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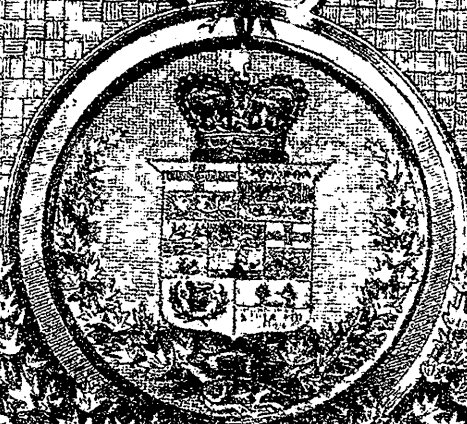
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CANADIAN MONTHLY



NATIONAL REVIEW.



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NORTHERN, HAMILTON & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAYS TIME TABLE.

Taking Effect Thursday, October 20th, 1881.

North		NORTHERN RAILWAY.						South		
Miles from Toronto	STATIONS.	Mail	Mixed	Exp.	Miles from Meaford	STATION.	Exp.	Mixed	Mail	
	City Hall Dep.	A.M. 7.50	P.M. 12.45	P.M. 4.50		Meaford Dep.			P.M. 3.15	
	Union Station	7.54	12.52	4.58	8	Thornbury			7.05	
	Brock Street	8.05	1.00	5.05	14.8	Craigleith			7.27	
	G. W. Junction		1.05		20.5	Collingwood Arr.	A.M. 7.50		4.30	
2.7	Parkdale	8.13	1.10	5.13		Collingwood Dep.	5.20	8.15	4.45	
5.1	Davenport	8.18		5.20	23.7	Batteaux	6.25		4.53	
8	Weston	8.27		5.26	29.1	Stayner	5.45	8.40	5.08	
14.5	Thornhill	8.50	1.55	5.50	36.3	New Lowell	6.03	9.65	5.28	
19.5	Richmond Hill	9.02	2.08	6.00	38.4	Brentwood	6.07		5.32	
22.9	King	9.15		6.15	41.4	Angus	6.16	9.20	5.42	
30.2	Aurora	9.40	2.52	6.38	43.8	Utopia	6.20		5.45	
34.5	Newmarket	9.52	3.06	6.50	46.3	Colwell	6.30		5.55	
38.1	Holland Landing	10.00		7.00						
41.7	Bradford	10.11		7.11		Penetang		7.30	3.20	
44.5	Scarbours	10.15		7.20		Gravenhurst		8.30	3.20	
49.2	Gilford	10.25		7.27		Orillia		8.25	4.55	
52.1	Lefroy	10.35	4.03	7.38		Barrie	7.00	10.05	6.25	
57.7	Craigvale	10.40		7.50						
63.2	Allandale Arr.	11.05	4.40	8.05	51.8	Allandale Arr.	6.45	9.55	6.10	
	Allandale Dep.	11.25	5.05	8.25		Allandale Dep.	7.05	10.20	6.30	
	Barrie	11.10	4.50	8.10	57.3	Craigvale	7.20		6.45	
	Orillia	12.35 P.M.	6.15		62.9	Lefroy	7.35	11.03	7.00	
	Gravenhurst	2.10	8.30		65.8	Gilford	7.40		7.04	
	Penetang	2.00		10.35	70.5	Scarbours	7.50		7.20	
					73.3	Bradford	8.00	11.40	7.27	
63.7	Colwell	11.40	5.25	8.40	76.9	Holland Landing	8.10		7.37	
71.2	Utopia	11.45	5.47	8.47	80.5	Newmarket	8.20	12.03	7.47	
73.6	Angus	11.55	5.42	8.55	84.8	Aurora	8.35	12.17	8.00	
76.6	Brentwood	12.03	9.00	9.00	92.1	King	8.50	12.40	8.20	
78.7	New Lowell	12.08	6.00	9.08	96.5	Richmond Hill	9.02	12.55	8.32	
85.9	Stayner	12.27	6.22	9.27	100.5	Thornhill	9.15	1.08	8.45	
91.3	Batteaux	12.38		9.40	107	Weston	9.25		8.57	
94.5	Collingwood Arr.	12.50	6.50	9.50	109.9	Davenport	9.37	1.40	9.08	
100.2	Craigleith Dep.	1.00	7.10	P.M.	112.3	Parkdale	9.45	1.48	9.16	
107	Thornbury	1.18	7.30		115	TORONTO * G. W. June	9.53			
115	Meaford Arr.	2.15	8.30			Brock St	9.55	2.00	9.25	
						Union Station	10.03	2.08	9.33	
						City Hall	10.10	2.15	9.40	

North		NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.						South		
Exp.	Mail	Exp.	Stations.			Mail.	Secom.	Exp.		
P.M. 5.50	A.M. 10.00	A.M. 6.40	Dep.	Port Dover *	Arr.	A.M. 9.40	P.M. 4.00	P.M. 7.00		
6.15	10.30	7.05		Jarvis		9.15	3.20	6.35		
6.50	10.47	7.35		Hagersville *		9.00	2.30	6.55		
7.20	11.15 P.M.	8.30	Arr.	Caledonia	Dep.	8.30	1.45	5.25		
8.15	12.10 P.M.	9.35		Hamilton		7.30	12.30	4.30		
Exp. 3.10	A.M. 7.00	A.M. 6.30	Dep.	Hamilton	Arr.	A.M. 11.25	A.M. 5.10	P.M. 8.40		
4.12	9.20	7.35		Milton		10.27	3.10	7.30		
5.05	10.50 P.M.	8.20		Georgetown		9.45	1.15	6.45		
6.50	1.30 P.M.	9.55	Arr.	Beeton		8.10	10.55	5.05		
9.00		12.10 A.M.		Collingwood	Dep.	6.00		3.00		
8.20		11.20 A.M.	Arr.	Allandale	Dep.	6.50		3.35		
8.35		11.35 A.M.	Arr.	Barrie	Dep.	6.35		3.15		
		12.35	Arr.	Orillia	Dep.			8.25		
		2.10 P.M.	Arr.	Gravenhurst	Dep.			6.30		
9.50		12.50	Arr.	Collingwood	Dep.	5.20		8.15		
		2.15	Arr.	Meaford	Dep.			6.30		
10.35		2.00 P.M.	Arr.	Penetang	Dep.			7.30		

* GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Trains Leave } Toronto for E. at 7.35 a.m., 5.30, 7.15, 11.35 p.m.
Leave } " W. at 7.30 a.m., 12.15, 3.45, 5.25, 11.45 p.m.
Trains Leave } Georgetown for E. 5.05, 9.57, 11.46 a.m., 5.00, 9.45 p.m.
Leave } " W. 12.47, 8.55 a.m., 1.25, 5.00, 6.30 p.m.
Trains Leave } Caledonia for E. at 5.05, 7.47 a.m., 4.31 p.m.
Leave } " W. at 2.43, 11.00 a.m., 5.50, 9.05 p.m.

* CANADA SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Trains Leave } Hagersville for W. 2.16, 8.59, 10.18 a.m., 3.22 p.m.
Leave } " E. 5.31, 10.18 a.m., 1.57, 6.15 p.m.

* GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Trains Leave } Toronto for Hamilton at 7.10, 9.55 a.m., 12.50, 3.30 p.m.
Leave } " 5.55, 11.45 p.m.
Trains Leave } Toronto from Hamilton at 9.15, 10.20 a.m., 1.15, 4.30 p.m.
Leave } " 6.45, 10.35 p.m.
Trains Leave } Hamilton for W. 2.55, 9.00, 11.30 a.m., 2.55, 3.30, 5.10, 11.3 p.m.
Leave } " E. 2.00, 6.05, 9.10, 11.30 a.m., 5.00, 9.05 p.m.
Trains Leave } Jarvis for West at 10.30, 11.50 a.m., 6.30 p.m.
Leave } " East at 9.25 a.m., 4.12, 6.30 p.m.

* PORT DOVER & LAKE HURON RAILWAY.

Leave } Port Dover 6.15 a.m., 2.17 p.m.
Arr. } 10.45 a.m., 7.00 p.m.

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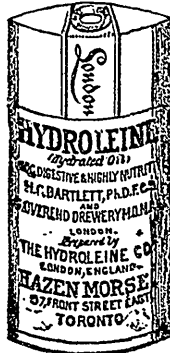
Dear Sir,—I consider Hydroleine a valuable preparation, and I have shown my estimation of it by prescribing it to some thirty or more of my patients, instead of ordinary Cod Liver Oil. Many of them continue to take it and have been greatly benefited by its use. Very truly yours,
J. J. DUGDALE, M.D.

Hastings, 15th Sept, 1880

Sir,—We are so well satisfied with the trial bottle of Hydroleine, having put it to a severe test in an extreme case where we really did not expect the girl to live a week, (she is now able to walk about the house) that we would like a dozen bottles.

Most truly yours,

Drs. CLARK & O'GORMAN.



32 Beaver Hall, Montreal, May 15, 1880.
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Yours truly E. H. TRENHOLME, M.D.

Richmond, Ont., Nov. 25, 1880.

HAZEN MORSE, ESQ.

Dear Sir,—I have to-day made arrangements with Mr. McElroy, (the merchant of our village), to keep in stock a quantity of Hydroleine. It is the best thing I have ever used in all Wasting Diseases. I remain, yours etc.,
D. BEATTY, M.D.

STATEMENT FROM A LEADING CHEMIST AND ANOTHER PROMINENT MAN.

144 St. Lawrence Main St. Montreal, Nov. 18, 1880.

HAZEN MORSE, ESQ., TORONTO

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Truly yours,

HENRY R. GRAY,

Dispensing Chemist.

Montreal Telegraph Co., Superintendent's Office,

Toronto, Nov. 26, 1880.

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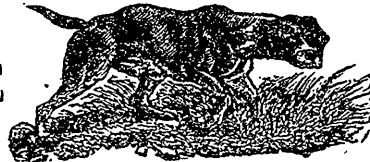
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ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1882.

THE COLONIAL *STATUS QUO* vs. CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.

THE advocates of a Republican form of Government for Canada are wont to dignify the object of their aspirations by the attractive title of Independence. So confident are they of the deeply rooted attachment of the people of Canada to the principles of the British Constitution, and the repugnance of Canadians in general to the system which must be substituted for it in the event of our separation from the rest of the British Empire is so evident to them that they instinctively seek to excite discontent with our present condition rather than enthusiasm for that which they hope is to take its place. This is sought to be done, negatively and positively, by the reiteration of that one word. By its constant use, coupled with that of such taunting phrases as 'clinging to the skirts of the Mother Country,' as descriptive of our present political condition, we Canadians are expected to be rendered dissatisfied with it, as the very opposite of that 'independence' to which, in all things, people of spirit naturally aspire. There is absolutely

nothing more in the case or the tactics of those who have invented this cry. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world, has so great a revolution been sought to be accomplished by the employment of means so trifling. We refer, of course, to peaceful revolutions, and the means by which they are brought about. For we all know that when the minds of any people are predisposed to revolt against a system of government with which they have become profoundly dissatisfied, the veriest trifle may precipitate an outbreak, and may seem to produce consequences to which it merely gives occasion, but which are really due to antecedent causes of quite different weight and significance. In such a state of affairs great may be the power of a phrase, a nickname, a word well or ill understood, caught up by an unthinking multitude.

'Bad dog, bad dog,' the Quaker cried;
'Mad dog, mad dog,' the people quick replied.

Under certain propitious circumstances, hopes of a successful revolt at-

tending the application of a leverage of this kind, naturally and apparently insignificant, but adventitiously of great power, would be justified by experience. But what justification is to be found in history for any expectation that success will attend the attempt to seduce a loyal people from their allegiance, and to convert contented Monarchists into unwilling Republicans solely by the use of a word faintly implying a taunt? And yet no less is sought to be done here in Canada by constantly dinging into our ears the one word 'independence.' Not a single complaint against our present political position has ever been put forward, with the exception of that thread-bare one, so disgraceful to our manhood, that it exposes Canada to the danger of being made the battle-field in the event of war between Great Britain and the United States. To say nothing of the far greater and nearer probability of Canada becoming a battle-field when severed from the rest of the Empire, and continuing so until annexed by conquest to the United States, this is a grievance, if grievance it be, which is common to every frontier community, but which is never held to justify timidity or treason. When the French army invaded Germany, and the German army rolled back the tide of invasion upon France, certain portions of both countries suffered cruelly in their turn from the horrors of war; but it does not appear that the inhabitants of those portions of either country had sought to escape from their liability to such a fate by previous political desertion on a large scale, or were deficient in patriotism, courage or endurance when the time came for them to do and suffer for their country. Convinced as we are that those who advocate what they are pleased to call the 'independence' of Canada are in reality, consciously or unconsciously, advocating the absorption of Canada into the United States, we can compare this sole and single argument which has ever been put

forth in favour of its being brought about to one thing only. It is as if the officers and sailors of the Channel Fleet were to propose to take our men-of-war to Cherbourg, and, hauling down the British flag, deliver them over to the French Admiralty in order to prevent their decks becoming stained with blood in the event of war with France. But, in truth, this battle-field argument, if it is good for anything at all, must be applicable in some degree on the other side of the border also; and it seems to us that it would be more patriotic, for such at least of the advocates of so-called Canadian Independence as are not American emissaries, to urge the States and Territories on our border, from the State of Maine on the coast of the Atlantic to Washington Territory on that of the Pacific, to secede from the Union in obedience to the instinct of self-preservation, and save themselves from a battle-field fate by either setting up for themselves or seeking for annexation to the British Empire.

There is, of course, an argument to the disadvantage of our present state latent in the appropriation of the word 'independence' as descriptive of some impliedly opposite state, which those who affect to sigh for its advent are, however, scrupulously careful not to define or describe, or enlarge upon in any way. It is, or is to be, 'independence,' and that is all the information vouchsafed to us upon the subject. This being the wise and prudent policy of our opponents, we, the upholders of the existing order of things, have a twofold task to perform. We have not only to demonstrate the strength of the grounds and reasons of our adhesion to that order, but also to expose the utter weakness of our adversaries' case, and thereby further and superabundantly justify that adhesion. It is never safe or prudent to despise an enemy, and he is not a wise advocate who, however strong he may have been able to show his own case to be, resumes his seat before he has

made evident all the feebleness inherent in that of his adversary. And he should be all the more careful to fulfil this latter duty when he perceives that his opponent has tact enough to be very guarded and reticent in his handling of a case which he knows to be bad, and has put it forward in such a way as least to reveal its innate weakness. In preparation, therefore, for the possible, though highly improbable, event of this political sect, with the pretentious name, ever becoming sufficiently numerous or important to make it necessary, or even worth the while, to discuss matters seriously with them, it may not be amiss for us Canadians in general to devote a little time and thought to the task of closely analyzing the grounds of the calm and profound satisfaction with our present political condition, and instinctive dislike for any other that could possibly be substituted for it, which we so strongly and deeply feel in the inmost recesses of our souls. We shall then be ready at any time to 'give a reason for the faith that is in us.'

As a people we Canadians are contented and happy, because we feel that we enjoy unlimited civil and religious freedom; and it is only when insinuations to the contrary are made that we need set about the task of proving to ourselves and others that our political state is not one of dependence. There was a time, certainly, when we were governed from Downing Street—when all our important public offices, ecclesiastical, judicial, civil and military, were filled by persons sent out from the United Kingdom—when our customs, postal, casual and territorial revenues were claimed, and our civil list was voted, in England—when people in the mother country spoke of us as 'our subjects in the colonies,' and British immigrants gave themselves airs of superiority over their Canadian-born fellow subjects. But that time is long since past. *Nous avons changé tout cela.*

This great change has been effected gradually, with trifling exceptions, peaceably, and with the hearty concurrence and final approbation of all parties on both sides of the Atlantic. So gradually, indeed, and quietly have some parts of the change been effected that it is hardly to be wondered at if some persons have failed to note the transition of their country from the position of a dependent colony to that of a free and self-governed integral portion of the empire. And yet that is what Canada is at this moment. Words accurately describing our relation to the United Kingdom have yet to be coined. The editor of the *Times* was right when he wrote that those of 'mother country,' and 'colony' are no longer applicable, and that we must revise our nomenclature in relation to this subject. Our bishops, clergy, and ministers of denominations are appointed, and our churches and religious institutions of every kind are governed, without any reference to authorities in the United Kingdom. No judges or public officers but those of our own choice dispense justice or exercise authority among us. Our duties of customs and excise, and other items of revenue, are levied and applied by our own officers, under the authority of our own Parliament. Our postal service, internal and external, is under our own management exclusively. The wild lands of the Crown within our limits, their sale and settlement, are under purely local control. All the military and naval lands of the Crown and defensive works in Canada are 'vested in Her Majesty the Queen for the purposes of Canada,' by laws of our own making. Our public works, and public property generally, civil, naval, and military, are under the sole control of our own Parliament and Government, though the cost of some of them has been most generously defrayed, and that of others as generously guaranteed, by the Government of the Empire, on the authority of Acts of the Imperial Par-

liament. Our sea coast and inland fisheries, the navigation of our waters, and the rights and duties of ship-owners, ship-masters, and seamen therein, are as exclusively subject to our own legislation as is compatible with the rights of other British subjects; our own people of the above three classes, and their property, being subject only to our own laws when in our own waters, though entitled to and enjoying elsewhere the full protection of the Empire which governs and protects our fellow subjects of the same classes when here. Our currency laws and systems of finance and banking are such as we choose to make them. The metallic emblems of our currency are only coined in England because we do not deem it advisable to have a mint here, as our fellow-subjects have in Australia. We revel in the luxury of a public debt, all our own, and manage or mismanage it ourselves exclusively, as seems best in our own eyes. So of our system of public institutions. So of our penitentiaries, reformatories, asylums, hospitals, and other similar public institutions. So of our universities, colleges, and public schools. So of our copyright laws,* and laws respecting patents for inventions and discoveries, and trade-marks and designs. So of our systems of weights and measures. So of our laws of naturalization, marriage, and divorce, and other laws, civil and criminal, for the regulation of persons, property, and civil rights generally. So of our relations with the aborigines, and the management of the lands reserved to them by treaty. So of our quarantine laws, regulations, and establishments. So of the regulation of trade and commerce, internal and external. So of our municipal institutions of

every kind. So of the creation of new Provinces, altering the boundaries and divisions of such Provinces, and amending the constitutions of Provinces. So of our militia, and naval and military volunteers. So of the maintenance of peace and order within our country, and its defence generally, which is now recognised as our duty and our privilege, subject only to the necessity, also recognised, of that assistance from the forces of the Empire at large in cases of invasion, which we have been solemnly assured will be freely afforded. There remains only the subject of naval defence, that is to say, the defence of our tidal harbours and sea-coast fisheries, and of our ships and commerce on the high seas, and the subject of foreign relations and diplomacy. With respect to these, we are certainly as yet dependent upon the central Government of the Empire. But as to each, a commencement has already been made in the direction of securing to us as much independence as may be found consistent with the due co-relation of the parts of a great empire. Our power to build, man, arm, equip, maintain, and control vessels of war, has been solemnly recognised by laws of the realm. So has our power to perform, independently, the obligations of Canada, as a part of the British Empire, towards foreign countries. More than one Canadian had already been employed as an arbitrator or commissioner for the settlement of disputes arising under such treaties before one of our foremost politicians was selected, as Canadian politicians will in future, no doubt, often be selected, to assist in the negotiation of a treaty of the highest and most vital importance to the interests of the Empire, and of peace. The people of Canada have no power to make treaties; neither have the people of the United Kingdom. That power resides in the Sovereign of the great Empire in which both countries are included. But, as things are now, it is not only within

*[The writer is hardly correct in saying that in Canada we control our Copyright laws, unless he limits his reference to merely local Copyright. The legislation on this subject, of any appreciable benefit to Canada, which our legislators desired to effect, was in 1873 vetoed by the Imperial Government.—*Ed. C. M.*]

the bounds of possibility, but even far from improbable, that a treaty relating exclusively to Canada would be negotiated by Canadian commissioners. Neither is it at all unlikely that in the selection of such commissioners and the ratification of such a treaty, the Sovereign, though virtually advised by Imperial Ministers, might really be guided in accordance with, if not directly by, the opinions and wishes of Canadian Ministers. At any rate, the Treaty of Washington was not the first treaty whose clauses had awaited in a state of suspended animation the consent of the people of Canada to breathe into them the breath of life, having been negotiated and ratified subject to that express condition. In relation to all the above subjects, and many others, independent powers of government are exercised in Canada, so far as executive action is concerned, in the name of the Queen herself, by the advice of 'the Queen's Privy Council for Canada' which must always be composed of men possessing the confidence of a majority of the chosen representatives of the people of Canada, and so far as legislation is concerned, by a body known by the highest title in the English language by which a legislature can be designated, that of a Parliament 'consisting of the Queen, an Upper House styled the Senate, and the House of Commons.' 'The executive government and authority of and over Canada and the command-in-chief of the land and naval militia, and of all naval and military forces of and in Canada are vested in the Queen.' In one word, Canada is a 'Dominion under the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with a Constitution similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom.' That Constitution is admittedly, of all that have ever been known, the one under which life and property are best protected; civil and religious liberty are enjoyed to the fullest extent consistent with due regard to the rights of

others; and order is maintained and due respect for and obedience to the law enforced by the consent of all, and for the good of all. It is the model upon which nation after nation of the civilized world has tried and is trying, with more or less of success, to frame a free and stable government for itself. Chief among the characteristic excellencies of this constitution of ours is its happy blending of the monarchical principle with the democratic, or, in other words, its adaptation of the august form of an hereditary monarchy to the invaluable substance of a government of a free people by and through and for that people itself. Under it, as under no other, the difficult problem of the vesting of 'supreme executive authority is happily solved. The monarch, for the time being, fittingly personifies law and order, and authority, and acts as the fountain of honour, grace and pardon, as well as in the character of one whose behests must be obeyed; in both cases because, and only because, so acting with the consent of a majority of the governed.

'Happy the nation that the nation's self
Honours, so symbolized with loyal will:
For whom — Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart,
Guelph —
The Sovereign is embodied England still.'

Happy are the people who combine, as we do, the most ardent and affectionate loyalty to the person and family of a monarch in every way worthy of love, respect and admiration, with an enlightened appreciation of the inestimable value of the monarchy itself, as a permanent political institution. An American citizen, enjoying deservedly at the time, thanks to the liberality of our institutions and the high-toned generosity of our rulers, an exalted official position in our country, had once the bad taste, on a public occasion, to sneer at the sentiment of loyalty. He proved to his own satisfaction, if not to that of his hearers, that loyalty such as his, which he described and justified as founded on

material considerations of self-interest, was preferable to any merely sentimental loyalty. He knew not the extent of the loss of which he described himself as the unconscious victim, as he who is callous to any one of the sweet sympathies of human nature necessarily knows not the extent of his loss. Thrice blessed, let us tell him and others like him, are the people of Canada in their loyalty. First, in that it is a sentimental loyalty, or loyalty of the heart, a pure and elevated feeling, preparing and impelling those who cherish it to do and suffer all things for the object of their devotion. Such a feeling it was that brought the ancestors of many of us to settle in the wilds of Canada more than a century ago, making enormous social and material sacrifices in so doing. Secondly, in that it is a rational loyalty, or loyalty of the head, founded on the deliberate conviction of the superiority of our own monarchical form of government over any that is merely democratic. Thirdly, in that it is a material loyalty, or 'loyalty of the pocket,' founded, like that of our American friend, on considerations of self-interest, in a pecuniary or profit-and-loss point of view.

We have endeavoured to present to the reader some of the principal considerations which should guide one, in case of doubt, to a decision as to whether our present political condition savours most of dependence or independence. It has been characterized as a 'dependent independence.' Should we be wise to quarrel with and repudiate it even if best described in such qualified terms? But if, in truth, it be not rather an 'independent dependence,' if our dependence be merely nominal and theoretical, and our independence real and practical, so far as is compatible with the allegiance of British subjects to the British Crown,—if we have the substance of the latter, under the shadow of the former, should we be wise to let that shadow frighten us into risking the loss of

that substance by grasping at its own shadow? How much of the substance of dependence we should get rid of by fleeing from its shadow, how little of the substance of independence it remains for us to fail to acquire by merely grasping at its shadow, can only be further shown by depicting the dream of our would-be revolutionists as realized.

Let us suppose for a moment the ties uniting Canada with the British Empire, or rather incorporating her with it, peaceably severed by some mysterious process hitherto unknown alike to the laws or the constitution of the one or the other. Let us suppose some Imperial British Minister bold enough to have advised a British Monarch to repudiate the warm and devoted loyalty of his Canadian subjects, absolve them from their allegiance to the Crown of the United Kingdom, and thus pluck out and throw away one of the brightest jewels of that Crown, and deliberately prepare to hand down to his successors an empire shorn of a material portion of the territory, power and prestige which belonged to it when he received it in trust for them. That Minister would not be Mr. Gladstone, or one of his opinions. But suppose the thing to have been done:—to what would the change practically amount? and to what immediate measures would it necessarily give rise? Why, mainly to this and to these. We should no longer be fellow-subjects with, and members of, the greatest people on the face of the earth, but a little, weak, and scattered separate community, severed from all our traditions and with a history to make for ourselves. For want of a monarch we should be driven to stifle all our predilections and improvise for ourselves some form of republic or other purely democratic government. The sum it now costs us to have our Government well and permanently and stably administered, in accordance with our own wishes, as these may

change from time to time, in the name of an hereditary Sovereign, by a Governor-General who is an accident as far as we are concerned, but who is guided by the advice of Canadian Ministers, amenable to a Canadian parliamentary majority, would be available towards paying the salary and defraying the other expenses of a President, periodically elected amid all the intrigues and rancours, bribery and corruption, incident to party strife. A President elected for a short term cannot well be trusted with the appointment for life of judicial or other officers. Hence the necessity for further and constantly recurring elections of every kind, with all their debasing and demoralizing influences. Hence, also, an imperious necessity for at once proclaiming and acting upon the maxim that 'to the victors belong the spoils' as regulating the tenure of all appointments to civil office under the government. Then farewell to official dignity, purity and integrity. Farewell to a Judiciary and a Civil Service such as are the glory of our lands, Home and Colonial. Nor can a President elected absolute Dictator for a term of years be subject to the control or censure of a legislature. Hence, no more Responsible Ministers bound to explain the measures of Government on the floor of Parliament, and to stand or fall, retain or lose power, according as those measures are or are not acceptable to a majority of the representatives of the people. Instead of them, secretaries appointed and removed at the will and pleasure of the President explaining in written or printed reports and messages as much or as little of their master's policy as he pleases to disclose to a legislature that is powerless to influence, guide or control it, and with respect to whose acts he has a qualified veto and no initiative voice.

If that would be 'independence,' give us rather whatever of 'dependence' may be implied in our being ruled, as our fellow-subjects in the United Kingdom

are ruled, by our beloved Queen, acting on the advice of Privy Councillors acceptable to the majority. The advice of Her Majesty's Canadian Privy Councillors, it is true, is not tendered to Her Majesty in person. Distance forbids. But it is tendered to, and acted upon by, her chosen representative and deputy.

But separation from our Queen, and the loss of that responsible or parliamentary government which is the glory of the British Constitution, substituting for it some weak imitation of the weakest features of its American counterpart, the provision for executive government, though really the great change concealed by, and stealthily advocated under, the above high-sounding title would be accompanied by two consequences. We should no longer be 'dependents' upon the Royal Navy for the defence of our tidal harbours, or of our ships and commerce on the high seas, nor upon British diplomatic or consular agents for the protection of our persons and property when travelling abroad. Having attained to the complete 'independence' we are told we ought to covet, it would, of course, be our high privilege, as well as a matter of indispensable necessity, to build, man, arm, equip, provision and maintain, at whatever cost, a fleet of vessels of war on a scale commensurate with the tonnage of our merchant shipping and the extent and distribution of our foreign commerce. We should also have to maintain an envoy and minister at every seat of government, and a consul at every place where merchants most do congregate, in the civilized world—and perhaps also at some places not by any means civilized. So far as the first of these items of 'dependence' is concerned, our pride could surely be satisfied by our availing ourselves of our power to add ships to the Royal Navy, in proportion to our means, after we shall have got through with, and our finances shall have in some degree recovered from, the great

expenditure incurred in the interest of the Empire at large, for fortifications, for a trans-continental railway, and for the extinction of aboriginal and corporate claims to vast and valuable tracts thereby finally secured to the British Crown. So far as the second of them is concerned there is really nothing in it that need be hurtful to our pride at all. As subjects of the Queen, we may freely avail ourselves of the services of our foreign agents, our fellow subjects paying for those services, when custom admits of our so doing, and feeling, when it does not, that the cost of their maintenance is in no way increased by our having a common title with others to their service.

Disregarding the sneers of those who cannot rise to, or appreciate the elevation of, our sentiments, we glory in our character of subjects of a great and good Queen and inhabitants of an integral portion of a great empire. Emigrants from the United Kingdom who have settled in this land upon the faith of treaties, royal proclamations, and Acts of Parliament, toiled and suffered in reclaiming it from a state of nature, and the descendants of such emigrants, or of those who won this land for the British Crown from foemen worthy of their steel, or of such foemen—'become subjects of the King' more than a century ago—loyally and gallantly maintaining that inherited character in peace and in war, or of those who, nearly as long ago, sacrificed almost all they held most dear, except their allegiance, in flying to trackless northern wilds and forests to preserve that allegiance—the character of British subjects is our sacred birthright. It is a cherished attribute and possession of which we cannot lawfully be deprived without our consent, of which our Sovereign cannot have the slightest desire, or any of our fellow subjects the slightest shadow of a pretext of right, to despoil us. We are satisfied that our maintaining and perpetuating the enjoyment of that

birthright by ourselves and our posterity will be a source of strength, and not of weakness, to the Empire. We do not desire to do so, at any avoidable cost to others, or without such sacrifices as it may from time to time be necessary for ourselves and our descendants to make for that purpose. Mutual forbearance, and an unselfish desire on the part of all concerned, to make the connection mutually beneficial must, of course, be the life and soul of a tie apparently so slender as that (being, to all appearance, one of sentiment and affection only, though, if only well understood, of interest also) which binds together the different portions of the British Empire. To secure the exercise, in public matters, of such politic forbearance and unselfishness, the wisest statesmanship on all hands will constantly be required. Fortunately for all parties, the nature of the free institutions of the United Kingdom and its offshoots is such as to afford a guarantee of such statesmanship, in the successive selection, in each community, of men of tried and approved prudence and ability as advisers of the Crown. It is only by slow degrees, through discussion, negotiation, administrative action, and occasional legislation, and not by any one act of constitution-mongering, that we may hope to see the various independent communities now constituting the British Empire so welded together as to form, for common purposes, both in peace and in war, but one harmonious and consentaneous community, under one legislature and one executive—each portion being meanwhile free and self-supporting for all other purposes. To this end all the cohesive elements of our institutions and constitutions will have to be carefully fostered, cultivated, and strengthened, and all their centrifugal tendencies combat ed to the utmost, and if possible subdued.

Among other things, the cohesive force of collective names for the Em-

pire and its various inhabitants ought not to be overlooked or despised. What more appropriate ones could be adopted than such as are suggested by the name of our beloved Queen? The Empire of Victoria would be a proud

and appropriate title for a group of nations under the mild sway of a beloved 'Empress of the Victorians.' Of the British Empire, as a whole, we devoutly say, *Esto perpetua.*

AGRICOLA.

(C. C. TACITI 'AGRICOLA,' C. 46.)

BY JOHN READE, MONTREAL.

IF for the righteous dead a rest remains,
 If, as the wise have thought, great souls survive
 The bodily frame, such rest, O friend, be thine!
 And us, thy household, yearning for thy face,
 From weak regret and womanish tears recall
 To thoughts of that which even love's own law
 Forbids us to deplore—thy deathless life
 Of virtue, in our lives, not words, best praised.

Be to us an ensample—thus, in sooth,
 We yield thee real honour. We who loved
 Thy presence, making ours thy deeds and words,
 May have thee still in more than memory,
 Even thy soul's true self. Marble or bronze
 Or canvas may preserve the cherished face,
 (And well it is to have it thus preserved),
 But outward form and that which outlines it
 Perish in time. The soul lives on for ever,
 And not in marble, canvass, or in bronze,
 But in our thoughts and deeds from day to day,
 Its likeness is transmitted. O our friend,
 Whatever in thee we admired or loved
 Remains and will remain in good men's minds
 For ever and for ever.

And, although
 Good men have lived and laboured and their names
 Have been forgotten, like the inglorious herd,
 'Twill not be so with thee, Agricola.
 Thy name and fame shall live from age to age
 In this, love's record of thy noble deeds.

MODERN LIFE AND NERVOUS FORCE.*

BY DAVID K. BROWN, TORONTO.

HAVE you ever paused amid the rush, the rattle, and the roar of modern life, to think of the steady, solemn, sweet repose of the days that are no more—the days we speak of when we say ‘the good old times?’ If you have shut your ears to the turmoil of the streets, the din of the market-place; if you have switched off the telephone wire, that wakes with its loud alarm the seclusion of your family retreat; if you have cast aside the newspaper, with its thousand tongues speaking loudly yet silently; if you have turned down your gas-jet, and drawn up your easy arm-chair to the open fire-place, and let fancy have wing, she must have borne you back to the good old times when George the Third was King. Before your mind’s eye must have floated visions of travel by stage coach, of time-reading by dials, of wigs and queues, and canes and snuff boxes, of knee breeches, and shoon, and a picture must have arisen before you of a life spent by gentle folks in dalliance and easy pursuit of pleasures. As the coals in your fire burn down, and a sombre shadow creeps over the glow of the live embers, the picture before you has changed, and you see the common people of that day, toiling from morn till night, but with disposition fit for such drudgery. You see them without the power of thinking for themselves, content that the squire should rule their temporal interests, and the parson attend to their spiritual welfare. In them you see resignation to their lot,

a pervading belief in their foreordination to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. In the streets there is no bustle. My lord’s carriage, with its powdered footmen, slowly rumbles along. My lady steps from her chair, and indolently sails into the milliner’s store. The dray-horse drags his load along, with the wainer nodding himself to sleep. For a moment the drowsy street is aroused by the noisy rattle of a stage coach, bearing its burden of rusticity into the heart of the city. It is but for a moment, and the shadows creep along as lazily as ever. As the sun declines in the west, lethargy succeeds to drowsiness, and all is sunk in the stupor of the day’s death. The great world has slowly plodded through its diurnal duties; only the little world of fashion and riot remains as the night wears on to disturb the universal sleep with intermittent noisy bursts of revelry that, like the howling of dogs in deserted streets, make the stillness more profound. Waking from such a reverie, you must have asked yourself: can it be that we are flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone? Are we the same people, mentally and physically? Or have we who live in this age of feverish activity undergone a change? Has the invention of the steam-engine been accompanied by a corresponding increase of activity? Has the telegraph, which annihilates space, been accompanied by an acceleration of human thought? In a word, has the human frame changed with the development of invention; has the human mind increased in power with the increase in knowledge?

* A paper read before a few friends, and published at their request.

It is the purpose of this paper to attempt an answer to these questions. It is my intention to answer very briefly, and in answering I will hardly do more than suggest by a few examples, conclusions which you will have ample means at hand of verifying. Thereafter I will pass to a consideration of a new subject, which will ere long engage much attention in the medical world, this subject being a phenomenon of the highest civilization.

I will now proceed to discuss briefly the physical aspect of my subject. That the power of man, exerted through tools, has increased beyond computation, is a fact too obvious to be disputed. Has he increased physically? I think he has. I discard at once all mythological stories. In the days of Hercules and Milo they did not scrutinize the records as they do now; so we will come down somewhat nearer to our own time. Walking, I think, is the finest test of our physical endurance. Until O'Leary, the Chicago postman, revived long-distance walking, the feat of Capt. Barclay was looked upon as something that, having been achieved once, had been achieved for all time. The captain walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours, being allowed to walk two miles consecutively. Thus he could have an hour and a half's rest. In the last year or two, William Gale, a midget of a man, has walked 4,000 quarter miles in 4,000 quarter hours, beginning each quarter mile on the stroke of each quarter. Thus he never had more than ten minutes' sleep consecutively in nearly 42 days. This, to my mind, proves that physical endurance to-day is greater than it has hitherto been. Twenty years ago a man would have been regarded as a lunatic who would have ventured the opinion that a man could walk 520 miles in six days, or run 560 odd miles in the same time. Yet O'Leary and Rowell have done this. Dr. Winship has lifted 3,000 lbs. in our own day, a feat of strength unexcelled by any other authenticated record. Hanlan

has rowed faster than ever man rowed before. Myers has cut down all the short distance sprint records. Donald Dinnie, Rory McLennan, and others, have surpassed all previous recorded feats in heavy weight athletics. And so I might cite instances, in all the round of muscular tests, down even to prize-fighters. The prize ring, we are accustomed to think, is dead, and there remain no longer the men who could equal the great brutes of days gone by. Yet those who are said to be well informed upon such matters are of opinion that in the man Sullivan, who is to fight with the man Ryan a few months hence, there is a physical type equal, if not superior, to any of the notable prize-fighters whose doings are recorded in *Bell's Life*. I think a survey of the field of athletics will convince any one that the representative muscular men of to-day excel those of any preceding period in the history of our race.

But it may be urged that, though isolated instances show a pre-eminence, the common run of men do not show any increase of physical capacity over their forefathers. I think they do most unmistakably show a marked advance. If we turn to the army, I think it will be admitted that the Abyssinian, Ashantee, and Afghan campaigns, and the Indian mutiny, show instances of forced marching under difficulties excelled by none of the marches in the Peninsular campaign. If we turn to the fields, we see harvesters working during longer hours, and with greater rapidity, than our grandfathers ever dreamt of. The English navy undergoes greater physical fatigue than four men could have stood a century ago. The mechanic no longer has time to whistle and smoke, and talk village politics when he is at work. The steam-engine sets the factory in motion. Every operative springs into position, and stand by he must or fall, while the engine moves—he does not fall, but bears the inexorable strain; it may be with difficulty, but he bears

his burden. In manual labour alone, now-a-days, a month's work is crowded into a week; yet those who earn their living by the sweat of the brow are superior in physique to their predecessors of half a century ago, as any old man can testify, or any young man can learn if he will read of the past, and compare it with the present.

However, I do not wish you to fall into the error that strength means health—for it does not, though the converse is true. It is a remarkable fact that capacity for toil is often found associated with wretched health. Let me recall to you a few instances:

Napoleon was a dyspeptic and died of hereditary disease, yet he remained for weeks together in the saddle, twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and toiled so hard that he nearly killed his secretaries. Julius Cæsar was a weak man physically, yet he endured tremendous fatigue. Alexander Pope, the hunchback poet, who has been called a drop of pure spirit in cotton wool, could not stand erect unless he was sewed up in canvas stays. His life was disease, yet see what great mental labour he endured. Dr. Samuel Johnson suffered from scrofula that twisted and contorted him. He was a prey to melancholy, and at times was so prostrated physically that it was labour to tell the hour on the clock. Yet he did the work, as Mathews says, of an academy. Torstenson, the Swedish General, astonished Europe by the rapidity of his movements, yet he had to be borne about on a litter. The hero of the Plains of Abraham carried the seeds of several diseases in his system from infancy. Palmerston laboured away in his office when suffering excruciating agony from gout. Dr. Kane, the Arctic traveller, was a sailor, yet he never went to sea without being sea-sick. He had heart-disease and chronic rheumatism; yet great burly men perished in the Arctic winter which he struggled through.

Your reading will easily suggest hundreds of additional names to this

list, and which is cited to show that physical and mental endurance do not necessarily depend upon magnificent brute strength. What then is the mainspring of endurance? I cannot attempt to define it to you with a specialist's precision. I call it, and will call it for the purpose of this paper, nervous force. Do not confuse strength of nerve with nervous force, they are different entirely. A man may have nerve enough to have his flesh pierced with red hot pinners and never wince, yet be so deficient in nervous force as to be unable to endure six hours' steady work of head or hands. What I mean by nervous force I can perhaps bring home to you by saying it is the 'git-thar' of the Western man; it is that within you which enables you to make one more effort when your judgment tells you that you are played out; it is your grit, your stamina, your cut-and-come-againness. It does not depend, as we have seen in the instances cited, either upon the iron nerve, nor yet upon the muscle of steel; in a word, it is the spirit of the man. The effect, then, of modern life upon this source of strength is what we purpose briefly to consider.

In our preliminary remarks it has been shown that the present race of men is just as richly endowed with nervous force as any other; yet at no preceding period of the world's history have nervous diseases or nervous exhaustion been so prevalent. The Greeks were a highly civilized people, and so were the Romans, judged by even our own standard; yet the Greek language possesses no word signifying nervous exhaustion, nor yet has the Latin language, if memory serves me. Even in Britain and Germany nervous exhaustion is comparatively rare, while in some countries of Europe it is almost unknown. It is when man finds himself among the multiplied energies of the New World civilization that he begins to find his nervous force fail him.

Before proceeding to discuss the causes which produce, in a race more richly endowed than any preceding generation with nervous force, nervous exhaustion in a degree hitherto unheard of, perhaps it might be as well that I rapidly enumerate what advanced physicians now consider signs of neurasthenia, or nervous exhaustion. The varieties of neurasthenia are not organic, but it is found that those who suffer most from neurasthenia are those who are of nervous temperament, that is to say, those in whom there is a predisposition to diseases of the nervous system such as neuralgia, dyspepsia, sick-headache, functional paralysis, insanity, etc. This first sign is called the nervous diathesis, and it has these peculiarities: First, a fine organization, soft hair, delicate skin, well-chiselled feature, fine emotional nature, etc. The second peculiarity is liability to recurring attacks of such nervous diseases as we have instanced from childhood's convulsions to slow paralysis and softening of the brain in old age. A third peculiarity of the nervous diathesis is the comparative immunity from fever and inflammatory disease. Fevers and inflammations are far more fatal among those enjoying rude health than among those who are always feeling sick and do not know what is the matter with them.

Another sign of the failure of nervous force is increased susceptibility to stimulants and narcotics. You have all noticed that the young men of to-day cannot drink as much liquor as in days gone by. It is very common to blame the liquor. It is bad enough in all conscience; but were it of the best, the capacity for carrying liquor like a gentleman, as the old saying is, has greatly decreased. There are no five-bottle men now among the rising generation. Indeed my own observation leads me to believe that the custom of drinking to excess is dying out among young men, and in thirty years will be dead; simply be-

cause each year adds to the delicacy of the nervous organization, and therefore to the suffering attendant upon a disturbance of it. Nature is curing what temperance evangelists never will cure in the educated, though they may terrify the ignorant into abstinence. Some time ago I had the privilege, as such of you as encourage our national magazine, the *CANADIAN MONTHLY*, know, of contributing a paper, upon 'The Drink Question,' in which I contended that a great deal of drunkenness was caused from a hereditary predisposition to indulge in intoxicating liquor. The views laid down in that paper were discussed in some Scotch and American newspapers, and generally accepted; but I was not satisfied that I had more than accounted for one phase of the prevalence of drunkenness. Dr. Beard, the author of 'American Nervousness,' seems to me to compass the sources of this gigantic evil when he demonstrates, or rather asserts, that inebriety is an almost inevitable consequence of nervous exhaustion; and ever since reading that opinion I have been keeping my eyes open to test its truth, and my experience coincides with Dr. Beard's opinions, for I have observed that those of my acquaintances, who have gone on 'a big spree'—and every man has such acquaintances, sometimes he has only to know himself—have done so after a spell of exhausting mental work, or after a period of worry, or at the end of a time in which the constitution had from other causes become enfeebled. Now do not hold up your hands in horror at this, for it is inevitable, if something worse is not to happen. At a certain stage of nervous exhaustion, if work be not stopped, inebriety follows, or if inebriety does not follow, then look out for epilepsy. If epilepsy pass you by, insanity has you as its victim. The temptation is strong to enlarge upon this point, but I must pass on to notice other signs of nervous exhaustion, and among

which are the noticeable increase in sensitiveness to drugs. Physicians often now-a-days have to prescribe only one-sixth of the old dose. Another sign is the absence of thirst. Few people drink water, even when they can get it purer than we unfortunately can. I have noticed this in myself—and I am much less affected by neurasthenia than the majority of my friends—that even when absolutely abstemious. I have no desire for water, and very little desire for fluids of any sort. Even soup is not palatable, unless I have previously spent myself in physical exercise. When I discontinue the use of tobacco in any shape or form, I find the absence of thirst even more noticeable, especially after a spell of hard reading or writing at night. Dr. Brunton and Dr. Salisbury both hold that indigestion is a cause of nervous exhaustion; and Dr. Beard, while agreeing with this, also holds that nervous exhaustion may be a cause of indigestion and thus indigestion become a sign of neurasthenia. At all events, an undisputed sign of lessened nervous force is the sensitiveness of the digestive organs, which is manifested in the rejection of coarse foods and the smallness of the quantity consumed. Nearsightedness and weakness of the eyes is another sign of nervous exhaustion. You will at once say that the Germans must be a nervously exhausted people, for almost every third German wears glasses. This is not so, however, for much of German myopia may be laid at the door of their type and MSS. Again, the Germans are not so richly endowed with nervous force as our own people, and the excessive use of the one organ, such as the eye, produces in them a local disease of the eye, not the constitutional disease neurasthenia, which results in the American breaking down, with the consequence that his eyes become near-sighted.

Another sign of over-taxed nervous force is the early and rapid decay of the teeth. Such people as the Chin-

ese and Indians, who have no drain upon their mental force, all have good teeth, a peculiarity also of idiots, as Mr. Kingsley says. I need not enlarge upon this, for Americans and Canadians are always on the trot to the dentists, and if it be not due to the higher civilization of this continent, then I don't know where to look for the cause. Other signs are the great increase of baldness among young men; greater sensitiveness to heat and cold. A lymphatic Englishman does not need an overcoat in Canada, even upon the coldest day, if he is a new arrival. After he has been in the hurly-burly of our life here for a few years, he can shiver with the best of us.

To the tax which advancing civilization lays upon nervous force is attributable the great increase in such diseases as nervous dyspepsia, sick-headache, nearsightedness, chorea, insomnia, asthenopia, hay-fever, hypochondria, hysteria, neurasthenia in its cerebral, spinal, sexual, digestive and other varieties, epilepsy, inebriety, and insanity. Diseases such as diabetes, Bright's disease, hay-fever, chronic catarrh, etc., are largely attributable to the tax on nervous force.

In woman the effects of our higher civilization is even more plainly seen than in man. The entrancing beauty of our women—and no city in the world has as large a proportion of lovely women as the native Canadians of Toronto,—is due to the delicacy of their nervous temperament, a delicacy which shews itself even in dress, but is more noticeable in dentition, puberty, change of life, parturition, and the dangers now attendant upon childbirth, which are in many cases so great and hazardous that means condemned by the law have to be resorted to for saving life. The decreasing number of the American family is due to the enormous demands of the higher civilization upon the American woman. She has not the margin of nervous force to stand the strain of child-bearing.

These signs of nervous exhaustion could be enlarged upon indefinitely; but sufficient has been said to show that the overtaxing of nervous force is very wide-spread indeed. In proceeding to briefly consider the causes of this nervelessness, or, as the medical term is, 'nervousness,' it may be said in the first place, that it is essentially a condition alone of American civilization, and the geographical location of this condition does not extend north of Toronto, nor south of the Ohio river, nor west of the Mississippi States. That is to say, that the area of overtaxed nervous force is co-equal with the area of highest civilized activity. Furthermore, the exhaustion of nervous force only manifests itself among the brain workers of this civilization, or among those who are the offspring or life-partners of brain workers. Muscle-workers are the same in this area as they are elsewhere. The delver and ditcher here can gorge himself with meat and liquor just as freely as the Red Indian on the plains, and suffer as little discomfort or permanent injury therefrom. The diseases arising from nervous exhaustion are the product and consequence of higher civilization. Dr. Beard uses an excellent simile when he says that Edison's system of electric light gives an illustration of the effects of modern civilization on the nervous system. The central electric machine supplies a certain number of lamps with a light of an ascertained power. Every additional lamp placed upon the circuit means a decrease in the power of all the other lamps. By adding lamps indefinitely, the power of each may decrease until it be a faint flicker. The addition of a single lamp more may negative the circuit. The engine is man's nervous force, each lamp is a demand of civilization, each new obligation which man assumes decreases his power to meet the demands of his life, and so his existence ceases under the strain.

Such additional lamps upon the ner-

vous circuit in recent times have been the invention of printing, steam power, electricity, newspapers, political machinery, freedom in religious discussion, activity of philanthropy, the heightening and extending complexity of education, etc. Where the dynamic power of the central engine has not increased, nervous prostration has ensued. That upon the whole the nervous force of the people has increased is undeniable; but it is also painfully apparent that in many cases the attempt is being made to supply more lamps of civilization than the nervous machine can generate force to keep lit. Glancing rapidly in detail at some of these lamps, the first that may be mentioned is the specialization of labour. In the making of a watch, for instance, a mechanic now spends a life time in the turning out of one particular kind of wheel. Here is an exclusive concentration of mind and muscle which, being reinforced with over-heating and bad ventilation, produces exhaustion.

Speaking of watches naturally suggests the necessity of punctuality. In this century there seems to me to have been a great progressive movement, having as its objective point a reduction of all human life into an exactitude of movement which can be compared only to the absolutely certain response of every wheel to the motion of the pendulum. The day was when a quarter of an hour in keeping an appointment did not matter much. If a man is two minutes late now-a-days he will find the engagement fallen through. The necessity for punctuality is most exhausting. It is my experience that if I have to rise in the morning before my customary hour, I might as well not go to bed at all for all the benefit that sleeping 'on tension' does me. Watches and clocks are among the biggest curses that civilization has imposed on man. They make life one eternal fidget. In waking, it is an everlasting struggle to be on time, and in sleeping, it is slumber with one

eye shut and the other on the dial, lest poor nature should suit herself as to the repose necessary for the repair of nervous waste. I never saw a man yet who prided himself upon his punctuality that was not a cross-grained fellow of uncertain temper, and, in the matter of work, a man of greater professions than performances.

The telegraph, too, is a great nervous thief. Formerly a merchant could afford to take matters easily. Now he has all the ends of the earth as his next door neighbours, and has to study fractional differences in markets thousands of miles apart.

The newspaper which you read at breakfast has been put together in the last twelve hours, and if it be a strain on you to read it, what do you think must be the strain upon those who, during the weary night, have been piecing together disjointed scraps of news, and rendering intelligible to the reader brief despatches of far-away events, a knowledge of which the journalist must acquire by some means or another. And all this must be done in the never-ceasing race against time, that you may read before you go to business. The work of preparing your evening paper is even more exhausting, for the labour has to be performed in a much shorter time.

Another cause of nervous exhaustion is the noises of modern life. With what a babble of sound the air is laden cannot well be appreciated, unless we pause upon a Sunday morning and contrast the stillness then prevailing with the muffled roar of a week day. Noises produce exhaustion, but not death. Vile odours produce nervous exhaustion, but they are rarely fatal. Sewer gas and other atmospheric poisons are almost odourless. People who live in such stench-holes as a tan-yard are as long lived as any others.

Railroad travelling has a tendency to nervous exhaustion in most cases. In some people, to make use of a bull, it causes sea-sickness. Railway em-

ployes suffer frequently from neurasthenia.

What I think, however, is the greatest cause, is the rapidity with which all new ideas are absorbed among us. Yesterday the telephone was not known. To-day the city is covered with a net-work of wires, and we converse while miles apart; yes, and fume and fret at the delay if connection is not made between the instruments in half-a-minute. Yesterday we were content to wait the pleasure of the tardy message-boy; to-day we grumble at the loss of half-a-minute—grumbling is drawing on nervous force.

The increase in the amount of business transacted is a great cause of nervous exhaustion. William H. Vanderbilt and Jay Gould control business interests of their own exceeding in magnitude the commerce of the classic days of Greece or Rome.

Stock-brokers and speculators suffer more than any other from nervous exhaustion, and this will be at once comprehended when it is recollected that the stock gambler risks social, commercial, and religious position in his ventures. His anxiety is a constant drain on his nervous force.

I cannot do more now than simply name such other causes, as the increased capacity for sorrow, love and philanthropy, the constant repression of emotion demanded by society, domestic and financial trouble, the burning religious and political issues of the time, the great freedom of life on this continent, the habit of forethought, the peculiarities of climate, its dryness, and extremes of heat and cold. On this one aspect of the question alone a whole book might be written. Were it not that popular opinion seems to attribute all the nervous diseases now prevalent to this cause, I would have gone into climate at considerable length. I have, however, preferred to dwell on other points, so that I might bring home the conviction that

the exhaustion of nervous force, now so common, is a resultant from our high civilization in the first place, though it is supplemented by peculiarities of climate.

From this hasty review it might naturally be supposed that the future of the race is a particularly black look-out. And so it would be were the brain-working class not constantly recruited physically from the muscle-workers. To the absence of caste on this continent is to be attributed the never-failing energy of the people, as a whole. There is a constant mixing and mingling of the people by marriage, with the result that this continent presents more men of marked and varied ability in proportion to population than any country in the world.

Nor is the prospect for individuals altogether a desolate look-out. There is this about neurasthenia—it is not killing, though it be prostrating. It is only in men of extreme will-power and physical debility that neurasthenia works death. In men of lesser will-power it terminates in inebriety, epilepsy or insanity. But in those who temper will-power with reason, nervous exhaustion is never allowed to go to extremes. When such men realize their danger they take the only remedy, rest with relaxation, and thus it is that though they may say that they never knew what a day's robust health is, yet the freedom from fevers and inflammations which the nervous diathesis ensures, gives them rich promise of long life. It is a fact ascertained beyond the slightest grounds for dispute that brain-workers, that is to say, the class most affected by our higher civilization, are longer-lived than muscle-workers. The average life of five hundred of the greatest men the world ever saw is 64.20 years.

The average of death all over is 51, after men have reached 20 years of age. Thus great men, great brain-workers, exceed in longevity farmers and clergymen by two or three years; physicians and lawyers by six years, and day-labourers and mechanics by a no less startling difference than nineteen or twenty years. The condition of a neurasthenic is, therefore, not without comfort in the knowledge that his chances of long-life are greater than that of a burly ditcher and delver.

There is no necessity to fear that the fate of the leaders in life will always be the same, for their condition at present is like that of a man aroused from sleep. He does not know very well what he is doing. As soon as he becomes accustomed to the light, he will flounder about less, and by the expenditure of less labour accomplish more. The work of reorganizing the social system to bring it into conformity with the new condition of life has begun. Enlightened methods are being introduced into education, the gospel of rest is being preached, attention is being paid to physical culture as well as to mental acquisitions; the schoolmaster of science is abroad, and human nature is striving to suit itself to the newer civilization.

In conclusion, I would say to those who may have a desire to pursue this subject further, that they will find an admirable treatise on the subject of 'American Nervousness,' written by Dr. Beard, a pioneer in this line of thought. Upon this work I have largely drawn, while at the same time availing myself of other sources of information, none of which I have found more instructive than intelligent reflection upon my own past and present life.

OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO

(OR UNTRODDEN WAYS).

BY 'FIDELIS,' KINGSTON.

WHERE close the curving mountains drew
 To clasp the stream in their embrace,
 With every outline, curve and hue,
 Reflected in its placid face ;—

The ploughman stopped his team, to watch
 The train—as swift it thundered by ;
 Some distant glimpse of life to catch
 He strains his eager, wistful eye.

His glossy horses mildly stand
 With wonder in their patient eyes,
 As, through the tranquil mountain land,
 The snorting monster onward flies.

The morning freshness is on him,
 Just wakened from his balmy dreams,—
 The wayfarers,—all soiled and dim,
 Think longingly of mountain streams.

Oh for the joyous mountain air,—
 The long delightful Autumn day
 Among the hills ;—the ploughman there
 Must have perpetual holiday !

And he, as all day long he guides
 His steady plough with patient hand,
 Thinks of the flying train that glides
 Into some fair enchanted land,

Where—day by day—no plodding round
 Wears the frame and dulls the mind ;—
 Where life thrills keen to sight and sound,
 With plough and furrows left behind.

Even so, to each, the untrod ways
 Of life are touched by fancy's glow,
 That ever sheds its brightest rays
 Upon the *page we do not know* !

HOW THE MODERN EVE ENTERED EDEN.

BY A. E. WETHERALD, FENWICK, ONT.

PHILIP KALE'S occupation was that of a clerk in a city drug store; his appearance was dark, slight and prepossessing; his age twenty-three; his manner reserved to the verge of taciturnity; his views of religion and life alike tinged with unhealthy morbidness, the consequence of an hereditary predisposition to dyspepsia. He believed devoutly in the theory that it was a most unfortunate thing to be alive, but that being alive nothing remained but to make the best of it; and he strove to adhere strictly to his idea of the highest plane of duty, which consisted, chiefly, in never complaining—that was a weakness; never mingling in society—that was a folly; and in throwing his whole heart into his work—that was a necessity if life was to be made endurable. Negative rules of conduct are comparatively easy to follow, but the positive decree that one shall throw one's heart into one's work—and keep it there—is difficult to enforce. Philip found it so, at any rate, and he was struck with the added and melancholy fact that his occupation was one in which enthusiasm was not required, and absorbing interest little needed. It wanted a certain kind and amount of knowledge, with carefulness and despatch, but in return it refused to absorb his empty fears and perplexities, his ever-deepening depression of spirit. He began to think very little of himself and a great deal *about* himself, and to feel sorry for every one else. If they were unfortunate or miserable, he pitied them, because, poor fellows, they were as badly off as

he was; and if they were light-hearted and gay, because they were unconscious of the misery that was really their portion. With the first heats of summer came a time when he lost his appetite, and when the familiar sights and sounds of the city became exquisitely painful to him. His dogged resolution kept him up, but it could not prevent him from turning weak and pallid, nor keep his hands from trembling. His employer noticed it.

'Why, Kale!' he exclaimed, one morning, taking the young man by the shoulder, 'you're sick.'

'A little that way,' said Philip, with a wan smile; 'It's the warm weather, I suppose.'

'Better take a holiday of a week or two. A run up in the country will do you good.'

Philip's first feeling was one of blankness. His home and friends were in the city. He knew no one outside of it. But stay—there was his Aunt Ruth, a widowed sister of his father's, whom he had once visited long years before; he could go and see her. He sent a telegram announcing his coming without delay, and prepared for departure with pleasanter emotions than he had ever expected to experience again. He reproached himself for not having yet outgrown the boyishness of being elated at the idea of change.

Mrs. Ruth Pinkney lived in solitary contentment, on a small place of two or three acres, several miles from the nearest railway station. Her estate was not large enough to be considered a farm, but it might properly be called

a garden, as within its borders grew almost every variety of vegetable and fruit with which its owner was acquainted. She was also blest with a faithful man servant and hand-maiden, who performed the heaviest of the outdoor and household labour. A row of stately trees near the fence screened the quaint, old-fashioned house from the gaze of passers-by, without depriving it of its daily portion of sunshine. The square, grassy front yard was cut into halves by a straight gravel walk, on either side of which bloomed flowers as sweet and odd and unworldly as their mistress.

When the stage containing her nephew stopped at the gate, Mrs. Pinkney, or rather Ruth Pinkney, as she would best like to be called—for she is a Quakeress—smoothed her thin locks of grey hair and the voluminous folds of her grey dress, neither of which required smoothing in the slightest degree, and, clasping her hands in a delicate, old-fashioned way at her waist, went down to meet her young kinsman with a sweet smile of welcome. She spoke little until the stage had rattled away again, and then, reaching up her two hands to his shoulders, she softly said :

‘Dear boy, I am rejoiced to see thee once more. It was very good of thee to think of paying thy old aunt a visit.’

It is pleasant to be praised for doing what we please, so Philip Kale thought as he kissed the lovely old face uplifted to his, and expressed his pleasure at seeing it again.

‘But how poorly thee is looking,’ continued his aunt, glancing at him keenly over her spectacles. Thee has done wisely to come into the pure country air. We shall see what fresh eggs and new milk will do for thee ; we have them both in abundance.’

‘Oh, dear Aunt,’ said Philip, seating himself on the pleasant porch beside her, ‘you have a very squeamish guest on your hands. I’m afraid I can’t digest your nice eggs and milk.

I’d like to, but my stomach is very weak.’

‘Just like thy father,’ murmured Ruth Pinkney. ‘I see thee favours him in many ways. But he used to say that no one could cook for him but sister Ruth ; so if it is thy stomach that is disordered, I’ll engage to send thee back in improved health at the end of thy stay.’

Philip gave a trustful sigh of relief, and his hostess rose to show him to his room. It was not very large, but it had three windows ; the walls were white-washed, and the floor covered with a sober-hued rag carpet. There were a great many green and climbing plants growing near the light. A single picture relieved the wall, representing broad-hipped maidens with their rustic swains attendant upon a flock of fine looking sheep. As a work of art it was not satisfactory, but it was in sweet and peaceful ‘unity,’ as Ruth Pinkney would have expressed it, with the general effect of the room. Beneath Philip’s armour of defence, his hard and worldly exterior, there beat a sensitive heart, easily impressed by outside influences ; and it yielded readily to the brooding spirit of peace that hovered almost in visible form over his aunt’s abode. It gladdened him to think that, sick and unrestful and life-weary as he was, he could yet enter into blessed communion with the deep unworldliness of his surroundings. Looking from his western window he could see the same gnarled old pear trees and rows of gooseberry bushes that had delighted his boyish heart years before. The familiar scene made him almost willing to believe that he was a boy again, instead of a man, grown old, not with years, but with cares and doubts, and a deepening despondency. All his old troubles seemed to resolve themselves into a dark, distant cloud, and to float away out of sight, leaving his sky blue and serenely beautiful. The veriest trifles afforded him pleasure. He was even grateful that his slippers were not

gaudy carpet ones, and that they did not squeak.

Philip spent the days of his vacation in the way that best suited him. He went to bed and rose early; he dug in the garden till his strength gave out, and then read Whittier to his aunt in the shady front porch, while she shelled peas for dinner; he picked berries in the same little tin pail in which he had picked them on his previous visit, and ran to empty it in the big pan under the apple tree, with almost the same light step. His out door labours, combined with Ruth Pinkney's unapproachable cookery, gave him a slight but increasing appetite. He learned how to 'can' fruit, to make the best soups, and the lightest Graham gems, and he envied women their inalienable right to practise and perfect the culinary art. As a housemaid he was not beyond reproach. On one occasion, when he had been entrusted with the delicate task of brushing off the pantry shelves, he whisked down and broke a china mug, with the words, 'A Gift,' on it in gilt letters. He carried the fragments with a rueful countenance to his hostess, and she surveyed them with an air of mock severity and with a deeply-drawn sigh.

'Thee is a reckless youth, nephew Philip,' said she, 'I fear I shall have to give thee an eldering.'

'An eldering, Aunt Ruth? Do you mean to chastise me with a branch of elder bush?'

'No, no, foolish boy! Whenever the giddy young people of our society misbehave themselves, the elders in the meeting are constrained to admonish them. That is what some among us call an 'eldering.'

Philip saw small signs of giddiness among the Quaker youth of the neighbourhood when he and his aunt went to 'Fourth day' meeting; yet neither young nor old had an air of dispirited solemnity. It appeared an odd thing to him to meet for worship on a weekday morning, and the deep hush that fell upon the assembly seemed to offer

him special opportunities for studying the quaint physiognomies of some of the Friends who sat facing the meeting, and to meditate upon this peculiar form of religious service.

'I don't like this method of dividing off the men and women into separate companies,' he said to himself. 'It is too forcibly a reminder of that text about the sheep being on one side and the goats on the other. How still every one is! Silence is golden, and I should think it might easily become as heavy and chilling and blunt as *any* kind of metal. I wonder what being 'moved to speak' really means. Aunt Ruth talks of it as if it were some heavenly injunction laid upon the soul of the speaker, which must be instantly obeyed; but I suspect it is oftener the prompting of duty which must come into the heart of every practised preacher to do his part toward keeping up the interest of the meeting. Yet nobody looks in the least anxious or responsible, and that does not accord with my theory.' Then his mind wandered to the dress of the women. 'I like those soft, grey patternless shawls, with the three folds at the back of the neck, but I can't admire the bonnets. Those silk crinkles in the crown are very unseemly, to say the least. What a grand face and figure that woman sitting at the head of the meeting has! She is immeasurably more striking and impressive than a score of stylish girls, with their fashionable gew gaws and gibberish.'

At this moment the woman who had won his admiration untied her bonnet with trembling fingers, and, falling upon her knees, gave utterance to strong and fervent supplication. The high intense voice praying that 'our hearts may be purified from every vain and wayward thought, and made fit for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit,' smote upon Philip as if it had been a personal rebuke. He had risen with the rest of the congregation, and when he sat down again, he felt as if

her prayer had been answered. The service made a more forcible impression upon his mind from the fact that sounds reached them through the open door of mowers sharpening their scythes, and occasionally of a passing lumber waggon. The deep religiousness of everyday life came over him as it had never done before.

He talked this over with Ruth Pinkney on their way home. It was so easy to talk with her; and the sympathetic old lady—who, like most old people, liked to be confided in by her youngsters, just as most young people like to be asked for opinions by their elders—felt more drawn towards him than ever. When they reached home he lay down on the chintz-covered lounge, and Ruth Pinkney brought a pillow for him as downy and white as a summer cloud, and arranged the shutters, with a view to letting in the most air with the least light. Philip thought his Aunt Ruth almost an ideal of womanhood, and felt that it would be forever impossible for him to admire a dress on any female form whatever that was not grey in colour, and whose skirt was not of generous amplitude, and made precisely the same behind that it was before. She came and sat down beside him, and he twitched a fold of her gown between his nervous fingers.

‘Oh, dear Aunt,’ he said, ‘I wish I could be still, and happy, and good, like you.’

The Quakeress mused much upon this saying, and the young man who had made it, as she laid the table for dinner.

‘I feel a call to do something for him,’ she murmured to herself, ‘but I can’t see my way clear yet. Dear boy! my heart feels greatly tendered towards him.’

Not many days after, Philip went back to his work, strengthened and refreshed by the visit, but more discontented with his city life than ever. His Aunt mourned for him, and Thos. Shaw, the serving man, and Charlotte

Acres, the serving woman, saw him depart with real regret. He seemed to belong to them, and to the place, yet doomed to perpetual exile. Early in the succeeding winter Ruth Pinkney was stricken down with a sickness from which she never recovered. Philip was deeply grieved by the tidings, and begged her to let him know should she become worse. She continued in much the same condition until spring, when she suddenly and peacefully died. Her nephew had abundant proof that she had not forgotten him, for in her will, along with numerous bequests to surviving relatives, and her faithful servants, she bequeathed to him her house, with all that it contained, and the land surrounding it. Ruth Pinkney had ‘seen her way clear’ at the last.

It was not a dazzling fortune, but if anything could have consoled Philip Kale for the loss of his best friend, it was the fact of his new possessions. He threw up his situation—it was hardly a position—in the city, and came down to it at once. His sorrow was temporarily quenched by the joy and pride of ownership. He would live for himself, and by himself, and in precisely the way that best suited himself. He said, with an exultant throb of satisfaction, that he could not afford to keep help, and that the out-door and in-door work he would do would be light labour enough, even for a sick man. Thomas and Charlotte had long contemplated a matrimonial union, and, in accordance with their mistress’s wishes, were united shortly after her death. They were to be Philip’s nearest neighbours, and Charlotte was to come over once a week and do his washing and ironing, and give the house a thorough sweeping. The young man felt perfectly equal to every other department of household labour, and his brain teemed with new experiments in hygienic cookery, and plans for living in luxury and gaining health and strength at the nominal expense of five cents per

meal. It was late in March when he took possession of his new property—a time of year when the pleasantest of country places looks forlorn; but he gloried in the fact that it was all his own, and walked untiringly over almost every foot of it, making mental arrangements for Spring work. When he entered the house he walked slower and felt graver. Everything was eloquent of the loving and lovely woman who had departed from the place for ever. His eyes grew moist, and he hung his head at thought of his joyous forgetfulness of the great loss which had brought him this great gain. As he opened the door into what had been his Aunt's room, he saw the dear old grey dress hanging up on the wall, and an uncontrollable impulse made him lay his face in the folds for a moment. Then he came softly out and closed the door behind him.

The next month was a very busy one for the young master of, what was known in the neighbourhood as, the Pinkney place. He did not work much, but he thought and planned a great deal. He had a passion for flowers as great as his ignorance concerning their cultivation; hence the long hours he spent in the study of horticultural monthlies and floral guides. He made a map of the house and grounds, with the exact location and name of every vegetable bed, every berry bush, every climbing plant, and every different flower that had been, or should be, marked thereon. Thomas had already made the hot beds, and promised his aid and experience at transplanting time. He puzzled long over an empty lot at the back of the house, which his Aunt had been in the habit of loaning to a neighbour every summer for the pasturage of his cow, for which she received a small money consideration. It was out of the question for the young farmer to allow any portion of his property to be let out to a stranger, and he finally resolved to plant it with fruit trees. To be sure, there was a

prospect of more apples and pears on the trees now standing than he could possibly use, but there were plenty of ways—remunerative ones, too,—in which to dispose of surplus fruit. Besides, he wanted to do something on a grand scale by way of celebrating his release from the drudgery he despised, and the consecration of his powers to what he was fond of calling, with little expense of originality, the noblest employment of man. He forgot his dyspeptic fears and his once ever-present dread of the morrow—forgot, or laughed at them. The sunshine and the soft airs that visited his abode seemed a part of his good fortune, and he never wearied of meditating upon and rejoicing in his riches. How delightful it was to leave his books and his papers scattered over the table at night, with the consciousness that they would remain in precisely the same position till the next evening, without the interference of some vain housemaid, who would most probably indulge the horrible propensity of her class in doing what she imagined was 'putting things to rights.' He had little time or need for cooking. There were vegetables and a great deal of canned fruit in the cellar; tea, butter and sugar he never used; sometimes he purchased a few scraps of meat from a passing butcher and made an appetizing stew; but the supply of bread never troubled him; his first batch turned out so hard that it bid fair to last him his natural life.

With the improvement in his health there came a sturdy happiness to the mind of Philip Kale. He had no longing for society; he had had over much of it of an uncongenial sort all his life. To cut loose from the meaningless and artificial restrictions of the multitude, to come close to the heart of nature, and live for her improvement and for his own—this was liberty, and this was freedom, this was the elixir of life! Here was his world, his garden of Eden; and he was the first man. He had not yet dreamed of the possibility

of an Eve, though sometimes the remembrance of the grey gown led him to imagine that his life was not quite rounded, not yet complete. This fancy, however, did not intrude itself very often, as he had no time to indulge fancies of any kind. He was such a very busy young man. Thomas was hired, of course, to do most of the work, but then it was always necessary for Philip to stand near and see exactly how it was done, and why it was done so, and what would be the results if it were done otherwise. He laughed over his own mistakes as he had never laughed at anything in his life before. He ceased to walk, at least out of doors, and fell into a habit of light hearted and light-footed running. It was a truthful and rhythmic remark of Mrs. Kale's that her sickly son, if he was able to walk, would want to run or fly, and if he was not able to walk, would be ready to lay down and die. He had been resigned to the thought of death most of the time that he could remember, but now he was more than resigned to life. He sported—no other word will express the vanity he felt in his strange attire—a suit of coarse clothes much too large for him, and a broad straw hat, neither of which could conceal the handsome lines of his comely face and slight figure. When the novelty of his situation failed a little, and all his plans were in good working order, he lapsed into a quieter contentment. Then it was that he re-arranged all the books in the tall old bookcase, and read, just before he retired, some passages that Ruth Pinkney had marked in her favourite authors. He felt very grateful, very glad. He longed at intervals to do good to others, but he still took pleasure in saying to himself that he was doing more good to others by keeping away from them than he could do in any other way. This was selfish, but he seemed to be continually steeped in an ecstatic consciousness of self. He revelled in the growing and greening grass, in the length-

ening and brightening days, in the blissful chorus of the birds, singing the return of Spring to this earthly paradise. He spent balmy May afternoons in the hammock under one of the trees near the road, watching a pair of birds building their nest on a branch near by.

One day his attention was arrested by an object which proved even more interesting than nest-building. This was a young lady on horseback, riding by. If she had been a stately and beautiful damsel, as lithe and supple as the whip she bore, and enthroned on a fleet and graceful steed, Philip Kale, as a young man who knew much more of novels than of real life, would easily have supposed that that was just what might have been expected. But this youthful *equestrienne* was of an entirely different type. She was evidently unaccustomed to the saddle; the animal she rode was a heavy farm horse, and she herself, attired in a blue calico dress and wide straw hat, was rather round faced and chubby. Philip found nothing romantic, but a good deal that was comical, in the scene, as the young girl, swaying and clinging in a frightened manner to the saddle, came along, accompanied by a sturdy boy, presumably her brother, who rode beside her, barebacked. Philip was glad that the thick intermingling branches of the trees allowed him to see and hear without danger of detection. At a few yards from his gate the young lady slipped to the ground, saying, in a despairing tone—

'It's no use trying any more. I never *can* learn to ride!'

'That's a pity,' said the boy, hopefully.

She buried her face in the horse's mane. The sympathetic brute immediately lapsed upon three legs, and hung his head lower than ever. Then a sudden infusion of resolution came over her.

'But I *will* learn!' she cried.

'That's the right way to talk,' said her companion. 'It must be mighty

mean, the first time you're on a horse. I can't remember when I was.'

'I know I'm old and stiff,' continued the courageous voice, 'but if my ambition is not greater than my stupidity, then I'll give up!' She thought over what she said a moment, and, laughingly, added, 'Highly probable.'

'I've heard it said that people ought to learn without a saddle—nothing but a strap and a blanket—but you'd turn a sideways somerset right away.' Then, encouragingly: 'I believe you'd do first rate if you weren't scared.'

'But I can't help being scared,' said the girl. 'All the horse's muscles and sinews, and fibres and things, keep moving in such an awful way.'

'And his legs, too!' added the youth, soberly, and then he burst into a roar of laughter.

'Oh, don't laugh, Joe; someone will hear you, and fancy what a picture we make. Who lives in that house since Mrs. Pinkney died?'

'Nobody worth mentioning,' returned Joe, with a boy's outspoken contempt for one whose acquaintance he found it impossible to make. 'Some mightystuck-up acting fellow from the city. Well, shall we get on?'

'I suppose so; but you'll have to help me to mount first.'

This was rather a difficult task, but with a great many 'Yo heaves,' and strenuous efforts on the part of Joe, the young lady was fairly mounted at last.

'Good gracious, girl, he muttered, as he arranged the blue drapery, 'you are a lift! I should think you must weigh as much as seventy-five stone.'

'Do you know the weight of a stone?' inquired his sister, severely.

'N—no, not exactly; but, of course, I don't mean very big stones. Just middling-sized ones.'

They rode off, and the eavesdropper rose up, feeling much refreshed. He was interested in the pretty country girl who had candour enough to confess her fright, and pluck enough to resolve upon overcoming it. He had

no one to talk with or question about her, as Mr. and Mrs. Shaw had departed, leaving with him minute directions for the care of a house and garden. He walked up and down the veranda a few times, laughing at the recollection of her comical way of riding, and then he went in and picked up a favourite book, and forgot all about her.

But the next afternoon she passed again, this time alone, and on succeeding days she did not fail to make her appearance. Philip soon knew what hour to expect her, and he was generally in his hammock at that time. Naturally he wished to see if she made any improvement in the equestrian art, and the results of his daily observation were, that she did not so much gain in skill as lose in fear, and that her peculiar style of horsemanship, though seemingly capable of promoting her health and pleasure, was not of a kind to win, even under the most favourable circumstances, the plaudits of the crowd. Yet, with all her imperfections, he did not cease to watch her. The drooping hat brim nearly concealed her face, but on one occasion it was clearly revealed to him. This was when her hat, loosely tied with a blue ribbon, was blown from her head. Philip longed to rush after it, but he restrained himself, and she dismounted and went after it herself. She had pale brown hair, and her face was fresh and blonde, and pretty. He wished many times during the remainder of the day that he had gone and picked up her hat; then, next day, she would be sure to favour him with a slight glance of recognition, and he might be emboldened to make a bow. In the present monotony of his life, such an incident would assume the proportions of an adventure. Her preference for riding past his house was easily explained; the road near which it stood was little more than a lane, and scarcely ever used save by pedestrians. She was the only lady he had seen since coming into the

country, and he grew, unconsciously, to look forward to his brief daily glimpses of her. In the character of Adam in Paradise, he felt a peculiar fitness in calling her Eve; and he appreciated the interested glances which she occasionally threw over into the garden of Eden, and her probable wondering at the non-appearance of its master. Philip was unwilling to take fate in his own hands, but how he wished that some favouring wind of fortune would—blow her hat off again. He felt assured that she had never seen him. Once he had not started for the hammock until she was in sight, but her head was turned the other way. One Saturday it rained, so he did not see her, and on Sunday he could not expect to, but she was continually present in his thoughts. The youthful hermit, who had gloried in his solitude, was ashamed of himself for longing to see the one strange face that had invaded it.

Early the next morning Charlotte Shaw came to wash, and Philip Kale sat out on the back porch and talked with her. He found it very pleasant to be able to talk once a week—even if it were solely upon trivial topics. He began to realize that the true aim of conversation was not to gain or impart knowledge, but for sympathy, inspiration, the sense of companionship, and the exercise of one's mental and vocal powers. He blushed to think that he, who had fallen to sleep the night before over a favourite volume of poems, was now absorbing with eager interest the empty gossip of the neighbourhood. With assumed indifference he inquired the name of the heavy young lady who so frequently rode on horseback.

'You must mean Miss Harding. They call her Eve (Philip started), but I believe her right name is Eva. I don't think she is heavy, Mr. Kale; leastways, she walks across a room just like a kitten, and carries herself so prettily. She used to think the world and all of your Aunt, and she was over

here a few days before she died. My! but didn't Mrs. Pinkney sound your praises to her, though.' Philip blushed. 'On her way out she stopped in at the kitchen, and says she, "Is young Mr. Kale at all like his Aunt?" "Law, Miss," says I, "they're as like as two peaches; one of them ripe and ready to fall, and the other rather hardish yet." Then she praises up your Aunt, and praises up the place, and finally says, just as she's going: "There's no portrait of Mrs. Pinkney's nephew lying about, is there?" "No, Miss Harding," says I, "there beant."' "

If Mrs. Shaw had any particular design in view in thus dwelling upon the details of Miss Harding's knowledge of Philip, she did not reveal it in her face, which looked stolid and sensible as before. Philip felt alternate heats and chills; but he led the conversation to a more impersonal ground. After that revelation he felt that there was a subtle sympathy established between the spirit of his unknown Eve and himself, and wondered how he could have found so much joy in life before it was illuminated by the daily vision of a sweet-faced girl, riding by on a farm-horse.

About this time he received a letter from his mother, reproaching him in half-playful terms for so abruptly cutting himself loose from family and friends to live in the woods, as she could not doubt he did, in a half-barbaric state, and commanding him, if he had any remains of filial or paternal affection left, to make it manifest by an immediate visit to his father's house. Philip felt, as his Aunt Ruth would probably have expressed it, a distinct 'call' to go. He had a great deal of repressed affection for his parents and brothers and sister. He wished to show them that his 'half-barbaric' life was making a new man of him, physically and mentally. He wanted to contrast the satisfying pleasure of solitude with the empty delights of society. Perhaps he had an unacknowledged feeling that the for-

mer needed all the advantages of a strong contrast to brighten the dull colours that had glowed so warmly for him at first. Whatever may have been the number or nature of his motives, he was fully determined to go. Thomas would have an eye to his garden, and Charlotte would improve his absence in prosecuting the necessary and unpleasant labour of house cleaning. When he arrived in the city he felt rather jaded, but the abrupt change from his solitary nook to the thronged and bustling streets brought him a factitious excitement, an exhilaration of spirit, and a quickened expression, which, in conjunction with his tanned complexion, his frequent bursts of laughter, and brilliant flow of conversation, transformed him entirely in the eyes of his own family. He was the hero of the hour; and the enthusiastic way in which he related his rural experiences gave them something of the thrill and strangeness of adventures on sea or foreign shores to his interested group of listeners. He sat on the sofa beside his sister Fanny, and trifled with the long braid of hair that fell down her back.

'And I suppose you never miss going to Quaker meeting?' said this young lady.

'Oh, yes; I miss it every time,' said her brother, with a little frown and a slight shade of embarrassment. 'But I guess my loss is their gain, and *vice versa*. The trouble is, if I go once I shall feel a kind of obligation to go again—and again; and I don't want to be inveigled into getting mixed up with even the best kind of other people.'

'The usual exception with regard to present company, I suppose. Flattered, I'm sure!'

'Well, I thought,' remarked Mrs. Kale, 'that Friends considered themselves apart from the world.'

'That is the way I consider myself,' said her son, significantly.

'You should attend Divine service somewhère,' said Mr. Kale, gravely.

'Yes, sir,' said Philip; but he mentally decided to meditate upon his father's statement for several months, at least, before he ventured to put it into practice.

'Don't you long, sometimes, for the sight of a woman's dress?' asked Fanny. Philip had carefully omitted making any mention of Eve.

'Oh, I can appreciate them all the more when I do see them. This is a pretty muslin you have on. Just the colour of peach blossoms, isn't it? I believe I like blue better. Very odd that peach blossoms should come out before the leaves.'

His sister laughed. 'Oh, I dare say,' said she, 'but there are some things that strike me as odder even than that. How long are you going to keep it up, Philly?'

The young man sprang with a quick, nervous motion to his feet, so as to face his sister. 'I'm not keeping it up at all,' he said, 'it's keeping me up! my health and spirits, and everything! Do you think I'm the least bit tired of it?'

Everyone looked at him, and every one was constrained to admit, 'No.' Then he crossed the room to his mother's side, and had a little talk with her concerning some domestic matters, which had proved in his experience rather unmanageable. Mrs. Kale had never been more interested in her son than now. From the days of his sickly childhood, when he alternated from excited joyousness to fretful morbidness, she had always considered him a queer boy; and she was glad now that his queerness had found vent for itself. How brown and earnest, and wide awake he was. Though she had never been neglectful of him, she felt a motherly pang that he had gone so completely out of her life before becoming what he was; that it was in scenes remote from her presence and influence that he had risen to a higher plane of life. She was a handsome, worldly-faced woman, with a smile and manner rather too hard to be

agreeable. When they went up stairs together, she stood on the landing, saying good night, with a strange, wistful expression, to Philip, a few steps beneath her. He laid his hand on her shoulder a moment. She caught her breath, and then bent over him. 'You are a good fellow, Phil.!' she cried, the tears coming into her eyes. 'I am sure you will never forget your mother.'

In a week or two Philip returned to the country. It was impossible, he said, for a farmer to be long absent from his crops during the growing season, and his mother saw him depart with more regret than she had ever imagined his absence would cause her. If Philip was not glad to leave his old home, he was not sorry to return to his new one. He wanted to see if his strawberries were ripe, and if Miss Harding still rode daily past his gate. Her importance in his thoughts had dwindled considerably since he had seen and talked with other charming young ladies, friends of his sister, who were quite as pretty as the unskilled young *equestrienne*. He could not help feeling glad, for the sake of the world, that there were so many sweet and good young women in it; but that one of them could be immeasurably fairer, and more to be desired, than her sisters,—this was the empty fancy of lovers, or of idle and romantic young men who spent a certain part of every afternoon in a hammock. He had outgrown all that now.

With these practical and prudent reflections in his mind, it was rather strange that Philip Kale, on stepping out of the car into the presence of Miss Harding and a number of other people, should have experienced a suddenly increasing beating of the heart. He could not understand it at all. It was unreasonable, it was abominable, but it was so. The boy, Joe, was apparently going on a journey, and his sister had accompanied him to the depot. Philip stood not far from her, as he could easily do in the crowd with-

out being noticed. She was laughing, and he told himself angrily that he couldn't bear girls that laughed in public. She had evidently been teasing Joe unmercifully, for on the youth's face were exhibited mingled emotions of rage, mirth, and despair.

'You're real mean,' he blurted out.

'And the boy's honest,' thought Philip, his mind reverting to 'nobody worth mentioning.'

'Well, Joe,' said his sister, sobered at once, 'it's better for you to think so, than for me to be so! You know I don't mean anything.'

'And I didn't mean to say that, either, Eva.'

'Then there's no meanness about either of us,' said Eva, laughing again.

Philip told himself that he had never heard a young lady make puns before, and he never wanted to again.

'But now,' exclaimed Miss Harding, 'you must go! Good by, my dear fellow. Be sure you write.'

Philip said that 'my dear fellow' was simply disgusting. But he knew that his angry thoughts amounted to nothing at all. They were merely the last effort of nature to preserve him in his boasted independence. It was too late. His heart was irrevocably in the possession of Miss Eva Harding.

He decided to walk out to his home. It was healthful exercise, and would do him good. A long walk in the country on a June day is a beautiful thing in theory, but Philip found that in practice it had several drawbacks. The sun was hot, the scenery was dull, and he himself was not in the full glow of health and vigour. Every carriage that swept past left a cloud of dust for him to travel through. He was feeling very much incensed by this fact, when a fresh sound of wheels from behind caused him to turn a vengeful glance in that direction. There he saw Miss Harding, looking very cool and contented, sitting in a buggy, and drawn by a horse much better looking than the one with which she usually appeared. She

drove in a very leisurely fashion, looking hard at Philip's back, and wondering if it would be very improper for a young lady of acknowledged social position, driving in her own conveyance, to offer a ride to a stranger who was so evidently respectable, weak, and weary. She was very kind hearted, had a habit of acting quickly upon her generous impulses, and was, moreover, an original young lady, with a liking for doing original things. All of these forces combined to stop the horse just as he reached Philip's side.

'If you care to ride, I can readily accommodate you,' she remarked.

There was mingled embarrassment, defiance, and kindness in the tones; but the young man chose to recognise the latter quality alone, as he said, with a bright glance at her—

'Oh, thank you, I would indeed. It makes my head ache badly, walking in the sun. You are very kind.'

He got in at the left side, allowing her to retain the reins. She was evidently quite reassured by his words and manner.

Philip's heart beat quick. He observed with pleasure that his companion looked incomparably better in a buggy than she did on horseback; that her hat, which had a blue feather in it, displayed a forehead, milk white and boldly rounded, with a single thick lock, not fringe, of fair hair falling across it, that her eyes were not penetrating nor searching, but deep and placid; that her pretty shoulders were femininely narrow, and that she had those easy, restful ways of leaning back and looking around so delightful to a nervous man. He forgot all the harsh things he had thought about her, and was sure that nowhere upon earth existed the girl so wonderfully sweet and wholesome looking as the one beside him. As a dyspeptic, he knew the worth and rarity of this combination of two of the best qualities in nature.

'How far do you go?' she asked.

Philip hesitated. It would sound

rather queer to say, 'to my house,' besides, that would necessitate all kinds of explanations, which he had no desire to make. He had not dissembled before, but it is never too late to learn bad as well as good practices. 'To Mr. Kale's,' he replied, 'I believe it is some distance from here.'

'It's a little way this side of our place,' she said, 'up a green lane. You have never been in this part of the country before?'

'Oh, yes; I was here a long time ago, when Mrs. Pinkney was living. Her nephew is a sort of connection of mine. I don't know whether you could call it a relationship or not. Did you know Mrs. Pinkney?'

'Very well, indeed. She was a dear friend of mine. Our neighbourhood felt its loss deeply when she died last winter. I never knew any one to live so entirely for others.'

'Living for others sounds very fine,' said Philip, argumentatively. 'Can you tell me precisely what it means?'

The young girl looked at him a little doubtfully, as if she half liked and was half afraid of this turn in the conversation. 'I think I can tell you what it meant in Mrs. Pinkney's case,' she said. 'She continually blessed and gladdened the lives of those around her by her words, her actions, and, perhaps, most of all, by the sweet peacefulness of her presence. To every one that came in contact with her, she seemed to supply a special need, and to those who were satisfied with themselves and the world she brought something of the beauty of heavenly things. Why,' with a little blush for the enthusiasm with which she had spoken of her dead friend to a stranger, 'she did the noblest thing that any one can do—she made the world better because of her living in it.'

'Is that a very uncommon thing to do?'

'Oh, I'm afraid it is; and I hate to think so, too! So few people seem to understand that that is the real meaning and object of life; and even

when they do understand it, they are apt to act upon it in such a poor, grudging, discontented sort of way. It is as if they felt it a miserable responsibility instead of a marvellous privilege. I hope you don't think I'm gushing. I am a good deal too much in earnest for that.'

'I can easily believe you,' said Philip, warmly; 'and I know Mrs. Pinkney to have been all that you represent her. Does the nephew to whom she left her property inherit any of her virtues?'

'Why, as to that,' replied Miss Harding, with a short laugh, 'it's difficult to say. He has scarcely been seen by any one since he took possession. I should say that he was entirely different from his Aunt. But it is very rude for me to discuss his character with you.'

Philip thought so, too, but, instead of saying that, he immediately exclaimed:

'It would be a positive kindness to me. I am very little acquainted with him, I assure you, and understand him still less, though our habits and tastes are identical. I was at college the same time that he was, and thought him a terribly reserved fellow. He is, really, the last person in the world from whom I should have expected an invitation to visit.' Philip drew a long breath at the end of his speech.

'I should think so,' said his companion, thoughtfully. 'Why, he appears to be the most unsocial man you could possibly imagine. He lives for himself quite as completely as his Aunt lived for others, and in the same house and garden, too! It seems too bad! He is not known to go to any church, or to the village, or anywhere. He is no more to the people among whom he lives than a snail in its shell, and when he dies I suppose will be missed about as much.'

'Well,' said the young man, feeling a little shocked, 'at least he does no harm.'

'Not to others, perhaps, but a great

deal to himself. It is thought a very terrible thing to be narrow-minded; but to my thinking it is worse to be narrow-hearted. What can you think of a person who digs out all the roots of affection, leaving one central plant to twine around, and beautify, and perfume his own best-beloved self?'

She smiled as she spoke, and Philip noticed how strong and white her teeth were. He was stung into self-defence.

'But it is in solitude that mental riches are acquired, genuine personal improvement made. Surely one must be of some benefit to the world who so thoroughly benefits one person in it.'

'But don't you see that, by concentrating his efforts upon one person, he not only fails to benefit the rest of the world, but himself as well? It is a good thing to gain mental and material riches, but that does not justify any one in turning miser. Wisdom in a single brain, and gold in a single box, are worse than useless, because they engender selfishness and conceit in their owner. It is circulation that makes them both useful.'

The young lady did not snap out her utterances. She spoke in smooth gentle tones, as one who had thought long and felt deeply on the subject. Philip tried to find some of his old arguments in favour of a life of solitude, but they slunk shame-faced away from him.

'Really,' continued Mentor, 'I should apologise for speaking of your friend in this plain way.'

'Oh,' said Philip, 'I am sufficiently acquainted with Kale to know that your words are not strictly applicable to his case. He has always been in poor health, and perhaps that has tended to give him rather sickly views of life and society. He finds it impossible to adapt himself with the slightest degree of pleasure to the conditions and requirements of the world.'

'Probably he thinks there is nothing in common between him and ordinary people.'

'No, I'll do him the justice to say I can't believe that of him. I remember hearing him say once, that he had a great affection for the world in the abstract; that in certain heroic moods he felt that he could gladly lay down his life for the sake of doing it some lasting good, but that he could not mingle, useless and unappreciated, with its frivolities and frigidities, merely because most people did so. At another time he said, he fancied that each member of society was like one of those noise producers in use at an old-fashioned *charivari*,— all discordant and each trying to make itself loudest heard; and that solitude was like a great musician playing by himself on a sweet instrument.'

Miss Harding actually laughed, 'Ah, yes; very pretty, very fine!' then she stopped short. Philip's brown eyes, burning with reproach, were full upon her. 'I beg your pardon,' she said, looking distressed; 'I am rude. But,' with strenuous earnestness, 'I wish that Mr. Kale could understand that his fancies, or those of any one else on this subject, are, and must always be, of secondary importance. The great fact remains that society is organized that its members may help one another; and no one has any right to shirk his part. If in any place society is frivolous and frigid, it shows that the earnest minded and warm-hearted people of that place hold themselves aloof from it. Do you think,' abruptly, 'that it is very unjust for me to lecture you on account of Mr. Kale?'

'No,' replied Philip; 'if I were not in sympathy with him I could not uphold his views. Do you think he is very selfish and shallow?'

'No; only greatly mistaken. I hope you will be able to convert him to my—our views.'

The young man smiled. 'Of course you are in the right,' he said. 'You place it so on a moral ground.'

'Oh, no, excuse me, but I don't. It is on a moral ground already. It has always been firmly rooted there.'

He pressed his hand over his eyes.

'I have made your head worse,' said the young girl regretfully. She herself from experience had no very clear idea of what a headache was, but she felt a great deal of pity for the handsome, suffering young stranger, whom she had been talking at so forcibly. She wished from her heart that she could do something for him, and presently she saw her opportunity. Not far off, on the road side, was a group of girl acquaintances, coming towards them, and casting interested glances at the gentleman beside her. Leaning a little toward Philip, and turning her full face to him, Miss Harding, with bewitching little smiles and gestures of the head, poured out a stream of steady commonplace which lasted till the girls had passed, breaking off only to give them a bow. Philip was amazed by her look, manner, and especially by what she said, but he must have been blind not to see that this young lady wished to give her girl friends to understand that she was in company with a gentleman whom she highly appreciated, and whose favour she was determined to win. There was something decidedly flattering in this, and Philip felt cheered by it a little. Still he thought that Miss Harding was a very self-assured young person, and he found it inconceivable that a country girl whom he had so often laughed at, should be lording it over him in this way. He wondered if he should reveal himself to her when they reached his gate. That would certainly bring a blush for her rudeness to her fair cool cheek, if anything would. But, perhaps, with her dreadful lack of sensibility, she would laugh at him. No, he decided it would be wiser not to make a revelation. Miss Harding was very attentive. She audibly regretted his indisposition, handed him her parasol, for the sunshine was now in their faces, and seemed so much interested in him that he shivered in fear that she would ask his name. It was just such a thing as this frank

matter-of-fact girl would do. Nevertheless she did not do it.

As they went up the grassy lane, and neared the Pinkney place, its owner felt a glad thrill of pride and joy. How heavenly fair it looked. He was sure that Charlotte had finished cleaning house, for the old porch had such a clean scrubbed look. The grass had grown thick and rank, the flowers were blooming, the birds were singing; there must be young ones in that nest near the hammock by this time. And it was all his own! He looked at it with increasing delight. The young lady asked him if it was not strange that Mr. Kale did not come out to meet him, but he did not answer, except to thank her cordially for the ride she had given him. When he got out of the buggy he was surprised to see his companion get out also.

'I've no intention of leaving a sickly stranger alone in this desolate place,' said she, with quite unnecessary kindness, as she tied her horse to the fence. 'We'll have good fun hunting up the misanthrope. Very likely he's hiding somewhere. I've heard he has a habit of hiding.'

She preceded him merrily through the gate. Philip followed her mechanically. Every man's house is his castle, and his was peculiarly so, but when a beautiful young woman opens the castle gate, no man, or at least no gentleman, can turn her out again. The modern Eve seemed to be in the best of spirits. She made a rush for the hammock, and shook it as though in the expectation of seeing a man slip through the interstices. 'Not here!' she cried. Then she walked along the whole line of trees, glancing up into their tops, and calling out frequent reports of her lack of success to her stunned companion on the gravel walk.

'Where shall we look now?' she asked, coming up with a face brimful of fun.

'I don't know,' replied Philip, despairingly.

'Perhaps I'd best go over to Mrs. Shaw's. I know she has a key to the house, and then you could hunt round inside.'

'Oh, I don't think that is necessary,' said Philip, uneasily. 'If he never goes away from home he must be here somewhere.'

'Why, yes!', said the girl, stooping to pick a flower; 'but he seems to have odd ideas of hospitality. This is very unpleasant for you.'

'It is, indeed!' groaned the sufferer. 'You are very good, but I cannot allow myself to trespass further upon your kindness.'

'Don't mention it. I hope you didn't think me capable of leaving you in this strait after the way I talked to you this afternoon.'

They walked around the house; the lady on the alert, leading the way, the gentleman stupidly following; and came back to the front porch again.

'Well,' said Miss Harding, 'I have a strong impression that Mr. Kale is *somewhere* in this place.'

'So have I,' said Philip, languidly.

'Furthermore, I think he is in sight.' Involuntarily, Philip glanced around.

'I believe I am speaking to Mr. Kale.'

Philip made an exaggerated bow. 'That is my name, and I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Harding. To what am I indebted for the honor—that is, I am pleased to make your acquaintance.'

'Oh, Mr. Kale!' said the young girl, struggling between mirth and penitence, 'you need not look so aggrieved. You behaved nearly as badly as I did all the time.'

'Did I?' asked Philip, in honest doubt.

'Indeed you did! You tried to deceive me the whole time.'

'But I didn't succeed.'

'No, but your efforts were none the less interesting on that account. And then you thought—Oh, you must

have thought all kinds of horrible things about my behaviour.'

'That's true!' emphatically.

'Well, you see I don't deserve them. If you had been an entire stranger, I wouldn't have asked you to ride, and talked to you the way I did for worlds. Why I *couldn't*! Not if you had been ten times as sick and fifty times as respectable looking as you are. But why, you see, Mrs Pinkney told me all about you, and Mr. and Mrs. Shaw told me and all the rest of the neighbourhood about you. So I am quite well acquainted—besides, seeing you every day for a long time past. I hope you don't think *now* that I am coarse and rude and ill-bred.'

Philip looked at the sweet pleading face and delicate blonde hands, playing with their tiny gloves, of the maiden before him. How beautiful his Eve looked in his Eden! 'Some other time,' he said softly, 'I will tell you what I think of you.'

She turned quickly away. 'Now that I have found your host for you, I believe I had better go. But first may I trouble you for a drink of water?'

'Oh, yes! I will get a glass in a moment.'

He rushed to the door and fumbled in his pockets for the key, but it could not at once be found. The young lady smiled archly.

'Your key has been listening to your afternoon's talk,' she said. 'No wonder it refuses to acknowledge you as its owner.'

Philip fairly beamed at her. He thought he had never heard such a delicious witticism. The door was opened at last.

'Come in and inspect bachelor's hail!' he cried.

He waited only to see how much the room was improved by her presence, and then ran to the pantry. Through the window he could see the strawberry bed, which reminded him to take a saucer out too. Presently he returned, bearing a glass of water

in one hand, and a saucer of immense berries in the other.

'You see I am not only host and guest, but obedient servant too.'

'And gardener also. Why those *are* strawberries! How did you make them so fine? I thought you did hardly anything but lie in the hammock.'

'Oh, that was only when you—a little while in the afternoon. How ever did you see me through those branches? I never thought for an instant this afternoon that you knew me from Adam.'

The young lady laughed.

'But, then,' he continued, 'I am Adam.'

She looked at him inquiringly.

'This is the garden of Eden, you know.'

'Why, how odd!' she cried, between two bites of an especially large strawberry; 'and I am E—. Well, then, you see I didn't know you from Adam after all!'

Philip made no reply. She rose suddenly, looking a little embarrassed, and said she believed she had better go. 'I don't know why it is,' she cried, turning round at the door, 'but I feel *contemptible*—just such a feeling as that I experienced at boarding school, the night I stole the water-melon. I have been stealing your privacy, your right to solitariness, your—what shall I call it—?'

Philip's eyes told her that she might call it his heart, but he dared not trust himself to speak.

She walked away with a rapid step and closed the gate behind her, but it was not alone.

'May I call upon you?' asked the world-weary misanthrope, as he handed her the reins.

'Certainly not,' was the almost angry response. 'Who ever heard of Adam leaving Eden until—'

'Until an angel obliged him to leave,' said her ingenious tormentor, with a smile. 'I shall certainly call.'

The modern Eve departed with unnecessary speed, but she remained away only a few months, and when

she returned it was to make the life of Adam a paradise indeed.

ON CROSSING A BATTLE-FIELD.

BY 'ESPERANCE.'

STEP softly ! gentle be your tread ;
 This ground is sacred to the dead.
 To hearts that nursed the martial fire
 Which lit their glorious funeral pyre ;
 To lips that laughed at danger's form,
 Nor paled before the battle-storm ;
 To eyes that grim defiance flashed
 As on their dauntless owners dashed ;
 To feet that had not learnt to flee
 From death or danger, but to be
 Swift, when the drum to battle beat,
 But *slow* to follow in retreat.
 No doubt it was the thirst for fame,
 The hope to win a glorious name,
 That led *some* daring spirits on.
 Peace to their ashes ! They are gone ;
 But many more were those who fought
 For what a true-born soldier ought :
 To right his country's injured cause
 And e'en with death defend her laws.
 Some lost the prize for which they fought,
 Some won the fame they had not sought,
 But this *one* honour *all* may claim :
 Or those who fought for faith or fame ;
 And thus *all* claims are satisfied :
 'Twas in their country's cause they died.
 And those who risked their lives for fame
 Have now a faithful soldier's name ;
 And those who served their country's cause
 Obtained the righting of her laws.
 Then let all vain revilings cease !
 Here let their ashes rest in peace !
 And tread ye softly o'er the sod
 Which death has sanctified to God.

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

BY J. W. LONGLEY, M.A., HALIFAX, N. S.

THE future of a man's country is one of the most important public considerations which can engage his attention. It is especially so when his country is young and undeveloped, and has not yet worked out any fixed destiny. Any thoughtful Canadian might well feel a deep interest in the future of this country. Our circumstances are peculiar. There is no historical parallel for the position this moment occupied by that portion of this globe designated as the Dominion of Canada. It embraces one of the largest areas of any political divisions of the world's surface. It is separated from physical connection with all other nations, save the United States. It has a perfect political constitution—as perfect, at all events, as any other in the world. It is inhabited by four and a half millions of as intelligent people as are to be found anywhere. It is in the very vanguard of moral enlightenment and political freedom. It has boundless resources, considerable wealth, a large and expanding trade, and a growing—rapidly growing—population. Yet, with all these attributes, it has no national status at all, and no Canadian, no matter how strong his pride of country, or how bright his faith in its destiny, is able even to conjecture what its future is to be. England was inferior to the Canada of to-day, in the multiple elements of national strength, when her monarch's name was the terror of Europe.

In the presence of these facts, is it wonderful that certain of the more educated and studious of our political

thinkers should take the liberty of speculating a little as to the ultimate destiny of the country in which they live, and which they propose to bequeath to their children when they die? Would it not be strange if this matter never was referred to—if no one of the four millions of people, many of them broad-minded and cultivated men, should ever stop to consider what was likely to happen in the future? There may be differences of opinion as to whether the present is the proper time to work out radical changes in the political status of this country; but there can be no question as to the perfect propriety of thinking about the matter and discussing it gravely and thoroughly.

A person who ventures to suggest that the present state of affairs cannot last forever, that important changes must inevitably come in due time, need not be put down as a present advocate of Independence, an Annexationist, or a traitor. A man may hold that Canada has no reason to feel dissatisfied with her present position, and still not commit himself to the doctrine that a condition which is advantageous and desirable to-day, may not in the course of time become inconvenient, anomalous and even impossible. It should be our aim to look at the matter fairly, without impatience on the one hand, and without dogged uncompromising resistance on the other.

It is not going to very great lengths to say that distinctive national life will never be realized in Canada as long as it is a mere British Colony. It

does not follow from this that the time is ripe for this country to assume the full responsibilities of national life. If there are manifest advantages in continuing the existing relations with the British Empire—if there are radical difficulties in the way of an immediate change—then all these things should be considered, and the policy of the country guided accordingly. It is worth while to endeavour to discover as nearly as possible the exact nature of our present position, and balance the advantages and disadvantages of a change.

It is not easy to see the disadvantage to Canada of her present colonial position. If there are drawbacks they are chiefly of a sentimental character—they are not tangible or practical. The fullest independence of political action is enjoyed. The presence of a Governor-General at Ottawa, and a few companies of soldiers at Halifax, which latter are innocent of the remotest interference in our affairs, are the only visible evidences of our Colonial status. The Governor-General, although an exalted functionary, is not, in any sense a potent factor in our political affairs. We have the very acme of popular government in this country. The real ruler is the Minister who has a majority of the House of Commons at his back. No one need have much alarm that any Governor-General, if the existing system should continue for any number of years, will ever attempt to put himself at issue with the House of Commons. The Parliament of Canada has absolute control of every branch of the public service. No legislation of any vital importance has been interfered with by the Home Government since 1867, and there is no reasonable probability that any attempt whatever will be made in that direction in the future. The successive Governments of Great Britain have done nothing, since Confederation at all events, which is calculated to irritate the people of Canada, or

make them feel the humiliation of their position as a mere dependency of the Crown.

It is urged that Canada occupies an anomalous position in regard to the making of treaties with foreign countries, especially in relation to trade and commerce. There seems to be some foundation for the complaint. As a matter of right, Canada cannot conclude a treaty, even with her near neighbour, the United States, except through the Foreign Office. This is unpleasant, but it must be acknowledged that Great Britain has never evinced a disposition to overlook Canadian interests when they arise in the negotiations of treaties. The objection to our status in treaty-making is really sentimental. We have never felt its galling character. There is no reason to doubt that the British Government would always afford the amplest facilities for the advocacy of Canadian interests in the negotiations of any treaty in which Canada was concerned even remotely. The most important Treaty ever concluded, so far as Canada is concerned, was the Washington Treaty. Canadian interests were, perhaps, sacrificed in that piece of business; but no just person would put the responsibility upon the British Government. On the contrary, great care was taken that Canada should be well represented on that occasion, and if Canada suffered, the Canadian Premier and Canadian Parliament are responsible for it. It is not altogether agreeable to feel that we have no power to make treaties directly, but it is comforting to know that practically not the remotest injury has resulted to us from this cause, and that there is no likelihood that any British Ministry will ever stand in the way of our interests. When it does, it will be eminently proper to consider the matter, and deal with it as the interests and honour of this country demand.

Another disadvantage of British connection often presented is our lia-

bility of becoming involved in England's wars. There is some force in this objection, but, like the preceding one, it is merely a possible, not a real evil. And, besides, this objection is double-edged. Does not Canada gain as much by British naval and military *prestige* as she is likely to lose by England's possible foreign wars? Canada might get involved in a war herself. Her flag might be insulted upon the sea, or her territory invaded. Yet Great Britain is expected to invoke the resources of the Empire in our defence. He is a doubtful specimen of humanity who is not willing to share the fortunes of such an Empire as wields its mild sway over portions of every Continent. At all events, it is sufficient for present purposes that no real danger exists of Canada suffering from Britain's foreign wars. This objection to British Connection is scarcely worthy of consideration by any honourable, high-spirited man in this Dominion.

But it would not be doing this branch of the subject justice to merely negative the idea that British Connection was a disadvantage. It is proper to point out that it involves advantages of a positive and substantial character. The assumption of national duties and responsibilities in 1867, would have been decidedly burdensome to the Canadian people. Canada is not merely a young country, unable to endure beyond a certain degree of taxation, but from her immense area and vast undeveloped regions, the expenditure of large sums of money for necessary public works was and is inevitable. Anything that would have interfered with that would have been a serious drawback to the growth and progress of the country. If a war had been inflicted upon us, it would have drawn away the money which has recently been expended in national highways, and been fatal to our prosperity. Every resource of the country is requisite for the single work of development. Fortunately, barring some

extravagance in administration, Canada has been in a position, during the past fourteen years, to devote great sums to such works as the Intercolonial and Canada Pacific Railways, the enlargement of Canals, and the opening up of the North-West. Such appropriations would have been impossible if we had started out as an independent nation in 1867. Ambassadors and Consuls would have to be sent to every part of the world, supported by the Government. A regular land force must needs have been created and sustained. An extensive commercial interest would have demanded no inconsiderable fleet which would have involved a very large and perpetual expenditure. Starting national life is very expensive. Sustaining it is very trying to kingdoms and nations of greater wealth and population than Canada, and terribly retards their growth. The money which ought to be spent in useful undertakings for the good of the people, is of necessity squandered in trying to keep up appearances before the world—in the parade of courts and the costly pageantry of State.

Canada has been spared all this by means of her connection with Great Britain. Every British Ambassador or Minister represents every subject—Canadian as well as Englishman. Every British Consul is a Canadian Consul as well. The great commercial marine of this country roams the seas under the flag of a nation which rules the sea. The honour, dignity and pomp of State are maintained out of a fund to which Canadians do not even contribute. We have been left free—gloriously free—to devote our entire revenues to the opening up of our country, and the development of its trade and resources. In this light, British connection has been a direct and palpable advantage. No one who regards the matter in a purely utilitarian light can fail to recognise that our Colonial position has not been a clog to our advancement, but rather a spur—not a blight but a blessing.

There is nothing in the present outlook of affairs in Canada which suggests the wisdom of our immediate change in our relations with the Empire. Great enterprizes have been undertaken which it will strain the energies of our people to carry forward. The Pacific Railway is not finally disposed of, because it has been handed over to a Syndicate. The Government have still to pay out in connection with that great work between thirty and forty millions. These are being expended on the faith of the sale of lands, and the expected rapid settlement of the North-West. The whole policy is, at best, but a venture. The results may fall very far short of the glowing expectations of sanguine politicians. Possibly the giant hand of Monopoly may stay the progress of development, and seriously retard the growth of the country. If any accident should befall the North-West policy of the Government, it would be a grave matter for the country. A public debt of over \$200,000,000 is no trifle for a country of the population of Canada. There are those who do not hesitate to declare that the burden of taxation upon the people is, at this moment, too heavy, and some of them have the credit of being the wisest and most honest of our public men. The fiscal policy of the country is not yet settled, and the character of the fiscal policy is more or less interwoven with the question of revenue. The smaller Provinces will soon be calling for increased subsidies, and their calls will have to be heeded. Altogether Canada is plunged into the very midst of responsibilities on every hand. Great problems require to be worked out, and it is pre-eminently not a time to think of inaugurating a revolution in the Government, and assuming more and graver responsibilities. The idea of attempting to start out in the world as an independent nation at this juncture, would be simply appalling, not only to every sound and wise statesman, but to every tax-payer in

the country. Whatever their individual views and preferences, Canadians must be content to postpone this great question until the Pacific Railway is completed, and the problem of the North-West definitely settled.

There is another reason of an entirely different character which precludes the idea of Independence at the present time. The majority of the people are at heart in love with British institutions and attached to British Connection. In the eyes of some this may be a piece of unpardonable weakness; it may even denote lack of proper spirit. No doubt many persons honestly believe that it is quite childish and silly for Canadians, living several thousands of miles away from England, to feel any great love for a Government whose head-quarters are in London. Granting all those persons say, and admitting, for the sake of argument, that there is nothing but vain sentimentalism in the idea of loyalty—that to be attached to a European Government of any kind is *prima facie* evidence of a poltroon—still, what do you propose to do about it? If two-thirds of the people of Canada are afflicted with this 'loyalty' mania, are they to be coerced by the remaining one-third? In this country the majority is supposed to rule. It is quite possible that the majority may occasionally be guided by ignorance, prejudice or pig-headedness in their judgments, but the remedy is not coercion. These evil influences must be overcome by reason and intelligence. The ignorant must be taught, the prejudiced must be reasoned with, the pig-headed must be enlightened and persuaded. So, admitting all that the most vehement advocate of independence may affirm regarding the blind and yet spiritless condition of those who yet cling to British Connection, it will still be apparent that nothing can be done until they are sufficiently educated and enlightened to assume the full stature of manhood. We must deal gently even with the prejudices

of our fellow-beings. Some prejudices have their origin in lofty virtues. It is always better to persuade than to compel.

Perhaps, too, some apology can be found for those who have yielded to the weakness of loyalty. The glories of the British Empire are not imaginary, nor the Canadian estimate of them the result of national prejudice. The coldest historian will be forced to concede that English arms have exhibited valour on a thousand fields; that the English Constitution is the highest development of political freedom, the noblest type of political wisdom; that English literature is enriched by the productions of the loftiest genius. No Anglo-Saxon, wherever he may live, or whatever form of government he may be under, cares to relinquish the honour of belonging to the race and speaking the language of Shakespeare. On the sea the British nation has outstripped all rivalry. Her war-ships have carried her flag and authority to every section of the earth. Her colonial possessions are vast, and growing each year in population, wealth and power. Her Parliament has never been without men of eloquence, wisdom and capacity. Her archives are filled with the richest treasures of human progress. Even a Canadian, living three thousand miles away, may be pardoned for feeling a certain pride in belonging to such an Empire, and claiming citizenship with such a people. In days gone by Canadian volunteers fought side by side with the British soldiers in defending this country against the invader. Every citadel and fortification in the country, though now, perhaps, dismantled and useless, is associated with some enterprise resulting in a common glory. All these things have seemed to create a profound feeling of loyalty in the hearts of a great majority of the Canadian people which cannot be eradicated in a day nor by one sermon on the Gospel of Utilitarianism. There are very

many intelligent men in Canada to whom British Connection is an unimportant matter, and who would not allow the glories of the Empire in the past to weigh with them in the slightest in forming an opinion regarding the future of this country; but they are in a minority now. If the question of British Connection or no British Connection were put to popular vote, what constituency in this wide Dominion could be relied upon to cast a majority in the negative? Therefore, however strongly any man in Canada may believe that Independence would promote the welfare of the country, he must of necessity postpone his hopes until a change has been effected in the regnant sentiment of people generally.

But the mere fact that the majority of the people of Canada are in favour of British connection does not involve the necessity of their being right, nor interfere with the perfect right of any man, who thinks otherwise, to urge his views and endeavour to educate his fellow-countrymen to a proper understanding of the question. The aim of what has been said hitherto has been to show that the present interests of Canada will be best served by a continuation of the present relations with Great Britain; that the period for assuming the responsibilities of national life has not yet arrived, and that the prevalent sentiment of the people is an insuperable barrier to all present ideas of a change; but it does not follow that the highest wisdom will always be on the side of Colonialism. In the course of a few years Canada will have a population of over ten millions. The Pacific Railway will be built, and paid for, it is to be hoped. The revenue of the country will be forty millions, with the present high rate of taxation greatly reduced. Under such circumstances, the maintenance of an independent national existence, with dignity and honour, will be quite within the scope of the Canadian people. Is it to be supposed that the

people, under such circumstances, will be content with a Colonial status? Can it be possible that any enlightened man in this country is blind enough to believe that Canada will be forever a British Colony? In one hundred years from now, the Dominion of Canada will possess a population of not less than thirty, and, very probably, forty millions. Does any one in his senses expect that a vast nation like this is to be governed by a humdrum official in Downing Street? The sentiments of loyalty will have passed through many gradations before Canada contains a population of ten millions. Every other feeling must inevitably give way to the paramount question of national interest. Every thoughtful man must see and realize that the present relationship between Canada and the Empire is merely a probation. There can be nothing fixed and definite about it. If any one could get at the bottom of the matter it would be found that our leading public men glorify British connection on all occasions, simply because they recognise that our present interests are bound up in it, not because of any heart-felt emotion of loyalty. Why not deify British connection? It is popular and it runs parallel with present interests. Every statesman sees that the time has not come for a change. Why not then pander to popular prejudices and elicit a temporary burst of applause by a burning allusion to that 'old flag, which for a thousand years, &c.?' When the great problems of internal development are successfully worked out; when the North-West begins to fill up in reality with a thriving population, exporting its shiploads of grain to Europe; when the population has doubled and the revenue doubled with it, and all the initial difficulties of a young nationality have been triumphantly overcome, is it not the most likely thing in the world that people and politicians should sing quite another song? By that time the Canadian nation will be worth glorifying, and a

man born in the Dominion will learn to feel greater pride in being called a Canadian than a Briton.

It cannot be otherwise. The dream of every truly patriotic Canadian who is sufficiently enlightened to think about the matter at all, is a distinctive national life; and a colonial position is utterly incompatible with the very idea of a distinctive national life. This country has a future before it, and as it grows older, its destiny will become more and more a vital question. A few things are certain to take place, and from these we can deduce probabilities as to the rest. That the country will grow in wealth and population is certain. That when a certain point of wealth and population is reached a colonial position will become impossible, is equally certain. Only three courses are practicable and worthy of discussion. First: Imperial Federation. Second: Annexation to the United States: Third, Independence.

The first has several warm and able advocates, and ought not to be dismissed with a sneer. But really it requires the patient heroism of philosophy to discover anything worthy of a second thought in all that has been said, or can be said, in favour of a single political federation centering in London and extending over the four continents of the Globe. Two of the ablest public men ever produced in British America, Joseph Howe and Edward Blake, have each, in different fashion, grappled with this great problem. The result of their best thoughts only serves to show how impossible it is for even genius to give life to a policy conspicuously at variance with every principle of sound reason and national interest. It is the business and mission of the Western Continent to leaven the Old World with the principles of a more enlarged freedom and a juster equality, not to bend its neck to the remnants of a feudalism broken but not destroyed, decaying but not extinct. A king, an hereditary aristocracy, and a State Church, would

scarcely be congenial to the ideas of a free-born Canadian, who has always enjoyed a universal freedom as broad as the sky, and has imbibed from infancy a notion of equality which would be irritated and galled by closer relations with a country which still preserves privileged order and worships vested interests. The Imperial Federation theory, hence, may be safely laid aside.

The second solution is far less objectionable, but not less distasteful to the instincts, sentiments and traditions of the Canadian people. From a purely material or commercial standpoint much might be urged in favour of Annexation. The Maritime Provinces, especially, would be sure to grow rich, if allied to the New England States, politically and commercially. The mining and agricultural interests of Nova Scotia would receive a vast impetus from a free access to American ports. American capital would pour into the country much more freely if a political union was in existence. Real estate would increase in value. The lumbering industry would be immensely revived and enlarged if no hostile tariff was in force, and a market of fifty millions of people thrown open. A score of other advantages might easily be enumerated, and are patent to every one who takes the trouble to consider the matter, and yet the people of Canada, in spite of many advantages, do not desire Annexation. If a despatch from Downing Street should arrive to-morrow and be published in the next issue of the *Canada Gazette* announcing that it was the pleasure of Her Majesty's Government that the Dominion of Canada should withdraw from British Connection and form a political union with the United States; and, following upon the heels of this was a resolution unanimously adopted by the American Congress offering to admit the several Provinces of the Dominion to the full rank and privilege of States, the chances are a hun-

dred to one that the electorate of Canada would reject the proposition by a large majority. The feeling of loyalty which exists in Canada to-day is inconsistent with a very lively appreciation of American institutions. A prejudice exists against American ideas and the American system of government. There is, indeed, a general admiration of the American people. Their enlightenment, freedom and versatility of capacity are fully appreciated and thoroughly recognised. But we have never been accustomed to regard them as a nation with which we desired political union. The strongest and most effective argument which can be used against any suggestion in favour of Independence is that in our present weak condition Independence would inevitably lead to Annexation. This settles the matter; for very many who see no objection whatever to Independence would quickly scorn any proposition which, even remotely, hinted at Annexation. Undoubtedly, there are Annexationists in Canada, but they are very few, and those of them who seek to rise to eminent positions in the country by the favour of the people, take care to conceal any lurking proclivities they may have in favour of Washington.

The only really practical idea which can be entertained by the Canadian people concerning their future is an independent nationality. Under what particular form of government it is not necessary, at this distance, to waste time in speculating about. It may be a Limited Monarchy, or more essentially democratic in its character. This is not of vital importance. In any case, liberty will be secured and the real power remain with the people. When that period is reached in Canadian history, when the country is strong enough to exist and carry on its affairs without the aid and patronage of Great Britain, events will shape themselves easily and naturally. There will be no 'absorbing' into the United

States. The dream of every patriotic Canadian will be realized in the creation of a great and independent nationality, founded upon the principles and moulded after the models of the highest and best forms of Constitutional Government, enlightened and enabled by the broad and blessed influences of the Christian religion, and fortified and secured by the manly instincts of an intelligent and moral people. It is of the very highest moment that a people should be taught to cherish lofty ideals. Pride of country is not only intrinsically worthy, but it is essentially a useful factor in the State. It leads to national consolidation, inspires confidence, and elevates the national character. The only really sound idea to hold up before the people is an independent nationality the moment we are prepared to assume it. For the present we can afford to be content. We are enjoying the fullest liberties; progressing well, and overcoming the initial difficulties of our situation. The fostering care of Great Britain is a present boon. The

time must come when it will be out of the question. Canada, with ten or twelve millions of people or twenty millions, according to the ideas of different persons, may be England's ally, but cannot be England's dependency. The unerring law of necessity will govern and determine the matter. To suppose that Canadians, when they were conscious of being strong enough to stand alone, would continue to seek to cling to the apron-strings of a European Government, is to affirm that they are incapable of self-reliance, and destitute of the ordinary instincts of pride and independence. It is the highest duty of our public men to seek to cultivate a strong feeling of patriotism as opposed to mere loyalty. Canadians must learn to realize and feel that they have a great country, and are destined to become a great nation. This is the future that should be always kept in view. Not Colonialism—not Annexation, but Canada an independent State—the youngest and most promising among the nations of the earth.

'FELO DE SE.'

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.

OFT by that fountain, 'neath the summer sky,
He yearned, impatient for the strife to be—
To see, to know, to mount, the world defy,
And drink the mirage of futurity!

But by that fountain, on a wintry day,
Was hid a harp that burst from overstrain
And, cased in God's unconsecrated clay,
Is waiting, tuneless, to be strung again.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CANADIAN LIFE.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

I.

THE BY-GONE AGE.

IN a few centuries, or even in a few generations, the first fifty years of Canadian life—the ways and means, and make-shifts, of the men who took hold of the *Bush*, and made it into an inhabited and cultivated country—will be an interesting study. Then people will regret that so few materials remain for the illustration of the formative-period of the country. The immigration of a family into this country will always be held as the beginning of the family history. How desirable would it be, could we induce the authorities at Ottawa or Toronto to encourage the preservation of such family histories, by opening a set of books, to permanently register at a reasonable fee, memoranda concerning our pioneer families. We can only faintly imagine how much interest may surround these, in the years or centuries to come. At the present time it is hard for us to imagine the truth that we are living in the formative, the heroic age of the country.

Every country has its 'heroic age.' The first dwellers in most European lands were the veriest barbarians, with little else than their bare hands to begin the battle of life; and, until touched by some influence from without, with little or no apparent desire to improve their surroundings. The present state of refinement has been the achievement of a long series of ages. Their 'heroic age' lasted for centuries, and has left many memorials. We, in Canada, began under

different' conditions. Civilized and enterprising men came to a howling wilderness, it is true, yet with the feelings and ambitions of free men, and determined to conquer the circumstances of their surroundings. Their heroic age lasted a generation—till the old log house gave place to the dwelling of painted clapboard—or, perchance to that of brick or stone; till the 'woods' had melted away, even to the stumps that had been left behind; till the church, and the school, and the agricultural society; the town, the fair, the daily paper, and lastly the railway, took their places everywhere. Perhaps for Canada within the lakes—that is the region bounded by the three great lakes of Ontario, Erie, and Huron—the garden of the Dominion, the by-gone age may be said to have ended with the coming in of the railways, viz., from 1850 to 1855. As long as the 'first settlers' remained in a township, that township was still under the influence of their ideas and habits—it was still for them in its 'golden age.' Yet more golden to look back upon, through the vista of fifty years, than when it was a reality.

A well-to-do, hale and pleasant old gentleman once told me that when he was a boy, sleeping in the 'chamber' of a small log house, the closeness of the nights, with the 'bush' all round them, and the torment of the mosquitoes, was something not to be imagined by people of the present day. Speaking of mosquitoes reminds me of a night I once passed, sleeping on the ground, at Spanish River. The heavy, sultry air was vocal with them,

and the Scotch plaid, inside which I sweltered and rolled about, was punctured everywhere with their barbs. They are certainly the perfection of skirmishers! I once called at the house of a German, as he came in for his dinner, begrimed with logging on a new clearing. The day was very hot, and I asked him if he did not often wish that some of those numerous and useless Grand Dukes of his Fatherland could be made to take their turn at logging? 'Yaas,' said he, with a grin of anticipated satisfaction, 'and let dem fight der mosquitoes!'

Bush-life became a dread reality when there was nothing to eat in the house, and when none of the neighbours had anything to lend, and there was no money to go and buy. A settler now in Muskoka, told me of his dragging a bag of flour fifteen miles over the snow in a deer-skin, the hair of which lies back with so strong a 'pile' that Norwegians put a patch of it on the bottom of their 'scoots,' or long wooden snow-shoes, to prevent slipping back in ascending hills. Another settler, thirty miles from Toronto, told me of 'backing' flour—i.e., carrying it on his back—twenty miles across from Yonge Street. One poor fellow, an English yeoman, whose widow I have often seen, actually died of starvation in the Township of Sullivan. The little handful of meal or flour that was in the house was painfully doled out to the children, and he tried to support his own life on cow-cabbage and dandelion leaves, boiled into greens. Failing to support life thus, after a bitter struggle, he lay down and died. A farmer's wife in Caledon told me that she had gathered and boiled tender basswood leaves for greens, in dire distress for bread. But for the aid of potatoes, it is difficult to see how families could have lived; and, even then, the old-fashioned species of potatoes were so late in ripening that the crop was of little use till the summer was over. The man who introduced the 'Early

Rose' potato, a few years ago, was a greater benefactor than he knew. The spring is the starving time. I thought, last season, as I was vainly striving to eradicate a bed of Jerusalem artichokes from my garden, what a blessing it was that the Government could bring the Indians, at the slight expense of sending an agent once with some bushels of artichokes, to plant on a few of the rocky islands of Lake Huron. What a diversifying of their present recurring semi-starvation! and how it would tide them over till the 'Early Roses' were ready to dig!

An adventure among the lads in Inverness, Lower Canada, will 'illustrate' the raising of potatoes. The settlement was made, fifty years ago, by a large immigration of Highlanders from Arran, under 'Captain' McKillop. They lived under blanket-tents for two months before they got houses up to shelter them. At last, such fortune, as very stony and ungrateful land—but plenty of it—could give them, began to smile on their prospects; and they were anxious to have a regular minister of the Gospel to settle among them; Captain McKillop having led their public devotions up to that time. They induced a good man to come out from the Highlands and to cast in his lot with them; promising him that though they could not give him much money, they would get him a hundred-acre lot of land, and help him to clear it up and cultivate it. This arrangement had gone on for some years; the minister's farm was gradually getting cleared up, and his crop, principally of potatoes, was regularly 'put in' by his flock. But, one spring, some of the young men demurred to this imposed task. They said, such and such families with sons had so many days' work to do at the minister's, while other families, where there were only girls, escaped the impost, and this 'was not fair!' The matter of planting the minister's potatoes seemed to hang fire! The girls, however, heard of it, and the

reason. Soon they plotted together, and, two or three mornings after, *twelve* of them, with hoes over their shoulders, marched two and two to the minister's to put in his crop. 'And were you one of them?' I asked of the middle-aged lady who told me the incident. 'No,' she said, 'I was not then old enough, but my eldest sister was one of the number.' 'And did they finish the work?' I enquired. 'Oh,' said she, 'it was never so quickly nor so well done, and there never was any trouble again so long as the minister lived. As soon as the word got round the settlement that the girls were at work, all the young men turned in to help them!'

About thirty years ago, I heard an old friend tell of a man, named Jackson, who, nearly a half-century before, had married against the wishes of his friends, and, as the story is told, 'he just took his wife under his arm, with his gun and his axe, and went back into the Bush.' He camped at the forks of a river, forty miles back from the St. Lawrence. When winter came, he brought a fat deer in from the forest, strapped a good pack of furs upon a light sled he had made, kissed his wife, and started for Montreal on the ice of the river. There he exchanged his peltry for 'store-goods,' and returned much heavier laden than he went. His troubles now were over. He had plenty to eat and to wear, and his clearing yearly got larger. Soon people began to find him out, and to settle in beside him; and when my old friend knew him he was the 'Squire' of the place, with large mills and other property.

No wonder, considering the tools they had to work with, and the frequent lack of skill in those who used them, that the log huts were sometimes of the roughest and smallest. I remember riding down the Garafraza Road from Owen Sound, and of seeing the axe, every time it was uplifted, of a settler who was chopping on his wood-pile at his back-door—I saw

the axe over the roof of the house! I have seen the floors made of thick-hewn basswood; and basswood *will* warp! Doors, also, of split cedar, with creaking, wooden hinges. When a boy, I have myself made both hinges and wooden latches. But of all the contrivances of those days, the most comical appurtenance to a log-house was a one-legged bedstead! It will be seen that if stout green poles from the woods are inserted in holes bored in the house-logs, at one corner of the house, so as to answer for bed-rails, there is only one corner of the bed which needs the support of a leg! Often two of the farther corners of the house are thus occupied; for a log-house, with up-and-down board-partitions, is a first stage toward opulence and luxury, not always attainable by the poor settler. Two ministers once slept in the house of a Scotch settler, in whose improved house of after-years I myself have frequently spent the night. There was but one room for both family and guests. The housewife, on their expressing a desire to retire for the night, remembered that there was something *outside* she had to see about, and the clergymen made use of the opportunity, thus purposely afforded them, to hastily unrobe. One, however, hesitated and fumbled, and the other had to come to his rescue. 'Now! Brother,' he said in a vigorous whisper, as he held up a quilt at arms' length in front of the bed. The screen satisfied the demands of civilization, and all was quiet in the corner before the re-appearance of the honest matron.

Another friend, who described to me his predicament, was once in even a worse plight among the Ojibway Indians, north of Georgian Bay; though in this case it was a bed of skins on the floor. The old Indian and his son had understood that white men indulge in 'the luxury of a light on going to bed, and they determined that their guest should be treated according to civilized usage. With sundry grunts and

gestures, pointing towards a certain corner of the house, they made him understand that what he saw there in the dim light of the fire was his bed for the night. So having looked at the red embers on the hearth, and like Cowper having seen 'images expressed' there as long as he thought it profitable, he at length sidled out to 'his corner.' But the grown up son, hospitably inclined, had been closely watching for this movement; and before my friend had reached his couch, the young Indian was there with a flaming torch of birch-bark, to let the white man see his way to bed! Had it been the young brave alone, the well-meant service might have been thankfully received. But the old man and his squaw, and a grown-up daughter, were all, with eyes agog, watching him? Never were the buttons of any man's waistcoat so refractory! Yet he knew that if he could gain time for two or three minutes, the birch-bark would burn out. The young man held on to it, till it must have burned his fingers, and then he made a rush to the hearth to get another piece lighted. It was 'now or never!' Off went coat and vest at one cast, and under the deer-skins the white man dived. When the torch arrived, there was the pantomime of mutual congratulations!

In those days people had the desire to educate their children; but the opportunities were few. The elder sons and daughters of many a family had little of education to fall to their share; though it was always considered a disgrace not to be able to read and write. I myself, from the age of ten to eighteen, only went to school for six months. But often, in the same families, the younger children were at a later date given an excellent education. I am sorry to say, that it was not unfrequently accompanied with an overweening conceit on the part of those thus exceptionally favoured. To-day it may be said, however, that there is no country where the bulk of the native-born population of middle-age

have so good an education. The log school-house of the bush gave a partial training to the few; but the better one of modern days has given a thoroughly good training to the many. The little old school-house at the cross-roads was generally occupied about half the year. When three months were completed, the teacher could draw a dole from the 'Government Fund.' Sometimes big, rough fellows would give the teacher much trouble. I once saw what we little boys called 'a fight' between one of these roughs and the master. At another time, the rivalry between two neighbouring teachers would assume a belligerent character, and agitate the whole settlement. I remember two masters in Dumfries township criticising each other's scholarship and getting very hot over the pronunciation of a word proverbial for its coolness—'cucumber.' One said that it was pronounced *kew-cumber*, and his opponent was an ignoramus not to know it. The other upheld the pronunciation of *cow-cumber*, and thought little indeed of the scholarship of the man who pronounced it otherwise! Frequently, in such disputes the whole neighbourhood took sides. Happening in at one of these schools, on one occasion, and glancing over the copy-books, where the master had been simultaneously teaching morals and penmanship, I found something about an 'evil *toung*.' The master, a successor of the 'kew-cumber' man, knew that there was a *u* in tongue somewhere; but, clearly, he had not got it in the right place.

There is nothing warmer than a log house, when it is new, and well 'daubed.' I have myself wrought up the clay, and patched up the old daubing on my father's house. The first school-houses were frequently built with open fires, and 'stick chimneys.' In these there were no 'jambs' to the fireplace; and logs of variable length could be flung on the fire. Indeed, the cosiest seat in the school—so the little boys always thought—was on the end of one of the

logs burning on the hearth. In the school-house, the boys next the fire would be too hot, and the ones next the door too cold. But it was easy to say: 'Please, master, can I warm myself?' and then the caloric equilibrium was restored. The desks were boards fastened against the walls on each side; and the benches were slabs from the sawmill, raised on four legs. The slabs would shrink, and one or two of the legs would get loose and stick up through! And if, as sometimes happened, the bench had the extra refinement of a middle pair of pins, it was so easy to get the middle pins a little long, and the end ones a trifle short, so as to get a little 'teetering' on it! The next improvement was the short neck of a brick chimney, and 'a Van Norman stove.' An enterprise, which, to our own modern eye, will soon become prehistoric, was the iron-foundry on Long Point, Lake Erie. And it was really a 'long point,' which adjoined the vicinity I speak of; and not what it is now—an island. But, thirty years ago, the 'sea' broke through the land; and it will probably always remain an island hereafter. So with the peninsula at Toronto, which, by way of unconscious prophecy, was always called 'The Island.' A good many years since, the lake broke through a gap of half a mile or more (much to the consternation of the city, which feared for its harbour), and made of the peninsula a veritable 'island.' The bog-ore shewn over the Long Point country, in small boulders, kept the works going for some years: until the supply ran out. The 'Van Norman' stoves manufactured by a gentleman of that name, were noted for their honest thickness and their endurance. They were flat-topped; and 'Mother Powers' of the Governor's Road, a neighbour of ours, had one of them; and was said to bake her 'buckwheats' on the top of it. When the cakes wanted turning, it is said, she had one of her girls at each corner to hop them over, so mammoth were they

in their proportions. I had rather a mathematical mind for a boy; but I never could quite believe the details of this cake-turning: the parabolic curves were too intricate for me!

Very few cook-stoves were in use before 1840. In 1842, we moved from one farm to another; and in our new house there were no fire-places. So we rented a cooking stove, at a hire of a dollar a month, for a short time. But getting rid of the healthy, cheering, open fire, was not all clear gain; though certainly it was a great convenience to the woman to have the stove for cooking and baking. Once I built my mother a mud oven; and it made capital bread; but had I been acquainted with the mysteries of brick-making, I would not have made the mistake I fell into. The oven was about three feet wide, and three-and-a-half long, inside measure. The bottom was a big flat stone, bedded in a foundation of clay and supported by short posts. The walls and top were wrought clay. The front was of stones and old bricks. The inside was of pine bark, neatly rounded off, to support the arched clay of the oven. Now, I reasoned, 'If I leave that till it is dry, it will crack and crumble; if I burn it out while it is soft, it will be tougher and better.' So I fired it next morning before going a couple of miles distant, on an errand for my father. Alas, for my calculations! When I returned, my oven was down—a shapeless mass of wet and half-burned clay? But speedily I went to work again, as many a good man has done before, to repair the disaster; and in a week or two my mother was baking good bread and pies in my oven.

Twice I built a chimney, and found that with good materials, and a little of the 'plumb' in one's eye, it was not a very difficult job. Now-a-days, it would, no doubt, pay better to engage a mason to do it. Apropos of chimneys, my friend, the Rev. Robert Brown, told me a story of a neighbour

of his, an old Jedburgh Scotsman, in the Township of Lanark. Speaking of this township, of all those I have been in, in Upper Canada (some of the Lower Canada townships could match it), I have never seen such a superabundance of stones as there is in Lanark. Well, the Jedburgh man arrived in the fall, while the snow was on the ground. He got up a log shanty in some sort of a way, but was determined, when spring came, to have a good roof put on and a proper chimney built. But his great trouble was to know 'If there was be stanes enuch on his lot to "big" a chumla?' The neighbours all assured him that there would be plenty of stones! Still, his anxiety was continually expressed in the phrase:—'He hoped he wad find stanes enuch on his lot to big a chumla!' When spring was near, and the three feet of snow began to melt, the heads of some of the boulders appeared. The old man was now in high spirits. 'Aw'm gaun to get stanes enuch on ma lot to "big" a chumla! Aw can sey that!' he exclaimed. But when spring fairly opened, and the oceans of boulders appeared—'Man!' he said afterward, 'Aw could hae gotten stanes enuch on my lot to big a Jethart!'

One of the characters of the by-gone age was the country storekeeper. In Lower Canada such were called 'Traders'; but in Upper Canada they were known as 'Storekeepers'—in legal documents, 'Merchants.' 'After harvest' was the pay time among their customers; which meant—some time in the winter! And too often a good balance was left over for another harvest to put right. It always appeared to me a foolish thing to live on the proceeds of the 'next harvest,' instead of spending the proceeds of the *last* one: for, in the latter case, the farmer would know exactly how much he had to live on, and could thus keep

out of debt. In doing this, he could also buy to much more advantage. But I never farmed on my own account, and I never farmed on a new place, unpaid for, with a large family—as many of our old neighbours did—and perhaps made too few allowances for the pressure of circumstances. How well! I can remember the old-fashioned country store! Cow-bells were strung on a row of nails in the beams of the ceiling; a few ox-bows hung on the wall; a barrel full of axe handles; a spinning-wheel and reel set out as a sample of more in the 'storehouse'; a box of gun-flints on the counter; two pieces of moleskin trousering, two pieces of satinette, and as many of homespun flannel for shirting, on the shelving; the barrel of vinegar behind the stove, worn bright with the boys continually sitting on it: finally, five men and two boys continually sitting, in relays, on the counter, discussing the news. Yes, the country 'store' was an institution of itself. And when at night the horses hitched to the opposite fence were headed homeward, the same effect was produced as the delivery of an individual mail-bag at every house—the news was carried! But there was, however, an unconscionable amount of 'bad debts' connected with the storekeeping of those days; and no wonder that the merchants must have succumbed as often as in later times, though there was then more chance of securing oneself, in one way or other. A merchant would in payment take a 'note' against somebody, or make a 'trade' with someone he owed money to, or take a yoke of steers, or an order on a sawmill, or a lot of sawlogs; or he would 'turn' out a yoke of oxen and a waggon, and then take a 'quit-claim' deed for the 'place' his debtor was on: there was always some way of getting a debt! All the horse-trades and the Parliamentary candidates were discussed in the country stores; and where there was not sufficient room for the whole of the local parlia-

* *Anglice*: 'Jedburgh,' the Scottish Cathedral.

ment on the counter, the rest sat on nail kegs. There was generally a scattering at noon, when the storekeeper locked up his store for an hour to go to his dinner; though sometimes he left two of the most regular of the nail-keg 'members' in charge till he came back again. I never knew those temporarily in charge to do anything worse than help themselves to a fresh bit of tobacco when their pipes gave out.

Some of the old residents of St. George, long my home, will remember old Mr. Kyle, the Scotch storekeeper—'Willie Kyle,' as his more intimate friends, forty years ago, called him. There was nothing he loved so well as playing on the fiddle; and many a time he used to play 'Owre the Moor among the Heather,' when he should have been looking closer after pilferers. One winter he kept a sort of 'a black-book,' in which he entered all the losses he had met with; among the rest, a bad half-dollar somebody had palmed off on him. Now let the first man he found stealing take care! He had not long to wait for him. He happened to be a slouching sort of fellow, not very long married. Somebody told Willie that So-and-So's wife was wearing a gown of the same calico of that he had missed. Willie knew that it had not been bought at his store, and concluded that now he had caught the thief. So he sat down and made out a list of all the losses he had met with through the winter—the piece of print, the bad half-dollar, and everything else. This done, he marched off three or four miles to present his account. Arriving at the farm, he found the woman going about with the stolen print on her back, quite innocent of the whole affair. The husband owned that 'he *did* take the calico,' but affirmed that he had taken nothing else; and as for the bad half-dollar, 'he knew nothing about *that*.' But Willie had 'the whip-hand' of him this time. He laid down his ultimatum thus:—'You jist pay the bill, as it stands, or

you pack off to Hamilton jail!' And the bill was *pay'd*!

One night, in his store, the convexity of the earth, and especially of the aerial heavens, happened to come up in discussion; and Willie astonished some of the more unlearned of his audience by declaring that once, in Lower Canada, 'he had gone so far north, that he could not put a sixpence between his head and the sky!' He then paused in the tuning of his fiddle long enough to say that 'there was a very good reason for it—he hadn't a sixpence left.

Just here let me relate, what scarcely belongs to any other chapter, the experience of old Henry Brown, of Arran, Ontario, in playing on the fiddle. Henry was one of the pioneers of that township, and in great demand at all 'sprees.' He played entirely 'by ear.' 'Jack,' said he, to a young friend of mine, his tongue well loosened with recent potations—'Jack, when you're playing the fiddle, and you're afraid the tune's going to *stick*, just think of the *words*, and *lay on the bow promiscuous*!'

Farmers sometimes became tired of 'hard work,' and looked to store-keeping. They did not always succeed. I remember one who left a good farm, invested its value in village premises, and began 'store.' It did not seem to do. He added to it an unlicensed eclectic medical practice. Still it did not succeed. At last all was gone, and he suddenly disappeared. Another sunk a large farm, only to become bankrupt in a few years. I could greatly multiply these instances from my own and my friends' experience, but they do not need multiplying.

A country dealer, with whom I once served a year, was drawing a quart of *tar* from a barrel on the balcony—we would not have it in the store. A passing farmer asked, as he saw the amber fluid in the sunlight, 'Is that molasses, Jim?' The dealer answered in jest, 'yes.' Whereupon the farmer, with a disregard of pro-

priety which bore its own punishment, crooked his forefinger through the descending stream, and got—not molasses, but something to make a wry mouth at! A rich farmer was once carrying home a heavy two-gallon jar of whiskey, which was cheap in those days, when no 'excise' was imposed. My employer decoyed him out to get his advice on a horse-trade; while I was privately instructed to change his jar of whiskey for one of water. This was soon done, and the farmer started home. When he arrived at his farm, he thought he would take a drop himself, before carrying it out to the harvest field to the men. He duly watered it in his glass; but it wofully lacked strength. He poured in more of the liquor, but still it was weak. He then tried the 'pure stuff' itself, only to find that it was water! We long expected him to come after the liquor; but he was too proud to do this. He was always fond of playing jokes on every one; and the feeling that he himself had been made a victim, was a greater punishment than the loss of the whiskey. After standing under the counter for a month, it was emptied out into the yard.

Shortly after this my employer was riding along the road, and, all unobserved himself, he saw the same old farmer helping to catch a fat sheep, for a neighbour who was 'out of meat,' and had agreed to pay a certain price for 'the pick of the flock.' A. had caught a sheep, and then gave it to the owner of the flock to hold, while he made a second plunge after another that he thought fatter. As soon as A. had laid hold on another sheep, B. saw in a moment that it was inferior to the one already captured, and he deliberately tumbled himself on the grass, and pretended that the sheep he was a straddle had upset him! Of course A. had to keep his second choice, which was 'second' in every respect.

A young man with whom I was slightly acquainted was once 'keeping

store' in a village. In conversation with him, I spoke of the frequent difficulty of succeeding with little capital and having to give so much 'credit;' and I instanced cases of composition with creditors, after a couple of years' flash and apparent success. 'O, yes,' said my cool young friend; 'O, yes, perhaps so; but then we live on the fat of the land in the meantime!'

In those days the young 'bloods' all rode on horseback; now they go in buggies. A favourite badge—as it might be called—of the young country 'bloods' of former days was a red worsted 'muffler, loosely tied round the neck, with the long ends hanging down in front. Sunday afternoons were the chosen time for their modern knight-errantry. And as they went by, on their creaking saddles, with horse curvetting and prancing (obedient to a sly touch of the spur on the farther side from the spectator), it was easy to see that pride and conceit could grow in 'the woods,' as well as in the populous city. I remember meeting, in a new township, twenty years after, one of the most exquisite of the Exquisites of my boyhood. But what a difference! To see him in the nearest village, with his flannel shirt-sleeves rolled up, *minus* any collar, and his general careless 'old farmer' air, one would never suppose him to have been a 'young blood' in his day. Such are some of the revenges of Time! Indeed, when a young man cares nothing about improving his mind in the golden days he is wasting, what remains for him in after-life but the plodding, un-intellectual fate that naturally follows a mentally-wasted youth.

Nothing is more interesting for elderly people to look upon than the old arrangements for 'hay and harvest.' From Fergus and Elora, north and north-west, was a large district known as 'the Queen's Bush,' which, forty or forty-five years ago, was only beginning to be settled. The poor fellows would come down into Dumfries township by scores, seeking

for harvest-work, quite sure they could go back in a month and find their little fields of spring-wheat only just ready for cutting. They got seventy-five cents a day for haying, and a dollar for wheat-harvesting; in both cases with board added. I remember one old man we had, I think, more than one harvest. He was from the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, in Scotland. He had been induced by agents to go to South America, attracted by some of Bolivar's schemes for improving his new Republics, by getting hold of British immigrants. There he planted 'tatties' instead of indigo; and they got dead ripe when as large as peas. His principal crop consisted of barley, instead of maize and sugar-cane, and it got ripe in the 'shot-blade.' A further experience was his quarrels with 'the Spaniards,' whom he 'laid round his feet like *mice*!' whether with a sword or a stick I forget which. Finally, he became disgusted with the country, and with Carracas in particular, and came to Canada. No sooner in the Queen's Bush, than Mackenzie's Rebellion, in 1837, broke out, and our old friend, true to his instincts—always belligerent, if not 'patriotic'—began shaping and boring a big dry elm log into a *cannon*, to help to achieve Canadian independence! Some of his neighbours got wind of this, and threatened to 'inform' on him; and he desisted, in time to save trouble to himself.

When I got older, we sometimes did our own mowing; and I remember well the sore bones the first day's mowing always gave me. I learned afterwards, especially from the Eastern Township farmers of Quebec, that (before they had mowing-machines) it was a common habit with them only to mow *half* a day, to begin on: they thus escaped the sore bones a first whole day's mowing occasioned me. Once we engaged two fellows to mow. Scarcely had they made a beginning, when they begged in the most abject mood for 'some whiskey.' They said

they 'were always furnished with whiskey—they could not work without it.' My father was angry, and said to me, 'Willie, I suppose you'll have to go to the village and get these fellows a quart of whiskey.' 'What will I carry it in?' 'Oh, I don't know, ask Sam to lend you one of his *old boots*!' However, a jug was searched out, and I started on my mission. On the way back I noticed that I was going to meet a man on horseback. Had I known who he was I should have dodged under a low bridge I was then passing. But just where the great viaduct now stands, on the Great Western Railway, at St. George, I met the late Senator Christie, then a young man, and my Sunday-school teacher. I remember that I wished the jug were small enough to go into my pocket; in default of which I squeezed it close to my body, on the side opposite to him, as I passed, hoping that he would not notice it. Luckily, he did not, and I am glad to say that it was the first and last whiskey ever provided for 'hands' on my father's farm.

In those days, harvest hands talked of being 'bushed.' It literally meant that when a man was overcome with fatigue he took to the *bush*, and threw himself under the shade of the trees to recover himself. From the proximity of the bush everywhere, advantage was thus often taken of it, and the oftener, that in a field bounded on two or three sides by thick woods, the heat was most suffocating, and this extreme point would frequently be reached. Moreover, the men were often getting up strifes among themselves—which the farmers were not averse to encourage—and trying who could 'cut around another, and who could 'bush' one another. I remember a man complaining of one of our neighbours in this wise: 'It ain't quite fair the way Friend Dayton uses his harvest-hands,' he said. 'He comes down from the house and takes the foremost cradle,

and leads us such a dicker for about an hour! Of course, we're bound to keep up with him, and he gets about double work out of us while it lasts. And then he goes up to the house, and sits on the porch, smoking his pipe and watching us, and resting for about two hours; then, just afore dinner, he'll come down and give us another hour. It ain't fair!

Things fit beautifully into one another; for just about the time that the Queen's Bush and its vicinity was being cleared up, and men could not so well leave their own places to cut hay and wheat for us in Dumfries, the reaping-machine began to make its appearance. In 1851, Mr. John Shupe, an early partner in the now eminent house of Beli & Son, agricultural implement manufacturers, St. George, came up to my father's wheat-field, more than once, to experiment with a new 'reaper' he was inventing and improving. Now-a-days, it is not altogether a rare thing to see an alert young woman, with a riding-skirt, driving the reaper, while, perhaps, her two brothers are binding, and the 'guidman' is putting up the shocks—a veritable family harvest-party.

A few old characters of a former age still linger on the scene. One of them I recall, Grandfather Vanevery by name, a survivor of Butler's Rangers, of the time of the American Revolution. If I am not astray, he subsequently served in the War of 1812. He was 'down' on the Americans generally, and on President Madison in particular. He was never tired of repeating anecdotes and narrating the exploits of 'Captain Mac-donald,' as he would shake the words out with his palsied voice. As a sample of the useless rubbish with which the old man's mind was filled, he would often relate to us the following story. On one occasion he found a companion of his rating and scolding his mother, just as if the old lady had been present. 'I said to him,' the garrulous

old man remarked, 'Your mother must be dead long ago, for you are an old man; and why do you talk about your mother in that way?' 'Well,' said his companion, 'she used to tell me, when I was a boy, to take care and *not cut my fingers*, but she never told me not to cut my *thumbs*, and there, I've gone and cut my thumb!'

Some years after, I came across an old man, living in the woods in the County of Grey, who had been at the defence of Acre, under Sir Sidney Smith, when besieged by Bonaparte in 1800. He said that when there, he and a companion 'got leave,' and rambled south on the seashore to the foot of Mount Carmel. 'Then you crossed the Kishon at the foot of the mountain,' I said. 'No, there was a little river just after we left Acre [Belus], but there was no other river all round the Bay to Mount Carmel.' We could not agree on the point at all, but I afterwards discovered that the Kishon got so low in the summer—at least in modern times—that no mouth is visible. It merely percolates through bars of gravel and sand washed up by the sea.

John Buckberry, senior, well-remembered yet about St. George, told me, when I was a boy, of the excitement when war broke out in 1812. He had heard the alarming news, and was racing along the road, on foot, to report it at home, when he passed a field where an old neighbour was sowing buckwheat. He hailed him from the roadside—'The Americans has declared War!' The old man dropped his seed-bag and held up his hands in astonishment at such rash thoughtlessness. 'What do they mean?' cried he, 'declarin' war at this time o'year, when everybody's busy sowin' their buckwheat!' War was declared by the Americans on the 18th of June, 1812.

It is only to those who have been away from a neighbourhood and have come again to visit it, who can rightly estimate the improvements that go on.

in a comparatively new township. With one farmer it may be a new gate; with another, a neglected corner cleared up; this one, a bit of new and better fence; that, a new house or barn, or a young orchard set out; or it may be a garden enclosed, or some shade trees planted in front;—such changes in the aggregate and added to from year to year, soon wonderfully alter the face of the landscape. And the change is just as great in the towns. For instance, I remember Galt as it was in 1837. South Water Street was a row of log houses. One bridge (Main Street), no dam; no hydraulic canal; no water power from the river. On the south-west corner of Main and Water Streets stood a little red-painted one-storey 'store,' where J. K. Andrews sold goods and kept the post-office. There was nothing on the west side of the river that I remember, but the Kirk, the Queen's Arms Hotel, and the Hon. William Dickson's house. An unsavoury green pond was in the middle of Main Street, crossed by a new stone viaduct. The population was probably under 500. A year or two afterwards, a 'Fair' was instituted in the autumn. Two or three yoke of oxen might be sold; and I know a good deal of whiskey and beer were drunk, and a good many mutton pies eaten. That, at first, was nearly all the business done. In 1844 or 1845, Mr. B. C. Hearle, a little man, who wore a short coat, started a newspaper in Galt. Peter Jaffray, who bought him out, described his 'plant' to me, as consisting chiefly of a lot of old worn-type, which he thought 'must have been in use since the war of 1812!' However, Hearle went on with the paper for a year or two. It was called the *Dumfries Courier*; and in that journal I made my literary *débüt*. A 'poem,' painfully elaborated, and dreadfully sentimental, was secretly copied out, and mailed (postage 4½d.), and in due time appeared. I don't know whether my parents ever saw

it; I cannot remember that they did. My only confidant was the late Joseph Caldwell Brown, who was about my own age. He too, was 'Fame-struck;' but he affected the 'heroic' in prose. He had a 'story'—of the age of chivalry, I remember—in the *Brantford Courier*, which ran through four weeks' issues. He told me that he got 'dreadfully sick of it' before he got through. The fact was, he said, he had introduced so many characters he did not know what to do with them; and determining that it should not run on beyond four weeks, he made his hero tumble off his horse and break his neck. By similar and summary process he got rid of the rest of the characters, and wound up his story! Mr. Henry Lemon, the proprietor, meeting him afterwards observed: 'That the story wasn't quite so good at the end, as it was at the beginning.' 'No,' said Brown, demurely. I have been an editor myself, and have since learned that it is always safest to have the whole of a story in hand before inserting any part of it!

Hearle was determined not to offend anybody; and the *Courier* was not only neutral, but perfectly milk-and-waterish in all political matters. As far as it was concerned, 'Duke' Campbell's strictures were not deserved. The 'Duke' lived on the river bank, a couple of miles below Galt, and was quite an oracle in his day. 'Na, na!' he used to remark, 'Nane o' your newspapers here! Ye are a' in pairties and divesions already; and if ye get a paper among ye, ye'll just be pykin' each other's een out!' However, 'the press' came in: and it has not, on the whole, turned out a bad thing for Galt! The *Reporter*, as the new paper was called, which succeeded the *Courier*, took the same neutral position in politics. But not long afterwards, when the *Reformer* was started by Mr. Ainslie, and very pronouncedly took up the Liberal side, it became a sort of necessity that the *Reporter* should be the

Conservative mouthpiece, though still nominally 'independent.' Both my brother, John Anderson Smith, and myself have, from time to time, been indebted to the Galt press for space, always courteously given us—he with humorous sketches, I with rhyme—and for kindly editorial notices.

One of the characters I best remember was Francis McElroy. He was, I think, a wheelwright; but started a Temperance Hotel at the head of Main Street. A Galt citizen is reported as coming home from a Temperance meeting, and soliloquizing thus: 'Yon Frankie McElroy wad gar a body believe onything! There he was threepin' [insisting,] that the wine at the waddin' in Cana o' Galilee was nae wine ava, but just a kind o' treacle drink! And the poor howlets o' Jews didna' ken nae better, but gat roarin' fou on't!' Frankie was no, perhaps, altogether unaccustomed to the long bow; as for instance: He on one occasion addressed a party of us thus—we had been talking of foreign countries. 'Once when I was down in Texas, I just happened to think how they used to live on *figs and milk* in olden times. You know we read of Abraham and those fellows living on "figs and milk." Well, I tried it;—took a breakfast of it—and it did not go so bad at all, I tell you!' I said nothing, but doubted the correctness of the quotation, and have never got over doubting it!

Two other characters of those old days were Mr. Benn and Mr. Burnett, both shoemakers, and both Liberals of the most pronounced type; with a good deal of eloquence, and no end of boldness and perseverance. They were a sad thorn in the side of the aristocratic party. Their dismay was something like that of the Squire and family at 'Bracebridge Hall,' when the 'Radical' came to the village,—as depicted in the lively pages of Washington Irving. One of these—I think, it was in a Hamilton paper I read it—struggling with the Latin proverb, *Ne sutor ultra*

crepidam, got off the following (presumably original) rendering:—

'Cobblers should mind their pegs and awls;
For they shine best when in their stalls;
On points of leather they may dilate
More fitly than on those of State!'

My own village, St. George, to which I have often trotted barefoot—Nature's buskins were fashionable in those days—was so small, that it was a standing joke that immigrants frequently went into the store or tavern there, to ask 'how far, it was to St. George?' There was not a brick nor a stone house in the place; there was not a sidewalk, nor a church, nor a school, nor a steam-engine, nor a piano! Dr. Stimson introduced the first piano the village could boast of, and Robert Snowball, the first steam-engine. I raised \$120 and started a library; others have improved the place since. It is now one of the prettiest villages in Ontario; and has long outlived the description given of it by honest John Macpherson, the bootmaker, 'This is a *finished* city! for you don't see any new houses going up and cumbering the streets with bricks and lumber.

Brantford had, in 1837, about a thousand inhabitants. Most of the stores were wooden buildings, which stood endwise to the street, with the slope of the roof hidden behind a battlement *en echelon*,—what the Scotch would call a 'corbie-stair,'—only of an exaggerated type. John A. Wilkes & Sons and P. Cockshutt were among the leading dealers. The Mansion House, a great rambling, wooden tavern, with a two-storey veranda, stood on the western corner of the Market-square and Colborne Street; only there was no 'market-square,' at least known or used as such, then. The Post-office was in a little building, with a picket fence and a small door-yard in front, with an evergreen tree at each corner of it. The site was the spot long occupied by Leeming & Paterson, confectioners; only on twelve or fifteen feet

of a higher level—for the street has since then been very much lowered at the west end. It rose, with about an even grade, all the way from where the Engine house is now, to the brink of the steep hill that led down to the bridge over the river. How vividly do I remember 'a young blood,' stuffing imaginary letters into his coat-tail pockets, and springing into the saddle, in front of the little Post-office, and clattering down the street on a small pony that lifted its feet quicker, I think, than ever I saw any other able to do. And this, I was told, he did several times a day. His break-neck course would be brought up at the Mansion House; and on the way, of course, he was, or imagined he was, 'the admired of all the ladies!' Twenty years after, I was a witness in a case before Judge Jones, in the Court-house. A man, having fallen asleep on one of the empty benches, burst out into a tremendous bellow, in some frightful dream. 'Remove that man,' very quietly ordered the Judge. Not at all as quietly, however, did the constable take hold of him. 'Come out o' here,' said he, roughly, as he collared the poor fellow, who was curling himself up for another sleep. He quickly hustled the poor, disconsolate-looking creature into the street. 'Who is that man?' I whispered to somebody. '*Old Jim*—,' answered the other. The same man; the Exquisite of twenty years before! A year or two after, he was found dead in a disreputable den on Vinegar hill. 'O, Spirit of Wine! if there were no other name by which to know thee, let me call thee Devil!'

The printing office, the only one in the town, that of the *Brantford Courier*, was for many years in a wooden building near the English Church, at the intersection of some oblique streets—nameless then—at least to the eye—and nameless to me still. The 73rd and part of the 93rd Highland regiments were a year or two in Brantford; and the guard-house was on the

corner opposite the printing office. In May, 1840, I hurried off on foot—without shoes, no doubt—to get fifty posters printed in Brantford for a sale my father was announcing. I was then thirteen years of age, very small, and with little of self-assertion in my manner—though with a tremendous amount of it secretly in my mind. Mr. Lemon was very kind and patronizing; and while I was waiting on the 'job,' he asked me if I could *read*? I was dreadfully annoyed at his query, and scarcely knew how to answer him. I who had stood, at ten years old, eighth or tenth in one of the great Public Schools of New York ('No. 3'), among three hundred and eighty boys of all ages! I to be asked in a country village, 'if I could *read*?' I got my revenge, however, fourteen or fifteen years afterwards, when getting some official blanks printed at the same office. The proprietor and the foreman got up a discussion as to what 'L. S.' meant, in the lower left-hand corner of the blank; and they both agreed at last that it meant 'Law Society!' I took a note of it in my mind, but said nothing.

It will seem odd to the younger inhabitants of Brantford to state that near where the two railways cross, on the north edge of the city, was a mill-pond, supplying power to a mill some distance below. I once, when a boy, wandered out there, and had an exciting engagement with a snapping-turtle that was sunning himself on the bank. And in 1852 I remember getting on board a queer flat-bottomed steamer—a regular old *tea pot*—to go to Buffalo. I was very glad to find that we changed boats at Dunnville, for I did not think much of the seaworthiness of 'The Queen'; which I believe was the name of the old scow I made the passage in. Probably the navigation of the Grand River (Lord Dorchester, the 'Sir Guy Carleton' of history, called it, in 1798, the 'Ouse;,' but the name did not appear to *stick*), will never be revived. For one thing,

the volume of water is immensely less than it was. I spent three months on its banks in 1837; and when a three days' rain storm came, the river became swollen and dark-coloured, and remained so for a month. Now, with the upper forests cleared away, it has hardly more water than will turn a mill, in a dry summer. I was much interested in seeing, in the summer of 1837, some men who were running a

pail factory in Galt pass down the rapids above Glenmorris, on a raft, with several hundred gaily-painted pails, bound for Brantford. This could not be done now, except on the dangerous eddies of a great freshet. The same may be said of other streams: old mills are found with not a drop of water running past them in a dry summer.

(*To be continued.*)

A TIME OF PEACE.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

GOLDEN leaves, and a golden day;
(Lights are warm when the year is old);
 Rushes whisper and branches sway,
 Gossamer shines and drifts away,
 And the empty fort is still and gray;
(The river flows like a tide of gold).

Long ago from that dim hill crest
(The year was young, and lights were pale):
 Brake the thunder that scared the rest
 Out of the rich vale's languid breast,
 Till day died faint in the clouded west;
(But only the river tells the tale).

Golden rays are about your face,
(Mellow lights are the old year's crown);
 Come to the old war-haunted place;
 Come with your spell of peace and grace
 To the heart where strife has scarr'd its trace;
(The river sings as the sun goes down).

Golden ways are before our feet;
(While the year wanes the rich light glows):
 Life is stored with the garnered wheat,
 All the bitter has turned to sweet,
 After the battle the rest is meet;
(The song goes on as the river flows).

—*Good Words.*

STRAY THOUGHTS AT RANDOM STRUNG.

BY J. E. COLLINS, TORONTO.

[I shall commit myself to no exordium in presenting the three subjects I have chosen for this number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY.]

II.

WILD GEESE, WHENCE THEY COME,
AND WHITHER THEY GO.

To Supere Aude Club:—In the spring we see large flocks of wild geese flying North. Where is that NORTH? Whither do they go? In the autumn, large flocks are seen flying South—whence, and whither? Do you know anything about their haunts? . . . SPORTSMAN, HALIFAX.

DURING the month of May and through early June, every season, at various points through the Dominion, flocks of wild geese may be seen warping northward. They fly with a regular and seeming lazy motion, like travellers who have journeyed, and still have to journey, far. They have come from the South, under whose genial skies they have spent their winter. They are now winging their way towards their favoured habitations in the North, where the year before they had laid their eggs and hatched out their broods, or where they first saw the light. Their chosen haunts in the north are usually far away from the abodes of men. Uninhabited regions of the larger rivers and islands in secluded lakes are their chief resorts. They wing their way in large bodies over long stretches of 'muskeg,' and the larger number of them seek out desert islands in the lakes of the great lone land where the foot of man has never trod. In the fur countries their arrival in spring from southern latitudes is eagerly

looked for by the inhabitants. When the birds come they are hunted with guns, sticks and stones; killed and carefully preserved in ice, with the feathers on, for the winter, during which rigorous season they are the chief food of the inhabitants. Wary though the goose is at points along its passage, when it reaches its destination it seems to become bewildered, rather than startled, at the approach of its enemy.

It is found during the breeding season in great numbers about all the uninhabited regions of the great rivers in the maritime provinces, such as the St. John, the Restigouche, and the Miramichi; and often of a still summer's morning, as the Indian paddles his canoe along the rim of the misty, dreamy river, an unmusical din breaks through the stillness upon his ear. The watchful bird has seen his canoe or heard his paddle drip, and set up this clamour in fear for its callow brood.

But they go even beyond the wild and unfrequented regions of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In the middle of spring, when a steady south-west breeze blows across the Gulf of St. Lawrence the wild geese spread their wings to the gale, and after a fly of from twelve to twenty hours, reach the coast of Newfoundland. During my boyhood, it was my delight in the spring to watch from some great cliff for flocks of geese coming in from over the sea with a south-west gale. Often were my wishes gratified, as,

looking seaward, I would descry a faint, dark object in the far blue, resembling a tiny crescent cloud, that each moment drew nearer, which told that the 'geese were coming.' No one knows unless he who has engaged in the sport of shooting geese the delight with which the flock is watched, as it cautiously lowers on approaching the land, the long neck of each bird stretched outward and slanting down, reconnoitring a temporary resting place. Many a flock I have seen alight after its long flight; many an hour have I crept along over a plain, hiding myself from the game by an intervening hummock. Many a time have I crept up within range of the tired and unsuspecting birds,—and a proper 'range' is when you can see the bird's eye,—many a one devouring the berries upon the plain, after its wearisome flight, have I seen fall from my gun. The first flock I ever watched coming landward, lighted about two miles inland upon a wide heath-clad plain. Through this plain rose a number of little knolls or hummocks, and the flock was eating the berries that grew between these. If I walked toward them they would see me, and be off; I could have gone to windward of them under the cover of a clump of bushes, but it is firmly maintained by all goose shooters in Newfoundland, that the 'Anser Canadensis' has the faculty of scenting. I struck out with a long single-barrelled gun in which I had rammed down 'seven fingers.' I crawled nearly a mile and a half, up within range. I was quite exhausted, and my red knees peeped through my Canadian tweed breeches. I peered over the friendly little hummock and my heart bounded with excitement and joy as I saw within twenty paces of where I lay, about thirty geese stalking over the heath. They appeared to me to be as large as camels. I had before shot only sea duck and ptarmigan, plover and curlew. My eyes swam, and I trembled with eagerness while I waited till they 'got in drift;'

—'in drift' meaning in line. Sometimes several would move towards the position I desired, and would then spread out again. At last four came close together, and I shut my eye and found the trigger. They then stretched out in line: my breathing stopped and I pulled. The gun went off—and so did the geese. The whole charge had gone into the heath, for in my haste in aiming I did not notice that the muzzle of my gun was buried two or three inches in the moss and heather.

In the early part of June, about eight years ago, I set out with two companions for a tour through a portion of the peninsula of Avalon, in Newfoundland, to see if we could find where the wild goose hatches. The weather was not so hot there as it is here in the summer season, and in addition to this, almost every day, huge banks of fog are rolled in from the ocean. These fogs creep in like noiseless armies, shut out the sun, smother up the hills, and leave you in much the same position as Jonah. We had a guide, however, and cared not for the fogs. It may be remarked that under these fogs the small portion of the landscape permitted to your ken seems to be transfigured; objects become magnified to wonderful proportions, and every five minutes, like Mark Twain in the dark room, you find yourself 'turned round.' Large districts, in the interior of the peninsula are comprised of heath and marshes; the marshes being, I believe, identical with what is known in this province, and in the far north, by the dismal name of muskeg. These marshes abound with lakes and ponds which are confederated by little sparkling, babbling brooks, which you are generally able to step or leap across, and which contain an abundance of deliciously-flavoured small trout. In most of the larger lakes and ponds are islands, and on these islands, secure from man's intrusion, the wild goose lays her eggs in peace, hatches them in security, and, when her brood comes

out, revels with them in the cool, sparkling waters, which in Newfoundland always sparkle and never grow hot. On the forenoon of the second day after setting out, our guide told us that he would show us now 'where the wild goose hatches:' following his motions we crept quietly to the edge of a large pond—or small lake—and looked out. In the centre of the pond and about a quarter of a mile from the shore stood an island, an acre or more in area. Close to the shore of the island we saw large numbers of geese; everywhere through the lake geese were to be seen swimming along with stately crests, pruning their feathers, or washing and flapping their wings; some were continuously rising from the island and perching in the lake or flying away out on the mainland, while others were arising from the lake and lighting on the island or on some pond or brook near by. Others again flew away beyond our sight, and anon a large flock would appear on the edge of the horizon, draw nearer and alight with the most unmusical din in the lake. I had a 'double-barrel' with me and several times was strongly tempted to bring down some of the birds as they flew so provokingly near on their way back and forth. Near to the lake grew a small stretch of forest, and thither we decided to go and construct a raft, and proceed to the island to get some of the eggs. We cut down some small, dry trees, constructed our raft and launched it. We had no sooner made our appearance with the catamaran on the pond, than the watchful birds became seized with a general panic. They rose out of the lake in the most excited and awkward way, beating the water into foam; they rose in clouds from the island, sending forth a deafening clamour. We pushed out amid the screaming birds and landed. We found that no young were hatched, but you could scarcely make a step without treading upon a nest of eggs, each nest containing from five to about thirteen eggs, laid in gravelly clay, and

rimmed round in a slovenly fashion with dry grass and feathers. Some of the female birds let us go so close that we might have killed them with our paddles, but we did not molest them. Many of them in rising brushed our faces with their wings, flew around our heads, their necks stretched towards us and their bills open. Their tumultuous noise, everywhere in the air and about the island, made it impossible for us to hear each other in ordinary conversation. We walked around the island and found at every step a cluster of nests and clamorous birds. Monte Christo himself was not more enraptured in his treasure-island than were we. For myself, I longed to be able to carry the island away with me. The dozen of eggs I brought away, packed in grass, in a handkerchief, I hardly deemed worth carrying. I may add, of this dozen eggs, six or seven were broken on the way back: of the balance which were put under a tame goose with the latter's own eggs, three matured a week before their civilized brethren. Of the three, one only lived. It grew up with the tame geese, would now and again fly away to the hills and distant ponds, and then come back again. It eventually became so wild that I had to shoot it.

In October, when the keen north wind begins to pipe over the bleak hills, the goose, with her brood now full grown, flies from her summer haunts out to the headlands. Here they remain for two or three weeks—during which the sportsman reaps his harvest—and awaits a steady north-east wind. The steady north-easter is that which springs slowly up; which pipes weakly at first, out of a clear, cold northern sky, but which, after a day, increases to what would be known on the Newfoundland coasts as a 'wholesale breeze.' To this wind the birds raise their wings, and steer their course from the high cliffs, out over the gloomy, boundless ocean, for the nearest mainland of the continent. I have many times seen fully fifty birds

raise themselves from the plains and steer their flight out over the sea before a gloomy north-east wind. I have sat down upon the cliff's brink and watched them till they faded away, as disappears a flying, tiny cloud-fleck in the distance; and as I saw them disappear, a feeling of indescribable loneliness has come over me.

'The friends who in our sunshine lived,
When winter comes, have flown!'

The flocks now beyond the view were the companions of our summer, but when the gloomy shadows of winter begin to gather around the hills, they fly away to sunnier climes and leave us. While they tarry across the way the winter winds will howl over our hills, and shipwrecking tempests thunder around our coast, while the ice floe and the iceberg, loosed from the dismal, stormy north, will bear down upon our shores and shut us up in an icy prison!

It sometimes happens that midway in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, when the goose is on the autumn return, the wind veers round and blows a gale from the opposite direction. The captain of a vessel engaged in trading across the Gulf has told the writer that, several years ago, in the month of October, he left St. Johns, Newfoundland, with a stiff north-easter, for a port across the Gulf. On the second night out the wind chopped around to the south-west, blowing a gale from the new quarter. About daylight the crew were surprised to find a number of large birds, recognized to be wild geese, perched on the rail, the hatchway, and the rigging of the vessel. Exhaustion and terror had tamed them, and they fell a prey to the clubs of the crew. They had left the Newfoundland coast with a fair wind, but midway in the Gulf the wind veered round. Rain and fog came with it, bewildering the birds, which, rather than light in the sea, perched upon the vessel, which happened to be in their track.

THE SCENE AND THE PURPOSE OF THE
'TEMPEST.'

To Sapere Aude Club:—I am bewildered reading so many opinions about the scene and the purpose of the 'Tempest.' Can your Club give me both, with your reasons; and other information on the play? . . . STUDENT OF SHAKESPEARE, ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

To ask what is the scene of the 'Tempest' is as reasonable as to ask: Where is the home of the south wind? It is true, some literary giants have laboured long to discover the scene, but have succeeded only in enveloping in deeper mist the undiscoverable Utopia. Malone, for example, solemnly relates that the storm which wrecked Sir George Sommers, in 1609, on the island of Bermuda, furnishes the theme, and the latter island the scene of the play. Sir George's ship, it appears, was overtaken by a violent storm, and fell into a great lake, where the crew had much to do to keep from sinking. Sir George, sitting at the stern through the storm and the misty spray, espied the land, which was at once adjudged to be the dreadful coast of the Bermudas, 'which islands were, of all nations, supposed to be enchanted and inhabited by witches and devils, which grew out of the monstrous storms, tempests and thunder-storms near unto these islands. . . . The ship was run right between two strong rocks, and being come ashore, her company were refreshed and cheered, the soil and air being most sweet and delicate.' Had Malone read the wanderings of Ulysses carefully, he would no doubt have taken Calypso's island in preference; and how much better it might have suited his purpose will be shown from an extract I make from a ballad by Mr. Roberts, of Chatham, N.B., which, I hope soon to see published—

'The loud black flight of the storm diverges,
Over a spot in the loud-mouthed main,
Where, crowned with summer and sun,
emerges
An isle unbeaten of wind or rain.'

In 1596, Sir Walter Raleigh pub-

lished an account of Guiana, and spoke in his book of 'a hellish sea for thunder, lightning, and storms, surrounding the Bermoothes,' and this is taken as further proof that one of the above islands was the scene of the 'Tempest.' But Mr. Hunter has discovered another island, not one of the Bermudas, but a neighbour island, Lampedusa to wit, which lies midway between Malta and the African coast. He says, 'it is situated in a stormy sea, and has the reputation of being enchanted. In the rocks of Lampedusa there are hollows;'—and Caliban is stied in the 'hard rock'—'in Lampedusa there was a hermit's cell. This cell is surely the origin of the cell of Prospero.' And to make the argument simply overwhelming, adds: 'Caliban's employment was collecting firewood; Malta is supplied with firewood from Lampedusa.' Collins, in one of his demented visitations—I am glad it was just then—said the 'Tempest' was founded on an Italian romance—'Amelia and Isabella;' that Shakespeare's Prospero was a chemical necromancer 'who had a bound spirit like Ariel, to obey his call and do his services.' Another writer, whose condition was evidently not much better than poor Collins', says that the moment he read Die Schöne Sidea—the Beautiful Sidea—he 'saw where Shakespeare got the idea of his "Tempest."' Others still set up vaguer theories, while many give the Will o' the Wisp-chase over in despair.

If these contentions are worth refuting, by turning to the text of the play itself, we find that the 'Tempest' island is not one of the Bermudas. Prospero asks his mischievous ministrant where he bestowed the King's ship, and the answer is—

'Safely in the harbour
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook where
once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes.'⁶

If the Tempest island were one of the Bermudas, why, then, should Prospero, when he wanted 'dew,' have it fetched from the 'still-vexed Bermudas?' More than this, it would appear that a continuous tempest raged around the Bermudas, while the storms around Prospero's island grew only when Ariel leavened the air with storm-yeast, when his master wished, in short, to 'raise the wind,' to torment Caliban and the rude earth-born gnomes, to amuse himself or to overwhelm his enemies.

The scene of the 'Tempest' is about as tangible as the scene of some tempestuous dream. There is an island; its air is full of balm, and the thunders of the tempest which rage about its head come upon your ears as soft, entrancing music. The entire scene and the action of the play, the raising of the storms, the ministrations of the spirits, the swift executions and frolicsome mirth of Ariel and his mischievous subordinate genii, are the creations of a gorgeous fancy leaving the realm of matter and plunging into the turmoil of the supernatural. The poet needs not defined substance from which to weave his creation, and, as if anticipating his critics in another beautiful drama, tells us—

'The poet's eye in fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
to heaven:
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy no-
thing
A local habitation and a name.'

There are earth-born figures, Prospero, Miranda and the shipwrecked crew, but they rise with the same distinctness out of the fairy rout as do those figures that one sometimes sees rise out of a hazy dream. The blubbery, brutish Caliban, who is not enough of human, either to hate or to pity, when removed from his sty to the play, is even tolerable. But it is all a web of magic weaving; it is all the product of the same imagination that put into the mouth of the king of the fairies such words as these:

* This is the old spelling of Bermudas

‘Once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin’s back,
Uttering such a dulcet and harmonious
breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their
spheres
To hear the sea-maid’s music.’

Or that set Puck, a lesser fairy,
bragging :

‘Sometimes lurk I in gossip’s bowl
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks against her lips I bob.’

Perhaps the best definition of the ‘*Tempest*’ is, that the scene is Dream-land, through which the imagination wanders at its own sweet will; and that the whole creation may be called an exquisite vision. Shakespeare lived on the edge of the dawning to the day of discoveries and the great achievements of science. In his day the material world was a mystic world; witches had not ceased to ride on broom-sticks through the air; the dark woods, the streams and fountains were still peopled by their peculiar sprites; good and evil spirits worked out their will upon mortals, ‘*witched a churn or dairy-pan,*’ and everything that was unexplainable was less the Unknown than the Mysterious. But ever and anon nature yielded up some secret stored in her bosom from the beginning to patient study; or some force in her domain succumbed to the more powerful, because Intelligent and Conscious, force of man. The sun-gleams of knowledge shone upon but a small area of the mystic creation—just the condition to set a mind like Shakespeare’s yearning for more knowledge, to set it weaving creations out of unknown forces, and directing and commanding by his magic wand what the potent rod of Science would do at some future day. I believe Prospero was as much the ministrant of Shakespeare’s sudden burst of longing to

‘Heave old ocean and to wing the storms,’

as Ariel was the bounden spirit to do

his master’s hests. So much of the real—as distinguished from the dreary—is there, in my opinion, in the ‘*Tempest*.’ When the storm is done, when the lightnings have ceased to flash, and the thunders to roar, when Ariel has served his apprenticeship out, when the island is to resolve itself into an unsubstantial thing, and its characters like its ‘*shipracking storms and direful thunders*’ to fade away, at the poet’s bidding, into nothingness, Prospero drowns his book, and sinks his wand

‘deeper than did ever plummet sound.’

Then we may be sure the vision is ended, not the less in the poet’s mind than in the aerial island. The firm land, as we have seen, sinks below the sea; all that was upon it floats off, and the poet turns, not through Prospero to Ferdinand, but in his own person to the audience, to the world, to all who read his plays, to tell them that he has only been in vision-land for the past two hours; that the Prospero of the play is himself, not doing what we believed we saw him doing, but what the poet *would*, in a fit of exalted fancy, do himself. The pageant is ended, and the poet tells us so. With the ending he makes a solemn prophecy. He will not have us think him solely soothing his own fancies in the rack of storms; his vision is not less to show that he

‘Dipt into the future far as human eye
could see,’

than to show that the whole world is only a vision, a little more substantial than the ‘*Tempest*,’ a little longer lived :

‘Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I fore-told you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :

The cloud-capp’d towers, the gorgeous
palaces

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.’

THE AUTHOR OF THE 'ANCIENT MARINER.'

To Sapere Aude Club:—I am so interested in a poem I do not understand—the 'Ancient Mariner'—that I would like to hear something about its Author, and some explanation of the poem as well. . . . FRANK, ST. ANDREWS, N.B.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was the son of a pedantic father, one of whose most boasted achievements was the discovery that the *ablative case* should be called the *quale quare-quidditie*, and who, from his habit of meditation, was known as 'the absent man.' As an instance of what a man will do who goes along with his head in *nubibus*, it is related that Mrs. Coleridge committed to her husband, who was a vicar, and was going away to preach, a well-packed little trunk, asking him to put on a clean shirt every day. When the good parson returned, his wife opened his portmanteau to see the state of his linen, and, lo! it was empty. The absent vicar had obeyed the injunction of putting on a clean shirt every day, but he had always forgotten to take off the soiled one. He simply came home with a half-dozen on at once. Coleridge, our poet, who inherited his father's absent-mindedness, at an early age, entered Christ's Hospital, London, where, by some of his fellow collegiates, he was said to be a dolt, and by others, 'a playless day-dreamer.' He sought out the grand and solitary places in nature, listening to the soundless voices in the glens and on the lonely hills. He sauntered along the Strand one day quite forgetful of where he was. He was thinking of the story of how Leander swam the Hellespont. In the fervour of his thought he threw his arms, like the swimmer throwing aside the flood, and tugged the pocket of an old gentleman passing along. The old man stopped, and, looking at young Coleridge, exclaimed, 'What, so young and so wicked?' Coleridge blushed, as he always did when caught in dreamland, and explained. The old gentleman

gave the lad a pass to a circulating library in Cheapside, and Coleridge ran through this at the rate of two volumes a-day. He was almost as voracious a book reader as Johnson, swooping down upon a subject and consuming the heart of it. He hardly ever read the whole of a book; the entrails, bones and feathers, so to speak, he was not concerned with. He could not abide mathematics—few poets can—and was utterly unable to see how a line is 'length without breadth,' 'It must have some breadth,' he said, 'be it ever so thin.' Leaving the Hospital, Coleridge was seized with a burning desire to be a shoemaker (and in pursuit of his profession would, no doubt,

'Compose at once a slipper and a song;')

then he wanted to be a surgeon, and devoured a number of medical books. He was prevailed upon, however, to enter the University, where he plunged into metaphysics and theology, and became an infidel, for which state of belief Mr. Bowyer soundly flogged him with a heavy birch stick. That was the way in those days they had of driving infidelity out of young heads. That was the way the brutal apostles of muscular Christianity, a little earlier, served the gentle and sensitive Shelley. Coleridge, like Shelley, did not see his University term out. His debts grew, and so did his repugnance for the conduct of the Fellows. His proud yearning spirit could be no longer restrained. One dark night, when the storm howled drearily, he fled away to London. He spent the long night on a door-step in Chancery Lane in a state of tumultuous feeling, speculating on his future. In the grey dawn he saw upon a placard: 'Wanted, a few smart lads, for the 15th Elliot's Light Dragoons.' He presented himself under the name of 'Comberbach,' and was enlisted. He was improvident and thoughtless, but so gentle and winning in his manners that he soon became a favourite with

the troop; wrote letters on business and love for the troopers, told them stories of ancient wars, from Troy down, and, in offset, one of the men, in his turn, would groom Coleridge's horse and do other work about the stall and his accoutrements. One day Captain Ogle was inspecting the stables, and he saw some pencilling on the white wall which caught his eye. The words were the well known: *Elæu! quam infortunatè miserimum est fuisse felicem.** He learnt who wrote the words and appointed the writer his orderly. In the streets Coleridge rode behind the officer, but in the by-roads they rode side by side. A young graduate subsequently passing through to join his regiment saw Coleridge and recognised him. Thus he was delivered.

Then Coleridge joined Southey and went to Bristol, where the two young poets plunged into the stormy turmoil of politics; they revelled here in many fond day-dreams, one of which was to form a settlement in the wilds of America, whose second generation should combine the innocence of the patriarchal age with the knowledge and refinement of the 'foremost fyles of time.' Susquehanna was the chosen paradise, because the name was 'pretty and metrical.' Two years later Coleridge, then in his twenty-fifth year, joined Wordsworth at the latter's charming abode in All-Foxden. All-Foxden was a romantic dell nestling among the lakes, far away from the prosy mercantile world. It was here Wordsworth used to be seen roaming about on moonlight nights, 'muttering' strange things. The ignorant people living through the wilds saw the tall mysterious man gliding up the hills and down the dales at midnight, and they marvelled much. Some said he was a wizard, and that they heard him 'say over a lot of gibberish to himself;' others maintained that he was the agent of bands of smugglers

* Alas! Most miserable of all to have been once happy.

who plied their trade down on the coast of the Irish Sea. This was just the place for Coleridge. He devoured Wordsworth's library in a few weeks, and then began to dream over his darling subject. Then the two poets projected a book to be called 'Lyrical Ballads.' Coleridge, following the bent of his desires, was to write on subjects of a supernatural, mystical character; Wordsworth was to open up the wonders and loveliness of nature spread before us, and haunt the dells and woods for subjects and for inspiration. This book contained some beautiful verse and some vapid, silly stuff. The egotism in some of the Wordsworthian poems could only be excused in the light of the simplicity and candour of their author's character. In the book appeared

'THE ANCIENT MARINER.'

When this poem came out, it created an impression of wonder and awe, and was described by some critics as an example of the 'wonderful incompleteness' of all its author's works. Shortly after the appearance of the poem, the following lampoon appeared in the *Morning Post*, addressed to the Author of 'The Ancient Mariner':

'Your poem must eternal be
Dear Sir, it cannot fail;
It is incomprehensible,
Without either head or tail.'

A shallow fellow happening to observe the lines saw his way at once to notice. He called upon Coleridge, whom he found at the lawn gate, and being bidden by the poet to come in, blushed, and stammered. 'I cannot enter your door,' said the coxcomb, arranging his curls, 'till I confess my offence against you.' The poet listened. 'I do a little in the poetical line myself,' raising his brows, and looking wise about the mouth and eyes,—'inclinations that way. I will speak out. Will you forgive me for the lampoon in the *Morning Post* on your "Ancient Mariner?" I admire your poem, believe me I do; but the temptation of

the lines was too much for me.' 'Make your mind easy,' said the poet. 'I readily forgive you, for I wrote that poem myself!' While pointing out the plot and some of the beauties of this singularly weird poem, in compliance with request, I shall endeavour to show that though the movement and make-up are supernatural, the poem is *not* 'without either head or tail.' The poem opens with a meeting between an old weird-looking man, with bright eyes, who is the Ancient Mariner, and three gallants who were hurrying by to a marriage feast. The 'turn' has come upon the old man—it comes upon him at stated times—and he must relate with all its horror the 'story,' though 'the bridegroom's doors are opened wide,' and he of the three whom the old man holds to bear his tale is 'next of kin.' Thus the story begins :

'The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop,
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.'

Then the south 'storm blast' came on and chased the ship, which flew at great speed through the waters. Far down in the south

... 'Came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold,
And the ice mast high came floating by,
As green as emerald.'

But this is all mere narrative. In the following stanza the purpose of the poem shows itself :

'At length did cross an Albatross,
Through the fog it came,
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.'

This was the first, the only, kindly thing met near the dismal Southern pole. It was a friendly bird flying along with the ship and causing a south wind to spring up to bear the vessel back again to the North.

'In mist or cloud, or mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
While all the night, through fog-smoke
white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.'

When the old man had told his story thus far, there came a frightful look in his glistening eye, and the wedding guest exclaimed :

'God save the ancient mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus;
Why lookest thou so?'

The answer comes—

— 'With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.'

This is the turning point of the poem. The moment the Ancient Mariner shot the auspicious ministering bird, a curse follows the ship. All the horrors are evolved out of the retribution for this rash deed.

'And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe,
For all averred I had killed the bird,
That made the breeze to blow.'

The horrors have not yet commenced, but they tarry not long.

'Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be,
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.'

The bloody sun streamed down upon the boundless, sultry sea, and

'Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship,
Upon a painted ocean.'

'The very deep did rot : O Christ!
That ever this should be.
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.'

Then the crew began to die. They dropped, one by one, of sun and thirst, till none was left but the Ancient Mariner. A wierd phantom ship looms up in the horrid sea; her sails glance in the sun like 'restless gossameres,' and the sun peers through her ribs as through a grate. There were only two on board of the ghastly ship as she came up, the one a woman—

'Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.'

She threw dice for the Ancient

Mariner as the phantom ship glided by—

‘The game is done, I’ve won, I’ve won,
Quoth she and whistles thrice.’

But in the midst of the dreadful surroundings, the unhappy man gets a glimpse of God’s creatures of the calm. Those who have ever seen, under the moonlight, fishes breaking water in a phosphorescent sea can appreciate these stanzas, which are not less true to nature than unspeakably beautiful:

‘Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water snakes,
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.’

And

‘Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire,
Blue, glossy green and velvet black,
They coiled and swam, and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.’

The spell was soon to break. The man had been sufficiently punished for his cruelty in shooting the albatross. A pilot’s skiff, with a hermit on board, comes to the ship and takes

off the tortured wretch. To the hermit the man tells his tale and gets relief, but ever after in his life the desire came on, at certain times, and he had not the power to resist telling the story, though the torture to him was in the recital. This then is the supernatural part of the poem, and I think I have shown it has ‘head and tail.’ But all this has only been the story in the Ancient Mariner’s mouth. This stanza seems more as if spoken by Coleridge himself:

‘O, wedding guest, this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea,
So lonely ’twas that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.’

There is remorse for some wanton injustice, and it weaves the imaginary web of torments and horrors related. In other words, the poem is one of Coleridge’s day-dreams, and not unlike the night-dreams with which those are haunted who tarry late over the banquet board, the only difference being that Coleridge’s dream came out of the fullness of his fancy, while those of the late banqueters come out of the fulness of their stomachs.

A SUMMER WALK.

BY E. A. SYKES, TORONTO.

A WAY from the old farm-house,
Past busy, whirring mill,
Into the quiet meadows,
Where children stray at will.

Gathering the wild field daisies,
Or shining ‘golden thread,’
Crushing its starry blossoms,
‘Neath eager, careless tread.

Greeting with joyous laughter,
Each tiny floweret fair,
Alas! how soon to wither,
On perfumed Summer air.

Along the mill-race margin,
Whose deep, still waters flow,
With scarce a stir or ripple,
Into the stream below.

Glancing through shady vistas,
Where sunlight glimmers down,
Waving bars of tarnished gold
On fallen leaflets brown.

Resting in cool, grey shadow,
On fern-clad, mossy bed ;
The gentle breezes whispering,
'Mid leafy boughs o'erhead.

Deep in the forest stillness,
The lonely mill-pond lies,
A fairy lakelet gleaming,
'Neath sunny, smiling skies.

Circled by drooping foliage,
Half veiled in purple mist ;
Mirroring sunset glories,
By trembling shadows kiss'd.

No sound to break the silence
Save music of the rill,
The notes of woodland songster,
Or hum of distant mill.

The sheep-bell's merry tinkle
Falls faintly on the ear ;
Anon, with silvery cadence,
Re-echoes soft and clear.

And now the twilight falling,
On long, sweet summer day,
Reminds our lingering footsteps
To haste their homeward way.

Our wearied spirits rested,
By Nature's smiling face,
Reflecting God's great goodness,
In beauteous, loving grace.

THE TABOO OF STRONG DRINK.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.

II.

THE Rev. George W. Hodgson has at least shown that the cause of prohibition can be defended, and cleverly defended, with modesty and politeness, and candour and charity. He wishes that the question should be ventilated, as its importance deserves, in order that its settlement may be wise and permanent. He is not of those who try to stifle opposition by misinterpreting the motives of opponents, or of those who bid for the applause of the populace by sophistries that they know to be sophistries.

It is therefore a sincere gratification to me that Mr. Hodgson admits so many of my propositions. He grants 'that to protect a man against himself is meddling legislation, and therefore inexpedient and hurtful,' and 'that it is generally wiser in legislation to leave out the consideration of the endless and complex indirect claims of society.' But he considers these principles no arguments against prohibition, because the ill effects of intemperance are not 'at all confined to those who do wrong,' and because 'the ills resulting to others from the intemperate man's conduct' are not 'in any sense indirect.'

Of course I admit that the ill effects of intemperance are not confined to the intemperate. Neither are the ill effects of opium or candy-eating, of over-smoking, of tight-lacing, of sensual indulgences, of non-libellous falsehoods—of the various bad habits that paternal lawgivers have fondly sought or may fondly seek to legislate out of existence—at all confined to the sinners. In some cases the worst conse-

quences of their vices fall on their innocent offspring. Besides, all such habits are infectious. Yet all sins *directly* affecting the doer only should, it seems to me, be kept under by moral agencies, by education, good example, entreaty, indignation, ridicule—tabooed by religion and society, not by the law.

But there are 'ills resulting to others from the intemperate man's conduct,' that are 'in no sense indirect.' The aggressions of the drunkard on the comfort of his neighbours are indeed direct and concrete enough to call for legal restraint; sometimes serious enough to require the sternest and most deterrent penalties allowed by civilization. The liquor traffic, directly, produces some intemperate drinkers; these intemperate drinkers do some direct harm to others; but the liquor traffic, it seems to me, *directly* injures only the drinkers themselves. In other words, the direct injuries of drinking falls on willing victims only, the direct injuries of drunkenness on unwilling victims also. Therefore, I believe in applying the screw to drunkenness rather than to drinking generally.

But Mr. Hodgson points out that 'indifferent' actions have to be prohibited, as for instance, catching fish out of season, lighting fires in the woods at certain times of the year, or letting one's cattle roam at large. Legislators seldom create, perhaps never should create, these '*mala prohibita*' save where the nuisance is positive, not contingent; or where the dangers of not curtailing liberty overwhelmingly outweigh the inconveni-

ences of curtailing it, in the minds not only of the legislators, but also of the community. Letting one's cow roam at large is an action of the former class. Catching fish or lighting fires in the woods at certain seasons are actions of the latter class—much more clearly so than drinking strong drink, as is proved by the lack of intelligent hostility to *their* prohibition. The greater the numbers and respectability of unbelievers in a statute, the fainter naturally will be the stigma attaching to convictions under it. Yet I see now that one horn of my dilemma was rather blunt: a *well-enforced* Prohibitory Act would not materially 'sap the sanctity and majesty of law,' for when a Prohibitory Act is well enforced, it will be by a majority imposing enough to support the judgment of the law by the more dreaded judgment of society.

'Does the evil directly resulting to the whole community from the liquor traffic outweigh any possible good coming from it? If this question can be answered in the affirmative,' says Mr. Hodgson, 'it gives the TRUE BASIS FOR PROHIBITION.' 'It appears to me that the question narrows itself down to this issue,' he says, in another paragraph, 'or, at least, that this is the first and main issue. If it can be shown that the facts are as above stated' (that the evil resulting to the whole community from the conduct of those who drink to excess 'outweighs any possible advantage that the community can gain from unrestricted liberty in this particular') 'then prohibition becomes an act of enlightened policy.'

This conclusion seems unwarranted. Because a practice does more harm than good, it by no means follows that *its statutory prohibition does more good than harm. A cure may be worse than a disease.* There are therapeutic agents that induce maladies worse than those they heal. Granted that Ireland is chronically discontented and turbulent, the Imperial Government would not, therefore, be justified in effectually stamping out the turbulence and

discontent by converting the island into a tranquil wilderness. The Imperial Government, accordingly, feels bound to go on trying less thorough and less arbitrary expedients.

Probably the liquor traffic (as it is at present conducted in this country and some others, thanks largely to the uncompromising attitude of most prohibitionists), *does* entail more evil than good, more pain than pleasure, to the community as a whole. But this is an argument only that an efficient and proper cure is desirable; not that my cure or your cure is either an efficient or a proper one.

If the evils and danger of prohibition were confined to inconveniencing moderate drinkers, or sometimes impairing their sleep or their digestion, the desirability of adopting this particular remedy might be granted. These minor hardships, though certainly deserving consideration, are probably outweighed by the evils of the liquor traffic. But I submit that prohibition, if it did prohibit, would be too hurtful and dangerous an agent to employ, for the various reasons specified in my former article, *only a few of which Mr. Hodgson has disputed.*

The strictness with which a general prohibitory law would be enforced would naturally depend upon the numbers and sincerity of the majority who would have spoken and voted for it. My forecast of the future is, however, very different from Mr. Hodgson's. A grand reaction set in, in Great Britain and America, against the notorious intemperance of our fathers. This movement, after the manner of moral and political revolutions, has, in my opinion, gone too far in some directions from excess of zeal. The prohibitory agitation in which Mr. Hodgson shares, and the rabid intolerance of moderate drinking in which Mr. Hodgson does not share, are, from my stand-point, extravagant and transient outgrowths of the great reaction.

The counter reaction is beginning now. The natural assumption, I still claim, is that most of the 'inert majority' who did not vote for or against the Scott Act in the Maritime Provinces belonged to the unroused and uncanvassed party. Mr. Hodgson knows some cases where 'the very absence of opposition made it difficult to awaken enough interest to induce voters to come forward.' But in many more cases the hopelessness of an unorganized party's succeeding, or the fear of social and business persecution, kept others from the polls—and no workers tried to rouse *these* voters from their inaction.

Even if Mr. Hodgson is right, he dwells too much on the state of feeling in these Provinces. The history of the Scott Act elections in the wealthier and more intelligent Provinces of Ontario is another and a more important history. Dundreary observed that the dog wagged its tail, instead of the tail's wagging the dog, because the dog was stronger than the tail. For a similar reason Ontario, with the city of Montreal, will eventually wag this Dominion in matters of opinion. To tell which of two parties will be the more numerous a score of years hence, it is more important to estimate their wealth and intelligence than their present numbers. The feeling of New York and Massachusetts and Pennsylvania on a question involving no local interest is more likely to change the feeling of the rest of the Union, than the feeling of the rest of the Union is to change the feeling of these States; and what these States are to the Union Ontario is to the Dominion.

At present I know of no Christian country, or even county, where prohibition is satisfactorily enforced. Rumour says that the Scott Act is enforced in Charlottetown as well, if not better, than it is anywhere else—possibly owing to the large personal influence of Mr. Hodgson himself. Yet

I find this paragraph in the *Halifax Recorder* of January 19:—

'The following, from the *Charlottetown Patriot* of Tuesday, seems to give the experience of the Scott Act, wherever introduced. Our contemporary says:

"The sad and sober truth is that the Scott Act is working very badly in this city,—in fact it is not working at all."

'In most cases, its introduction and "carrying" seems to be regarded as a joke.'

Mr. Hodgson declares that total abstinence, so far as he can see, is nowhere commanded in the Bible; and evidently further agrees with me that the founders of Christianity probably drank alcoholic wine. If we are right in this belief, is not a prohibitory law a condemnation of, or a reflection upon, the conduct of the founders of Christianity? This is, of course, only an *argumentum ad fidem*, and can have no weight with unbelievers. Mr. Hodgson properly calls it absurd to talk of the total abstinence 'giving up his Christian liberty.'

'The asserted analogies between prohibition, sumptuary laws, and religious persecution, will hardly bear examination. Their superficial likeness suggests a misleading comparison.'

'Religious persecution, when not directed against opinion alone, deals with conduct on account of the spiritual or eternal consequences supposed to result from it. These consequences, being wholly outside of the range of the legislator's action, his interference is unjustifiable.'

Eternal evils are not more outside the proper range of the legislator's action than are those temporal evils that an individual brings on himself; while the lawgiver has a much stronger excuse for usurping jurisdiction in a merciful effort to lessen the former than the latter evils.

'Sumptuary laws,' says Mr. Hodgson, 'attempted to deal with one particular evil, extravagant expenditure.' I may have used the expression, but I do not recollect saying much about sumptuary laws. My analogous cases (adduced to show the danger of admitting that the baneful abuse of a thing justified the prohibition of its use)

included many other evils besides extravagance and waste.

'Suppose that word were to go out to-morrow that a prohibitory law, certain of enforcement, would at once go into operation. Would not that announcement cause more joy and happiness from one end of the land to the other than almost any other conceivable news? * * * * The intense relief the country would experience would be such as one feels who awakes to the consciousness of safety after a horrible nightmare.'

There would certainly be a pretty general sense of relief and repose. But a very similar feeling would result from the utter collapse of those who

favour statutory prohibition, and the final triumph of those who favour non-statutory restraints. Before the close of the American civil war, they used to sing by their camp fires on both sides of the Potomac, 'When this cruel war is over,' and to yearn for peace. The North won decisively, and the rest was grateful to the nation; had the South won decisively, the rest would have been equally appreciated.

The satisfaction, however, at the final triumph of prohibition would not be so universal as Mr. Hodgson supposes. Many of those who are wont to look ahead would feel that the victory was a prelude to new wars.

AMARANTHUS.

BY 'ERATO,' FREDERICTON, N. B.

IN the silence of the night
 Came the word to me—
 Whispered by some wingéd fairy—
 'Write a song, a *miserere*,
 Some sweet plaint for souls sin-weary
 Groping for the light.'

Then I grasped the chain of thought,
 'Neath the heavenly glow;
 And the clanking links were slowly
 Welded into something holy,
 A soft requiem, a lowly
 Song not often wrought.

In the morn my soul was pained,
 For the song had fled:
 'Twas an Amaranthine flower,
 From some sweet Parnassian bower,
 Sought by Poets each swift hour,
 Sought but ne'er attained.

THE SECRET PASSAGE.

A TALE OF OTTAWA CITY.

WE had been engaged for more than a year, and the longed-for promotion, which was to make Edward's income sufficient for our start in life, had not yet been obtained.

His income, such as it was, being derived from an appointment in the Canadian civil service, was, however, an assured one.

My dear mother, remembering, I suppose, her own youthful days, when she set at defiance the authority of her guardian, and eloped with a gallant but very impecunious lieutenant in Her Majesty's navy, whose first cruise took him away from her for nearly two years, at last withdrew the opposition she had offered to our beginning married life on so little, and consented that our marriage should take place at an early day.

This decision, I well know, was not arrived at without much anxious thought, for although we had not been extravagantly brought up, we had neither of us learned the value of money by the want of it.

I had nothing to look forward to, as my widowed mother's means consisted of an annuity, to terminate at her death. We were married, and the first year of our wedded life sped swiftly and happily away.

At first we boarded, but with the opening of the second year we determined to begin house-keeping, and it was shortly after being settled in our own house that the incident I am about to relate took place. I had been very busy for months, devoting all my time to the manufacture of articles for the adornment of our abode, to the possession of which I looked forward

with no small degree of pride and pleasure. We had been obliged to devote much time, too, to the selection of a house.

Ottawa was not rich in houses at the time it became the seat of Government, and all familiar with it in those first years of its greatness, will remember the fact, and how exorbitant were the rents demanded for the most indifferent dwellings. Fortune favoured us, however, and we were among the happy few who, in the spring of 186—, rejoiced in the possession of a nice house in a pleasant locality.

When, a few years later, Edward came unexpectedly into possession of the pretty English home, where we have lived ever since, and where all our children, except our oldest boy, were born, it was not without sincere regret that we left the modest little house in which we had been so happy, notwithstanding, to use a rather hackneyed expression, that night of terror spent within its walls.

My husband was too busy to accompany me in the many rambles I had in quest of a suitable abode, but my dear little friend, Minnie Lucas, was always my pleasant companion. When I had at last made up my mind that there were but two houses left to make a selection from, neither of which suited my fancy, it turned out that there was something better in store for us.

'How would you like the Darwin's house, little woman?' said Edward, one afternoon.

'Very much, dear, but they are not leaving it, are they?'

'Yes, they are not only leaving it,

but Canada also. Darwin looked in to-day to tell me this as he thought the house would suit us.'

'It will, indeed, and we may consider ourselves most fortunate in getting it. How long are they likely to be away?'

'They go for good, it seems, Dudsley having found an opening for Darwin on the other side, he leaves by the first steamer, the family following in April.'

When I went to call on Mrs. Darwin a day or two later, she offered to show me through the house, and said, as she did so, 'I must initiate you into one of the mysteries of the building, by our ignorance of which we were nearly burned out.'

It was an ordinary two-story brick house, with finished attic rooms, and to one of these, used as a sewing room, she led the way. Off it, was a good-sized and nicely-furnished closet, with part of the sloping roof in it, and in the panels under the slope, so cunningly contrived that it might have escaped observation for ever, was a small door, upon opening which was seen a narrow passage, too low to admit of a person standing upright in it, and dark, with the exception of the light thrown in from the closet, in which there was a small window. Half-way along this passage or aperture, whichever it might correctly be termed, was the chimney, with a small space on either side through which a slight person might possibly manage to squeeze—the place itself seemed to be about eight or ten feet long.

I have described it minutely for the better understanding of what will follow. We moved into the house in May, and luxuriated in the freedom so enjoyable after the pent-up quarters and restraint of a boarding-house. Many a delightful row and pleasant stroll we had in the glorious summer evenings.

What is now known as the Lover's Walk was our favourite resort. Art and nature have now combined to make that spot not only lovely in it-

self, but attractive, by reason of the splendid view to be obtained from it. Looking westward and some distance off, may be seen the cloud of spray ever rising from the mighty Chaudière; immediately beneath rushes the noble river, alive with a variety of craft. There may be seen the huge raft and the fragile bark canoe; pretty clean-looking little steamers ply busily from shore to shore, or puff consequentially down the stream, drawing in their wake long lines of timber-laden barges bound for the far East, while to the right the water is studded with tastefully-painted and comfortably-cushioned pleasure boats, the pride and delight of their gay young owners.

When the autumn came with its long evenings, I would bring my own little chair to Edward's side and work while he read aloud.

Then came the winter, bringing with it the meeting of the Dominion Legislature and my husband's busy days and nights. We kept but one servant, our means not admitting of more; we had, however, been very fortunate in our selection, Catherine being equal in herself to two of the ordinary run of Canadian servants; she was English, middle-aged and a widow, with one child, a little girl of seven or eight years of age. This child had been living with its grandmother ever since Catherine had found that it was impossible to keep a roof of her own over their heads, and that her only alternative was to go to service. Her husband's mother, who lived some four or five miles out of town on a small farm, had offered to take the child, and Catherine had gladly accepted the offer, feeling that her little one had a more comfortable home than she could provide.

One cold, stormy afternoon in February, I was seated in our pleasant little sitting-room, reading and writing alternately, and wishing it was time for Edward's coming, when I was interrupted by the entrance of Catherine in evident distress.

'Is there anything wrong, Catherine?' I exclaimed.

'Oh yes, Mrs. Temple, my Polly, my little Polly is very sick, and Fred Gardner, Mrs. Smith's hired man, have come to fetch me home; I must go, Mrs. Temple,' she continued rapidly, as if fearing a refusal, 'tho' I feel never so bad, leaving you alone, indeed I do.'

'What is the matter with the child?' I enquired.

'I don't know indeed ma'am, all Fred can tell is she was taken bad in the night, quite sudden like, and that she have been getting worse ever since. I have just bethought me ma'am, how would it do to get Mrs. Tabb to stay over night when she comes with the curtains?'

'Oh yes, that would do very well, but I hardly think she will come through such a storm.'

'Oh yes! she is safe to come ma'am, for I know she is obliged to bring some fine things to Mrs. Ryder's to-night, and that'll bring her by the door, and the first thing in the morning I'll just start off Barbara Croker, she have all my ways, has Barbara, only smarter, and she'll just take hold of things without any trouble to you, Mrs. Temple, until it so pleases God I can come back. It's just to-night as frets me,' she continued, 'but I feel certain sure Mrs. Tabb will come.'

'Well Catherine,' I said, 'go and I trust you may find your child better than you expect, and of course I shall depend upon your sending Barbara the first thing in the morning.'

The idea of being left alone in the house was not a pleasant one, but there seemed no help for it. Presently, I overheard the man she had called Fred hurrying her in a gruff tone and complaining of the time his horses had been kept waiting. His voice struck me as a peculiarly unpleasant one, though without sufficient accent to denote his nationality; and when as they were leaving I caught a glimpse of his

face, I thought I had never seen a more brutal looking one.

The large blue country sleigh with its occupants had scarcely disappeared, when the question regarding the assistance of Mrs. Tabb was decided by the arrival of a little boy with the curtains.

Mrs. Tabb was ill, too ill to leave the house. 'I met Catherine,' said the lad, 'and she told me I were to tell you how as Mrs. Tabb was sick she would send Barbara Croker in this very night. She might like enough be here by eight o'clock, she said.'

When I found myself alone in the darkening twilight of the stormy winter day, I felt more lonely than I should have liked to admit.

Our house was one of a row of two, but unfortunately for me in the present emergency, the adjoining one was unoccupied, as Mrs. Rymner, a widow lady to whom it belonged, had left very hurriedly in consequence of the sudden illness of her daughter who resided in the Western States. At the end of our house was a good-sized croquet ground and a small orchard, at the end of the other the same space in a garden, while opposite was a common; so that although our next neighbours were at no very great distance from us, to all intents and purposes they were not near. Had it been earlier in the day, I should have sent for Mary Price, one of my intimate friends; but it was too late to make any such arrangement, and I well knew that both the weather and the distance rendered it a matter of impossibility for me to accompany Edward on his return to the Buildings, as I had been frequently in the habit of doing in the earlier months of our married life. I lighted the lamps early to make the house seem more cheerful, and then made my way to the dining-room and kitchen, where, thanks to Catherine's management, everything not already done seemed to be doing itself, so that with very little trouble all was usual by the time of Edward's arrival.

How glad I was to hear his foot-step and his latch-key in the door! I flew down to meet him as he stepped in, bringing with him a perfect avalanche of snow. After a great deal of stamping and whisking and shaking he was ready to come up-stairs, and was seriously displeased, as I had feared he would be, when he heard of the absence of Catherine. He thought the chances of the proffered substitute through her, for that night at least, very small.

'You know,' said he, 'they are all excellent at promising, but slow in fulfilling; unfortunately, too, I am likely to be late to-night, but, as it turns out, you are not likely to be left alone, as Blake called on me this afternoon to say that Colonel Dixon had arrived unexpectedly this morning—at least a week sooner than they had looked for him, and Julia had insisted on his (Blake's) coming to see me, to arrange for her coming here to-night instead of Thursday next, as previously intended, the object being to make room for the gallant colonel.'

'Of course I said we should be happy to have her at once, and she will be here about nine o'clock, after attending a meeting of the Dorcas Society; and if Barbara does not arrive sooner, I shall remain with you until that hour.'

I put the dinner on the table, and although I could claim but little of it as the result of my own individual efforts, I felt pleased when my husband told me that he had never tasted a nicer. When we had finished, and had had a cup of tea, we went up-stairs, leaving things to await the arrival and ministrations of Barbara Croker.

A few minutes before eight, Edward's usual hour for returning to his office when the House was in session, the jingle of sleigh-br's, followed by the ringing of the door-bell, proclaimed an arrival.

Instead of the hoped-for Barbara, it turned out to be Dr. Street, who, on

his return from visiting a patient in the country, had called to offer Edward a lift to the office. Much as the latter was disinclined for such a course, and reluctant as I myself felt to his adopting it, I urged his acceptance of the invitation and consequent departure without delay.

Alone again, I found myself more unsettled and uncomfortable than I had done in the afternoon. The first thing I did was to take a small lamp and descend to the basement, where I made, for the second time, an inspection of the whole flat, to see that the doors and windows were securely fastened and all right for the night. I then went up-stairs, and, taking one of the English monthlies which Edward had that evening brought home with him, settled down, or at least tried to settle down, to read.

It was the first time I had ever been left alone in the house at night, and in spite of myself I felt most uncomfortably nervous. As luck would have it, the story I chanced upon was one of terror, being the story of a lady, the wife of an officer in India, who, left alone with natives on some occasion, had to take her infant in her arms and escape from the house to avoid being murdered. The tale was thrillingly told: a lonely evening spent in a rumbling old house—her suspicions roused, and, finally, her detection of the approach of the murderer, when, seizing her child, she fled out into the night and darkness, making good her escape. Once I thought I heard the latch of the little front gate lifted; I listened, but all was still again, and I must have been mistaken.

My feeling of nervous excitement continued every moment to gain strength, and just as I had finished the story and laid down the book I started at the prolonged tick of the clock, which indicated the close of an hour.

To my dismay, the clock rung out ten instead of nine, as I had expected; I had been so absorbed in the story that nine must have struck without

my observing it. A glance at my watch, in the faint hope that I had been mistaken, or the clock had struck once too often, convinced me of its correctness. It was after ten, and so I felt that there was now no hope of Julia's coming, and I must be alone until Edward's return, at whatever hour of the night or morning it might take place.

I went to the window, and drawing aside the curtains looked out to find that it was still drifting, although it had ceased snowing. The lights were all out in the little cottages across the common; to our right a slight turn in the road concealed the cluster of small rough-cast houses, while, to the left, Mrs. Lee's boarding-house was still lighted up. It afforded accommodation to members during the Session, as well as to a number of permanent boarders, young unmarried men in the civil service and bank clerks. The moon had risen since the snow ceased, and, somehow, it looked much more cheerful outside than it did in. Presently a sleigh approached, and my heart leaped with the expectation that it might be the tardy Julia; but no, just as I thought it was about to stop the driver used his whip vigorously, and the horses springing forward at a greater speed were soon out of sight. The oppressive sense of loneliness would not yield to the mental chiding I administered to myself for my weakness, and I turned from the window not in the least reconciled to the prospect of an indefinite number of hours more of solitude. Drawing the curtains closely, I stood thinking for a minute or two how I had better occupy myself until my husband's return. As a general thing, I did not sit up to await his coming, as he was frequently absent until long after midnight, but on this occasion I felt that it would be quite useless to think of retiring—the highly strung state of my nerves convincing me that the attempt to sleep would be a vain one. A coal fell in the

burner in the hall below, startling me not a little, and then the clock struck eleven.

I must have been standing at the window longer than I had any idea of, and after thinking a moment longer I determined to write to my mother, who was spending the winter in Toronto. She had gone there in spite of our united entreaties that she would make our house her home, and how I did long for her at that moment. I had written for some time, when I heard a sound as if some one were coming quietly up the steps, and my pen literally dropped from my fingers. Instinctively I knew that the person approaching was not my husband, but why I cannot tell. I listened; all was still for a moment, and again I heard what sounded like a stealthy footstep.

Thank God, the hall-door was securely locked! When left, as it frequently was, for Edward's latch-key a piece of wire could easily have been made to open it from the outside. I rose, and going softly into the bedroom, which, as well as the sitting-room, faced the street, pulled aside a small portion of the blind and looked out. There, leading up from the gate to the door, were footsteps in the newly fallen snow.

Yes, there was no mistaking the fact—and what was that I saw close in beneath the window? The shadow of a man standing motionless and in a crouching posture, as if listening at the door. Presently a second shadow appeared, drawn out to gigantic proportions on the white snow.

While I looked the position of the first changed, and it was evident that the two men were conversing, the indistinct murmur of their voices reaching me as I strove with strained ears to catch the sound. Throwing off the heavier ones I was wearing, I put on a pair of soft bed-room slippers, and creeping quietly down stairs to the hall-door tried to make out what they were saying. Some one was trying

the lock ; then a voice, which I recognised at once as belonging to the man, Fred., who had come for Catherine, exclaimed :

‘I say, do you want him to catch us at this work ? Come round, I tell you, to the back.’

A horrible oath, followed by the words ‘I guess as you and me can do for him if he does come,’ made me shudder. Some more words passed which I could not make out, and I heard them moving off.

Suddenly one returned, exclaiming, ‘No, Fred. I’ll stay here and try and work this ; you go to the back.’

Here then was my only means of exit cut off, but with the increased peril my calmness seemed to return. I knew that the fastenings at the back were such as would occupy them some little time at all events in forcing an entrance, and at once my thoughts flew to the closet in the attic and the passage leading from it. I ran swiftly up-stairs and got out the box containing my jewellery, of which I had a fair quantity, some of it being of considerable value. Having always been uneasy on the subject of fire—Ottawa at that date possessed no system of water-works, and had the reputation of being the most inflammable city in the Dominion—I had packed all, except what I was wearing, in a large tin case. Then there was the silver ; I must make an effort to save it. It was all in a morocco case in the dining-room.

Creeping cautiously down to that room in the dark, I felt about the sideboard until I had secured it, gathering up also the few articles still on the table. It was a heavy load, or would have been under ordinary circumstances, but scarcely seemed now a feather’s weight. Making my way up-stairs again, I possessed myself of my jewellery, and, turning very low the lamp in the sitting-room—the only one in the house lighted—made for the next flat as swiftly as my load would permit.

Once my foot caught in my long skirt, and I slipped and almost fell, but, recovering myself, pushed on, and, reaching the room I have spoken of, passed from it into the closet. The moon threw sufficient light through the little window to enable me to find the door in the slope without difficulty. Down quite close to the floor was a little brass knob, by which to open the door. I ran my hand rapidly up and down to find it, but could not. The knob was gone and the door apparently fast shut. After a moment of speechless terror I thrust my hand into my pocket, and, drawing out a small fruit knife, inserted it between the wall and the door, trying to force the latter back, with no result but the breaking of the blade. To insert it again and endeavour, with frantic haste and all the little strength I had left, to accomplish my purpose, was but the work of a moment, and just as I was in despair the door yielded to my efforts. As I entered the passage with my burden I became aware of the fact that the ruffians had succeeded in getting in and were coming up from the basement. As will be understood, the door opened towards the outside, and on the inner side of it were two hooks or nails, which had evidently been used for hanging skates on, as on one of them still hung a child’s pair, which had no doubt been forgotten by the Darwins. By means of these nails, I was able to draw the door so closely after me as to render it quite invisible from the closet, without which my hiding-place would no doubt have been discovered. Stooping down, I placed my ear close to the door and listened, and very soon heard the robbers coming up to the flat immediately beneath. A very short time sufficed for their ransacking the rooms, and then came the most terrible moment of all. At the foot of the last flight of stairs, one of them paused a moment, and then excitedly shouted, ‘Why, what’s this ! A woman’s handkerchief, and per-

fumed nice, too; it can't have been long here, I bet.'

An oath and the declaration in loud tones that 'no man or woman in that house would be allowed to go out of it alive, to tell what their game in it had been,' showed me what peril I was in, and how desperate was the character of the men. Rushing up the steps, they entered the room, and almost immediately afterwards the closet, exclaiming, as they did so, 'I guess we've got her now.'

The lamp they carried threw a faint streak of light into my hiding-place, although the door was too close to admit of my seeing out. They stood for a moment, and in the stillness, the ticking of my watch seemed to my excited fancy loud enough to betray me.

'Let's look here,' exclaimed Gardner, making for a corner of the closet which happened to be concealed from view by a number of dresses, hung from a rafter in the sloping roof.

'It's no go,' he continued, 'she's got off, however she did it, and carried away all that was worth coming for along with her.'

'It was all your fault, Fred,' rejoined his companion, 'you know you would have me leave the front door, and go with you to the back, and that was how she managed to slip out.'

What more might have been said I did not hear, as I fainted away for the first and only time in my life, and was, when discovered by Edward, at about half-past twelve, in a state of happy unconsciousness, if such a term can properly be applied to a person in a dead faint.

When I came to myself I was on the couch in the little sitting-room, my husband bending over me, and his brother Cyril, who had arrived unexpectedly from Montreal, and accompanied Edward home, preparing to go off for a doctor. This, however, proved unnecessary, although I was weak and ill for many days.

Judging from the time I must have gone upstairs, and the time at which

Edward found me, I could not have been more than a very few moments in a state of unconsciousness. As Edward and Cyril drew near the house they saw two men emerge from the front door, who rapidly made the best of their way off in the opposite direction, and when they reached the house it was to find both hall and back door open, with every indication that the place had been ransacked by robbers. My husband's anxiety may better be imagined than described, but after the first moment of excitement was over, his thoughts at once flew to the very hiding-place I had chosen, probably from the fact of our having only a day or two before spoken of the singular construction of the passage, and remarked what an excellent hiding-place it would make. We learned that poor Catherine, true to her word, had arranged with farmer Smith that his man, Fred Gardner, should go half-a-mile further and bring Barbara Croker in to us at once.

The man had learned enough of the circumstances to know that the chances were greatly against my husband's getting home until far into the night or rather morning.

He had also gathered from what fell quite innocently from Catherine that our house contained a quantity of plate, the value of which was no doubt greatly exaggerated in his opinion by her description, and so, instead of Barbara Croker, had brought back to town with him a companion in crime with whose aid he hoped to effect a successful robbery.

The two must have prowled about the neighbourhood for several hours waiting to see that everything favoured their designs, as the servant at Mrs. Lee's had seen two men who answered their description exactly, pass at a comparatively early hour in the evening, and again at a quarter to twelve when she looked out after extinguishing the lights, going on each occasion in the direction of our house.

Both men turned out to be convicts

who had served long terms in the Provincial Penitentiary at Kingston, and had not been any length of time out of its walls. They escaped arrest on this occasion, making their way to the United States, but long afterwards we read in the Toronto journals that they had paid the penalty of their crimes in the Far West. They had been captured with several other desperadoes after a fearful railway robbery, accompanied with murder, in Kansas, and after the briefest of trials

hanged in accordance with the usual despatch which characterizes the administration of Lynch Law.

I am subject to fits of nervousness still at times, although I am thankful to say that they are becoming gradually of less frequent recurrence, and if I am ever visited by unpleasant dreams they are nearly always sure to be associated with that night of terror, from the peril of which, I thank God for my deliverance, through the instrumentality of the 'Secret Passage.'

MORNING.

BY D. J. MAC MURCHY, TORONTO.

AND now the night is past.
 Dawn's earliest beams efface
 The stars' bright eyes
 In the morning skies ;
 The day comes on apace.

Over the land and sea,
 It comes on a message of light,
 The tryst to keep,
 To wake from sleep
 The dreamers of the night.

In through the churchyard gate,
 The joyous sunbeams peep,
 And, as they pass,
 Just kiss the grass
 O'er the graves where the weary sleep.

They play on the cottage door,
 Look in at the windows bare,
 In their fairy dance,
 They glisten and glance
 On the palace's marble stair.

A DAY WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY J. TOCS PORT HOPE.

MY wife and I made up our minds to give the children an outing. With so many steamboats and railroads offering excursion fares for those who, like ourselves, wanted to take the balsam of fresh pure air, it was no easy matter to decide upon the route and destination. I wanted to go by boat, but Mrs. Slater, the mother of my numerous olive-branches, was against travelling by water, reminding me (just as if I could ever forget) how that the last time we went to Niagara she and all the children were victims to sea sickness. I tried to persuade my better-half that, as on that occasion the lake was not rough, the illness of the family had probably arisen from the fact of their imprudently lunching on a mixture of sardines, custards, cherries, rich cakes, pies, ginger-pop, &c., and that nature had merely rebelled at such an unaccustomed jumble. I reasoned, however, with Mrs. S. in vain; she would not consent to let her darlings risk the danger of going on over-crowded and unsafe excursion boats. Still I urged the matter at intervals for several days, but, finding her of the same opinion, I, like a wise man, gave up the struggle, and it was finally decided that we were to go by train to a place some miles away from the city, and picnic on a pretty spot by the lake-side, and thus have all the advantages of lake air without encountering the disagreeables attending travel by water. Of course, the children were in a wild state of excitement when they heard of the proposed excursion, and kept the house in a perpetual racket with their high spirits and healthy lungs. When the event-

ful day arrived, we got up at an unearthly hour, not to get the early-worm, but to catch the 7 o'clock train, and had a rare scramble for anything approaching a breakfast. When we were ready to start I was dismayed to find that the 'baby' was to be of the party, for I hold with every sensible man that babies are better at home than anywhere else (at least when their fathers are with them); but Mrs. Slater had her way in this, and as the youngest Miss Slater cowered and smiled in her nurse's arms, and looked the merriest little cherub in creation, I hadn't the heart to insist on her being left behind. I was appalled by the number of baskets and shawls that were to accompany us. Jane, having the baby, could not carry anything else, so I found that a good many more things than I bargained for fell to me to look after.

On arriving at the station, we found that there was a large number of other excursionists, and we had some difficulty in obtaining room in the car for our party, although we sat three in a seat. We had barely settled ourselves and arranged the baskets when Harry discovered he was 'awful hungry,' and Nellie and Tom declared themselves almost on the point of starvation and the twins begged piteously for a 'bisted.' It was useless trying to persuade them to wait until we arrived at our destination, so after a good deal of trouble I got the basket that my wife said had the biscuits, intending to distribute one to each of them. The basket, however, instead of containing biscuits, held a rich iced plum cake, and many were the exclamations of

delight made by the children when they beheld it. However, I promptly closed the lid over the cake, and the pleasant looks of the little folks were soon replaced by those of disappointment. I was persisting on their having merely biscuits at that early hour, when their mother perceiving that five pairs of little eyes were preparing for a down-pour persuaded me to relent, so, contrary to my better judgment, rather than have such a damper on the day's enjoyment, I gave them each a slice of the unwholesome stuff, declaring positively that that was all they should have. I had no sooner replaced the basket and settled down again, than Nellie having demolished every crumb of her slice of cake, found that she was very thirsty, as also did the other youngsters. Tom immediately went off to help himself from the water-can at the end of the car, when his mother (who is a very fastidious person), saw him drinking from the tin mug left for the convenience of the general public. Thereupon she was seized with the idea that he might contract some horrible disease, and called out for him to wait until she got him his silver cup. Of course the cup turned out to be at the bottom of another basket, the one containing the apples. This in her hurry she upset, the contents running pell mell along the car and creating quite a diversion among the other passengers, who were very ready to pick the apples up and help themselves to all they could lay their hands on, so that by the time we had collected as many as we could, more than half had been appropriated. Except that Nellie spilt a cup of water over her pretty frock, and Harry fell down and bruised his knee, we arrived without any further accident at the station we were to stop at. There were no carriages, and we found we should have to walk a mile in the blazing sun to the place we had selected. I suggested stopping at the hotel, but as the rest were against that plan, I concluded I would make an

amiable martyr of myself and we set off accordingly.

It was a rough walk, and the twins were soon tired, and asked to be 'tarried.' A kind father could not resist the appeal, so the young monkeys were hoisted upon my shoulder turn about, and seemed to enjoy their rides immensely; kicked their dear little heels against my back occasionally, spurring their horse to greater speed; making reins of my whiskers, so that when we reached the place decided on for our pic-nic I felt slightly tired and hot. It seemed a capital place; it was well shaded by trees and quite close to the lake. The children were in ecstasies and wanted lunch instantly, so we set about getting it ready. My wife, with my assistance, spread the repast on the clean tablecloth provided for the purpose, and though I refrained from saying so at the time, I confess I was surprised at the richness of the food prepared for the children. But it was too late to remedy the evil, and, certainly, if the wholesomeness of the viands might be questioned, there was no doubt as to their appetising qualities. Indeed, the amount consumed by the little Slaters was startling. The usual beetles, bugs and spiders walked carelessly over the table-cloth, pies, cakes, meat, plates and dishes, but in no way did this appear to affect the appetite of the children. This was rather an amusement than otherwise.

About the middle of the repast, a large, inquisitive frog hopped unexpectedly into the middle of the tablecloth and caused great excitement. Mrs. Slater jumped up as I had not seen her do for years, Jane screamed, and the children were delighted, somebody upset all our milk and a bottle of raspberry vinegar, both fluids running promiscuously among chickens, cakes, pies, etc., and leaving the baby with the prospect of being starved. None of the Slater family having shown any tendency to emulate the chivalric Dr. Tanner, the latter cir-

cumstance seemed a serious accident. When she had had her lunch, Jane offered to go and see if she could get some milk at any of the houses we had passed. After telling her to be sure and hurry back, which she promised readily enough to do, we assented to her going. She presently departed, leaving Mrs. Slater and myself sole guardians of the remnants of the repast and the children.

For some time the little people played contentedly on the lake-shore in front of us, and then Tom came and asked if they could go just beyond the tree we saw, and 'paddle.'

To this, on their promising not to wet their clothes, we gave our consent, and away they went, to take off shoes and stockings, in high glee. In truth, my wife and myself were glad of a few minutes' quiet, but, as luck would have it, baby, missing her dinner, began to get cross, and it was all her mother could do to partially soothe her—trying, ineffectually, to make that young lady partake of biscuits and water, as a substitute for her usual diet of milk. I do not remember the exact length of time that had elapsed since the children had gone off, but we presently heard a loud, piercing shriek from one of them, which made our hearts jump into our mouths, and sent me running towards the direction from whence the sound came, expecting to find some dire accident had befallen one or other of them. It took only a few moments to reach them, and I was infinitely relieved to find that they were all there, though in the greatest excitement, for all the boys were in a state of nudity, they having evidently enlarged my permission to 'paddle' into taking a full bath. One of the twins was howling dismally, and Harry, the eldest boy, was up to his neck in water, vainly endeavouring to catch with a stick a bundle of something that was floating slowly but surely beyond his reach. After various questions, and a chorus of answers from all at once, I learned

the cause of all the hullabaloo. It seemed that the 'twin' who was crying had hung his linen blouse, pants, and other garments on the projecting branch of a tree, and while enjoying the delights of bathing, had suddenly perceived that a cruel wind had blown his garments far out into the water, further than any of us could reach with the aid of the longest stick to be found. I gave the children a good scolding all round, and if it hadn't been a holiday, would have added a sound thrashing as well. I ordered them all to dress immediately, and as it dawned on the unlucky twin that in lieu of his lost clothes, he would have to sit wrapped up in a shawl for the remainder of the day, he cried more lustily than ever. The toilet of the fry did not occupy many minutes; it was but just completed when their mother, remembering that they had had no towels to dry themselves with, was afraid that they would take cold, and get inflammatory rheumatism. Nothing would satisfy the maternal heart but that all their clothes must come off, and each of them undergo a rubbing process with the table cloth, while their under-garments were laid in the sun to dry.

As Jane had not yet returned, Mrs. S. had to look after this matter herself. While she did so, she gave me the baby to look after. That young lady was sucking, discontentedly, a biscuit, and let me have a good deal more of the disgusting mess than I wanted, putting her sticky fingers into my hair, and, with undesirable generosity, thrusting the wet stuff into my eyes and against my nose, in a vain attempt to put it into my mouth. These pleasantries soon ceased to amuse her, and she next tried pulling my whiskers, and messing my white shirt and collar, by patting and pulling them with her dirty little hands. My four boys, seated in a row, wrapped up in shawls and waterproofs, looked pretty dismally comical, but I was too cross to enjoy the situation, and vowed it

would be the last time I would ever be found going on a pleasure excursion with half a dozen unruly brats.

That confounded servant never turned up for ages, and then had only about half a cup of milk, which had apparently no effect but to make the baby cry for more. When she did come, I made up my mind to go for a walk alone and pay a visit to a country inn which had large grounds surrounding it, containing the usual swings, merry-go-rounds, and summer-houses that accompany pleasure resorts. Nellie and Harry begged so much to go too, that I finally took them, they promising to be very good, and with only two of my olive branches to look after I felt a comparatively happy man. We reached the inn with its garden and attractions, and found any number of people enjoying themselves in their own way, which the greatest part of them did by eating and talking. Scraps of orange peel, nut shells, pieces of paper, crusts of bread and rinds of melons strewed the loudly-advertised velvet lawns. The candy, cakes and ginger beer, in the wooden stalls that were dotted here and there about the grounds, appeared to be in a dissolving state of stickiness, and looked anything but appetising—at least to me. Nellie and Harry thought otherwise, Harry investing his last five cents in a tumbler of disgusting-looking lemonade, and Nellie her coppers in jaundiced-looking lemon and orange drops. I left the children for a minute or two while I got a glass of lager beer, which I daresay would have been good enough if it hadn't been luke-warm (the man's ice had given out). I found warm lager by no means delicious, but being very thirsty I drank it nevertheless, and thought I'd have a smoke and see if a good Havana would not soothe my ruffled feelings. I lit my cigar and was enjoying it fully, when I remembered Harry and Nellie, and strolled leisurely round to look for them. They were not where I left them, but that caused me

no alarm, though it was sometime before I discovered their whereabouts. When I did, it rather upset me to see that the young monkeys were enjoying a swing high up in the air, both standing to all appearance in the most perilous position, and trying their best to get on a level with the branches of the trees. I hardly knew what to do, but called out to them to stop swinging and come down directly. I shall never forget the effect my words had: they were at the farthest limit of the rope when they heard my voice, and Nellie turned quickly round, and before I had time to utter a word of caution, a shrill scream rang out into the air. I saw the flutter of something white, and heard a dull thud on the ground. I was horrified. The blood in my veins seemed to stop, I became dizzy, and for a moment could not summon courage to look in the direction of the sound, or dare to go to pick up the little mangled form I expected to find lying there. Something seemed to swim before my eyes as I stooped under the trees and looked blindly for my child: for a moment I hardly saw anything, else I wouldn't have got such a knock on my back and head as I stooped down from the returning swing, where to my complete bewilderment still stood Harry and Nellie safe and sound, and laughing heartily at the rap they had given me. It was the board and not either of the children that had fallen; Nellie screamed when she felt it slipping from under her feet, but had clung like a squirrel to the rope, and appeared unconscious of having escaped from any danger. They informed me that they were 'working down,' and in a minute or two jumped off the swing with rosy cheeks and brimming over with excitement at the fun they had had.

I regret to say that when I discovered the needlessness of my fright, and the innocent cause of it laughing merrily, I indulged in language more expressive than elegant, and hardly

fit for infant ears. I had a severe pain in my back and head from the blow, and felt in a mood to thrash some one within an inch of his life, although, I am happy to state, I refrained from giving any physical proof of the rage I was in. I marshalled my young people back to their mother in the worst possible frame of mind, and gave my wife such a lecture on the way she brought up her children as almost to bring tears to her eyes. Poor woman, she looked tired out, as, having sent the nurse to look after the other children, she was trying her best to soothe the baby, who was awfully cross.

Utterly disgusted, I threw myself down on the grass a little distance off, and tried to rest my aching head, when, glancing at my watch, I saw that we had only time to walk slowly back to the station to get the train home. I immediately got up and informed my family that it was time to depart. At this news I saw an intense look of relief pass over my tired wife's face, as she said she would be glad when we were safe at home again. The children hastily disposed of the remainder of the eatables, and we set off on the walk through the woods and dusty country roads, laden with the baskets, which seemed as heavy as before. On our way back the road certainly appeared longer, for, instead of

the twins, I had to carry Nellie, who is a stout child of six, the unusual food, the excitement of the trip and the famous swing having completely upset the child.

When at last we arrived at the station, we were a sorry looking family. My wife, usually so fresh and handsome, looked hot and flustered, her hair was straggling and untidy, and her pretty dress showed many a green grass stain and the marks of dirty little fingers. The trip home was a frightful experience; the children were as cross as two sticks, and their elders (I can speak positively of the feelings of *one* at least) crosser. As for the baby, she never stopped yelling, except to take breath to begin again. Besides being a bother to ourselves, we were an unutterable nuisance to the other excursionists. I heard one broad-shouldered workman remark, as he regarded his own good, quiet youngsters, that if he 'belonged to the gentry, he guessed he'd teach his children better manners or stay at home.' I endorsed the man's sentiments, resolving then and there that once safe at home nothing on earth would ever induce me to go on a day's pleasure in the country with a pack of children, and if I am any judge of physiognomy Mrs. Slater, in the inmost recesses of her heart, registered a similar vow.

CONFESSIONS.

A SERIES OF SONNETS.

BY 'SERANUS,' OTTAWA.

VI.

SHALL I be blamed if I so write of you
 As lovers of their mistresses? Her gown,
 Her glove, the mignonette she fastened down
 Upon her bosom's lace, even her shoe

Has claimed their muse and will again, for who
 Loves earnestly at all, loves all, from crown
 Of curled head (so have they written) down
 To fleeing foot fearing lest one pursue.
 And when in long and listless twilight mood
 At twilight I have sat and dreamed of you,
 How could I picture you but as indeed
 I know you, clad in dearest suit of tweed
 Man ever wore, with scarf of richest blue,—
 Yet fear I lest I be not understood.

VII.

For why should these things be less dear to me
 Because you are a man and I—a woman?
 Because I am, I am more surely human,
 And though as surely love with dignity,
 With stateliness and rigid purity,
 With reverence for all those gifts of mind
 Which first I saw in you, (and long was blind
 To other gifts which now at length I see,)
 With art to keep your passion in control,
 With almost mother's yearning for your Best
 And Highest always:—yet it seems to me
 In perfect Love must be equality;
 An equal charm in all must be confessed,
 Body nor mind the greater, neither soul.

VIII.

A sky all yellow in the evening west,
 But pale and bluish-cold elsewhere. The trees,
 Like branching seaweeds under amber seas,
 Are traced in clearest, blackest, delicatest
 Pencillings against the glow. A sense of rest
 Is come to me, and sinking on my knees
 Beside the opened window (though it freeze
 Who would shut out this winter air? The best
 Of impulses come with it!) I become,
 Through gazing, one with air and golden sky,
 And golden thread of river running down
 Far westward by the sun-gilt, glowing town.
 O *Spirit of Beauty*—more I cannot cry,
 Alas! the Spirit of Love still keeps me dumb!

THE JEWISH QUESTION.

BY PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

ON opening the *Nineteenth Century* the other day in Canada, I was surprised to find that Mr. Lucien Wolf, of the *Jewish World*, in his paper on the Anti-Jewish agitation, had set me down as having commenced the agitation in England. Mr. Wolf writes, as he avows, under the influence of 'all-consuming indignation and strong passion,' for which it is easy, under the circumstances, to feel respect and sympathy, but which cannot fail to colour his statements. I replied at the time that I was not aware that there had ever been an Anti-Jewish agitation in England. No tidings of such a movement had reached Canada. So far as I could see, fully the due measure of homage was being paid by the highest representatives of English society to Jewish wealth. We had even received accounts, in connection with the last general election, of a new political sect which was seeking to identify the English race with the Ten Tribes, and found on that pedigree a claim to world-wide dominion. In Germany, as elsewhere on the Continent, there has been an Anti-Jewish agitation: in England, I apprehend, there has been none.

It had happened that when I was last in England we were on the brink of a war with Russia, which would have involved the whole Empire, including Canada, whose mercantile marine would have been in great danger of being cut up by Russian cruisers. The Jewish interest throughout Europe, with the Jewish Press of Vienna as its chief organ, was doing its utmost to push us in. Mr. Lucien Wolf avows that the Jews all over the world were united in opposition to what they regarded as the hypocritical designs of Russia, though Russia might perhaps retort the epithet, inasmuch as her crime in their eyes was not her ambition but her protection of the Eastern Christians, with whom the Jews had a quarrel of their own. At such a crisis it was necessary and right

to remind the English people that Israel was a separate race, with tribal objects, and that its enmities could not be safely allowed to sway the councils of England. As to the merits of the quarrel between the Eastern Christians and the Jews, there was no room for doubt: we had some reason to believe that there was as much of extortion on one side as of fanaticism on the other: but at all events it was not an English quarrel, or one in which English blood could justifiably be shed.

I heartily supported, and, were it needful, would heartily support again, the political enfranchisement of the Jews, though I do not pretend to believe that people who intrench themselves in tribal exclusiveness, refuse intermarriage, and treat the rest of the community as Gentiles, are the very best of candidates for citizenship. But the franchise is a trust, in the exercise of which every one must expect to be watched, especially those who are liable to any peculiar bias, above all when their allegiance is divided between the nation and some other power or interest. The staunchest advocate of Catholic emancipation has never doubted that it was right to watch the Catholics, at least the Ultramontanes, as often as there was any possibility of a divergence between the interest of the nation and those of the Papacy. If I am not misinformed, the movement against the Jesuits and against Ultramontaniam in Germany—the Education War, as it is called—has found ardent supporters among the Jews. Especially is vigilance needful when the equivocal influence is exercised through the secretly enslaved organs of an ostensibly independent Press.

If patriotism means merely a willingness to perform all social duties and to do good to the community, nobody can deny that it may be possessed in the largest measure by the kinsmen of Sir Moses Montefiore. But if it means undi-

vided devotion to the national interest, there is difficulty in seeing how it can be possessed without abatement by the members of a cosmopolitan and wandering race, with a tribal bond, tribal aspirations, and tribal feelings of its own. Far be it from Liberals to set up a narrow patriotism as the highest of virtues, or to make an idol of the nation. There is something higher than nationality, something which nationality at present ought to serve, and in which it will ultimately be merged. Mazzini taught us how to think upon that subject. But tribalism is not higher or more liberal than nationality; it is lower and less liberal; it is the primeval germ of which nationality is the more civilized development. Nor does the narrowest patriot make such a religious idol of his nation as the Jew makes of his tribe. All the other races profess at least allegiance to humanity: they all look forward, however vaguely, to a day of universal brotherhood; they cannot help doing this if they are Christian, and have accepted the ideal of the Christian Church. The Jew alone regards his race as superior to humanity, and looks forward not to its ultimate union with other races, but to its triumph over them all, and to its final ascendancy under the leadership of a tribal Messiah. I mean of course the genuine, or, as the Americans would say with rough picturesqueness, the 'hard-shell' Jews. About the position of these alone can there be any question. As to the men of Jewish descent who have put off tribalism altogether, we have only to welcome them as citizens in the fullest sense of the term and to rejoice in any good gifts, peculiar to their stock, which they may bring to the common store. But Mr. Wolf speaks for the genuine Jew: he rejects, evidently with abhorrence, the thought of intermarriage with the Gentile.

Of the existence of Israel as a power and interest apart from the nations, though domiciled among them, there can scarcely be a doubt. One who has deeply studied the question, Mr. Oliphant, in his recent and very interesting work *The Land of Gilcad*, dwells more than once on the great advantages which any European Government might gain over its rivals by an alliance with the Jews. 'It is evident,' he says, 'that the policy which I have proposed to the Turkish Government (i.e. the restoration of Palestine) might be adopted with

equal advantage by England or any other European power. The nation that espoused the cause of the Jews and their restoration to Palestine would be able to rely on their support in financial operations on the largest scale, upon the powerful influence which they wield in the Press of many countries, and on their political co-operation in those countries, which would of necessity tend to paralyze the diplomatic and even hostile action of Powers antagonistic to the one with which they were allied. Owing to the financial, political, and commercial importance to which the Jews have now attained, there is probably no one power in Europe that would prove so valuable an ally to a nation likely to be engaged in a European war as this wealthy, powerful, and cosmopolitan race.' Perhaps the writer of these words hardly realizes the state of things which they present to our minds. We see the Governments of Europe bidding against each other for the favour and support of an anti-national money power, which would itself be morally unfettered by any allegiance, would be ever ready to betray and secretly paralyze for its own objects the Governments under the protection of which its members were living, and of course would be always gaining strength and predominance at the expense of a divided and subservient world. The least part of the evil would be the wound inflicted on our pride. It is the highest treason against civilization that Mr. Oliphant unwittingly suggests. If Russia were alone to stand out against such submission, even though her motives might not be untainted, she would practically acquire no inconsiderable title to the sympathy of the nations.

The allusion to the influence wielded by the Jews in the European Press has a particularly sinister sound. This, as has already been said, is a danger the growth of which specially justifies our vigilance. In the social as in the physical sphere new diseases are continually making their appearance. One of the new social diseases of the present day, and certainly not the least deadly, is the perversion of public opinion, in the interest of private or sectional objects, by the clandestine manipulation of the Press.

Mr. Wolf, throughout his paper, assumes that the main question between the Jews and their adversaries is one of religion, and that opposition to Jewish

ascendancy is a revival of religious persecution. To the full extent to which his belief is well founded, I share his 'all-consuming indignation.' Indeed, the fear of seeming to abet anything like an attack on liberty of conscience makes me almost shrink from dealing with the subject. In this respect, however, I feel that I am tolerably free from reproach. I believe I have on all occasions, to the utmost of my power, supported the cause of perfect freedom of opinion. I have advocated unsectarian education in all its grades, and no one can desire more heartily than I do to see the last relic of intolerance swept away from the constitution of the House of Commons. But among the opponents of Liberal principles on both these points, as I am told, are rich Jews, who have apparently come to the conclusion that sectarian education and exclusive tests are useful guardians of certain special interests. It seems that in France corresponding phenomena present themselves. The French correspondent of a thoroughly pro-Jewish journal in this country remarks, with reference to the part played by the Jews in French politics, that 'the Jew, when struggling, or merely rich, is Anti-Clerical and Liberal, but when he becomes a magnate and wants to marry his children to the sons and daughters of "crusading" families of undoubted nobility, he becomes a supporter of moral order and all that is comprised in the term.' It is possible, then, to be opposed to Jews and yet to be on the side of religious liberty. If I mistake not, the possibility will become more evident every day in proportion as Israel accumulates more wealth, and becomes more identified with the class to which the good things and the honours of the world belong.

For my part, I have been all along persuaded that in these troubles religion is not the primary but a secondary cause; though, as it struck the eye of superficial observers most, it has been hitherto taken for the primary cause; much as in the case of Ireland the conflict was formerly supposed to be one entirely between Catholic and Protestant; and even the Whiteboy outrages, though plainly agrarian, were imagined to be connected with the religious feud. The root of the mischief lies, I am convinced, not in the peculiar creed, but in the peculiar character, habits, and position of the Jewish people; in their

tribal exclusiveness, their practice of the tribal rite of circumcision, the nature of the trades to which they are addicted, and the relation in which they stand to the native races of the countries wherein they take up their abode as a wandering and parasitic race, without a country, avoiding ordinary labour, and spreading over the world to live on the labour of others by means of usury and other pursuits of the same sort. They are not the only instance of the kind. The Armenians are another, the Parsees a third; the Greeks were fast becoming a fourth, when happily alike for them and other nations their country was restored to them. The Lombards and Cahorsins, in the Middle Ages, were examples of the same tendency on a smaller scale, as the Gypsies are in a different way. But the theological importance attached to the Jews and the belief in the divinely ordained and penal character of their wanderings has prevented their case from being referred to the historical class to which it belongs, and caused their dispersion to be regarded not only as far the most memorable, which assuredly it is, but as absolutely unique.

I had once been listening to a debate in the House of Commons, on a motion brought forward by that most excellent scion of the Jewish race, the late Sir F. Goldsmith, respecting the maltreatment of the Jews in the Danubian Principalities, in which it was assumed both by the mover and by the Foreign Minister, who replied to him, that the case was one of religious persecution. At my side sat a friend, who knew the Principalities well, who hated wrong and oppression of all kinds if ever man did, and who was not a Christian but an avowed Agnostic. He said that in his opinion the real point had been missed; that the case in its essential character was not one of religious persecution; that the people, a good-natured race, were not inflamed with fanatical hatred of the Jewish faith; that a Jewish synagogue, in one of the cities, received aid from the Government. The Jews, he said, came among a simple-minded peasantry, devoured its substance by usury, dispossessed it of its freeholds, and at the same time corrupted it by the practice of demoralizing trades; hence attempts were made to exclude them from the country, and they were sometimes treated with cruel violence. In Russia, as we are told by the best authorities, in-

cluding Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, the people regard religion very much as a question of nationality, deeming it perfectly natural that a man of a different race should also have a different creed, so that the inhabitants of Christian villages dwell peacefully side by side with the inhabitants of villages which are not Christian. Hence it would seem that in this case again religious fanaticism can hardly be the chief source of the popular excitement. The Germans are being denounced as a herd of infuriated and brutal bigots; but they are in reality a kindly people, and their history is peculiarly free from the stains of religious persecution, especially if we take out the action of Austria, which is really not a German power. Mr. Wolf complains of the frequent Boycotting of Jews in the United States. He refers, I presume, to the refusal, some time ago, of New York insurance offices to insure the houses of the Jews, and to their recent exclusion from some hotels in the same State. At least I know of nothing else to which the term 'Boycotting' could be applied. In both cases the reason may have been insufficient; but in both it was commercial, not religious. No New York insurance office or hotel would ever refuse anybody's money on religious grounds. At the time of Secession an order, the exact tenor of which I do not now remember, was issued by a Federal commander against the Jews, who were plying their usual trades in the wake of war; but we may be quite sure that this was a military measure, with which bigotry had nothing to do. That the Jews should have exposed themselves to exceptional treatment in a country where the principle of religious liberty and equality is so firmly established, not only in the Constitution, but in the hearts of the people, as it is in the United States, seems clearly to indicate that there may be other than religious grounds for the popular feeling against them in other countries also. No man is responsible to his fellow men for his beliefs, however strange they may be; but every man, whatever his beliefs, must take the natural consequences of his actions. He who plies an unpopular trade, or does what is offensive to his neighbours, at the same time treating them as Gentiles, will be sure to incur odium not only of the theological kind. That his ancestors, eighteen centuries and a half ago, instigated Pilate to cru-

cify Christ is a very bad reason for maltreating any man at the present day; but it is an equally bad reason for allowing any man to behave offensively at the present day that his ancestors were maltreated in the Middle Ages.

In such German pamphlets as I have seen upon this question I have not noticed strong traces of theological antagonism. Herr Stocker seems fully imbued with the old-fashioned reverence for the faith of Israel: his complaint is rather that there is too little of it among the modern Israelites than that there is too much. The Jewish antipathy to labour offends him as a Christian Socialist, with whom the duty and the dignity of labour are primary articles of faith: this is the nearest approach to religious antagonism that I have observed. Herr Stocker complains, it is true, of the attacks made by the Jewish Press on Christianity; but this he might do without exposing himself to the charge of intolerance, though perhaps there is some exaggeration in his complaints.

The belief that these troubles are wholly or mainly religious flows naturally from the notion, almost universally entertained, that Israel is merely a dissenting sect. Talleyrand, as a remarkable passage quoted by Mr. Wolf shows, fancied that a Jew was just like any other citizen, saving his theological opinions, and that when toleration was extended to those opinions, he would become like other citizens in every respect. The advocacy of Jewish emancipation in England proceeded on the same assumption, while the opposition was founded on that of a religious crime and a divine sentence. The result has proved that though emancipation was wise and right, the impression under which the debate was conducted was mistaken. We now see that Israel is not a sect, but a vast relic of primæval tribalism, with its tribal mark, its tribal separatism, and its tribal God. The affinity of Judaism is not to non-conformity but to caste. If Judaism were a religion as Christianity or Buddhism is, it would, like Christianity and Buddhism, proselytize: it did proselytize during that period of its history in which, under the influence of Greek philosophy and other liberalizing agencies, it was tending from the condition of a tribal to that of a universal creed, though it subsequently fell back into tribalism, Philo succumbing to the Rabbi, while the more

spiritual and universal element disengaged itself in the form of Christianity. A Jewish writer, who is himself a striking proof of the fact that the race is much and the religious profession little, has said that the Jews no more care to make proselytes than does the House of Lords. We may, with Thackeray, smile at the idea that the denizens of Bevis Marks are unapproachable aristocrats of the human race, but the saying points to a serious and important truth.

It is partly under the influence of the same erroneous impression, as I venture to think, that Mr. Wolf ascribes whatever is not lofty in the commercial character and habits of the Jews to the 'demoniac attitude' of Christianity, that he depicts the conduct of Christendom toward Judaism throughout history as 'a persecution unexampled for its long duration and calculated malignity,' that he speaks of the 'brutality and infamous uncharitableness with which throughout the ages the Jews have been wantonly persecuted by the *soi-disant* votaries of a Gospel of Mercy.' Such expressions, I submit, betray a misreading of history, and one which not only produces a misconception as to the main source of these calamitous conflicts in the past, but prevents the Jew from seeing what is the only real security against their recurrence in the future. The group of nations which make up Christendom emerged from barbarism only by a very gradual process, as did also the nation which deemed that it pleased God by the massacre of the Canaanites with their wives and children, and which penned the books of Judges, Chronicles, and Esther; but apart from any belief about revelation, and from theological questions altogether, it has as fair a claim at least as any other group to be painted with historical discrimination, and not carelessly daubed with black. Perhaps in regard to the Jewish question the self-accusation of Christendom, since its acceptance of the principle of toleration, has somewhat exceeded the fact, as the self-accusation of reformed sinners is apt to do. Mr. Wolf's sweeping language is enough in itself to suggest the need of historical revision, though by most of his Christian readers it will be accepted without criticism and echoed with a penitential sigh.

There are features common to the characters of Orientals generally, and visible in that of the Jew, for which

Christendom plainly is not responsible. Nor is Christendom responsible for anything that originally marked, for good or for evil, either the Semitic stock generally or the Hebrew branch of it. It was not the attitude of Christianity that made the Phœnician a kidnapper or the Carthaginian faithless. It was not the attitude of Christianity that caused the Jews to adopt as a typical hero the man who takes advantage of his brother's hunger to buy him out of his birthright with a mess of pottage, or led them to record with exultation how they had spoiled the Egyptians by borrowing their jewels on a feigned pretext. It was not Christianity that penned passages in Hebrew books instinct with sanguinary tribalism and vindictive malediction. But a more unhappy element probably in the special character of the modern Jew than any Oriental or Semitic defect is the accumulated effect of the wandering life, with its homelessness, its combination of degrading vagrancy with unpopular exclusiveness, its almost inevitable tendency to mean and hateful trades. And to the wandering life the Jews were led partly by untoward circumstances, partly by their own choice, certainly not by the attitude or the conduct of Christendom. They seem to have been not less unpopular with the nations of the pagan world, including some even outside the pale of the Roman Empire, than they have been with Christian nations; and their unpopularity seems to have arisen always from much the same causes. Either the whole human race except the Jew is demoniac, or there is something naturally unpopular in the habits and bearing of the Jew.

The Christian States of the Middle Ages, in which the Jews underwent maltreatment, were in an early stage of civilization, and their religion was bound up, as that of primitive communities generally is, with their polity, their morality, and the whole life of their people. They could no more help this than a child can help not being a man. Historical philosophy has taught us to distinguish the inevitable shortcomings of nations from their crimes. The common faith of the states of Christendom formed among other things the bond of their indispensable and effective though loosely knit confederation against Islam. Into nations of this character the Jew intruded himself, well knowing their prejudices, which, in fact, were merely the counter-

parts of his own, but willing to run all risks in pursuit of gain. If English adventurers had in the same way intruded themselves into China or Japan before these countries were opened, it is doubtful whether the Foreign Office would have felt itself bound to protect them in case of a riot. Had it appeared that they had been plying trades oppressive and naturally hateful to the people, their misfortune, though it might have excited pity, would have created little surprise. Their case would have been still weaker if they had been acting as instruments of extortion in the service of a tyrant, and had been sharing with him the spoils of the people, as the Jews did under the mediæval kings, and as it appears that they did also in Egypt under the Ptolemies.

Jewish writers, in their natural exasperation, are heaping contumely on the memory of the Crusaders. By David or Isaiah a Crusader might have been understood: it is impossible that he should be understood by a Jew of the Talmud and the Stock Exchange. The Crusades, like their sequel, the struggle against the Ottoman, were in truth a defensive war waged by Christendom against Islam, which, organized for conquest, came victoriously rolling on, with fatalism, despotism, polygamy, slavery, and the other Eastern vices in its train, till on the plains of Tours it had almost achieved the subjugation of the West. The Holy Sepulchre was the Carroccio of Christendom, though its position, far in advance of the natural line of defence, placed the Christians at a military disadvantage. It is true that in Godfrey and his brethren in arms there was a strain of savagery which sometimes totally overpowered the nobler parts of their character; that they carried on their holy war with the ferocity which marked wars generally in those times; and that with their devotion were largely mingled the unextinguished propensity to nomadism, the love of military adventure, and the lust of booty. Still they were the half-conscious champions of that which has been⁸ incontestably proved by experience to be the higher civilization, and for the hope that was in them they gave up their lands, their pastimes, and the bowers of their ladies, and went to die on Syrian fields. So long as Christianity is preferred to Islam we must look with gratitude on the stately tombs of the Crusaders. The world will have become materialist in-

deed when any child of Western civilization can rejoice in abuse of St. Louis or Edward I.

Now the Jew was a religious alien, and what his own law, if the parts had been changed, would have called a blasphemer in a religious camp at a crisis of intense excitement and mortal peril. Not only so, but he was not a very distant kinsman, and probably at heart a friend of the enemy, occasionally perhaps even a confederate, grotesque as some of the mediæval stories of Jewish complicity with the Saracen are. Mrs. Magnus, in her vivid sketch of the history of her compatriots, says:—

‘Both in the East and in the West the rise of Mohammedanism was, in truth, as the dawn of a new day to the despised and dispersed Jews. If we except that one bitter quarrel between the earliest followers of the Prophet and the Jews of Arabia—and that, we must note, was no organized or systematic persecution, but rather an ebullition of anger from an ardent enthusiast at his first unexpected rebuff—we shall find that Judaism had much reason to rejoice at the rapid spread of Mohammedanism. Monotheists like the Jews, abhorring like them all forms of image worship, worshipping in simple fashion their one God Allah, observing dietary laws like to those of Moses, the Mohammedans both in their faith and in their practice naturally found more grounds for agreement with Jewish doctrine than with the Christian dogma of a complex Godhead, or with the undeveloped aspirations of the heathen. And besides some identity of principle and of race between the Mohammedan and the Jew, there soon discovered itself a certain hardly definable kinship of habit and of custom—a sort of sympathy, in fact, which is often more effectual than even more important causes in promoting friendly relations either nationally or individually. Then also, there was the similarity of language; for Arabic, like Hebrew, belongs to what is called the Semitic group. . . . Nearly a century of experience of the political and social results of the Mohammedan conquests must, inevitably, have made the year 710 stand out to the Jews of that time as the beginning of a grand new era in their history. Centuries of cruelty had made the wise, loyal counsel of Jeremiah to “pray for the peace of the land whither ye are led captive; its peace shall be

your peace also," a hard task for the most loyal of consciences; and in that early year of the eighth century when Spain was added to the list of the Mohammedan victories, and the triumphant flag of the Crescent was hoisted on tower and citadel, the liberty of conscience which it practically proclaimed must have been in the widest sense a cause for national rejoicing to the Jews.'

It is not necessary here to discuss the by-questions whether the reign of Islam is that of liberty of conscience, and whether centuries of cruelty to the Jews had really preceded the year 710. As to the main point, the passage quoted is correct. History can cast no blame upon the Jew for feeling and obeying his natural affinity; but on the other hand, we must acquit the Christian of anything that with reference to people in that stage of civilization can reasonably be called demoniac, and pronounce that his rage against the Jew, even when most detestable and sanguinary, falls within the measure of human crime. It is probably conjectured, if it cannot be said to have been proved, that at the time of the Crusades, when all men were hastily raising money to equip themselves for the Holy War, the Jewish usurer took cruel advantage of his opportunity and thereby made himself more than unusually obnoxious at the moment when he was most in peril. Nor is it by any means certain that he used all possible care to avoid irritating popular feeling. He has always been, and still is, somewhat apt to presume upon his wealth. This is the cause of his exclusion from some of the New York hotels. The bloodiest and most disgraceful of all the outbreaks of popular violence in England was provoked by the disastrous indiscretion of some wealthy Hebrews who, in defiance of a warning proclamation as well as of popular sentiment, had intruded themselves upon the coronation of a Crusader king.

Even on this occasion, however, behind the religious fanaticism which is set down as the sole incentive to the outburst, there is discernible that which I suspect to have been generally the deeper and more potent cause of popular antipathy. At York, the rioters made for the place where the Jews had deposited their bonds. So, in French history, M. Martin, though he usually treats the outrages against the Jews as religious, and descants on them in the ordinary strain,

sometimes lets us see that other causes of animosity were at work. 'Never,' he says, in relation to the rising of 1380, 'had the Jews been more hateful to the people than since they had been protected with so much solicitude by the Crown: they abused the need which men had of their capital to suck to the very marrow both the spendthrift nobleman and the necessitous citizen.' The money trade is not more oppressive or odious than any other trade, provided it is not pursued in an illiberal and grasping spirit; but there are money-lenders of different kinds; there is usury which is fair lending, and there is usury which is extortion; there are mortgagees who do not want to foreclose, and there are mortgagees who do. A tyranny not less grinding or hateful than that of an armed conqueror or a political despot may be exercised by a confederacy of crafty operators which has got the money of a country into its hands and makes a ruthless use of its power. In the Chronicle of Jocelyn de Brakelond we find an example of the prodigious usance by which a debt to a Hebrew money-lender grew: and we are not surprised or much scandalized on learning from a subsequent page of the Chronicle that the worthy Abbot Samson procured letters from the king empowering him to compel all Jews to quit St. Edmondsbury, on the condition however that they should be allowed to take with them their chattels and the price of their houses and lands. It was the period of the Crusades, and Samson was an enthusiast, it is true; yet we cannot doubt, looking to what had preceded, that his main object was to save his people from the bloodsucker. The Jews had a strong tendency to congregate at Oxford, a large portion of which is said at one time to have been in their hands. We may believe that they were partly, perhaps chiefly, drawn to it as a seat of learning and science; but a university city also affords special opportunities for usury; and as the Universities in the Middle Ages were distinctly liberal, it seems probable that here again the conflicts which took place had a social and economical rather than a theological cause. The truth is, religious fanaticism, and especially the fanaticism of Christianity, has had quite as heavy a load of historical responsibility laid on it as it deserves. Persecution, among Christians at least, has usually been the crime not of popular

bigotry but of wealthy Church establishments threatened in their temporal interests by the growth of new beliefs. The wars of the sixteenth century, which are always called religious, and, constantly cited as proof that Christianity is the parent of evil, were in fact attempts of an enormously rich and corrupt clergy to put down a revival of religious life, while the life was struggling to save itself from extermination. It seems very doubtful whether, even in the Middle Ages, the peasant or mechanic, having no pecuniary interest in the theological questions, would, merely on account of a difference of opinion, have made a bloodthirsty onslaught on a man of the same race, or of a race not hostile to his own, who was working as a fellow labourer at his side. The Cahorsins were Christians; yet as extortioners they were not less hated than the Jews, nor was their expulsion less eagerly demanded.

Into England the Jews streamed after the Conquest, as they follow in the train of modern war; and we may be sure that their presence was not the least part of the calamity which befell the hapless people. Through them the Norman and Angevin kings were enabled to organize vicarious extortion, and though the king squeezed the sponge when it had sucked up the money of the people, this process while it filled his coffers did not restore the popularity of the unfortunate Jews. Nor does it seem that the Jew, to make up for his exactions, when he had amassed wealth, bore himself meekly towards the natives. Our highest authority on mediæval history, Mr. Freeman, says: 'In the wake of the Conqueror the Jews of Rouen found their way to London, and before long we find settlements of the Hebrew race in the chief cities and boroughs of England: at York, Winchester, Lincoln, Bristol, Oxford, and even at the gate of the Abbot of St. Edmonds and St. Albans. They came as the king's special men, or more truly as his special chattels, strangers alike to the Church and the commonwealth, but strong in the protection of a master who commonly found it his interest to protect them against all others. Hated, feared, and loathed, but far too deeply feared to be scorned or oppressed, they stalked defiantly among the people of the land, on whose wants they thrived, safe from harm or insult, save now and then, when popular wrath burst all bounds, when

their proud mansions and fortified quarters could shelter them no longer from raging crowds, who were eager to wash out their debts in the blood of their creditors. The romantic picture of the despised, trembling Jew, cringing before every Christian whom he meets, is, in any age of English history, simply a romantic picture.' The suppleness of the Oriental, which made him willing to be the chattel for the sake of the royal protection in his trade, might diminish the respect of the people for him, but would not diminish their hatred or their fear.

Like the expulsion of the Jews from St. Edmondsbury by Abbot Samson, the banishment of the whole race from England by Edward I. was unquestionably intended by the king and welcomed by the nation as a measure of social reform and relief to the people. The execution of the measure was marked by savage outbursts of popular passion against the objects of general hatred; and Jewish writers may be easily forgiven for denouncing Edward as one of a set of 'insolent, unprincipled, and rapacious tyrants, whose virtues, if they happened to possess any, were overshadowed by their crimes.' But this is not history. Edward was as great, as noble-minded, and as beneficent a king as ever sat upon the English throne; and he must have made no small fiscal sacrifice in sending away the luckless race whose craft had filled his coffers and those of his predecessors. The situation was throughout miserable, its termination was hideous and heartrending, but the English people had never invited the Jews to England.

In Spain the situation was still worse than in England, and the consequences were still more hideous. For centuries a struggle raged for the possession of the peninsula between Christendom and Islam, by which religious passion as well as antipathy of race, was excited to the highest pitch. At last the Christian triumphed, and the Mohammedan was ruthlessly driven out, as, we may be sure, the Christian would have been driven out from any realm in Islam in which he had planted himself for a time as an invader, unless he had preferred to banishment the most abject and wretched slavery. The Jew being connected, as we have seen, with the Mohammedan, and bound to him by sympathy, shared his piteous doom. In the dreadful reign of persecution which followed, after the establishment of the In-

quisition, the Jew or 'New Christian' did not suffer more than the Christian who was suspected of heresy, or, to speak perhaps more correctly, of disloyalty to that religious union which the Spaniards had learned to regard as the palladium of the national existence. Perhaps even in Spain the vast revenues of the State Church had as much to do with persecution as had the bigotry of the nation; and assuredly the religion of Jesus of Nazareth had nothing to do with the vast revenues of the State Church. All these horrors now belong to the past as completely as the massacre of the Canaanites.

During the Middle Ages intolerance was universal, perhaps inevitable, and the Christian heretic, though a native and a member of the commonwealth, was persecuted not less, but far more cruelly, than the Jew who was an intruder. In England the Jews were relieved of their political disabilities almost as soon as the Dissenters, and those who relieved them were of course Christians. It is tacitly assumed that all the time Judaism itself was tolerant, and would have established religious liberty had power been in its hands. No assumption surely could be more precarious. Judaism persecuted Christianity while it could, calling in the Roman authority for the purpose. In a later age the heresy of Uriel D'Acosta was punished with forms apparently borrowed, as has been remarked, from the practice of the Inquisition. Spinoza was put in peril of his life. To burn or stone him, or any other apostate, was not possible where Jewish orthodoxy did not wield the civil sword. The works of Maimonides were publicly burned. Instances of anathema and excommunication launched by the priesthood against freedom of thought abound in Jewish history, and Jewish writers acknowledge the fact that bigotry capable of anything is to be found among the zealots of their race in Poland. Even so liberal an Israelite as Mr. Samuel, the author of *Jewish Life in the East*, speaks of 'renegades,' that is, converts from Judaism to Christianity, in a tone suggestive of social penalties if not of fagots. After all, whence did ecclesiastics in the Middle Ages chiefly derive their notions as to the duty of extirpating misbelief with the sword? Was it not from passages in the sacred books of the Hebrews? Was it not from the injunction to exter-

minate the idolatrous Canaanites, and the precepts of the law making death the penalty of apostacy, blasphemy, and religious perversion? Even the superstition of witch-burning, had it not its origin in an uncritical adherence to the Mosaic law which ordains that a witch shall not be allowed to live? Among rational Christians the Old Testament has given place to the New. But in the synagogue is not the Old Testament still read as the final expression of the Divine Will? Is not the Feast of Purim still kept by the Hebrew race? If so, Judaism ought to be cautious how it applies such epithets as demoniac to Christendom, on account of any misdeeds of the ignorant and irrational past.

Mr. Wolf ascribes the abandonment of husbandry by the Jews to the cruel bigotry of Christian rulers, who forbade them to hold Christians as farm-slaves, it being regarded as out of the question that a Jew should put his own hand to the plough. Would the Jews in their own country, or in any country where they were dominant, have allowed Christians to hold Jews as slaves? Mr. Samuel, the Jewish writer already mentioned, says, 'A Jewish servant or labourer is almost unknown in Egypt, our people here as elsewhere being infected with that dislike for manual labour and that preference for earning their living with their heads which is at once the strength of our upper and the destruction of our lower classes.' The destruction, then, of the lower classes among the Jews, their economical destruction at least, is not to be laid at the door of Christendom. Their propensities with regard to labour are the same in the East and in their own land as in the Christian countries of the West. It is true that in those happier days when, instead of Rabbinism and the Cabala, they were producing a great religion, and memorably contributing to the progress of humanity, the Jews were, as Mr. Wolf reminds us, a community of husbandmen; but they have now been so long a wandering race, 'preferring to earn their living with their heads,' that the tendency is ingrained, and cannot be altered by anything that Christendom can do. Not even in lands where they have been longest and most completely emancipated, such as Holland and the United States, have the Jews, it is believed, shown any disposition to return to the blameless industry any more

than to the simple and devout character of the husbandmen who gathered in the Courts of Zion. The same thing would probably have befallen the Greeks had they, like the Jews, been permanently converted into a race without a home. For such habits, whether formed by an individual or a race, humanity is not responsible, nor can it prevent them from bearing their natural fruits. The one valid ground of complaint which the Jews have in this respect is the mediæval prohibition of usury, which, so far as it was operative, tended, no doubt, at once to throw the trade into the hands of the Hebrews, and to degrade it. But this again had its origin mainly in the Hebrew law, though that law makes a tribal distinction between taking interest of a Hebrew and taking it of a stranger.

Again, it is constantly asserted that the Jews during the Middle Ages were rendering some brilliant services to civilization when their beneficent efforts were arrested by the intolerance and folly of Christianity. Christendom, it is said, was wasting itself in the pursuit of a spiritual ideal, in crusades, in religious art, and scholastic philosophy, while the Jew was promoting the real welfare of mankind, by founding medicine and developing trade. Scholastic philosophy need hardly shrink from comparison in point of practical utility with the Talmud and the Cabala. If the Jew founded medicine, what became of the medicine which he founded? The Middle Ages bequeathed none, it is believed, worthy of the name of science. Trade was developed, not by the Jews, but by the merchants and mariners of the great Italian, German, Flemish, and English cities. Its progress in England did not in any appreciable way suffer by the absence of the Jews from the time of Edward I. to that of Charles II. It may be doubted whether even the money trade, which was the special province of the Jew, did not owe at least as much to the bankers of Florence and Augsburg as to any Jewish house. Rossieu St. Hilaire, in his history of Spain, while he shows abundant sympathy for Jewish wrongs, finds himself compelled to contrast the 'narrowness and rapacity' of their commerce with the boldness and grandeur of Arab enterprise. In the early Middle Ages Jews were the great slave-dealers. This was not the reproach in those times which it would be in ours;

but slave-dealing was never the noblest or the most beneficent part of commerce.

The idea that to exclude the Jew was to shut out commerce and prosperity is curiously at variance with the indications of the ethnographical map at the present day, from which it would appear that the number of Jews was nearly in inverse proportion to national well-being. In wretched Poland, including Posen and Galicia, the proportion of them is largest; they abound in Hungary, in Roumania, in the Southern parts of Russia; in England and France they are comparatively few; in Scotland, the soundest and healthiest of communities, hardly any. Nothing can really increase the wealth of a country but productive industry, in which the Jews stand low. Mere money-dealing, though necessary and therefore legitimate, is not productive and when it assumes the form of stock-jobbing it is anything but beneficent. The success of a Brassej or a Titus Salt adds greatly to the general wealth of the community, and stimulates industrial energy into the bargain; the success of a stock-jobber no more adds to the wealth of a community than does the success of a gambler. Stock-jobbing, with the advantage of exclusive information, in fact bears a close resemblance to gambling with loaded dice, and it is in this way that some of the greatest Jewish fortunes are said to have been made. That the presence in large numbers of a wandering race of money-dealers and petty traders does more harm to a nation than good is a fact which does not justify the maltreatment of any member of that race, but a fact it appears to be.

In cases where a military race has absolutely refused to engage in trade, and has prevented its serfs or rayahs from engaging, the Jew has found a natural opening; but while he has filled the gap, he has precluded native commerce from coming into existence, as otherwise in course of time it would almost certainly have done.

'The Jew,' says Renan, 'from that time (that of the final dispersion) to this has insinuated himself everywhere, claiming the benefit of common rights. But in reality he has not been within the pale of common rights; he has kept his status apart; he has wanted to have the same securities as the rest, with his exceptional privileges and special laws into the bargain. He has wished to en-

joy the advantages of nationality without being a member of the nation, or bearing his share of national burdens. And this no people has ever been able to endure.' There is no reason why any people should endure it, at all events if the number and influence of the intruders are such as to constitute a serious danger to the nation, and the parasite seems likely to injure the growth of the tree. In England the Jews are few; and though some of them have made colossal fortunes by stock-broking, the aggregate amount of their wealth is not great compared with that of the whole country. English writers are therefore able, much at their ease, to preach the lessons of a serene philosophy to the Germans, who have as many Jews in a single city as there are in the whole of England or France, and are moreover threatened with fresh eruptions from Poland, that grand reservoir, as even Jewish writers admit, of all that is least admirable in Israel. Seeing the growth of the Jewish power in Germany, the immense wealth which it has amassed by stock-broking, and which, refusing intermarriage, it holds with a grasp almost as tight as mortmain, its influence over the Press, the lines of sumptuous mansions which bespeak its riches and its pride, the rapid multiplication of its people, and the reinforcements which it receives from abroad, its tribal exclusiveness and compactness, its disdain of manual labour and increasing appropriation of the higher and more influential places in the community, a German may be excused for feeling apprehensions which in an Englishman would be absurd. No wonder if he fancies, as he walks along the principal street of his chief city, that he is in some danger of being reduced to the condition of a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for an intrusive race in his own land. Not the German only, but any one who feels an interest in the fortunes of Germany, may well regard the growth of Jewish influence there with some anxiety, at least if he deems it best for the world that the great Teutonic nation, at last united and liberated by efforts so heroic and at so great a cost, should be allowed to develop its character, and work out its destiny in its own way. German patriotism is derided as Philistinism, and it does no doubt sometimes manifest itself in ways distasteful to those whose model is Heinrich Heine. But it has wrought a great

deliverance not only for Germany but for Europe. Those who have appealed to it can hardly expect it to cool down on the morrow of Sedan: in fact, the need of its devotion is as yet far from being at an end. That Goethe, who in the calmness of his cold and statuesque superiority went to pay his homage to the conqueror and oppressor, would have looked with indifference on the struggle between German and Semite is very likely; but it was not the spirit of Goethe that hurled the soldier against the French lines of Gravelotte. This revolt against Semite ascendancy may be regarded in fact as a natural sequel of the revolts against Austrian domination and French intrigue. Crushed by a brood of petty despots, Germany, after the Thirty Years' War, had been lying depressed and torpid, the prey of all who chose to prey on her; she is now awakened to national life, feels the blood coursing through her veins again, and is successively casting off all her bonds. The economical yoke of the Jew becomes as irksome as the rest. In the Danubian Principalities a similar revival produces a similar revolt in a coarser and more cruel form.

The situation is a most unhappy one. Such consequences as have flowed from the dispersion of the Jews are enough to prove to the optimist that there are real and lasting calamities in history. Repression, though duty imposes it on a government, does not seem hopeful; soldiers may be sent, and some of the Anti-Semitic rioters may be shot down, but this will not make the rest of the people love the Jew. That the people should ever love the Jew while he adheres to his tribalism, his circumcision, and his favourite trades, seems to be morally impossible. It is not difficult to frame golden rules by which Jews and Gentiles as well as Magyar and Slav, Anglo-American and Negro, shall live in philosophic amity; but it is too certain what the practical result will be. The common people know nothing about Lessing and Nathan Der Weise; and if they did they might say with truth that the character of Nathan Der Weise is as fictitious as that of the Eastern sages of Voltaire. No real solution seems to present itself except the abandonment by the Hebrew of his tribalism, with its strange and savage rite, and of all that separates him socially from the people among whom he dwells. As to the

hygienic practices, on the importance of which Mr. Wolf insists as a ground for separatism, there is not the smallest reason, if they are rational and good, why the Jew should not retain them himself, and impart them to other people. Thenceforth, if Jewish genius showed itself so superior as Jews assert that it is to that of people of other blood, and if any one sought to deny it a fair career, there would be justice in assuming him to be actuated by envy. We should all be bound to welcome it without prejudice as a purely beneficent power. In England and France such a solution seems possible—the Jewish element is not so large as to defy assimilation and absorption, but in Germany and Poland it appears very remote.

What can, what ought, the Germans to do? It behooves them calmly to consider this question. Violence clearly in any form is neither right nor expedient. The Government is bound to put it down, and excesses which provoke a deserved reaction will only leave Semitism morally stronger and more formidable than ever. The withdrawal of political rights, once conceded, is also practically out of the question, more especially as the Jew had not only been permitted to vote, but compelled to serve in the army. This last fact is decisive. On the other hand, no principle, political or moral, forbids a German to use his own vote for the purpose of keeping the government and guidance of the nation in German hands. Of course he is equally at liberty to encourage, or refuse to encourage, such journals as he thinks fit. Associations against anybody have a very ugly look, yet they may be justified by great compactness of tribal organization and corporate activity on the side of the Hebrews. Restraints upon immigration are harsh and inhospitable, except in a case of absolute necessity. But a case of absolute necessity may be conceived, and the land of every nation is its own. The right of self-defence is not confined to those who are called upon to resist an armed invader. It might be exercised with equal propriety, though in a different way, by a nation the character and commercial life of which were threatened by a great irruption of Polish Jews. The Americans think themselves perfectly at liberty to lay restrictions on the immigration of the Chinese, though the Chinaman, with his labourer's shovel is nothing like so formidable an invader

as the Jew. In trade the sons of those who founded the Free Cities will surely be able, now that their energies have been restored and their shackles struck off, to hold their own, without legislative protection, against the Hebrew, preternatural as his skill in a special tone of business has become: and everything that tends to improve the tone of commerce and diminish stock-jobbing will help the Teuton in the race.

It has been said, and I believe truly, that religion is the least part of the matter. Yet there is between the modern Jew and the compatriot of Luther a certain divergence of general character and aim in life connected with religion which makes itself felt beside the antagonism of race, and the traces of which appear in the literature of this controversy. Judaism is material optimism with a preference to a chosen race, while Christianity, whether Catholic or Protestant, is neither material nor in a temporal sense optimistic. Judaism is Legalism, of which the Talmud is the most signal embodiment, and here again it is contrasted with Christianity and the Christian Ideal; which is something widely different from the mere observance, however punctual, of the law. In the competition for the world's goods it is pretty clear that the legalist will be apt to have the advantage, and at the same time that his conduct will often appear not right to those whose highest monitor is not the law. The Agnostic, seeing what he deems the reveries of Christianity rejected by the Jew, and imagining this to be the cause of quarrel, is ready to take the Jew to his heart. But it may be questioned whether he will find the affinity so close as at first sight it appears. The Agnostic after all is the child of Christendom. He is still practically the liegeman of the Christian conscience, whatever account of its genesis he may have given to himself. He has a social ideal, not that of the Church, but that of humanity, which has come to him through the Church, and which is utterly at variance with the pretension of a chosen race. Mr. Wolf's text 'Ye shall eat the riches of the Gentiles, and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves,' would not express the aspirations of a Positivist any more than those of a Christian.

Apart from these local collisions, there is a general curiosity, not unmingled with anxiety, to know what course in

politics the enfranchised Jew will take. He is everywhere making his way into the political arena, which indeed, under the system of party government, suits his traditional habits as well as the stock exchange. A money power is sure in the main to be conservative, and the inclination of Jewish wealth to the side of reaction in England and other countries is already becoming apparent. Poor Jews will be found in the revolutionary, and even in the socialist, camp. But in whatever camp the Jew is found he will be apt for some time, unless the doctrine of heredity is utterly false, to retain the habits formed during eighteen centuries of itinerant existence, without a country, and under circumstances which rendered cunning, suppleness, and intrigue almost as necessary weapons of self-defence in his case as the sword and the lance were in the case of the feudal soldier. He will be often disposed to study the 'spirit of the age' much as he studies the stock list and to turn the knowledge to his own profit in the same way. It is very likely that he may sometimes outrun and overact national sentiment or even national passion, which he does not himself share. This is one of the dangerous liabilities of his character as a statesman. It might have been supposed that the Jews, having been for so many centuries shut out from military life, would be free from militarism; indeed a high rank in civilization has been plausibly claimed for them on that ground. Yet a Jewish statesman got up Jingoism much as he would have got up a speculative mania for a commercial purpose, and his consuming patriotism threw quite into the shade that of men who though opposed to Jingoism, would have given their lives for the country. Among the ablest and most active organisers of that rebellion in the United States which cost a thousand millions sterling and half a million lives, was a Jewish senator from Louisiana, who when the crash came, unlike the other leaders, went off to push his fortune elsewhere. There was no particular reason why he should not do so, being, as he was, a member of a cosmopolitan race; but there was a particular reason why the people who had no other country should receive his counsels with caution in a question of national life or death. A political adventurer will not be sparing of that which in the pride of Jewish superiority

he regards as 'gutter blood.' Joseph, being the Prime Minister of Pharaoh, displays his statecraft for the benefit of his employer by teaching him to take advantage of the necessities of the people in a time of famine for the purpose of getting them to surrender their freeholds into the royal hands. He would no doubt have played the game of an aristocracy or even of a democracy in the same spirit, though his natural taste, being an Oriental, would lead him if possible to be the vizier of an absolute monarch. There are some who think that the Hebrew adventurer, with a cool head and a cool heart, may be specially useful as a mediator between heated political parties, and a reconciler of the interests which they represent. But this is surely a condemnation of party rather than a recommendation of the Hebrew.

Mr. Oliphant, in the work to which reference has already been made, proposes that Palestine should be restored to the Jew, with some of the vacant country adjoining; and it appears that this plan is not unlikely to be carried into effect. The restoration of their own land may have the same good influence upon the Jews which it has had upon the Greeks. It is not likely that of those now settled in the West any considerable number would ever turn their steps eastward. We know the anecdote of the Parisian Jew who said that if the kingdom of Jerusalem was restored he should ask for the ambassadorship at Paris; but the westward flow of migration might be checked, and from the eastern parts of Europe, where the relations of the Jews to the native population are very bad, some of them might return to their own land. Mr. Oliphant seems to have little hope of seeing the Jews, even in Palestine, take to husbandry, and proposes that they should be the landowners, and that the lands should be tilled for them by 'fellahs.' We must assume that fellahs convinced of the validity of the Jews' claim to exemption from the indignity of manual labour will be found. But necessity would in time compel the Jew once more to handle the plough. The situation at all events would be cleared, and the statesmen who are now inditing despatches about religious toleration would see that Israel is not a sect but a tribe, and that the difficulty with which they have to deal arises not merely from difference of opinion, or any animosities produced by it, but from consecrated exclusiveness of race.

In one respect the Jew certainly has a right to complain, even in a country where his emancipation has been most complete, not of persecution but of what may be called a want of religious delicacy and courtesy on the part of Christians. He is singled out as the object of a special propagandism carried on by such societies as that for the conversion of the Jews. The conduct of those who are trying to impart to him the truth which they believe necessary to salvation is not 'demoniac,' but the reverse; yet it is easy to understand his annoyance and indignation. The barrenness of this propagandism in proportion to the money and effort spent on it is notorious; the object against which it is directed is not mere intellectual conviction, but something as ingrained and tenacious as caste. Simple respect for the Jew's opinions and perfect religious courtesy are more likely to reach his mind than any special propaganda.

Of the lack of the theological interest in him the Jew can scarcely complain. If there has been error here, it has certainly been on the side of exaggeration. The formal relation of Christianity in its origin to Judaism perhaps we know; its essential relation, hardly. What was a peasant of Galilee? Under what influence, theological or social, did he live? Who can exactly tell? We have a series of lives of Christ, from which eager readers fancy that they derive some new information about the Master, but which, in fact, are nothing but the gospel narrative shredded and mingled with highly seasoned descriptions of Jewish customs and of the scenery of the lake of Genesaret, while the personal idiosyncrasy of the biographer strongly flavours the whole. If there are any things of which we are sure, they are that Galilee was a place out of which orthodox Judaism thought that no good could come; that the teaching of the Galileans was essentially opposed to that of the Jewish doctor, and that Judaism strove to crush Christianity by all the means in its power. Thus if Israel was the parent of Christendom, it was as much in the way of antagonism as in that of generation. There is an incomparably greater affinity between Christianity and Platonism or Stoicism, than between Christianity and the Talmud. The exaggerated notion of Christians about the importance of the Jews has been curiously reproduced of late in an unexpected corner, and under a most

fantastic form. Even when theological belief has departed, religious sentiment is not easily expelled, nor does the love of the mysterious die out at once, especially in a woman's breast. Miss Martineau, after renouncing Theism, indemnified herself with mesmeric fancies. The authoress of 'Daniel Deronda' in a like manner indemnified herself with the Jewish mystery. No Jewish mystery, except a financial one, exists. Daniel Deronda is a showman who, if, after taking our money, he were desired to raise the curtain, would be obliged to confess that he had nothing to show. A relic of tribalism, however vast and interesting, is no more hallowed than any other boulder of a primeval world. Every tribe was the chosen people of its own God; and if it were necessary to institute a comparison between the different races in respect to their 'sacredness,' which it happily is not, the least sacred would be that which had most persistently refused to come into the allegiance of humanity.

One more remark suggested by the discussion of the Jewish question, and perhaps it is the most important of all. It is surely time for the rulers of Christian Churches in general, and for those of the Established Church in particular, to consider whether the sacred books of the Hebrews ought any longer to be presented as they are now to Christian people as pictures of the Divine character and of the Divine dealings with mankind. Historical philosophy reads them with a discriminating eye. It severs the tribal and the primeval from the universal, that which is perennially moral, such as most of the Commandments in the Decalogue, from that which by the progress of humanity has ceased to be so. It marks, in the midst of that which is utterly unspiritual and belongs merely to primitive society or to the Semite of Palestine, the faint dawn of the spiritual, and traces its growing brightness through the writings of prophets and psalmists till it becomes day. But the people are not historical philosophers. Either they will be misled by the uncritical reading of the Old Testament or they will be repelled. Hitherto they have been misled, and some of the darkest pages of Christian history, including those which record the maltreatment of Jews in so far as it was religious, have been the result of their aberrations. Now they are being repelled, and the repulsion is growing

stronger and more visible every day. It is not necessary, and it may be irritating, to rehearse the long series of equivocal passages which shocked the moral sense of Bishop Colenso, and of which Mr. Ingersoll, the great apostle of Agnosticism in America, makes use in his popular lectures with terrible effect. The question is one of the most practical kind, and it will not well brook delay. It is incomparably more urgent than that of Biblical revision.

I cannot conclude without repeating that if this was a case of opposition to religious liberty, I should thoroughly share the emotions and heartily echo the words of Mr. Lucien Wolf. But I have convinced myself—and I think Mr. Wolf's own paper when carefully examined affords proof—that it is a case of a different kind.—*Nineteenth Century*.

RONDEAU.

TO LOUIS HONORE FRECHETTE.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, M.A., CHATHAM, N. B.

LAURELS for Song! and nobler bays,
 In old Olympian golden days,
 Of clamour thro' the clear-eyed morn,
 No bowed triumphant head hath borne—
 Triumphant in all Hellas' gaze :

They watched his glowing axles graze
 The goal, and rent the heavens with praise ;
 Still the supreme heads have worn
 Laurels for Song.

So thee, from no palaestra plays
 A victor, to the Gods we raise,
 Whose brows of all our singers born
 The sacred fillets chief adorn,—
 Who first of all our choir displays
 Laurels for Song.

YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE MAJOR'S BIG-TALK
STORIES.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.

I.

A VACILLATING BEAR.

“OH, uncle, you must tell us some stories!” cried little Bob, running over from grandmamma’s corner; ‘grandmamma says you used to tell *such* stories before you went to Africa, and she’s afraid you’ll tell more than ever now. I don’t see why African stories should frighten her—I love them.’

‘My child, I never tell stories,’ said the Major.

‘One,’ whispered grandmamma.

‘But,’ resumed the Major, ‘if you are good boys and don’t interrupt, I might tell you a few events of a highly moral kind.’

‘Two,’ whispered grandmamma.

‘These adventures,’ continued the Major, in his dignified manner, ‘teach that “necessity is the mother of invention,” that you should “never say die,” and sundry other morals. Most of them are experiences of my own.’

‘Three,’ whispered grandmamma.

‘One at a time is all I can manage—you mustn’t bother me for more, boys.’

‘All serene,’ said bumptious Bill; ‘out with Number One.’

One morning, began the Major, my negro gardener came to me in great alarm and stated that his twin sons, Mango and Chango, had taken out his gun that morning, and had been missing ever since. I at once loaded my rifle, loosed my Cuban blood-hound, and followed the man to his hut. There I put the dog upon the children’s scent, following on horseback myself.

It turned out that the young scamps had gone on the trail of a large bear, though they were only thirteen years old, and their father had often warned them not to meddle with wild beasts.

They began their adventure by hunting the bear, but ended, as often happens, in being hunted by the bear: for Bruin had turned upon them, and chased them so hard that they were fain to drop the gun and take to a tree.

It was a sycamore of peculiar shape, sending forth from its stem many small, but only two large, branches. These two were some thirty feet from the ground, and stretched almost horizontally in opposite directions. They were as like each other as the twin brothers themselves. Chango took refuge on one of these, Mango on the other.

The bear hugged the tree till he had climbed as far as the fork. There he hesitated an instant, and then began to creep along the branch which supported Chango. The beast advanced slowly and gingerly, sinking his claws into the bark at every step, and not depending too much upon his balancing powers.

Chango’s position was now far from pleasant. It was useless to play the trick—well known to bear-hunters—of enticing the animal out to a point where the branch would yield beneath its great weight, for there was no higher branch within Chango’s reach, by catching which he could save himself from a deadly fall.

Three more steps, and the bear would be upon him or he would be upon the ground. Brave as the boy was, his teeth chattered.

At this moment Mango, nerved to heroism by his brother’s peril, moved rapidly from the opposite limb of the tree. Stepping behind the bear, he grasped with one hand a small higher bough, which extended to where he stood, but not to where his brother lay; with the other hand he seized the animal firmly by its stumpy tail. The bear turned to punish his rash assailant; but, angry as he was, he turned cautiously. It was no easy task to right-about-face on a branch which had already begun to tremble and sway beneath his weight.

Chango was saved, for the bear evidently had transferred his animosity to

Mango, whom he pursued, step by step, towards the extremity of the other limb. But Chango was not the boy to leave his brother and rescuer in the lurch. Waiting until the enraged brute was well embarked upon Mango's branch, he pulled his tail, as he had seen his brother do before. Again Bruin turned awkwardly, and resumed the interrupted chase of Chango.

The twins continued their tactics with success. Whenever the bear was well advanced on one limb and dangerously close to one twin, the other twin would sally from the other limb and pull the beast's tail. The silly animal always would yield to his latest impulse of wrath, and suffer himself to be diverted from the enemy who was almost in his clutches.

After two hours of disappointment he recognised his mistake. He was now, for the tenth time, on Chango's branch, and very near Chango. In vain Mango dragged at his hinder extremity: he kept grimly on till Mango, forced to choose between letting go the brute's tail or the higher branch which alone enabled him to keep his feet, let go the former.

Chango could now retreat no further, and he was hardly a yard beyond the bear's reach. The branch was swaying more than ever, and the beast seemed quite aware that he might tax its strength too far. After a pause, he advanced one of his fore-feet a quarter of a yard. To increase the bear's difficulty in seizing him, the terrified boy let himself down and swung with his hands from the bough.

He was hanging in suspense between two frightful deaths. His heart was sinking, his fingers were relaxing.

Then the deep baying of a hound struck his ear, and his hands again closed firmly on the branch. In a moment a blood-hound and a horseman sprang through the underwood.

Chango held on like grim death—held on till he heard the sharp report of a rifle ringing through the air; held on till the falling carcass of the bear passed before his eyes; held on till I had climbed the tree, crawled along the branch, and grasped his wearied wrists.

If that bear only had understood in time that a boy in the hand is worth two in the bush, he might have lengthened his days and gone down with honour to the grave.

'But, uncles,' observed Bill, 'my Natural History says that there is only a single representative of the bear family in all Africa, and it inhabits the Atlas Mountains, and is scarce there.'

'I never said I met more than one member of the family, did I?' said the Major. 'And I don't wonder these bears are dying off, either, if they are all equally wanting in decision of character.'

II.

THE ILL-REQUITED CAMEL.

Waalî, son of Hassan the camel-dealer, borrowed the finest camel in his father's stud. He was going to make a runaway match, like young Lochinvar, and his love was daughter of a desert chieftain who hated Waalî and his creed of Islam. So Waalî was right to select Benazî, a camel, or, strictly speaking, a dromedary, famed for speed, sagacity and endurance.

A leisurely ride of two days—he rode leisurely to keep his camel fresh—brought him to his rendezvous. But he arrived a day too late. The terrible father of Kuku, for that was the fair one's name, had folded his tents and gone many miles further into the desert. But Waalî gamely resolved to persevere. The trail was broad and fresh, and easy to follow, unless it should be suddenly effaced by a simoom.

After sundry hardships he reached the summer resort of Kuku's tribe—a grove watered by a pretty stream. He caught the first glimpse of it over the summit of a little knoll. At the near side of the grove stood a dark and graceful figure, which his lover's instinct told him was Kuku's.

'Kneel, Benazî!' he commanded; and the camel knelt, and lowered his neck too; for he understood that his rider wanted to use the knoll as a screen.

Waalî had not to wait for nightfall, as he intended, for Kuku's watchful eye had seen his head and the camel's at the same moment that her lover had seen her; so she strolled towards the knoll to satisfy her curiosity. After a fond embrace, Waalî placed her behind him on the dromedary's back and urged Benazî to his utmost speed.

No sooner had they left the shelter of the knoll than the chieftain spied them. He roared for his lasso and assegai, and

untethered his wild zebra, which delighted in pursuing fugitives, but could not be forced to budge on any other errand.

The chase was a notable one. The fiery zebra, fresher and less encumbered, gained slightly but perceptibly on the camel. Their wild galop was unbroken when, three hours later, the sun went down and the lustrous moon of the tropics loomed above the horizon.

A little stream lay before them just then, and the lovers were thirsty and Waali's water-skin was empty. He loosed it from Benazi's side and appealed—not in vain—to the sagacity of the noble animal. The camel reached back his head, grasped the skin in his teeth, and lowered his long neck into the stream as he trotted through it. The water gurgled into the opened mouth of the water-skin, which was full when Benazi, still running, stretched it back to his rider; but not a drop found its way down the parched throat of the unselfish dromedary. He would not waste one precious moment on himself.

On they flew through the moonlit waste. Wild beasts that joined in the chase on their own account were soon hopelessly distanced. About midnight the camel was only ten rods ahead; but half an hour later he was still keeping the same lead. His superior staying power was beginning to show. Seeing this the savage chieftain goaded his zebra with his spear-point, and the frenzied animal made a last effort to close upon the fugitives. Soon only five rods divided pursuers and pursued; then four; then three. The gentle Kuku shut her eyes and clung closer to her lover, as the chief poised his lasso and hurled it with unerring aim.

But the intelligent Benazi saw the danger and tossed his long neck back above the heads of his riders. He knew that *they* could be pulled off his back, but his neck, he reckoned, was a fixture; and besides, he trusted in his master's aid. The noose descended on his devoted neck; but before it stopped or stifled him, the alert Waali severed it with his knife.

This was the end of the race, for the zebra now dropped more and more behind in spite of the threats and cruelty of his rider. At last the jaded animal fell heavily and lay motionless; and the angry chieftain faded from the lovers' view, impotently shaking his assegai and mumbling wicked oaths in Tuaric.

Poor Benazi, too, was nearly dropping before very long. The drain of that desperate race had quite exhausted those wonderful reserves of fat and of water that every camel carries inside; and next morning his hump had well-nigh disappeared.

'What!' exclaimed little Bob in bewilderment.

'Camels *do* lose their humps from exhaustion,' said Bill decisively.

'Benazi did, at all events,' resumed the Major; 'not a vestige of his hump remained in the afternoon; for they had come to no water since the pursuit ended, and Waali wanted all that was in the water-skin for Kuku and himself.'

The young couple reached their destination that evening, having made a six-days' journey in little more than one. Old Hassan hastened to congratulate his son and welcome his daughter-in-law to her new home. Her *trousseau*, indeed, was sadly 'conspicuous by its absence,' as the reporters say; but she brought a dowry of beauty and innocence, and the camel-dealer had never learned in any centre of civilization to ignore his children's sentiments in selecting spouses for them. But when he saw the humpless camel, he did not recognise it at all, and treated the scraggy animal's endearments with disgust and scorn. He thought his son had been swapping camels and been beaten in the trade.

'Ah, you fright of a camel!' he exclaimed, 'why did you come to me instead of my own beautiful Benazi?' And he began belabouring the dilapidated beast in his vexation.

'He is Benazi, and he saved my life,' cried Waali.

But the explanation was too late. The heroic animal died at the first blow. Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms, quite vanquished him. His heart—which had remained stout when his hump shrunk and his various stomachs failed—his heart was broken.

On the spot where he fell a monument was erected some months afterwards by his remorseful master, with a legend in Arabic:—

HERE LIES BENAZI, THE GELERT
OF HIS KIND.

So 'nations slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.'

III.

MY OWN BUGBEAR.

' Among its other wasted wonders the western Sahara hid the hideousness of a native boy called Nigg. He had a mouth reaching very nearly from ear to ear, jagged teeth, a teapot nose, and the coarsest cross-eyes to be found in the Old World. A piebald complexion and a hare-lip were among his charms; for his beauty, like a bull dog's, consisted in his ugliness. Moreover, he was the only negro I ever heard of who was both red-haired and partly bald. His fame was becoming so great that travellers were beginning to take him in as one of the sights of Africa.

' When things had come to this point I went to see him myself, and found him even more hideous than he was rumoured to be. My horse bolted at the first sight of him, and I could hardly make the animal come near him, even after the youngster had closed his eyes and mouth, as his parents bid him do. I had heard of people being "frights" before, but this fellow was one in earnest. So I thought it well to secure him before his parents knew his worth or grew conceited about him. These simple old folk gave him up for the moderate price of ninety-three cents, and thought they had made a good bargain.

' I called for him next day, and brought a blind mule to carry him to my house. His parents never kissed him when bidding him good-bye, and even his mother had to shut her eyes when he stood in front of her. He was very docile, and kept before me all the way, as he was told, without looking round once or frightening my horse.

' Having fully determined to grow accustomed to him, I forced myself to look at him many times each day, and soon was able to view his face for several seconds without shuddering. After a while I even began to fear that Nigg was not so very frightful after all, at least not frightful enough to scare cannibals and beasts of prey, as I had fondly hoped when purchasing him.

' However, I was cheered up from time to time by seeing the terrifying effect he produced on men and animals that saw him for the first time. None of these were more alarmed than he himself was when he first looked into a mirror. He started back with a yell, and

rushed to me, exclaiming: "Massa! massa! Black debbil in a dish! Black debbil in a dish!" He was generally an amiable lad, and so he rather astonished me one day by darting a spiteful glance at his mule, which had just thrown him. Well for the mule that it was blind, for I never saw so hideous a face in a dream, even after eating four platefuls of plum-pudding. For my part, although the sight did bring on a slight attack of the chills, I was quite charmed at this proof of Nigg's powers. If any hyena, or snake, or gorilla, could face the face Nigg made then I wanted to see the animal.

' And so I took Nigg out on a hunting expedition. The first beast we came upon was a leopard, which lay on the carcase of an antelope, and growled as animals are wont to do when interrupted at their meals.

' "Make the face you made at the mule!" I cried.

' But poor Nigg never looked more frightened and less frightful than when he tried to do so. If the leopard was not showing signs of charging, I think I should have burst out laughing at the abject terror of the boy. In another second he was running for his life, and the leopard after him. However, I managed to bowl the beast over at the first shot, for he presented a full broadside as he bounded after Nigg.

' This cowardice of Nigg seemed fatal to my hope of using him as a body-guard. He was frightened by every animal that we wanted to frighten, and he only scared the animals we wanted to get near. I could not get a shot at a deer or antelope closer than five hundred yards, and was soon forced to turn homewards from loss of ammunition and want of meat. I spent my last cartridge, in missing a gazelle, about ten miles from home.

' Soon after this unlucky shot we entered a valley, through which a stream had formerly flowed. Happening to look a-head, I saw some creature creeping stealthily towards our path. Its outlines were obscured by the dense shade of a tamarind tree, which stood at the edge of a thicket. My horse was too tired, and the ground too uneven, to retreat; besides which disadvantage a violent wind would be blowing in our faces if we turned. To go on boldly was our best chance.

' If I could only call forth that Gor-

gon glance that Nigg had once wasted on his blind mule! There was Nigg, and there was the mule. The same causes generally produce the same effects. The question, therefore, was how to make the mule throw Nigg. Happily, Nigg had not seen the wild beast, which I could only see dimly myself, and that because I knew where to look for it. As we approached the tree, I leaned forward in my saddle and tickled the mule with my whip. Most African cattle start violently when anything like an insect touches them; for some insect bites are fatal to them.

'Up went the mule's "business end," and down went the unsuspecting Nigg, with his angry face happily turned from me and towards the ambushed beast. With a howl, rather than a roar, a large lion sprang from the thicket and disappeared beyond the summit of the right-hand slope. Such a shivering, wilted, scared animal in a lion's skin I never saw before or after.'

'And what became of Nigg afterwards!' asked Bill, as the Major made a pause.

'In spite of his usefulness on this one occasion,' said the Major, 'I found him too unreliable to employ as a scarecrow. A friend, learning I was disappointed in the boy, begged him of me, promising to use him kindly; and so I gave him away. I did foolishly, for the rascally "friend" sold him soon afterwards for £2,000 as an escort to some traders from Morocco.'

'As an escort!' ejaculated Bill.

'Yes. You see these fellows have to take a number of armed men with them in their trading expeditions, and Nigg

was just as much protection; for they *knew how to use him*. I might have guessed how myself, for I had often been told in my boyhood that anybody could scare a bull by merely turning his back to the animal and bending down and gazing calmly at it through his legs. The sudden change of shape, they say, will frighten any animal unused to transformation scenes.

'It is true that little Washington Smith tried the dodge unsuccessfully with our bull, Jack Horner. But Horner either understood transformations or else thought the new animal before him would toss just as nicely as a boy. After a further brief transformation into a bird, little Wash touched the ground on the safe side of the fence, thereby shortening the pleasant pastime of the bull.

'But then, you see, Nigg had certain advantages that little Wash Smith had not. *His* face, looking at one in this inverted and unusual position, was simply diabolical. Not a lion, nor a buffalo, nor any other living thing wanted any closer acquaintance with so terrible a creature.'

'Is he an escort still?' inquired little Bob.

'No, the poor fellow!' said the Major. 'The traders once came upon a short-sighted lion, which did not see Nigg, and consequently did not run away, and the unhappy escort was forced to stay with his head down until he died from pressure of blood upon the brain.'

'Poor Nigg! Barring perhaps the Gorgon Medusa and the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, he certainly was the ugliest thing out.'

BOOK REVIEWS.

Old Greek Education. By J. P. MAHAFFY, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1881.

IN the midst of our keen debates on the best educational methods, despite classical reading, it requires a strong mental effort to realize that the very thoughts that stir our brains and

struggle for expression were on earth before, at least a couple of milleniums ago, and were then clothed in a literary form which excites the envy and the despair of the best modern writers. On a question of training processes, literary, aesthetic or physical, it would be exceedingly difficult now to employ an argument which cannot be either actually reproduced, or at all events closely

paralleled, from the lectures of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, or Isocrates. Even in athletic training, which now engrosses so much attention and ingenuity, it seems hopeless to attempt anything *very* new. We Canadians pride ourselves on our graceful national game Lacrosse. As in duty bound, we believe it to be a genuine product of our own soil, found here by Cartier, Champlain, and the other pioneers who saw the Indians at play in the broad glades of the forest; and handed directly to our sons by these red-skinned *autochthoni*. As we all know, the Byzantine Empire lived on the stirring memories and traditions of those glorious old Greeks who, alike in physique and intellect, were held to be the type of perfect development. Now hear the game of Lacrosse described by a Greek of Constantinople 680 years ago, and we may be reasonably sure that the game was then a venerable legacy:—‘Certain youths, divided equally, leave in a level place, which they have before prepared and measured, a ball made of leather, about the size of an apple, and rush at it, as if it were a prize lying in the middle, from their fixed starting-point. Each of them has in his right hand a “stick” (*rhabdus*) of suitable length ending in a sort of flat bend, the middle of which is occupied by gut strings, dried by seasoning, and plaited together in a net fashion. Each side strives to be the first to bring it to the opposite end of the ground from that allotted to them. Whenever the ball is driven by the “sticks” to the end of the ground, it counts as a game.’

Some fine manly sports, though thoroughly understood, were from association of ideas distasteful to free-born Greeks. Even in sea-girt Attica our champion Haulan would have ranked far below a cabinan. Regattas were quite usual, but the rowing was given over to slaves, though the memories of Salamis might well have secured for future oarsmen high and honourable recognition. There was no lack of leisure among the youth of Greece, for they had no foreign language to learn, and the *ologies* were still in a state of protoplasm,—mere scientific jelly, so to speak. And, truth to say, the idle hours were often filled in by employments that gave the old statesmen much anxiety for the future of their country. Gambling took early and deep root. Some few of the identical dice that were employed have

come down to us, and of these few it is melancholy to relate, that some are *loaded*.

It was not for want of State oversight the Greek youth went astray. At Athens as well as at Sparta the child was held to be the property of the State, and the father was thus a trustee for the State. At Sparta an ignorance of the three Rs' was rather expected than otherwise; there, the ambition was to beget stalwart men-at-arms,—tall, lithe, and adroit. At Athens the ideal of perfect manhood comprised not only a splendid physique, but graceful action, and eloquent expression. In both cities, infants that were weak, undersized or deformed, were remorselessly exposed, so that a household of four persons under one roof would have exceeded the average of families. In either city it would certainly have fared ill with Isaac Newton of whom at his birth, as the midwife contemptuously declared, there was not enough to fill a quart-pot. No better fate would have been in store for Pope, Voltaire, and the whole host of literary Titans whose brains, even before their birth, had got the better of their muscles.

The training of youth being regarded as the very corner-stone of State-craft, we find the most profound thinkers of Ancient Greece bending their powers to the solution of infantile difficulties, as well as to the highest speculations in philosophy. By Greek fire-sides Archytas, the famous astronomer of Tarentum, was better known for his invention of the *child's rattle* than for his profound researches into the weight and figure of the earth. And his great ancestor in philosophy, Pythagoras, is at this day known chiefly for his device of the ‘multiplication table’ and for his discovery of the 47th proposition; while all the vast and recondite stores of knowledge that he had amassed by a lifetime of travel and study are for us hopelessly lost. So with the most eminent sons of Athens.

‘Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in
soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of
things that were;
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
They won and passed away—is this the
whole?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!’

Among the numerous heirlooms that have descended to our children from

those early Greek schools is the *abax* [Roman *abacus*] or numeral frame. In default of decimal notation, and relative numerals, the old mathematicians used this device or its precise equivalent, though of course with applications far beyond the range of our infant schools. The basis of ancient notation was five, and the Greek child so far from being checked in using his fingers for counting, was taught to *extend* this dactylic arithmetic so as to include high multiples of five. Here we may remark, that it does not appear to have been noticed by any writer how easy the decimal system and relative numerals may have been suggested by the abacus as used by the ancients; and it seems to us incredible that a mechanic and mathematician having the intellectual stride of Archimedes could have failed,—if indeed he did fail,—to take the short and easy steps necessary for the transition.

Art education in its higher aspects was at Athens a subject exterior to the ordinary school course, which seems to have been confined to geometrical drawing or conventional models.

An extraordinary degree of importance was in Greece attached to the selection of musical instruments and of *instrumental music*: An unwise choice being held by Plato and other eminent educationists as infallibly disastrous to morals. The flute was looked upon with suspicion: the clarinet was the favourite wind instrument, as the lyre was the standard in strings. This department of ancient school-craft has fairly baffled the majority of commentators, but Professor Mahaffy treats the question with characteristic skill and ingenuity. He first prepares us for the discussion by illustration, and then, having arranged this light underneath, he applies to the question from above natural insight of fine definition and of very high power. A close reader will notice that this system of literary research is adopted by the best analysts of our day; but its successful employment requires rare skill.

The literary training of ancient Greece is better understood than any of the other branches. This, however, is too tempting a subject to be treated or even characterized at the end of a brief review. Plato's school, or rather University, had of itself a distinct history of seven centuries, before the intellectual glow faded into the deep night of the Middle Ages. The 'Academy' was, by the arrange-

ment of its generous founder, free to all qualified students. This noble instinct in the Greeks for high culture is still exemplified in the administration of the great University on which Modern Athens generously spends much of her resources, and to which studious Greeks are admitted without let or fee from all the wide world over. Here we have realized the highest ideal of a Panhellenion; and a race that thus shows itself conscious of its past history and of a lofty future mission, is ultimately sure to win for itself not only sympathy but success in its national aspirations.

The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the action of Worms, with observations on their Habits. By CHARLES DARWIN, LL. D., F. R. S., with illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: N. Ure & Co.

This remarkable little book comes upon us with the effect of a veritable revelation. It has hitherto been generally supposed, that the influence of our lowly fellow-creature, the earthworm, upon the face of nature has been as trifling in effect as itself is insignificant in appearance. Now, however, thanks to the genius and patience of the greatest naturalist of this or any other age, we know that its labours have altered the earth's surface to an extent which has been rivalled only by the changes effected by its even more lowly organised congeners, the coral and chalk animals; and that, as our author tells us, 'it may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world.' A brief resumé of the contents will probably be the best way of sending the reader to the work itself for the purpose of getting the full details of the author's investigations.

The one fact in the economy of the earthworm of supreme importance in relation to the present subject is, that it swallows large quantities of earth, which, when the contained organic nutriment has been extracted by the animal, it voids at the surface in the shape of what are called 'casts.' The worm is a nocturnal animal. It lives underground, usually close to the surface, though its burrows sometimes extend to a depth of eight feet. At night it emerges from its hiding-place in search of leaves and other things, which it uses partly as

food, and partly for the purpose of plugging up the entrance to and lining the walls of its burrow. The actual number of earthworms is almost incredible. They are found in all parts of the world. They abound throughout all the great continents; and are known to exist in Iceland, the West Indies, St. Helena, Madagascar, New Caledonia, Tahiti, and even in such desolate and out-of-the-way regions as the Falkland Islands and Kerguelen Land. According to calculations made by Hensen the average number per acre in garden land in Europe is about 53,767; but he thinks that on ordinary farm land they are only about half as numerous. From actual weighings of the castings thrown up in a given time on a given area of farm land, it is calculated that the amount of earth annually brought to the surface by worms is from ten to fifteen tons per acre. On garden land it is of course twice as great. This would give about twenty ounces per year for each earthworm. In like manner, from measurements of the volume of the earth thrown up on a given area in a given time, it appears that, if the earth were spread out equally on the surface, it would make a uniform coating of about one-fifth of an inch a year, or twenty inches per century. In the course of a few hundred years then, the whole surface soil, to the depth of four or five feet, must pass through the bodies of worms and be worked up by the trituration which, as Dr. Darwin shows, it there undergoes, into fine vegetable mould.

But the preparation of the soil for the farmer is not by any means the only work done by worms. Objects at the surface, by being undermined through their burrowings, and the removal of the underlying earth, gradually sink into the soil, till,—at least in the case of objects of no greater thickness than four or five feet,—they are finally completely covered up by the castings of worms. In this way stony places, boulders, and the foundations and floors of old ruins, are covered up through the action of worms. A remarkable transformation of this kind occurred on the author's own property. One of his fields which, in 1841, from being so thickly covered with flints, was called 'the stony field,' in the course of thirty years became covered with mould to the depth of two inches and a half, so that, 'in 1871 a horse could gallop over the compact turf, from one end of

the field to the other, and not strike a single stone with his shoes.' In the same way the old Roman ruins at Abinger, Chedworth, Brading, Silchester, and Uriconium (Wroxeter) have, through the action of worms, been covered with mould to various depths ranging from nine inches to over three feet, and so preserved for the benefit of the archaeologist of to-day. In many of such and similar cases pavements and even massive walls of old buildings subside unequally in consequence of being unequally undermined by worms; and here we have a possible explanation of the otherwise singular fact of massive architectural structures, such as the leaning tower of Pisa, getting out of the perpendicular through the sinking of their foundations. It is worthy of enquiry whether a similar explanation may not be given why the wooden and stone sidewalks in our cities get so rapidly out of gear. From this result of Darwin's researches, architects may derive the practical lesson to lay the foundations of costly buildings beyond the reach of earthworms, remembering that these animals as has been already stated, do not extend their burrows to a greater depth than eight feet.

Worms effect changes in the configuration of the earth in other ways. By their work of bringing subsoil to the surface in a form easily carried away, they materially assist in that general process of wearing away of the land which goes by the name of 'denudation.' Furthermore, the humus acids generated in their bodies during the process of digestion appear, by their corroding action, to play an important part in the disintegration of the various kinds of rocks.

The present volume is the outcome of fifty years of research; and astonishing as are the results arrived at, the whole investigation is marked by the caution and thoroughness which are so eminently characteristic of the great naturalist by whom it has been carried on. It only remains to add that the book, like every other which has proceeded from the same hand, is written in so simple and charming a style that even a child could readily understand it.

Lovell's Business and Professional Directory of the Province of Ontario, for 1882, with a classified Business Directory of the City of Montreal. 1 vol.

imp. 8vo. 1442 pp. Montreal : John Lovell & Son.

To the statistician few publishing enterprises possess a greater degree of interest than the successive issues of Gazetteers and Business Directories. An analysis of these publications, and a comparison of the later with the earlier volumes, furnish as good an index as it is possible to have of the growth and development of a Province, or of a specific industry. A comparison of the bulk merely, of the several books, tells its own ready tale. The one before us is a mammoth octavo, of 1442 compact pages, and a close scrutiny testifies to a degree of careful labour, and what may be termed a genius for compilation, in the preparation of the work, which is deserving of all praise. Issuing from Mr. Lovell's firm, accuracy and conscientious thoroughness, in the compilation of the book, was of course to be looked for ; but, in a volume of its scope, at what cost of labour and money this is attained is not likely to be often considered or, if thought of at all, adequately realized. Too frequently, we fear, that where an error does happen to creep into a work of this character, little allowance, generally, is made for it, and a hasty condemnation of the whole is the result. A glance at the extent and general accuracy of the matter brought within the covers of the Ontario Directory, for 1882, should at least secure for this new enterprise of Messrs Lovell & Son a more considerate appraisal. The work is divided into three sections, the first, which covers some 300 pages, embraces a list of railway and steamboat routes, an enumeration of the Post Offices in the Dominion, the customs tariff, and general statistical information. The second section consists of the Directory proper, giving in alphabetical order, under each town in Ontario, the names and occupations of the business and professional classes of the Province. This department covers over six hundred pages. The third is devoted to a classification of the matter under section two, arranged alphabetically under trades, businesses, and professions, and extends from pages 1055 to 1364 of the work. The remainder of the book is taken up with a classified business directory of Montreal, and the general advertisements. Such, in brief, is an enumeration of the contents

of the work. Its value to the commercial world of Canada, we feel sure, is greatly disproportionate to its trifling cost ; and we hope that the Publishers will at once be relieved of the edition that they may promptly be reimbursed for their enterprise and generous outlay. The admirable historical sketch which precedes the work, and the list of newspapers and periodicals of this Province, with its accompanying introductory, are a valuable addition to the book and must prove useful material for reference. The work, throughout, is most creditable to the publishers, and worthily attests the industry, care, and energy which have been exercised in its production. The book, moreover, is a gratifying evidence of the growth of the Province and the expansion of its trade.

The Major's Big-Talk Stories. By FRANCIS BLAKE CROFTON, with original illustrations. 1 vol. 4to. London : F. Warne & Co., 1881.

Few things are more acceptable than a book of clever fooling, and nothing is more rare. In Mr. Blake Crofton's 'Big-Talk Stories' we have a volume of quiet but sometimes outrageous fun. And it is fun which leaves no bad flavour in the mouth, nor does it rely upon irreverence, or anything approaching it, for its humour. The book consists of a series of Munchausen-like stories of adventure in Africa, related by an Army Major to his young nephews, with a delightful disregard of the probable, and with streaks of subtle humour running through each page, that makes the volume irresistibly amusing, and the most farcical reading for old or young. Some of the tales first appeared in *St. Nicholas*, and rarely have readers been more amused than by perusing the stories of the extraordinary creatures the major hunts, and is hunted by, in the wilds of Africa. The book is cleverly illustrated, and manifestly deserves the high encomiums passed upon it by the English critics and reviewers, on its appearing a month ago in London. In our new 'Young Folks' section of *THE MONTHLY*, we give a few specimens of Mr. Crofton's drollery, which we doubt not will be appreciated. In 'Sam Slick,' Nova Scotia gave to humour a writer racy of the soil. In Mr. Crofton, who is a native of Truro, N. S., she has given to English literature another humorist, his peer in story telling.

My Boy Life, presented in a succession of True Stories, by JOHN CARROLL, D. D. 12mo. Toronto: William Briggs (Methodist Book Room), 1882.

Notwithstanding the occasional uncouthness of the literary form of this book, one is consciously drawn to it by the interest of the narrative, and by the delightful naturalness manifested by its venerable author in depicting the scenes and incidents of his boyhood, when the site of Toronto was little more than a howling wilderness, and when little had been done to win any portion of the country for civilization. As an incentive to the youth of the present day the story of this dear old man should be very helpful; and few can read the record of his early life, in a period when no man's lot was cast in a pleasant place, and when war overflowed the cup of bitterness which the struggle with nature had already filled, without feeling admiration for the sturdy heroes who were the pioneers in the fight, and whose toil has made 'life worth living' to-day. The present volume, though complete in itself, is only an instalment, dealing with the earlier years of the author's life, and covering the incidents of the removal of his father's family from New Brunswick to Newark (Niagara), and the vicinity of what is known as the 'Ten mile Creek,'

and subsequently to a location on the Grand River, and at a later date to York (Toronto). A graphic account of these several migrations takes up a considerable portion of the book, interspersed as it is with many personal references which make repeated drafts upon one's sympathy, together with vivid pictures of the condition of the country during the War of 1812-15, and of the social events of the time. Later volumes, which we trust the author may be spared to publish, are to deal with subsequent periods in his career, as a zealous and hardworking minister of the Methodist Church of Canada—a Church that has done noble things in carrying the lamp of the Gospel into the dark solitudes of early pioneering settlement in the Province, with other incidents of an earnest and busy life, which has won for the now patriarchal John Carroll the well-deserved honour and respect of thousands within and without the denomination to which he has long and loyally been attached. A brief and kindly introduction from the pen of the Rev. W. H. Withrow, M. A., the cultured editor of the *Connexional Magazine*, prefaces the volume; and a Lancashire story, entitled 'Ben Owen,' is appended—forming a handsome duodecimo which well merits ready sale and the hearty favour of an appreciative public.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

AN ÆSTHETIC.

SHE was a maiden of mournful mien,
Clad in a garment of sad, sage green,
With peacocks' feathers strangely bedight;
Skimp was the skirt, and the sleeves full tight.
No frivolous gems that maiden wore,
But a fan in her taper hand she bore,
And on it was painted—so simple and neat—
A sunflower, with all its petals complete.
Her face was weary and white and wan,
Her hair was the hue of the setting sun;
She did not smile, she did not talk,
She drooped like a lily upon its stalk,
And what were her musings none might
guess—
Her thoughts were too 'utter' for words to
express!

—*The Argosy.*

'I don't miss my church as much as you suppose,' said a lady to her minister, who had called upon her during her illness; 'for I make Betsy sit at the window as soon as the bells begin to chime, and tell me who are going to church, and whether they have got on anything new.'

Last Sunday night during service, a west side clergyman noticed several of his congregation dozing, and one man in particular was snoring vigorously. The preacher paused in his discourse, and pointing to him said: 'Will some one please stop that man's snoring? I fear he will keep the rest of the congregation awake.'

THE SKATER'S SONG.

BY REV. EPHRAIM PEABODY,

Away ! away ! our fires stream bright
 Along the frozen river,
 And their arrowy sparkles of frosty light
 On the forest branches quiver.
 Away ! away ! for the stars are forth,
 And on the white snows of the valley
 In a giddy trance the moonbeams dance,—
 Come, let us our comrades rally.

Away ! away ! o'er the sheeted ice,
 Away, away, we go :
 On our steel-bound feet, we move as fleet
 As deer o'er the Lapland snow.
 What though the sharp north winds are out,
 The skater heeds them not :
 Midst the laugh and shout of the joyous rout,
 Gray Winter is forgot.

'Tis a pleasant sight, the joyous throng
 In the light of the reddening flame,
 While with many a wheel on the ringing steel
 They wage their riotous game ;
 And, though the night air cutteth keen
 And the white moon shineth coldly,
 Their home hath been on the hills, I ween
 They should breast the strong blast boldly.

Let others choose more gentle sports,
 By the side of the Winter's hearth,
 Or 'neath the lights of the festal hall
 Seek for their share of mirth.
 But as for me away, away,
 Where the merry skaters be ; [ice glows,
 Where the fresh wind blows and the smooth
 There is the place for me.

Going to the School of Philosophy ?
 Kant.

Modest women wear veils because they
 don't like to appear barefaced.

The most pointed, and perhaps the
 most just, criticism upon Mr. Hep-
 worth's new book, '!!!,' has been '???'.

Self-made man (examining school, of
 which he is a manager) : 'Now what is
 the capital of 'Olland ?' *Boy* : 'An "H,"
 sir.'

Breakfast-table : *Father* of family,
 reading : 'There is a cat in Cincinnati
 that drinks beer.' *Daughter* (sixteen) :
 'Pa, she must be a Maltese cat.'

Advantages of being a numbskull :
Tutor : 'What is the dative of donum ?'
 What ? Next ? Next ? Next ? *Dunce* :
 'Do'no.' *Tutor* : 'Correct ; go to the
 head !'

A down-east editor's wardrobe, which
 was inventoried by an officer who was
 endeavouring to satisfy an execution,
 was found to consist of just two suits,
 one of which was for libel.

An agent selling Jeff Davis's 'History
 of the Southern States' found a citizen
 who, after hearing his exordium, looked
 at him with suspicion. 'Why, how could
 Jeff Davis write a book ?' demanded the
 mossback ; 'I thought he was kilt juring
 the wail !' Such is fame !

An absent wife is thus advertised for :
 —'Jane, your absence will ruin all.
 Think of your husband—your parents—
 your children. Return—return—all may
 be well—happy. At any rate, enclose
 the key of the cupboard where the whis-
 key is.'

Music-teacher : 'Oh, yes, Miss Clo-
 tilda likes playing tunes well enough, but
 she shudders at the very mention of
 the scales.' *Retired cheesemonger's wife*
 (loftily) : 'I should hope so, indeed !
 You'll bear in mind, sir, that we have
 nothing to do with business now.'

Mr. Morice, minister of Kincardine
 O'Neil, with a stipend of only £59 and
 a manse and glebe, brought up a family
 of seventeen children. His wife, a con-
 tented, easy-minded lady, a friend of
 Dr. Paul's mother, said, 'She wished
 she had just aneather lassie to make out
 the dizzen and a half.'

An American reporter once trans-
 formed the quotation, 'Amicus Plato,
 amicus Socrates, sed major veritas,'
 into, 'I may cus Plato, I may cus So-
 crates, said Major Veritas.' The next
 morning's feelings of the orator to those
 words this extraordinary rendering saw
 given may be more easily imagined than
 described.

An old man was fishing one Sunday
 morning, just before church time, when
 the curate saw him, and enquired in
 dulcet tones 'My man, don't you hear
 those heavenly chimes ?' 'Eh.' 'Don't
 you hear those heavenly chimes calling
 you ?' 'Beg pardon, sir ; but I really
 can't hear what you say for those infer-
 nal bells.'

'Mr. So-and-so has a splendid Claude
 Lorraine, and two charming little frames
 of the same epoch.' 'Yes—well ?' 'Well,
 the landscape being twice too large to
 go into one of the frames, he had it cut
 in halves, and framed half in each.
 Then he has a large inscription put on
 the first half : "The conclusion oppo-
 site."'

'Papa, me has been baptized, ain't
 me ?' asked a little three-year-old. 'Yes,
 dear.' 'Then we won't have to be bap-

tized again?' 'No; but can you remember anything about being baptized?' 'I des I can.' 'Well, what did the minister do to you?' 'He shoved up my sleeve and stuck a knife in my arm.'—*N. Y. Star.*

A story is told of William Whewell, the English scientist, that on one occasion he was engaged in argument concerning a subject, in discussing which his antagonist took his stand upon a certain article in an encyclopædia, from which, in fact, he appeared to have gained the greater part of his knowledge. The discussion was somewhat shortened by a quiet remark dropping from Whewell's lips: 'Yes, I wrote that article.'

Song of the youthful apple peddler at the country railway stations in Pennsylvania: 'Apple! Sapple! Sapples! Sapples! Two for five; Napple, mister? Mister, Rapple? Wan tanapple, mister? Six for five cents! Freshat mapples; Ni seatin napples, seven forannickle! Napple, mister? Mister, wantanapple! Want smappuls, mister? Nine forannickle! Here's yourappuls! Ten furnickle!'

There is a pleasant story of a rebuke once administered by Admiral Farragut in a most neat and decorous, but very effective, manner to a tobacco-smoking bishop. At dinner with Farragut, and after the meal was over, the bishop, about to select a cigar, offered the bunch to the sailor. 'Have a cigar, admiral?' said he. 'No, bishop,' said the admiral, with a quizzical glance; 'I don't smoke—I swear a little sometimes.'

In passing a row of miners' houses in a mining district of Ayrshire, observes Dr. L., I overheard the following conversation between two children:—First child: 'I say, Jock, are ye gaun tae let us play wi' ye?' Second ditto: 'No, for ye aye stick the game.' First ditto: 'Then your cat'll no get rinnin' through our entry nae mair.' Second ditto: 'Aweel, you'll no get crying "Hurrah" when our coal coups.'

'You have some fine turkeys this morning,' said a schoolmaster to poulterer. 'Yes, sir, all fresh from Norfolk to-day.' 'What is the price?' 'You can take your choice, sir. I have them at all prices.' 'Well, I want to give my boys a treat; but I do not want them to be too tender. There are a dozen here; pick out four of the toughest.' The poul-

terer obeyed. 'Here, sir, you have four of the toughest birds in my shop.' 'Thank you,' said the schoolmaster, 'I'll take the other eight.'

Last Sabbath, I asked my class of little boys if they remembered last Sunday's Golden Text. It had been a difficult one to teach them, as I could not seem to make them remember the meaning of the words. So I was not much surprised to see but one little hand raised, though I confess to being slightly astonished to hear, in response to my 'Well, Irvie, say it out real loud, so that all can hear: "A double-minded man is *up on top of his barn* in all his ways."'

To-day, to-morrow, every day, to thousands the end of the world is close at hand. And why should we fear it? We walk here, as it were, in the crypts of life; at times from the great cathedral above us we can hear the organ and the chanting choir; we see light stream through the open door when some friend goes out before us; and shall we fear to mount the narrow staircase of the grave that leads us out of this uncertain twilight into eternal life?

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY GRACE S. WELLS.

ONLY a few more notes,
Only a finer tone:
And lo! the world bows down
Before the singer's throne.

Only the same old thoughts
Clothed with a sweeter sound:
And lo! a poet's brow
With laurel leaves is crowned.

Only a finer ear,
Only a swifter skill:
And lo! the artist plays
On human hearts at will.

Only a tint or line,
Only a subtler grace:
And lo! the world goes mad
Over a woman's face.

Yet though so slight the cause
For which men call us great,
This shade the more or less
May fix an earthly fate.

For few may wield the power
Whose spells uplift or thrill;
The barrier fixed, yet fine,
We may not pass at will.

ROSE'S MARKING INK flows freely from the pen without blotting.

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Yours, etc.,

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To H. J. Rose, Toronto.

The Ebony Blacking,

A brilliant, durable, elastic waterproof dressing for Boots and Shoes—simply applied with the sponge attached to the cork of the bottle; it requires no further polishing. It does not soil the clothing or carpets in wet and snowy weather. It keeps the feet dry, and while all the common blacking contains vitriol and most of the liquid dressings contain caustic soda or other chemicals which rot the leather.

THE EBONY BLACKING

contains nothing which will injure; on the contrary, it preserves the leather. For harness and all leather requiring a durable weather proof polish, it is unequalled by anything in the market.

One application a week of this blacking (sponging the dust, &c. off when necessary) is all that is required to keep the boots, &c., in perfect order—at the trifling cost of about one cent per week.

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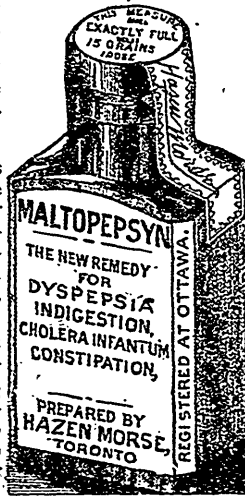
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