity to their pictures, as I have found, after three years' experience of the electric (incandescent) light in my own home, that so placed the new illuminant is sufficiently powerful to cause some of the more delicate pigments to fade to a greater or lesser degree. Water-colours that are safe in diffused daylight are certainly not always so when exposed night after night, for many hours, to the active white light of electricity close at hand."

THE Belgian collections of pictures by the old masters have now been housed in the fine new gallery of the Palais des Beaux-Arts at Brussels. The pictures, which amount to 521, have been numbered, and are carefully described in a new catalogue, being the sixth edition of M. E. Fétis's capital work, which contains an historical account of the collection extending to ninety-four pages. The old Flemish masters are dealt with in a separate section of the text, beginning with the fourteenth century and ending with Van Arley in the sixteenth. The authenticated examples are taken first, and the questionable ones are grouped, as in former editions of the catalogue, under "Maitres inconnus" of each nation. An introductory note states that an attentive revision of the collection has been made by the officials of the gallery, assisted by two experts, and the attribution of pictures decided by a majority of voices.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL: From the Reign of David up to the Capture of Samaria. By Ernest Renan. \$2.50. 1889. Boston: Roberts Brothers; Toronto: Williamson.

With regard to the actual merits of this "history," we have only to repeat the opinion expressed in noticing the French original of the present volume and of its predecessor. Mr. Renan is a charming writer and a provoking. No one has a more perfect command of all the resources of French prose, and no one is more arbitrary in his critical principles. His work may be regarded as a very readable presentation of the results of the destructive criticism of the Old Testament. Most readers will naturally prefer the French original, the charm of which it is not easy to transfer to the English rendering. We can, however, assure those who may prefer to read a translation that the present version does, in all essential points, convey the meaning of the original. In bearing such testimony we must nevertheless remark that the translation might be better. Sometimes the translator does not seem to be quite familiar with the differences of idiom between the French and English, sometimes the rendering lacks precision, sometimes it falls short of accuracy. In the preface we are told, "Judaism, like all religions, has had a starting point, and required nearly four hundred years for its development." An Englishman writing that sentence would have used the past tense where a Frenchman uses the perfect. We open the volume at random, near the beginning of the history of Solomon, and read as follows: "We who know what occurred in connection with the reign of Louis XIV., can see very well that these brilliant developments of monarchical power are twofold in their aspect. Advantageous for a part of the nation, they weigh heavily upon the other part. Some suffer, others profit by them. . . . Solomon was evidently detested by some, admired by others," and so forth. Here is the French: "Nous qui savons comment les choses se sont passées à la suite du règne de Louis XIV., nous voyons bien que ces brillants développements de puissance monarchique sont à double

visage. Avantageux pour une partie de la nation, ils pèsent lourdement sur l'autre partie. Les uns en souffrent, les autres en profitent. . . . Salomon fut, évidemment, détesté des uns, admiré des autres. If the reader will compare the italicised words and phrases, he will see what we mean; but he will also infer that he may obtain the substantial meaning of the original from the translation.

OUR OWN COUNTRY. By W. H. Withrow, D.D., F.R.S.C. Toronto: William Briggs.

No enthusiastic Canadian can find fault with Dr. Withrow's admirable compendium of all that is beautiful and enduring in our landscape and history, and much that is instructive in statistics and topics of general interest which he has put together under the above title. "Our Own Country" is handsomely printed and bound, richly illustrated and vivaciously written. Nothing better for a gift-book to friends abroad can be imagined. It should be a matter of self-congratulation to Dr. Withrow that with all his manifold duties he can still find time to compile so large and interesting a volume, a fact which accounts, perhaps, for a few slips here and there. The eloquent peroration descriptive of Niagara Falls, attributed to Ruskin, contains those beautiful sentences in which Charles Dickens attempted to pourtray his emotions. They were originally printed in "American Notes," and still remain as evidences of the true and powerful touch with which that great mind depicted almost everything he saw. The fact, however, that the quotation from Dickens appears sandwiched between two other paragraphs foreign to that particular chapter in the "American Notes," signifies that very probably Dr. Withrow has unconsciously quoted the entire section from some source not over accurate in its compilation. We also presume that when the author speaks of seeing the trailing arbutus growing in the cliff that leads down to the foot of the Canadian Fall, he has actually noticed the plant referred to. The ground laurel, *Epigaea repens*, certainly is to be sometimes found in rocky soil, but oftener in cold sandy woods in the shadow of the pines, and is generally regarded as a difficult plant to catch. The book is, in short, a "Picturesque Canada" on a reduced scale, and will no doubt find many purchasers and readers.

HAND-BOOK OF CANADIAN GEOLOGY. By Sir J. William Dawson, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S., etc., Principal of McGill University. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

This work, by Canada's most eminent and gifted scientist, is intended to serve as lecture notes for teachers of geology, more especially in the Dominion of Canada, and as a guide to Canadian geology for private students, enquirers and travellers. It is such a work as has been often offered to American and English students of the geology of their native countries, and it is well for our Canadian teachers and students both that so distinguished and forcible a writer as Sir W. Dawson has seen fit, in the multitude of his daily duties, to compile a text-book for Canada. The distribution of Canadian rocks and fossils is fully given with the aid of suitable figures and charts.

THE CHURCH IN MODERN SOCIETY. By Julius H. Ward. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

The changed and changing aspects of our complex modern civilization are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds in varied spheres of life. Social phenomena are being attentively examined with a view to the discovery of the laws of sociology. There are certain permanent factors that influence the thought and activity of successive ages. Julius Ward, in this admirable little volume, recognizes these in the family, the Church and the nation. The development of individualism in modern life has sapped the foundations of traditional authority, and like every thoughtful Christian, he deplors the absence of an organized national Church. He admits that there is a large degree of unity in essentials, but that unity is greatly impaired in its influence upon society by sectarianism. The difficulties the problem presents are fully and clearly faced, and he reaches the conclusion that if an ideal unity, the result of a large, comprehensive and exalted conception of the Christian Church cannot now be realized, at all events an effective measure of unity may be reached through working agreements, entered into by the various sections of the Church. Only through the ethical and spiritual can the modern Church obtain that authority and influence that will guide and ennoble life in all its manifestations. The little book is the product of an earnest and candid mind that looks with sympathetic insight into the needs of the age. It will be read with interest and gratitude by all who feel the important bearings of present-day questions now pressing for solution. Mechanically, the volume is in every way worthy of the publishers' reputation.

THE *Church Review* for October (New York) is a very good number of a Review which represents in an able manner the Anglican position. The articles are, naturally, of unequal value; but few will complain that they have not the worth of their money. Perhaps the most remarkable article is one entitled "Another Voice for Reunion." It is written by Dr. J. H. Hopkins, and is based upon a very striking treatise by Dr. C. A. Briggs, a theologian of eminence, and a Professor in the Union Theological Seminary in New York. Dr. Briggs addresses himself principally to Presbyterians; but his work, and the copious comments upon it in the *Church Review*, will be of interest to all the Reformed communities. Of no small interest to

Episcopalians will be the article on the "Voice of the Church of England on Episcopal Ordination." The article on Confirmation shows that a large section of the Episcopal Church seems to be adopting a theory on that subject which at one time was thought peculiar to some Nonjurors. Two articles argue the question of changing the name of the "Protestant Episcopal Church" in the States, both sides in the controversy being fairly represented. A large number of reviews are placed at the end, and seem, on the whole, to do their work usefully and efficiently.

THE *North American Review* for November is certainly eclectic. We have three views of "Divorce," Roman Catholic, Episcopalian and Agnostic; Bishop Potter, Cardinal Gibbons and Col. Ingersoll meeting upon the same platform. John Burroughs is seen in a new light, his paper being entitled "The Corroboration of Professor Huxley." Charles Wyndham, the latest English importation, discourses upon "The Tendencies of Modern Comedy," and proves himself a clever and graceful writer. The remarkable "Edgar"—Saltus, not Fawcett, gives his notion of "The Future of Fiction" in some extraordinary paragraphs from which we learn that the novel of the future will be a "sentient psychology for the use of the idle" whatever may be meant by such an ambiguous and pretentious phrase. By far the most forcible paper in the number is "Our National Conceits," by Murat Halstead, in which the national vanity is handled without gloves, but fairly, and is certain to provoke much criticism.

PROBABLY the most interesting item in the *Magazine of American History*, to Canadian readers, will be a Declaration, addressed in the name of the King of France to all the Ancient French in North America, by the Count d'Estaing, in 1778, contributed by Mr. Henry T. Drowne. "A Chapter from the History of Utah" is accompanied by graphic illustrations, and a thrilling story of a British Surgeon, "Experience in the Revolution," from Hugh Gaines' Gazette, in 1778, is contributed by Adrian Von Sinderen. The number is perhaps hardly up to the usual mark.

THE *Forum*, always well to the fore, contains a number of striking articles. Archdeacon Farrar is the most distinguished contributor and urges the claims of the pulpit—not as an entertainer but as an expositor of grave, good sense and the highest spirituality. President Angell discourses upon "American Rights in Behring Sea," and two light and sparkling papers are "The Domain of Romance," by Maurice Thompson, and "Types of American Women," by H. H. Boyesen. J. C. Kelton urges in a paper entitled "Requirements for National Defence" an annual appropriation by Congress of \$2,000,000 for the national guard, and Francis Peabody writes of "Industrial Co-operation in England."

THE complete novel in *Lippincott's* is a story of Kentucky frontier life in 1810. The strength of the tale is unusual, and although there is a good deal of dialect running through it the reader, unless satiated with dialect, need not object to it on this score. An article on William Cullen Bryant, by R. H. Stoddard, has much literary interest, and there are three papers of similar issue, "Handwriting and Writers," "The Seamy Side of Literature," and "What it Costs to Issue Big Newspapers." Mr. Melville Phillips says in the latter:—"It is impossible to cover in a single statement the editorial expenditures of the leading newspapers. They differ in this respect more widely than in any other. There is one successful class, represented by the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, whose staff of editorial writers does not cost it one hundred dollars a week; there is another class, including papers like the *New York Sun* and *Chicago Tribune*, the weekly salaries of whose editorial writers foot up not less than one thousand dollars. Perhaps the best-paid editorial writer on any daily journal in the country is Mayo W. Haseltine, of the *New York Sun*, who is said to receive one hundred and seventy-five dollars a week. Then there are the telegraph editors, say five of them at an average weekly wage of twenty-five dollars (the *New York Sun* pays best for this important and laborious service); the literary, dramatic, and financial editors, on salaries ranging from thirty dollars to seventy-five dollars per week; the 'news,' sometimes the same as the 'night' editor, who 'makes up' the paper and puts it to press, and rightly gets well paid therefor; and—saving his highness the editor-in-chief, whose income is too magnificent for mention—there is, finally, the managing editor, who may be paid from fifty to sixty dollars a week all the way up to the princely salary of Colonel John Cockerill, of the *New York World*, who receives from Mr. Pulitzer the snug fortune of twenty thousand a year."

JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S "Autobiography," which forms the initial article of the November *Century*, is delightfully told, and is one more testimony to the unsullied, hard-working, patient, and persevering lives oftener than otherwise led by men and women of the stage. Two unusually strong poems mark this number further; one, "Poe's Cottage at Fordham," the other "A Thanksgiving Hymn," by S. E. Adams. The first instalment of Amelia Barr's Cromwellian serial entitled "Friend Olivia" is given, and would appear to contain much promise. It is curious, as the literary fashions wax and wane, to perceive how the historical slowly edges out the commonplace and modern, to be itself edged out by the next incoming novelty. People who have never taken the trouble to read a novel by Walter Besant will follow Amelia Barr in the *Century* as if such a production were for the first time given to the

public. Mark Twain's "Experiences at King Arthur's Court" savour of some irreverence, where the subject is one so fraught with the mystic, almost divine. Frank Stockton's "Merry Chanter" is amusing at least, and George Kennan continues his "Adventures in Eastern Siberia."

THE seventeenth volume of Alden's *Manifold Cyclo-pedia* extends from Gogo (a town and seaport of British India) to Haliography (a description of the sea), and compares favourably with its predecessors in skilful editing, handy form, excellent typography and binding, and remarkable economy in cost. The work is definitely promised to be completed in 40 volumes, at the speed of at least one volume a month, which is rapid for good work. Besides covering the usual ground of a universal Cyclo-pedia, it includes also an unabridged dictionary of the English language. Considering its comprehensiveness and the editorial and mechanical excellence, its price is hardly less than marvellous, the first seventeen volumes in cloth binding being offered for \$8.00, or for \$11.40 in half Morocco. The price is gradually advanced as the publication progresses, earlier patrons of the work being considered entitled to more favourable rates than those who come later. A specimen volume may be ordered in cloth for 60 cents, or in half Morocco for 85 cents, to be returned if not wanted. John B. Alden, Publisher, New York, Chicago or Atlanta.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD'S new novel, "Allan's Wife," will be published in the course of the month.

MR. BROWNING has forwarded to London from Italy the manuscript of his new volume of thirty poems.

EMILE AUGIER, the famous French dramatist, author of "*L'Aventuriere*," and various other highly successful plays of the period, died last week in Paris.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, High Commissioner for Canada, was among the guests at the farewell banquet given quite lately to the Earl of Hopetoun, the new Governor of Victoria.

TRUBNER'S *Record*, for September, opens with a poem by Sir Edward Arnold, a poetical translation of the first chapter of "The Dhammapada," and an account of that work by H. Sumangala, high priest.

THE author of "Vice Versa," which has not yet been displaced from its position of the most searching piece of humour since Thackeray, has written a new novel called "The Parish," from which much is naturally expected.

AMY LEVY, the author of "Reuben Sachs," whose untimely death was announced in England a few weeks ago, left a number of poems, which Fisher Unwin will soon publish in a volume, illustrated by Bernard Partridge and Joseph Pennell.

IT is stated in the London papers that the sum paid to Lord Tennyson for his sixteen-line poem of "The Thristle," published in *The New Review*, was £250. That would be at the rate of £15, 18s, 9d a line! A poet is not necessarily a bad man of business.

WE notice in several English papers recently to hand, that Mr. Goldwin Smith is said to be engaged in writing a biography. This, we learn, is incorrect, unless it refers to a sketch of Jane Austen's life and works prepared for the "Great Writers" series, issued by Walter Scott, of London.

HENRY JAMES, in his introduction to *The Odd Number*, the recent volume of translations from the French of Guy de Maupassant, says that between the lines of this author's stories "we seem to read of that partly pleasant and wholly modern invention, a roving existence in which, for art, no impression is wasted. M. de Maupassant travels, explores, navigates, shoots, goes up in balloons, and writes. He treats of the north and south, evidently makes 'copy' of everything that happens to him, and, in the interest of such copy and happenings, ranges from Etretat to the depths of Algeria."

MR. A. P. WATTS has, by Mr. Wilkie Collins' special appointment, become his literary executor. Thomas Hardy has been elected to fill the place on the Council of the English Society of Authors made vacant by the death of Mr. Collins. We note the statement that Mr. Collins possessed an immense collection of letters from literary friends—notably Dickens, Thackeray, the late Lord Lytton, George Henry Lewes, Fechter, Charles Reade, and others; but he had a great burning of correspondence in the spring of 1888, when he removed to Wimpole Street, London, from the house in Gloucester place which he had occupied for more than twenty years.

THE Countess of Selkirk, daughter-in-law of the Earl Selkirk, who promoted the first Scotch settlement in Manitoba, has been visiting the scene of the famous Red River Settlement. The event is one of peculiar historic interest, and it is no wonder we hear that her ladyship has been warmly greeted in the Manitoban capital. At a public reception held at the residence of ex-Mayor Logan she was enabled to meet many old settlers and new-comers from the Kildonan district, while from the pupils of St. Boniface College came a hearty address of welcome, with the reminder that no less than twenty-eight of the signatories are descendants of the original Selkirk Colonists.

SOME of the literary papers to be read at the Saturday Sessions, 1889-90, of the Canadian Institute are: Saturday, Nov. 2nd, "The Extirpation of the Criminal Classes,"

A. M. Rosebrugh, M.D.; Saturday, 9th, "French Relics from Village Sites of the Hurons," A. F. Hunter, B.A.; Saturday, 16th, "City Sanitation and the Sewage Problem," Levi J. Clark; Saturday, 30th, "Distribution of Wealth as related to Production," W. A. Douglass, B.A. Philological Section: Tuesday, 12th, "The Study of Gaelic;" Tuesday, 26th, "The Study of Modern Languages in Canadian Universities," D. R. Keys, M.A. Alan Macdougall, Secretary. Meetings commence at 20 o'clock.

READERS of George Eliot's life will remember the annoyance she suffered from a Warwickshire worthy who put himself forward as the author of "Adam Bede." The success in this country of "Thoth" and "A Dreamer of Dreams," has been equalled by their popularity on the other side of the Atlantic, where much curiosity was manifested as to their authorship. To remove doubts upon this subject, a young Canadian gentleman, aged 15 years, Mr. Gerald Leslie Marston Pogue, of Little Britain, a small village near the town of Lindsay, in the Province of Ontario, modestly owned himself the author. Messrs. Blackwood, the English publishers, declared that the author was not "young Pogue," but Master Pogue persists in his claims, stating that he blindly disposed of the MSS. he knows not whither, and assures his friends that a third romance from his pen will shortly appear and establish his reputation.

THE complete line of books for the fall and holiday trade from D. Lothrop Co., is well headed by "Melodies from Nature," a few of Wordsworth's choicest nature-poems, illustrated with original designs by Hiram Barnes and with photogravures of scenes in the lovely "English lake region." Mary Cecil Spaulding has illustrated "A Lost Winter," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, in a way to make it a rare reminder of a Florida winter. Bulwer's famous poem of life and love in the romantic East, "The Secret Way," has also been illustrated for the holiday season. The artist is F. O. Small, whose paintings of Oriental life and fancies attracted much attention while he was at work in Paris. A less expensive gift book than the three named is that pathetic story-classic, "Rab and His Friends," for which Bridgman has made original drawings. The leading prose book for young people, and older readers, too, will be E. S. Brooks' "Story of the American Soldier," a connected, authentic record of the fighting men of America from the earliest day to the present time, embodying much time and labour—a fitting companion to the "Story of the American Sailor." These are but a few of the forth-coming attractions of a house that in the range and quality of its work leads the publishing business of the country.

#### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE

##### A NEW DEPARTURE.

So far *Lippincott's Magazine* in the selection of its novels has confined itself to native American authors; but it has recently secured two strong novels from prominent English authors, which will be brought out in the near future. One of these stories is from the gifted pen of Oscar Wilde, who is known upon this side of the water chiefly as the apostle of aestheticism, but who is destined to a more enduring fame as poet, dramatist, and novelist. The other novel is by A. Conan Doyle, whose recent book, "Micah Clarke, his Statement," has caused a sensation on both sides of the water. Dr. Doyle is a young man, about thirty years of age. He has been successful, both as a physician and author. For years before "Micah Clarke" made him famous he contributed to leading English periodicals. His last novel, "The House of Girdlestone," has been published by a syndicate. His father was a well-known artist, whose brother was the celebrated Dick Doyle, of *Punch*; another uncle is Mr. Henry Doyle, C.B., a director of the Royal Irish Academy.—*Lippincott's for November.*

##### MY FIRST PLAYHOUSE.

I MAY almost say that I was born in a theatre. At all events, my earliest recollections are entirely connected with one: it was a rickety old frame building with a broad gable, facing on an avenue, situated in the city of Washington. The door from our back entry opened upon the stage, and as a toddling little chap in a short frock I was allowed full run of the place. So "behind the scenes" was my first playhouse. And what a playhouse it was, filled with all sorts of material for the exercise of my youthful imagination. At the back was the bay of Naples, with its conventional blue sky just faintly clouded with the distant smoke of slumbering Vesuvius. On one side stood long and stately rows of Corinthian columns, a triumphal arch, and next to that a Roman palace. These marvels of ancient architecture were all leaning up against the wall, not only in an uncomfortable position, but at a dangerous angle, looking as though they had been toppled over during the last days of Pompeii. Upon the other side, heaped in a compact mass, were many scenes of various countries—there a five-storied brown-stone front with modern improvements, and here a tiny thatched cottage of the eighteenth century, with a lovely little door in it just large enough for me to go in and out of, slamming it after me and pretending it was mine. Then there was that dear little white paling fence, exactly two feet high; no legitimate theatre of the old school could possibly be complete without this curiosity, and nobody ever saw such a thing anywhere else. Then came the throne-steps, with

two Gothic arm-chairs set thereon for the king and queen, and in front of these the old familiar green bank from which stray babies were usually stolen when left there by affectionate but careless mothers. Upon the top of this were two flat swans hitched in double harness to a shell for travelling fairyqueens. A little farther down there stood a low and dismal vault having a square, dark opening with some mysterious letters painted over it, setting forth, as I learned in after years, that it was the private "Tomb of the Capulets." Close to this was another piece of real estate belonging to the same family and known as "Juliet's balcony." In a dark corner stood a robbers' cave with an opening through which old Ali Baba used to lug the bags of gold he had stolen from the Forty Thieves. Through the narrow and secluded pathways of "behind the scenes" I have often wandered out upon the open stage and wondered at this grove of wings and flats, and I could see that many ropes were hanging from above to which were fastened boats and baskets, tubs and chandeliers, and those sure tokens of bad weather, the thunder-drum and rain-box.—*Autobiography of J. Jefferson, in Nov. Century.*

##### THE NOBLER SEX.

How sorely does it seem to vex  
Those minds that speculate and plan,  
As which should be the nobler sex—  
Woman or man!

We hear opinions through the press,  
In oratory from the boards:  
With all the force and eagerness  
That wit affords:

Till, weary of a neuter cause,  
Where common sense is undefined;  
And where the Great Creator's laws  
Are left behind—

We wonder, with a tinge of shame,  
If the promoters of their wrong  
Are worthy of the noble name  
That makes them strong.

If either side could but be brought  
To see the judgment that they lacked;  
If less of theory were taught,  
And more of fact;

Then men would see their virtue lies  
In every woman that they meet,  
And not in shouting to the skies  
Their own conceit.

And women would be taught to feel  
That there is the diviner fate,  
For love that can a wrong conceal  
And conquer hate.

So argues the right-minded one,  
When all opinions have been read;  
'Twere better far if more were done  
And less were said.

—C. Guise Mitford.

##### THE COMING ECLIPSE.

THE American expedition to proceed to West Africa to observe the total eclipse of the sun on the 22nd December next, has been organized under the leadership of Prof. David Todd. The U. S. war vessel *Pensacola* will bear the party, and was expected to be ready for sailing on the 14th inst. After landing at St. Paul de Loando, the expedition will proceed up the Quanza river a distance of seventy-five miles to a town called Muxima. At this place the observations will be made. Prof. Todd has had considerable experience in conducting observations of this kind, he having been a member of the parties who were sent to Mexico and Japan. He was invited by the trustees of the Lick Observatory to conduct the observation of the transit of Venus in 1882. Among the members of the present party are: Prof. Cleveland Abbe, who is in charge of the meteorological department; Mr. E. D. Preston, of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, who expects to make determinations of gravity and magnetism; Mr. Corbutt, of this city, who has charge of the important branch of photography; Mr. C. A. Orr, sent by the Clark University; Mr. Harvey Brown, representing the U. S. National Museum; and others.—*The American.*

##### FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

A CHINESE journalist has been giving his impressions of the Western world, and it makes very interesting reading. Here is his description of a 5 o'clock tea: "When the time comes, invitations are sent to an equal number of men and women, and after they are all assembled, tea and sugar, milk, bread and the like are set out as aids to conversation. More particularly are there invitations to skip and posture, when the host decides what man is to be the partner of what woman, and what woman of what man. Then with both arms grasping each other they leave the table in pairs, and leap, skip, posture, and prance for their mutual gratification. A man and a woman previously unknown to one another may take part in it. They call this skipping *tanshen* (dancing). Tea, which is pronounced *tee*, is always black tea; but it must be mixed with milk and white sugar. They dare not drink it neat, alleging that it would corrode, and so injure the drinker.

A LION ON HORSEBACK.

At the Paris Hippodrome the chief attraction for the season has been the spectacle of a lion taking equestrian exercise—the animal really mounting on the back of a horse, and being carried several times round an enclosure.

HOW CELLULOID IS MADE.

Most celluloid is made in France. A roll of paper is slowly unwound and at the same time is saturated with a mixture of five parts of sulphuric and two parts of nitric acid, which falls upon the paper in a fine spray.

MEN OF STRAW.

In earlier times the procuring of witnesses to perjure themselves by false swearing was more common than now, and men could be easily found to give any evidence upon oath that might be required of them.

SWAZILAND.

SIR FRANCIS DE WINTON has sailed for the Cape en route to Swaziland, commissioned, it is understood, to bring to some sort of settlement the unsatisfactory condition of affairs in that desirable country, a country on which the Transvaal Boers have been for long casting covetous eyes.

A SCHOOL STRIKE.

DURING the past ten days, a very remarkable movement has taken place among the schoolchildren of several large towns in England and Scotland. At Dundee, Edinburgh, Darlington, Middlesbrough, West Hartlepool, Cardiff, Jarrow, Hackney, Bermondsey, Kennington, and Plumstead, and in several other places, the children have struck, caricaturing all the machinery for bringing out the waverers by forcible persuasion, and for enlisting public sympathy by processions, adopted by their elders.

A MOST valuable addition has recently been made to the staff of Mr. Torrington's College of Music in the person of Robert Mahr, an eminent violinist from Berlin, Germany, where he was for more than two years a favourite pupil of Josef Joachim, the greatest living violinist.

TO LOCATE IN NEW YORK.—The following extracts from the Albany papers will be read with interest:

"We are sorry to learn of the contemplated removal of the Cleveland Baking Powder business from this city. We understand that its rapidly increasing business will shortly render enlarged facilities desirable, so that the proprietors have determined to remove to New York, where their export trade can be more conveniently handled.

"Albanians, who have watched the growth of this business from small beginnings to its present mammoth proportions, will regret to see it go, but will rejoice with its owners in its new prosperity. It is but just to say that Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder as a food product has the enviable reputation of being a thoroughly wholesome, effective, and honestly made article.

"A new label is being prepared, but the old name 'Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder' and the heretofore high quality of goods will be maintained.

"Dr. Hoagland, the first, and for many years, President, and Wm. Zeigler, former Treasurer, of the Royal Company, two of its main props, have now left it. The former will be President of the new Company, and his known integrity, liberality and experience promise great success for the new organization, and lively times for all competitors.

TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent. of the entire railroad mileage of Montana; spans the territory with its main line from east to west; is the short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park, and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 56 per cent of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line, extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the centre of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington.

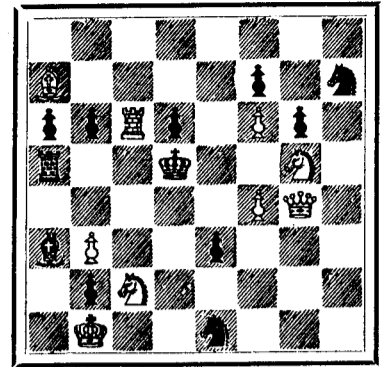
In addition to being the only rail line to Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, the Northern Pacific reaches all the principal points in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Bear in mind that the Northern Pacific and Shasta line is the famous scenic route to all points in California.

Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the country traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for the new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colours.

Address your nearest ticket agent, or Charles S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

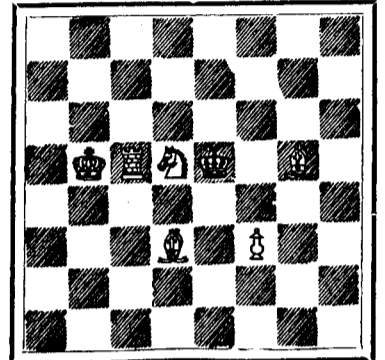
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 407. By E. B. FREELAND, Toronto Chess Club. From Montreal Gazette.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 408. By FRITZ PEPPERS, San Francisco. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 401. White. 1. R-R7 2. Q x KB P + 3. Q mates. Black. P-K B 5 K moves. If 1. P-B 3 K moves. 2. Q-Q R 8 + 3. R-K 2 mate. With other varieties.

GAME PLAYED IN THE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE MATCH.

BETWEEN DR. H. A. HOWE, MONTREAL, AND MR. S. L. MCCALLA, IBERIA, LA.

From the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. Ruy Lopez.

- DR. HOWE. MR. MCCALLA. DR. HOWE. MR. MCCALLA. 1. P-K 4 2. Kt-KB 3 3. B-Kt 5 4. B-Q R 4 5. Castles 6. R-K 1 7. B x Kt 8. Kt x K P 9. Q-K R 5 10. P-Q 4. P-K 4 Kt-Q B 3 P-Q R 3 Kt-K B 3 Kt x P Kt-B 4 Q P x B B-K 3 Q-K B 3 P-K Kt 3. 11. Q-K 2 12. Kt-Q 2 13. Kt x P at QB3 (a) P x Kt 14. Q-Q B 4 15. Q x P at Q B 3 + K-Q 1 16. P-Q 5 17. P x B 18. Q-K B 3 19. Q x Q + and Black resigns.

NOTES. (a) The winning move.

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My little boy has always been afflicted, until recently, with Sore Eyes and Scrofulous Humors. We gave him Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a short time, his eyes ceased to trouble him; the humor disappeared, and his health was restored. — P. Germain, Dwight st., Holyoke, Mass.

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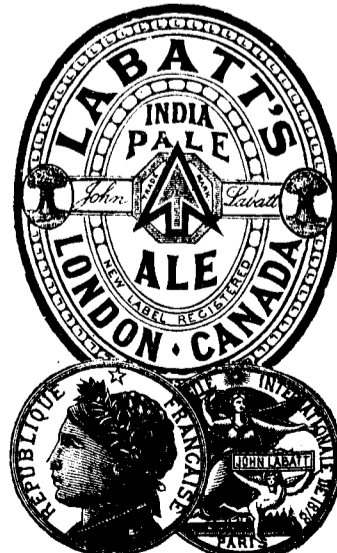
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