

# THE WEEK:

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

Seventh Year  
Vol. VII., No. 48.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31st, 1890.

\$3.00 per Annum.  
Single Copies, 10 cen

### The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Paid-up Capital, - - \$6,000,000  
Reserve, - - - - 800,000

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of Australia; Hamilton, Bermuda, The  
Bank of Bermuda.

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DIVIDEND NO. 31.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend  
at the rate of

**EIGHT PER CENT. PER ANNUM**

upon the paid-up capital stock of this insti-  
tution has been declared for the current  
half year, and that the same will be pay-  
able at the bank and its branches on and  
after

**Monday, the First Day of  
December Next.**

The transfer books will be closed from  
the 17th to the 30th November, both days  
inclusive.  
By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE, Cashier.

TORONTO, 23rd October, 1890.

### American Trust Co.,

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67 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

**AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, - \$1,000,000**

The American Trust Company has re-  
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**Ordinary Instalment Stock,  
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8 Per Cent. Guaranteed Pre-  
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The different classes of stock meet the  
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instalment stock offers an exceptional op-  
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Winnipeg, Brandon.

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the second in the Dominion.

A general banking business is transacted.  
Interest is allowed at current rates upon  
deposits in the Savings Bank Department,  
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received.

Deposit receipts are also issued bearing  
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rents, interest, dividends, debts, mort-  
gages, debentures, bonds, bills, notes,  
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agents for issuing or countersigning certi-  
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Receives or invests sinking funds, and in-  
vests moneys generally for others and offer  
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Every dollar invested with or through  
this Company earns the highest returns  
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THE INVESTMENT BONDS OF THE Com-  
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periods, for terms of years from five up-  
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DIVIDEND No. 62.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of  
FOUR PER CENT. on the Capital Stock of the  
Company has been declared for the current  
half year, payable on and after

**Monday, the First Day of December next,**

at the Office of the Company, Church street.  
The Transfer Books will be closed from the  
17th to 30th November, inclusive.  
By order of the Board.

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was the remark made by a prominent  
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best American Life Insurance Companies  
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This is the only policy offered to the  
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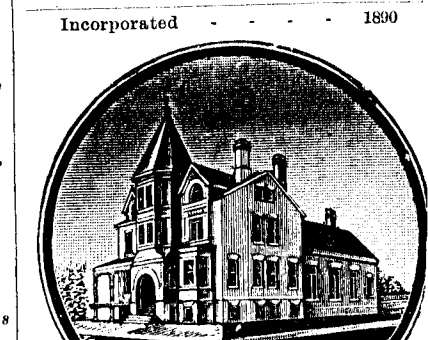
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Dominion.

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### FOURTH YEAR.

Over 1,200 Pupils last Three Years.

Pupils may enter at any time. Examinations  
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will be held in January and June. Students  
outside of the Conservatory are admitted to  
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While Miss LAY will conduct it on the same  
general principles, which have made it so suc-  
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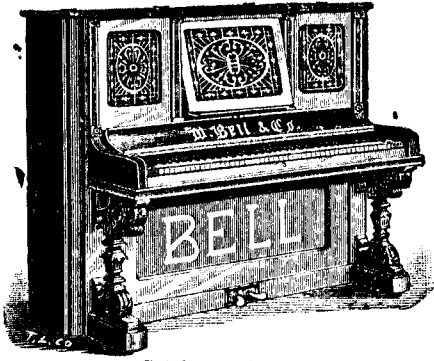
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What is a cough?  
The lungs, throat or  
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been attacked by a  
cold; nature sounds an  
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lies. Wisdom suggests "WISTAR'S  
Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry";  
it has cured thousands of persons.  
As long as you cough there is danger,  
for the cough is a Danger Signal. Use  
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Fiso's Remedy for Catarrh is the  
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WITHOUT CHANGE.

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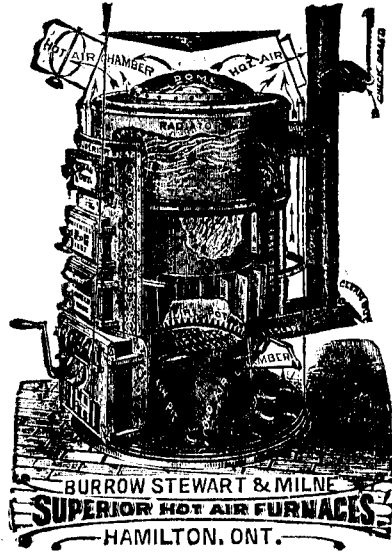
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USES LESS FUEL  
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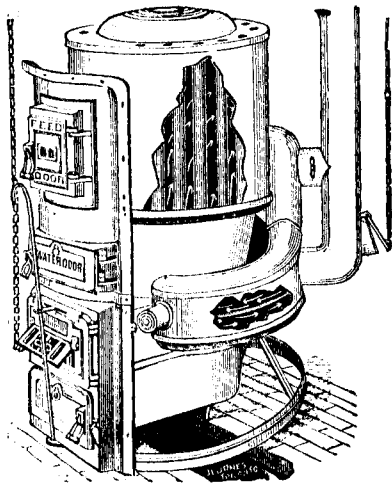
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12 STYLES. x 40 SIZES.

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AFFORDS ABSOLUTE PROTECTION AGAINST EARLY DEATH  
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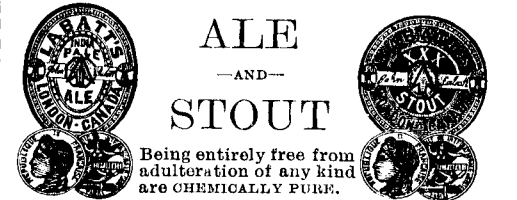
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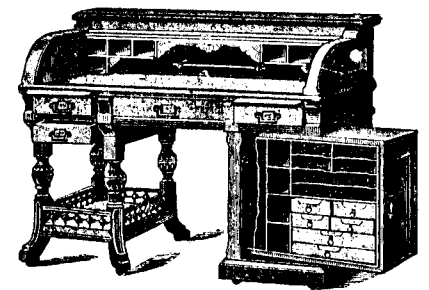
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It is a Grand HEALTH RESTORER.

Will cure the worst form of skin disease; will  
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Large Bottles, \$1.00.

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FOR CONSUMPTION,  
Coughs, neglected Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma  
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In three sized bottles 25c, 50c, and \$1.00.

FOR HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA,



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Each plaster in an air-tight tin box. 25c.

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For Pallor, Weakness,  
Palpitation of the Heart.

Valuable Restorative for Convalescents.  
Combines Nutriments with Stimulus.

Be careful to ask for WYETH'S, the only GENUINE.

# THE WEEK.

Seventh Year.  
Vol. VII. No. 48.

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## THE WEEK :

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

THE American *Law Review*, in a recent article, pays a generous tribute to the general excellence of Canadian character and institutions, and especially to its "educated and disciplined Bar, which has not lost, in the scramble of the tradesman, the dignity and honour of the legal profession." The Bench of our country it regards as "composed of learned, high-minded and honourable judges, who hold their offices during good behaviour; whose judgments are, therefore, not in any sense subject to the danger of being warped by popular clamour, or by the impressions of the hour." It will be observed that the writer recognizes clearly not only the fact, but the cause of the fact, in that permanency of their tenure of office, which enables our judges to rise above the influences which must, to a greater or less degree, tend to affect the judgments of all except the very best of those who hold their positions by popular favour. In this one important particular alone, those of our neighbours who are as impartial and dispassionate as the writer from whom we quote, may readily find a weighty reason why Canadians should prefer their own institutions to those of their neighbours, and be resolved to perpetuate them. And what is true of our judicial system is true, in many respects, of our social and political institutions. In thus prizing our own methods it is by no means necessary to foolishly disparage those of our neighbours, who, we may cheerfully grant, have taught the civilized world many valuable lessons in the art of free, popular government. All that Canada need ask or desire in this matter is liberty to pursue the even tenor of her way unmolested, and an opportunity to develop her strength and resources in accordance with the genius and traditions of her people. We are not of the number of those who suspect the powerful nation on our borders of any design or desire to interfere with our liberty and independence in these respects. We cannot avoid regretting that, in the pursuit of what we believe to be a narrow and false theory of political economy, that nation has just now adopted a fiscal system which tends to injure both peoples, and to create artificial barriers to that freedom of trade and intercourse which beneficent nature so manifestly intended. These unnatural restrictions, we confidently believe, will be but temporary. Wiser counsels will prevail, and the two nations, sharing between them the empire of the continent, will live side by side in friendship and good neigh-

bourhood, in the future as in the past, each steadily and rapidly advancing along its own distinctive lines of progress. What we may hope those lines to be for Canada the *Law Review* well indicates as follows:—

Canada, though having a nominal connection with the Mother Country, is really an independent nation, and must soon take its place as such in the family of great states. That connection at the present time, while not diminishing its independence, increases its strength and importance. We may confidently expect from that people, in the near future, many important additions to the stock of the world's knowledge, many improvements and advances in science; and we may confidently look to the Bench and Bar of that country for works on jurisprudence equal to anything which has hitherto been produced in the Mother Country, or in the young republic.

DEMOSTHENES said, in effect, to the Athenians, in one of those inimitable speeches which remain to this day among the best models of effective popular oratory, that if by ignoring disagreeable facts he could do away with the facts themselves it would be a statesman's duty to say only pleasant things, but that if the stubborn facts would remain in spite of being passed over in speech, then the people were fools who would not insist on knowing and facing the whole truth. Similar language might well be used just now by any patriotic statesman of either party in Canada. The Dominion is manifestly near a parting of the ways. Upon her choice of path will depend, to say the least, the rapidity and extent of her future growth. We have sometimes in the past had occasion to emphasize the fact that no great principles were at stake between the two old political parties in Canada, that their fierce struggles were in the main struggles for office. Much as we deprecate the party spirit, we can say that no longer. Recent events are differentiating very clearly and very widely between them. The Government and its supporters have committed themselves to a certain trade policy for the Dominion and are pursuing and pushing that policy with great energy and persistence. The leaders and supporters of the Opposition have not only committed themselves to a radically different policy, but are now staking all their hopes of office upon the acceptance of that policy by the people of Canada at the next election. The question for every intelligent Canadian to consider and to reach a decision upon is clear and well defined. Shall Canada accept the McKinley Bill as the final word of its rich and powerful neighbour, maintain or increase her own protective tariff and rely upon her great railroad systems and subsidized lines of fleet steamships on the Atlantic and Pacific for enabling her to find new markets for her exports and new channels for her trade? Or shall she accept it as a fiat of inexorable nature that she can find permanent prosperity and work out her national destiny only in close commercial intercourse with the United States, and shape all her legislation and diplomacy with reference to that decree? Manifestly the issue is a broad one. The resultant difference of policy and of politics is radical. It matters not, on the one hand, that the leaders of the Government declare their readiness, or even their anxiety to have reciprocity with the United States, so long as the limitations, which they make their *sine qua non* are such as it is well known the United States will not accept. Nor does it matter, on the other hand, that the Opposition leaders declare their approval of energetic measures to promote Canadian trade with Great Britain and the colonies, so long as they distinctly relegate all such possibilities of enlarged traffic across oceans to a secondary place and are quite prepared to discriminate even against the Mother Country in order to gain the boon of free trade with their next-door neighbour. The question for the Canadian elector still is: Shall I vote for or against an attempt to secure absolute free trade with the United States, with a high tariff against the rest of the world?

OUR present design is not to attempt to give a categorical answer to the foregoing question, but to state it as clearly as we can, and to point out that some of the data which are necessary to a fair consideration and a wise decision are as yet wanting. It is surely unnecessary to premise that Canadians will lay themselves open to the keen reproach levelled by the great Athenian orator against

his countrymen, if they do not resolutely put away all party bias, and calmly and judiciously look at both sides of the question. Every Liberal should study dispassionately the views presented by the Premier and the Minister of Justice in recent addresses. Every supporter of the Government should read no less attentively the speeches of Mr. Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright. A question upon which the future of the Dominion so largely depends should not be used as the shuttlecock of politicians or left to the manipulation of the ordinary electioneering agencies. Some of the statistical facts bearing upon the question, as set forth by Sir Richard Cartwright in his Pembroke speech, are eloquent in regard to the consequences which hang upon the decision that must be made in a year or two at the farthest. It is no light matter to be shut out from the market which last year took almost one-half of our total \$80,000,000 worth of all kinds of produce, which took \$3,753,000 out of \$4,419,000 worth of the products of our mines; \$11,000,000 out of \$23,000,000 worth of products of our forests; and \$9,125,000 out of \$13,414,000 worth of products of our farms and gardens. Many arguments used by advocates on both sides need careful scrutiny. Those who would try to persuade us that the loss of this market, or even the reduction of its demands by one-half, can be easily compensated for by the gains in distant markets which can be reached only by subsidized steamboats, and in which, when reached, much of our trade will be met with the keenest competition in the world, are evidently making large drafts on the credulity of their hearers. On the other hand those who talk so glibly of the market of sixty millions at our doors, as if every one of the sixty millions would become a purchaser of our products, even under the freest trade imaginable, are simply seeking to bewilder us with the size of their figures, when they themselves must know that the probabilities of our coming into actual business contact with one in five of that sixty millions are infinitesimally small. That some millions of the people of the United States living nearest our border would prove excellent customers, and that free trade with these wealthy communities would stimulate almost every branch of productive industry in our country to an enormous and profitable degree, very few thoughtful and candid Canadians will deny.

AMONG the preliminary questions which will need to be answered with some degree of precision and conclusiveness, before the people of Canada will be likely to entrust their future to the hands of Sir Richard and his friends, are evidently the following: (I.) Is free trade with the United States a political possibility, even on the conditions of making it unrestricted and maintaining a high tariff against other nations, Great Britain included? (II.) Is such free trade desirable, on the only basis on which it is possible, if possible at all, namely, that marked out by the above conditions? (III.) Assuming an affirmative answer to both these questions, is such an arrangement compatible with, we need not even say loyalty to the Mother Country, but with fair and honourable dealing, in view of our past and present relations with her? We do not state these as mere rhetorical interrogations to be met either with confident affirmatives or with indignant negatives, but as plain questions which every Canadian addressed has a right to ask. The first is clearly fundamental. It may be that Sir Richard Cartwright is in possession of facts to warrant him in answering it, as he does, in the affirmative, but he must produce those facts if he would silence wide-spread scepticism. It may be that the more unrestricted the international traffic the better for all concerned, but the question is debatable as well as vital. It may be, as Sir Richard intimates, that the indirect benefits which would result to Great Britain from the settlement of all pending questions between the United States and Canada, in view of the immense amount of capital her people have invested in both countries, combined with those further benefits which would result from the rapid growth and increased prosperity of Canada, would more than compensate her for the discrimination against her merchants and manufacturers, and that her statesmen would see it in that light. But on all these points evidence, and evidence of a very convincing kind, will be needed to persuade the people of Canada to commit themselves to so revolutionary a programme. Will such evidence be forthcoming? We shall see.

A RECENT number of the *Montreal Gazette* has a well-written and cogent article in advocacy of the proposal to establish a Dominion Teachers' Association. The arguments in favour of such an organization are many and convincing. The crucial question, it seems to us, is that of its practicability. In view on the one hand of the magnificent distances which separate not only the extremes of the Dominion, but even its older provinces, from each other, and, on the other hand, of the smallness of the salaries and the resulting impecuniosity of the great body of the Public School teachers, there is reason to fear that great difficulty would be experienced in securing the attendance of representatives of the classes of teachers for whom such an Association would be most desirable and most profitable. As, however, the Association would probably be composed mainly or wholly of accredited representatives, it may be that this initial difficulty could be overcome by making the local "institutes," or "conventions," the electoral constituencies. These might appoint delegates, paying their expenses and receiving their reports. But this is a matter of detail. The *Gazette* dwells at some length on what it regards as the chief obstacle, namely, that likely to arise from the unwillingness of the Roman Catholic educationists, the French-speaking portion of them especially, to unite in such a congress, and the language barrier by which the latter would be, in so many cases, debarred from free intercourse with their English-speaking colleagues. The *Gazette*, which has good opportunities for forming an opinion, is not without hope that neither of these difficulties would be found insuperable. It may not be amiss to add that the excellent effect which such an intermingling of teachers, representing the two races and languages, would almost surely have in breaking down prejudices and promoting a desire to acquire each other's language, affords in itself a strong incentive to the formation of the proposed Association. Another indirect benefit, somewhat similar in kind, would result from the extension of inter-provincial acquaintanceship. It is unfortunately too true that the people of the different provinces, after so many years of federation, are, to a large extent, strangers not only to each other, but to each other's local institutions and characteristics. The direct advantages that would surely result to the profession are too numerous to be recapitulated here. Fortunately, they are too obvious to need recapitulation. The unwise tendency to measure themselves by themselves and their systems and methods by the same rule, is but too marked in the teachers of Ontario, and probably in all the other provinces. The educators in each have something to learn from those of every other, as a few free gatherings of the kind indicated would soon make clear. We do not know how wide or catholic the scheme is as it exists in the minds of its projectors, but we take the liberty of suggesting that it would not be beneath the dignity of the professors in our colleges and universities to come together annually for the interchange of ideas and experiences. The plan which works so well in the Ontario Teachers' Association, in accordance with which, in addition to the general meetings in which all unite, the Public School, the High School, and the Inspectorial representatives meet in their respective sections, would, we dare say, be found convenient in a Dominion Association. The presence of representatives from the University Faculties should add much to the dignity and usefulness of the annual conventions. We have, moreover, no doubt that by coming together for mutual conference in a Professorial section, the dignitaries representing the various Faculties might find that they still have something to learn from each other. It is not indeed beyond the bounds of the conceivable that even a member of the Professoriate of one of the State universities might, on occasion, not disdain to get a useful hint from some humble professor in a one-horse college—not to say from a High or Public School teacher. And surely such should have much to impart that would be of great educational value.

TO what end will the insatiable curiosity of the public stimulate the newspaper reporters and other purveyors of unwholesome food for morbid palates? Can anything be more offensive to healthful tastes, not to say to good morals, than the exhibitions heralded by such announcements as those which inform the people of Toronto when and where they may feast their eyes on a ghastly *fac-simile* of the murdered Benwell as he appeared in the Blenheim swamp? Of a different, but still scarcely elevating kind, is the sentiment which is ministered to by the genuine or invented letters and stories from the pen of a convict whose biography, written under the shadow of the gallows, has now, we are

informed, been bought at a handsome price, and will shortly be given to the public in serial form in one of our leading newspapers. It is sad to think of all the collateral evil which, in addition to the misery directly caused, is wrought by the commission of a great crime, in these days of universal publicity. Who can gauge the deleterious effects wrought upon many minds, especially upon those of the young, by the familiarity with crime and moral depravity that will be gained in connection with the trial and execution of such a convict? It is not to be wondered at if in many cases the baseness and cruelty of the deed are lost sight of, and the criminal who occupies so much space in the newspapers and in the public eye becomes transformed in the youthful imagination into a hero. It is by no means inconceivable that the glamour of such popularity may sometimes even tempt the weak-minded to achieve notoriety by some similar deed. It is, indeed, worthy of consideration whether the injurious effects of all this publicity should not constitute one strong argument in favour of the abolition of the death penalty, on precisely the same grounds on which the change from public to private executions was based. If, as all now admit, it was demoralizing to have a crowd come together to see how the poor wretch bore himself beneath the gallows tree, it can hardly be doubted that an effect somewhat similar in kind must be produced by this constantly keeping before the mind the picture of the condemned man in his cell, and of the courage and fortitude with which he may await his fate. Newspaper enterprise will yet, it is not unlikely, compel the abolition of the death penalty.

NOTHING is more natural than that the members and intimate friends of the Birchall family, on both sides the Atlantic, should bring to bear all the influence within their reach in order to obtain, if possible, a commutation of the sentence passed upon the wretched man. Hard, indeed, would be the heart that could refrain from responding with deep sympathy to the appeal of the unhappy wife. A situation of more intense suffering than that which has fallen to her lot it would be impossible to conceive. But it must be obvious to every one, on a moment's reflection, that considerations such as these cannot and should not have any effect in staying the hand of justice. The cases are unhappily rare in which any culprit undergoes the last penalty of the law without breaking the heart of mother, or wife, or sister, or other fond relative. The only consideration, so far as we can see, which could warrant executive clemency, would be some lingering shade of doubt with regard to the conclusiveness of the evidence, and such doubt, if existent, would weigh in the direction of pardon rather than of commutation. Painful though it is to say it, it is manifestly impossible for those who believe that the verdict was amply justified by the evidence to point to a single palliating circumstance, on which to base an appeal for commutation. While we are by no means certain that there may not be a better way to deal with even the worst of criminals than to slay him, nothing can be clearer than that the efficacy of this as of every other form of punishment depends very largely upon its certainty. Better far to abolish it than to use it capriciously. As to the sensational letter in which the unknown "Colonel" confesses himself the murderer, it bears absurdity on its face. That Birchall should be willing to give his life in order to save a miserable partner in fraud, who has no more manliness than to suffer another to die for his crime, is inconceivable. It seems improbable, if not impossible, that Birchall himself could have, as some of the newspapers suggest, concocted the fraud. If his keepers have been faithful to their trust, he has lacked opportunity. It is far more likely that the letter is the transparent device of some disreputable acquaintance—and such he appears to have had—who has taken this means to aid, as he hopes, in securing a reprieve.

THE report of the British Farmers' Delegates, who recently made the tour of the Provinces of the Dominion, will be looked for with interest by those whom they visited as well as by those who sent them. It was a happy thought that led the Dominion Government to suggest the sending of such a delegation. Whatever may be said or believed in regard to other kinds of immigration, all must agree that we cannot have too large an influx of skilled tillers of the soil, especially of those who bring with them capital enough to enable them to make a fair start. We are, moreover, so well assured of the capabilities of the soil and climate of Canada for the production of the staples of the world's food that we feel safe in challenging the closest

investigation. The practical knowledge and high intelligence of these visitors, and the fact that they took a reasonable time for acquainting themselves with the qualities of the soil and the productions of the different localities they visited, afford ample guarantee that their report will be truthful and discriminating. Without pluming ourselves too much beforehand on the presumably favourable conclusions they may have reached, we are assured that nothing but good can result from their investigations. No true Canadian has any doubt that one of the chief disadvantages from which his country suffers is the fact that it is not sufficiently well known amongst the right classes of people in other countries. That is one of the penalties of colonialism. It is but reasonable to expect that the visit of such a body of delegates, known and trusted in the communities to which they respectively belong, will do more to make the country and its resources known than almost any amount of advertising, or even of lecturing by our own agents, could do. The agricultural capacities of Canada are practically unlimited. Upon their use and development every other industry depends. It is, on every ground, to be hoped that a considerable and continuous addition to the agricultural population of different sections of the Dominion may result from the visit of this delegation—not necessarily at once, but in the years to come.

AMONG the darkest chapters in "In Darkest Africa," are those relating to the tragical fate of Major Barttelot and the unfortunate rear column left in his charge at the Yambuya Camp. Probably, as Mr. Stanley now intimates, many of the closer readers of his book may have felt that those chapters were dark in a double sense; that a veil of mystery was left hanging over those eleven months of strange inaction. That mystery is now, unhappily, likely to be dispelled in a very unpleasant manner. It has long been well known that the members of Major Barttelot's family and his intimate friends were not satisfied with the light in which he was placed by the Stanley narrative. They have felt that justice had not been done to his memory. Matters were brought to a crisis when the letters and diaries of the deceased were, many will think very unwisely, given to the public a few days since by his brother. The charges and insinuations therein made against the leader of the expedition were too grave to be passed over in silence. The inevitable *New York Herald* interviewer has appeared, and, if his report may be accepted as trustworthy, Stanley has retaliated on his accuser with a series of statements and insinuations which have the effect of throwing a yet darker shade over the memory of the slain officer. With real or apparent reluctance, and under a form of reserve, Stanley has really blasted the dead man's reputation almost more effectually than any detailed statement of offences could have done. The reports of Mr. Bonny and others in regard to the story of the rear column were, he now tells us, curtailed and changed in order to shield the memory of the brave but misguided officer, who paid the penalty of his misdeeds with his life. Some may be disposed to question whether a still larger magnanimity would not have persisted in a dignified silence, notwithstanding the exasperating attack made by Major Barttelot's brother in the publication above referred to. Be that as it may, the die is now cast. Both the friends of the deceased and the public will insist on probing the facts to the bottom, and in demanding satisfactory proofs of the statements that have been made on either side. The unknown is always magnified in the popular imagination, and even stern, uncompromising facts are often kinder than partial statements and broad insinuations. It may be that the stories of Mr. Bonny and other officers of the expedition will place the whole history above the mists of doubt and suspicion. But having gone so far, it seems scarcely probable that the incredulous and indignant friends of the deceased will wait for such evidence. It will be surprising if Mr. Stanley is not at once called on to retract or make good his significant utterances. It is a sad pity that so noble an exploit should have been marred by the jealousies and other weaknesses of any of its leaders, and that these must now be dragged to the light for public inspection. But the truth must now out, so far as it is possible to establish it.

"HOME RULE for Ireland; the question of temperance; a working day of eight hours; the disestablishment of the Church of Scotland; the disestablishment of the Church in Wales; woman's suffrage; Home Rule for Scotland, and allotments." Such is the rather stiff pro-

gramme of projected reforms with which, according to Mr. Gladstone, the British Parliament, after half a century of reform, has now to deal. Clearly there is no discharge in this war. While ministers and members may come and go, the struggles for new legislation, more and more radical in character, seems destined to go on for ever. We do not know that this is an unmixed evil, even from the Parliamentary point of view. Were all great principles settled and Parliament left with nothing to do save attending to matters of legislative detail, it would soon lose the incentives which have stimulated its grandest achievements, and sink into imbecility or corruption. Referring, however, to Mr. Gladstone's speech, from a sentence of which we set out, we were about to quote his hearty endorsement of Lord Salisbury's African policy, and hold it up to our political orators as an example of the fairer and more magnanimous character of English public life, when suddenly there came to mind recent passages at arms between Messrs. Balfour and Morley, and gave us pause. It must be confessed that the differences in presentation of facts, as well as the scantness of mutual courtesy in speech, which characterize the diatribes of these distinguished leaders, would scarcely discredit the most rabid of our own party advocates. For obvious reasons it would be unfair to go to the court in Tipperary for the more glaring illustrations there abounding. The edge of our intended homily on "the way they do these things in England" being thus turned, we are forced to fall back on the thought with which we set out. In view of it, we may well congratulate the Parliament and people of Canada after all, in that they have just now, as shown in another paragraph, but one great test question of home politics, instead of the formidable seven which confront the unhappy politicians of the Mother Land.

THE celebrated case arising out of the appeal of Professor Egbert E. Smyth from the decree of the Board of Visitors of the Andover Theological Seminary, removing him from his professorship, was argued two weeks since before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and is now under advisement. At the hearing, counsel appeared for the Visitors, for the Trustees, who claimed that their functions had been usurped by the Visitors in the matter, and for the appellant, Professor Smyth. As the appeal was based upon legal and technical grounds, and the decision will, no doubt, be rendered solely upon those grounds, and not upon the merits of the case, the interest in the results of the trial is, so far, mainly personal. It is true that the counsel for the Visitors and for Professor Smyth did enter somewhat into the main question, thus enlarging the issue into that of the meaning of the creed, and the compatibility or otherwise with it of the so-called "Andover Theology." Into the purely theological aspects of the case it is not for us to enter, intensely interesting as those aspects no doubt are to many of our readers. Upon a still wider question which emerges, and which, as one of Christian ethics, is of almost universal interest, we may venture a word. That question may be broadly stated somewhat as follows: In what sense and to what extent are the creeds to which many old churches, colleges and other religious trusts demand subscription, binding upon the consciences of preachers and teachers connected with those bodies? Does the code of manly and Christian honour permit any liberty of personal interpretation, different from the literal meaning of the terms used, or rather from what has been generally held to be their literal and actual meaning? Of course, no honest man, whose views have deviated materially from those which he knows to be considered "orthodox," could continue to teach or verbally assent to doctrines which he could no longer believe. Whether is he bound in such a case to withdraw from the church or institution with which he is connected, or may he rightly retain his position and teach what he regards as the whole truth, so far as he may be able to see it? Many journals, both religious and secular, hold very pronounced views on this point. It is not unusual to find in such the most sweeping condemnation of what they regard as the dishonourable conduct of the man who can use the pulpit or the professor's chair to promulgate views differing in any appreciable degree from those traditional ones which have been stamped as "orthodox" by the common consent or affirmation of the body with which he is connected. For instance, the New York *Sun* has nothing but words of scathing condemnation for the Andover Professor in the case in question. But is it so perfectly clear that such a view of what is demanded by loyalty to truth is the highest or the correct one? Clearly it is not the view which is the most likely to promote either personal

loyalty to truth, or fearless conscientiousness in its pursuit. Pushed to its logical limits, it would destroy all cohesion and dissolve every church or other corporate body into its constituent units, since, as Professor Baldwin, of the Yale Law School, pointed out in closing the argument for the appellant, "No two men can accept a creed in the same sense," and, as we may add, no thoughtful man ever holds a creed in exactly the same sense for two successive years. But waiving such fine distinctions, would not the view in question strictly enforced render such a thing as doctrinal reform or progress within a church forever impossible? A secular journal may not dogmatize; perhaps it should not even express opinions on semi-theological topics, but it may be pardoned for suggesting, tentatively, that there may be two sides to even such a question as this.

#### CHORIAMBICS—PLAINT OF THE NURSE IN THE "MEDEA."

VAIN, ah! vain was your art, vainer your toil, maladroit  
bards of yore,  
Who wove lyrics to please, pæans to thrill, hearts that  
were glad before;  
Who found strains that could charm men in their mirth—  
musical fantasies  
That could heighten our joys, gladden our feasts, brighten  
our revelries.

But no tones of the harp, notes of the pipe, never a  
tuneful lay,  
Not a song of your songs, maladroit bards, ever availed to  
stay  
The sad footsteps of Care, urged by the Gods, turning our  
light to gloom,  
Bringing chill to the soul, withering hope, pregnant with  
Dread and Doom.

Yet if Music would lull Sorrow to sleep, this were a boon  
to all  
Kinder far than to weave measures to grace revel or  
banquet hall.  
Fast beat hearts in the full flush of the feast, fragrant with  
wine and flow'rs,  
Wanting never a sweet chord on the lute swifter to speed  
the hours.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

#### PARIS LETTER.

McKINLEYISM is the common enemy for the moment. France cannot count upon the benefit of any favoured nation clause with the United States, but the latter can claim justification in the application of the rod to France and Germany; both have treated American pork, and, in a lesser degree, American corn in a summary manner for ten years past, so the McKinley lockout is a kind of nemesis for these States. England was not in that position, yet she has to bear her share of the all-round commercial stripes. Happily she has this consolation that she will be the earliest to find "fresh woods and pastures new," for her manufactures. France expected that the Britisher would collapse when she declined to renew the Cobden Treaty; she forced England to become her formidable rival in other markets. France gives the measure of her dependence on England for raw and fabricated materials by her powerlessness to keep out those British imports, which are the life blood of French industries. Yet no treaty exists precluding France from applying, to-morrow, McKinley tactics to England.

It will be so in case of America. England, after her unmerited exclusion and its necessary hardships, will soon discover and work up new outlets for her barred-out products. She will have to fight American manufactures more keenly than hitherto in the common markets of the world. It will likely, also, develop closer commercial dealings between England and her colonies. "Caw me and I'll caw you." It is waste of time; mere toothless-old-woman scolding, lecturing America on the evils of her new departure on exploded economic lines of political economy. If wrong, she will be punished where she has sinned; if right, she can laugh at Old Europe. All the probabilities are that the laugh will be against her.

The McKinley shoe will pinch France very severely. First, it will upset all the castle-building in the air, by the French protectionists, who have been playing at the same game—exclusion of foreigners' goods—and if she does not act handsomely towards American pork and cereals, President Harrison will shake his *memento mori* decree against the Gauls. France has not yet found out the secret of manufacturing cheaply, so is elbowed out of the foreign market. The buyers of artistic and high-priced goods are few to-day. Now it is on the multitude that the fabricant has to count, not on the elite, to make his money. Just as with the theatre, there are the well-filled galleries and the pit that uphold the solvency of the stage. Whatever tariff-favours France accords a State, Germany, by virtue of the Frankfort Treaty, will claim the same. Refusal means war.

The strike among the tulle-workers of Calais is exceptionally curious. They neither ask for higher wages, nor

shorter hours. They really want work to earn a sufficiency to merely live. This the mill-owners positively cannot give. The tulle trade is being cut out by Nottingham competitors, who, unlike their Calais' rivals, have to pay no tax on raw materials. Tulle may be summarily viewed as lace made by machinery; the latter invented by Lee, an Englishman, was introduced into France in the early part of the seventeenth century, but such was the importance attached to keeping the secrets of improvements in the machinery, that the English law actually punished with death whoever would communicate any information, bearing on these mechanical improvements, to the foreigner.

In 1878, by the latest reliable statistics, Calais, or rather its suburb, St. Pierre, had eighty fabricants of tulle, representing plant valued at 40,000,000 frs., employing 10,000 tullists, and transacting an annual total of business, estimated at 60,000,000 frs. These were the days of plenty; gold may be said to have then rolled through the streets of St. Pierre. But the pinch set in about 1885, when fashion abruptly took to woollen lace manufactured in Auvergne, Velay, and Ferez. Fabricants had prepared stocks of Chantilly lace; it was all left on their hands, and many have been actually keeping afloat by selling these stocks at ruinous prices. To make the new woollen lace required different plant, and long credits to purchase the requisite raw material. For the latter object alone some firms stood in need of credits of 150,000 frs. This was in 1886, when the famous crash set in, and that submerged thousands of persons, and hundreds of banks. Five of the latter in Calais alone failed, and engulfed local deposits. Calais has never recovered from that blow.

Those stormy petrels, the socialists, have flocked to Calais to blow the coals; in addition, dynastic and advanced politics have crawled into the dispute, all tending to keeping employers and employed asunder. Who really have only to be brought together to indulge in a calm, straight talk of an hour, to vote the only solution possible—short time and shortened wages—or the disappearance of the Calais tulle trade. Relief could be immediately afforded, which protection forbids, were Calais' manufacturers, like their rivals in England and Switzerland, allowed to receive their cotton free, as they do their silk. To benefit by the latter, some Nottingham firms have established branch factories at Calais. French fabricants will never be so plucky as to adopt these Roman tactics against the Carthaginians, by carrying the war into the enemy's country.

A few words respecting pure Socialism in France. This, in its German form, may be said not to exist, but since the recent death of Joffrin, the anti-socialistic leader of skilled labour, his antagonist, Guesde, who works in with Bebel, Liebknecht, and other fathers of the German Socialist Church, is rapidly becoming a power. Thiers said that Socialism had emigrated from France to Germany. It looks at present as if it was returning to the place from whence it started. Socialism can never be a victorious party in France, where almost everyone has a little property in some form, thanks to their frugality. But it can be a teasing, a disrupting force, a foreign body in the national system.

In Holland, when the necessitous can no longer eke out a living, they can apply for admission to the Weenhuisen Agricultural Charity Colony, composed of six vast farms or divisions. Vagrants between eighteen and sixty years of age, arrested pursuing their ordinary calling, are sent to the agricultural penitentiary for one or two years. This is to cure them of idleness, for they must work or go to the cell. When good, they become eligible for admission to the charity colony. At the penitentiary establishment the 4,000 *détenus* are classed, following age. Employment of some kind is provided. Silence reigns during work as at meals. The latter is limited to one repast at noon, composed of a soup of potatoes and beans, with a morsel of coarse bread, never meat. At four in the morning and six in the afternoon a cup of coffee. The dormitory has no beds; all hammocks. Each prisoner's work is valued at 3 frs. per day; his keep at one-ninth of that sum. The Government thus makes money.

The Charity Farm Colony was originally founded in 1817 to relieve the victims of Napoleon's wars. An immense tract of sand and heath soil was set apart to be reclaimed—15,000 acres are still waste. Men, women, and children, unable to eke out a living, but guilty of no crimes, were "planted"; they fed in common like the Spartans. The parents are provided with work, the children educated and taught trades. All are free to leave, but will find re-admission difficult, and, if detected begging, the penitentiary awaits them. In time, when labour savings amount to a fixed sum, the father receives for it a house, five acres of land, a cow and a goat. He pays also a moderate rent, which is also the redemption for among the holding. The aged are pensioned out among the colonists. The latter must sell all their farm products to the governing body. France intends trying this plan for the extinction of pauperism on "the very light soil" of the Landes; the Moors of Sologne, and the once intended Metropolitan Necropolis, at Méry-sur-Oise. Z.

HERE is a Khojak story—possibly true. When the Governor of Candahar was at Chaman lately one of the railway officials there offered to show him over the tunnel. "Sahib," replied his Excellency, "I think not. When you English put a bullet through a man's chest, do you ever invite his friends to come and see the fine hole it has made?"—*Homeward Mail*.

## A MODERN MYSTIC.—XIII.

THE drive from Mowat's Rancho to Willow Bunch is most interesting. The first hills which we passed on the right are without a rival for ranching purposes. At Willow Bunch we visited Mr. Legaré's house and his fine cheese factory; we also saw the little hut which is called the police barracks. The four or five policemen here sleep in tents and tie the horses to the top rail of a fence. A large number of the half-breeds came in to see one of the party. We saw a fine herd belonging to the Franco-Canadian Cattle Company. The next day we started for Wood Mountain, driving nearly the whole time through a vast valley in the heart of Wood Mountain, which might feed the cattle of a score of ranchers. Arrived at the Wood Mountain post we had an opportunity of contrasting the trim though still modest quarters of the present day with the post of the past, a post which has a history in connection with Sitting Bull. Here Major Walsh and a few policemen had entrenched themselves against the great band of warriors who had destroyed the Seventh Cavalry under the gallant but fool-hardy Custer—the Custer massacre—and who had fled across the border from the vengeance of the United States.

Sitting Bull had no intention of doing any harm. He was not a general or a warrior but a wily statesman, and all he was anxious about was the reception he would get in British territory. Major Walsh could not know this, nor M. Louis Legaré. Mr. Legaré who negotiated the surrender of Sitting Bull displayed great diplomatic qualities which the United States have recognized. Most captivating is it to hear him tell (he had then a store at Wood Mountain) how the dusky warriors swarmed on the rising ground to the south; how the tepees rose in an order not without beauty, though perhaps falling short in numbers and in whiteness—those tents which entranced the eyes of Balaam as he stood on one of the high places of Moab: "How beautiful are thy tents, O Israel!" But they made a large and formidable Indian village or town. In the evening four Indians, armed to the teeth, walked into his house and sat down, without saying a word, their dark, furtive eyes gleaming like fire as the shades of night deepened. Mr. Legaré, who knows the Indian character well, never spoke a word to them. There they sat silent for some five hours. At last one said: "Um!" The other said: "Um!" Mr. Legaré returned the salute: "Um!" Then a conversation began in Sioux, of which he is master, and from that out he displayed the greatest coolness and judgment in dealing with them, for though Sitting Bull himself was pacific, an Indian chief has not always control over the young men—the braves.

All this delighted Gwendolen, and her "Diary" cannot fail to have been enriched by this trip. At the post there is little to be done, but two of our horses were somewhat "played," so we determined to remain a couple of days, the officer-in-command doing all he could to make it pleasant.

The second day was very hot. So we seated ourselves on the side of a vast hay rick. We were well sheltered from the sun and the bosky, beautiful valley lay before us. McKnom took out a volume of Plato; another of the party read *Æschylus*; another, one of Tolstoi's novels; and in fine we had settled ourselves down to a pleasant forenoon's reading, to be relieved by comment, or quirk of fancy, or any stray remark which association might suggest. For about a quarter of an hour we were as intent on our books as horses just got back to stable on their hay, when Captain Draynor came and said his duties for some short time were over; that he had been reading all about our discussions in *THE WEEK*, and that he had a question to propound to Mr. McKnom.

Just at this minute from behind one of the small timber buildings, a little to the right of where we sat, emerged a tall Indian woman, shapely withal, swarthy of course, and with a fine profile, which is not uncommon. "Little Child" had the face of a born leader of men and only that the jaw was too thickly set might have passed for a brother of Mr. Gladstone, who, when in his prime, had a countenance fuller of power than I ever saw before or since. This woman had an axe in her hand and she strode towards us. It may seem odd, but she brought vividly before me that awful scene in the Agammemnon where Clytemnestra comes out stained with the blood of the warrior—her husband—the Conqueror of Troy, and avows to the horror-stricken nobles of Argos the terrible deed: I involuntarily repeated a translation made in my schoolboy days of that blood-curdling speech:—

If now I unsay all I said erewhile,  
No shame I feel. What shame should red his brow  
Who plots a foeman 'gainst a foe? With smile  
Of treacherous friendship let him make his snare  
Too high to overleap. For me, for many years  
With patient purpose I prepared for this—  
To strive for victory. The wrestle came  
At last. I stand where I struck; the deed is done  
Beyond undoing; and so contrived  
(This will I also own) there could not be  
Resistance or escape. I set a net  
Unpassable, as fishermen place round  
A shoal, a rich robe deadly dyed. I smote  
Him twice, and twice he shrieked; then  
Down he sank,  
And fallen so I gave him yet a stroke,  
A votive offering to the nether god,  
To Hades, Keeper dim of mortals dead,  
And there he lay and gasp'd away his soul,  
And, spitting forth the swift sharp gush of blood,  
He rained a dark and gory dew on me,  
Me who rejoiced not less than corn-sown lands

When God's rich gift of blessed rain pours down,  
The stalk shoots high and from the labouring sheath  
The full ear gladly bursts. Since thus it stands,  
Ye Argive nobles here be glad of it,  
If well ye can. For me I glory in  
The deed, and were libation fit above  
A corpse, then were it justly poured, aye more  
Than justly here; for he hath fill'd with ills  
For his own home the direful cup accurs'd  
Which, home-return'd, he drained.

Irene: "She was a nice woman—Lady Macbeth was weak compared with her."

The speech had an effect on the Indian woman, like to that which a dramatic recitation has on very young, bright children. She stood erect, motionless, attentive, the axe in her right hand, the embodiment of the monologue line in the above speech, where Clytemnestra's own horror of her deed comes out:—

I stand here where I struck; the deed is done  
Beyond undoing.

Captain Draynor who is literary and musical, and an accomplished gentleman, but who yet knows as much about *Æschylus* as Apollo about the modern goose step, said:—

"Mr. McKnom, when I was at Regina, we had a bet one night respecting evil genius. We say, 'as my good genius,' or, 'as my evil genius would have it'—and we bet that the idea was Persian, and we decided to write to you. Can you tell me where it originated?"

McKnom: "The idea is undoubtedly Eastern, but to locate its origin you must refer to some man very much more learned than I could pretend to be. Plato undoubtedly held that there was a presiding power allotted to each man at his birth. That is evident from his own writings and from those of the Neo-Platonists."

Captain Draynor asked whether the young ladies sang, and on learning that they did he fetched a violin, and we had a few songs from each of the ladies; a couple of duets and a comic song from the Captain, which made the time pass pleasantly away. I know not what it was—whether the delightful air, or the wild scenery around, or the associations of the place—but as Irene and Gwendolen warbled to the Captain's accompaniment—he is a most skilful and adaptable musician—and Madame Lalage joining in at fit moments—we all seemed wrapt in a kind of ecstasy as if we had, on some happy summer day, been transported to Thracian wilds, and listened to the nightingales, born above the tomb of Orpheus, sing. I could not help noticing how Helpsam's gaze rested on Irene, and how when her very soul seemed borne aloft on the wings of her voice, her eyes would turn to where he lay. This was the solitary cloud in the joyous hour, which—so full, so clear, so pure, so far from everything sordid and worldly—seemed to enclose and over-canopy us, vast, beautiful, perfect as the blue heavens resting on the surrounding hills.

After lunch, at which we were the guests of the hospitable Captain, we again went to the haystack, and choosing another side, so as to be in the shade, began to talk of the future of the Dominion of Canada, and McKnom, Helpsam, Hale, Rectus, even Glaucus, all said, having got a glimpse of the great North-West, never again would they harbour for a moment a craven doubt as to the destiny of Canada.

"Good heavens!" said McKnom, rising from his place and looking east and west and north and south, "What might not this country do if Platonic principles prevailed! The wretched doubts which we hear at times—the want of certainty which we too surely see—the absence of elevation—the mediocrity in thought and phrase and aim—if there were *thumos*—a high and noble and courageous enthusiasm—these whimperings and wailings would be hushed. In such a country, what do people mean by discussing the future, helplessly forecasting what may happen? Let them go and *act and make a great nation*. If Canadians fail to make this country great, powerful, free, a blessing and a wonder to the world, history will write them down as dastards, such as never before have proved themselves unworthy of high opportunities. You want enthusiasm to create enthusiasm. Leading is everything. Great things have been done. That C.P.R. is a great work. But it is a purely material work, and greater works are yet before us. The greatest of all can only be done on Platonic principles. As in the man the *nous*, the reason, the intellect should be supreme. So, only, by having intellect supreme in a people can you make it feel the sense of oneness; give it unity, fusion, harmony, a single purpose. You may paint a piece of basswood to look like a loadstone, but it won't draw a needle to it, and you may dress and paint a cord to look like wire, but it won't bring down the fire from heaven. What is it distinguishes man from the beasts? Mainly the power of incarnating his thought in expression. In fact, he himself cannot know his thought, and, of course, it cannot be revealed to others until he has thus incarnated it, and in all nations not dead—in all nations and in young nations especially—there are great thoughts, great hopes, great desires, great resources of power—of moral power, the greatest force which has yet appeared in this world—all this must get expression or the nation languishes.

McKnom usually so calm delivered himself of the rhapsody with something like excitement.

Glaucus, who did not know whether to give way to the Trave of earnestness, to use a phrase of his own, or to be amused, said:—

"How excited they used to get in their discussions in Alexandria. Was it the Coptic blood or the air or their syncretistic philosophy, or was it that they sought knowledge rather from vanity than a love of truth?"

This was all McKnom wanted. Down he sat, drew his forefinger and thumb twice down his nose, stroked back the grey flowing locks which escaped beneath his broad-brimmed cowboy hat, a compliance with Western civilization to which we had with difficulty persuaded him, and thus began:—

But before he is suffered to proceed the reader will be dying to know how we were placed. McKnom was sitting with his back to the haystack. On his right sat Madame Lalage and at her feet reclined one of the party. Near her was Irene, and Helpsam as a matter of course was near Irene. On the left of the sage was Gwendolen and Rectus studying her countenance with as much zeal as if it was a Blue Book, or the statistical volume issued annually by Mr. Carling, a species of light literature of which he is passionately fond. Dr. Facile was not far off but looking as solemn as if he had in the morning swallowed the whole Westminster Confession, and had but indifferently digested it. Immediately in front was Glaucus wearing that peculiar expression of countenance wherein is blended a superior pity for all the world, a sort of hall mark or cachet which stamps the true Oxford man. The rest lay around.

McKnom: "Alexandria—"

Before he could utter another word Mr. Lalage said: "Well Helen, upon my honour, I think it is too bad that you had not forethought to have packed up a couple of hampers of wine."

Madame Lalage: "Why my dear is not this air all the wine anybody could desire. I never experienced anything more exhilarating; 'the pure juice of the grape,' as poor Captain Brewer, when we came on deck in mid-Atlantic, used to say the sea air was."

Glaucus: "What would you have Lalage?"

Lesbian or potent Massie  
Cecuban or choice Setine,  
Such as gladdened old feasts classic,  
Making Pontiffs feel divine?"

Then, turning to McKnom:—

Were you wiser than old Thales,  
Strong Falernian you might mix,  
Drink the wine from press of Cales,

Madame Lalage: "But he'd die ere ninety-six."

Glaucus: "That is better than the way I intended to clench it."

Irene: "Was Thales so old?"

Glaucus: "Yes; he never married."

Gwendolen: "Wise man."

Glaucus: "When his mother urged him to marry he would say he was over young to marry yet, and when he got between seventy and eighty he used to say he was too old, for that if he did he would be sure to marry sweet-sixteen."

Gwendolen: "No wonder he was enrolled among the seven wise men of Greece."

Hale: "I think the old heathen added—I forget where I found this—that when a man of seventy marries a girl of sixteen he courts the kitten and lives with the cat."

Madame Lalage (who married young): "Ungallant! Thales never said it. That is an invention of Hale's" (giving voice to the 'e').

Hale: "Madame you flatter me."

Glaucus: "Were I Thales I should have said the same; it is pointed if not true."

Irene: "O Mr. McKnom, what would Plato say to all this?"

McKnom: "There are times when a little nonsense does no harm; he would be amused as I am. We are all apt to abuse freedom."

We again laughed, for it was well known that Mrs. Glaucus was a great man-woman, full of life, energy and will, and with a waist to which all the skill of Olympus could not have fitted the girdle of Venus.

Madame Lalage (addressing Glaucus): "Well, you will never be included among the seven wise men of Canada."

Glaucus: "You console me."

Madame Lalage: "Were you vain enough to have fears?"

Glaucus: "I have ears, and in the march of evolution there is no saying to what length they may go."

Madame Lalage (laughing): "You deserve to have them well reddened."

Glaucus: "If I submitted to painting at all I should in the matter of locality imitate the leaders of fashion among your sex."

Madame Lalage: "A libel—a libel."

Glaucus: "Yes, it is a legal maxim, 'the greater the truth the greater the libel.'"

Madame Lalage: "I think it would be to your credit now if you even painted a blush."

Glaucus: "That would be as easy as for some of the leaders I have in my eye to turn pale."

McKnom: "This is all very excellent fooling; I see you are in no mood to continue our chat on Neo-Platonism."

Glaucus: "Well, sir, we beg your pardon."

McKnom: "Will you permit me to tell you a story?"

Dr. Facile: "Before Mr. McKnom commences I wish to point out something in regard to Party Government. Can you say it is a failure when it has done so much for this young country?"

Madame Lalage: "O well let us have Mr. McKnom's story."

The story was very amusing but it must be reserved for another chapter.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

## PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES.

THE town of Mâcon, where Lamartine was born in October, 1790, will in a few days celebrate his centenary. Many may recall Turner's lovely painting of the "Vintage at Mâcon," where poetry replaces fact and where nature is suggested, not copied. It symbolizes Lamartine's life, which rested on poetical embellishments rather than on actuality. After his father had been released from imprisonment under the Terror, he and his son retired to Milly, a hamlet near Mâcon. Here the family resided, free and happy; Lamartine lived in the eyes and on the smiles of his mother, who taught him the rudiments of education, while in the surroundings he found emotion, love and dreams. His first books were "Paul and Virginia," "Telemachus," "Tasso and the Bible."

A local abbot, who figures in his "Jocelyn," when not occupied with sport, taught Alphonse Lamartine latin; later he was sent to schools and colleges, where he made no way. He quit schooling definitely in his sixteenth year and withdrew to Milly, to devour Tasso, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and above all, Ossian. Lamartine's family was old royalist, so Alphonse took service in the bodyguard when Louis XVIII. was restored in 1814; but he lodged all the same in a garret on the Quai d'Orsay. Disliking garrison life, he immigrated to Savoy in 1816, and at Aix les Bains made the acquaintance of a Creole lady; she became the "Elvire" of his "Méditations," the "Julie" of his "Raphael," and the "lady" of his "Lac," that gem of his poems—an elegy on the Lac du Bourget in the valley of the Aix. The poem revealed his genius and stamped his renown by its perfection, its profundity and clearness and easily-grasped imagery.

Villemain observed that literature leads to everything—provided you quit it. It obtained a secretaryship for Lamartine to the French embassy at Naples, the second country of his heart. He had made the acquaintance of a young English lady, Miss Birch, who, in addition to beauty, had money. They were married in Geneva in 1823; she died in 1863. They had only one child, Julia, who died of consumption at Beyrout. The demon of politics having seized Lamartine, he contested and lost an election. It was then he heard "voices," whisper to him, "Go cry on the mountain where Christ wept; go sleep under the palm where Jacob slept." The voices were the ruin of his life. Of extravagant tastes, Lamartine fitted out a ship in 1832 to convey himself, wife and child to the East. He voyaged like a Pasha or an Emir. Leaving his wife and his daughter, who was sinking from consumption, at Beyrout, he started alone for Jerusalem. He visited the eccentric Queen of Tadmor—Lady Esther Stanhope—then sunk in poverty and eccentricity. Elected a deputy in his absence and chagrined by his daughter's death, he returned to France.

Here commences the political rocket-like career of Lamartine. Although more occupied with his writings than with politics, he appeared for the first time in the Tribune, January 4, 1834. He detested Louis Philippe and Orleanism. He was now in the evangelical stage of politics; he laid down, or re-stated, that "all men ought to be equal before the State, as Christ had consecrated their equality before God." Respecting Governments, they "should consider their mission and not their existence." It was in his speech of January 10, 1839, that he uttered the often-quoted phrase: "France is a nation that gets weary." As protectorates are at present the fashion, Lamartine fifty years ago demanded a general and collective protectorate to take charge of disintegrating Turkey; Russia was to have Constantinople; France, Syria; and England, Egypt. This was not the United States of Europe that Victor Hugo proclaimed with Jericho blasts.

In 1842, Lamartine demanded the addition to the electoral role, of intellectual citizens, the plan known as the *adjonction des capacités*. Premier Guizot resisted, and Lamartine retorted that the genius and policy of Guizot was limited to sitting still. Lamartine's "Girondins" quickly appeared and cracked up the revolutionary souvenirs of the masses. He predicted before the assembly that Louis-Philippe would succumb under a new form of revolution—"the revolution of contempt." It was realized in the closing days of February, 1848. Louis-Philippe decamped, when Lamartine proposed the Republic to be sanctioned by the sovereignty of the people. It was on February 25, 1848, that marked the zenith of his career.

The armed and heated insurgents surrounded the Hôtel de Ville, displaying the red flag, and calling upon the Provisional Government to adopt it as the national colours; Lamartine went straight for the centre of the multitude, and, facing muskets levelled at him, said: "I and my colleagues prefer to die rather than sign the decree you present for re-establishing the red flag—a flag that has never made more than the tour of the Champ de Mars, trailed in the blood of the people in 1791 and 1793—while the tricolour has made the tour of the world, with the name, the glory and the liberty of the country." Never were electric words more omnipotent. The multitude was conquered. This, too, is the more extraordinary, as, George Sand relates, only a very few persons near the speaker could hear them.

Lamartine knew that words could not govern; that the sword must be called in to uphold order. The Assembly on June 24, 1848, conferred the dictatorship on General Cavaignac. That was the *hic jacet* for Lamartine's political career, for which it was said that he possessed neither the requisite virtues nor vices. More future-sighted than Poet and Politician Hugo, Lamartine warned

the nation against voting for Prince Louis Napoleon as President of the Republic; he admitted that multitudes had their moments of aberration—Bou langer to wit, and there were "some names that draw the masses as a red rag attracts unreasoning animals."

Lamartine wrote: "I know that time is faithful to genius." He has a street called after him in Paris, and a statue at Passy, where he is seated in meditation with his Athenian greyhound at his feet, for he liked dogs, as did Sir Walter Scott. Lamartine was a compound of Rousseau nature-worship, of Madame de Staël sentimentalism, and of Byron pessimism. The "Lac" is his best poem. "Jocelyn," better known than his other effusions to English readers, fatigues by its diffuseness. Cuvier, when wearied and depressed, found a relief and a stimulus in the "Harmonies," that Sainte-Beuve ranks as Lamartine's masterpiece. His "Travels in the East" are splendid verbiage, where the author draws his facts and exactitude from his inner consciousness. The "Girondins" is a magnificent improvisation, the climax of his ideal talent; however, it is neither literary nor historical, but political and pamphletical. His miscellaneous writings are of the hack character; belong to the sweating system of literature; he wrote to combat want.

After his voyage in the East he resided in the Rue de l'Université; his house was an oriental palace in point of luxury. Then he rapidly rolled down to the borderland of indigence, till Emile Ollivier in 1867 negotiated with Napoleon III. a donation of 500,000 frs. for the ex-statesman that saved France from anarchy in February, 1848, and the aged, worn-out *litterateur*. The municipality presented Lamartine with a free villa at Passy, where he died, March 1, 1869. The villa is still unlet; a fatal shadow seems to drape the mansion. Excepting a larger dose of vanity than his fellow-creatures possessed and a stronger leaning to pose, than mortals in general have, Lamartine was a kind and affable man. He was unpractical and unfrugal, but remember he was a poet. As a politician he was out of place in the social upheavings of 1848. He never in his life read a blue-book, a treatise on political economy, or a constitutional history, or a Grotius or a Puffendorf. But he adored Ossian, Bernard de St. Pierre, Madame de Staël, the mediævalism of Walter Scott and the romanticism of Châteaubriand. And it is on kindred pabulum that too many of the governing classes of France are nourished.

## TO CERTAIN NATURE POETS.

FRIENDS—such I call ye, for it is not meet  
To hail ye brethren in the tuneful art,  
Since I but falter, though of earnest heart—  
Friends, I have thought, reading your measures sweet,  
Your verses, though they be with charm replete,  
Were bettered did they some high thought impart,  
Or in man's conscience plunge a sudden dart.—  
Why offer roses when the world craves wheat?

Who paints a picture hath ill-done his task  
If he show not the soul in that he paints.  
Why give to mere description studious days  
While what the eye beholds is but a mask  
Through which some grand, neglected Truth doth gaze,  
To hear whose cheering voice man's spirit faints!  
Montreal. ARTHUR WEIR.

## THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU.

(Concluded.)

TWO tableaux, "The manna from heaven" and "The grapes from the promised land," are given as typical of the Last Supper. They are splendid. Hundreds of people in Eastern costume, little children in the foreground, and noticeable among them Moses and Aaron, while they catch the falling manna. For the second picture the fruit is changed a little; in the front are the two men bearing on a pole a huge cluster of grapes.

"The scene of the Last Supper" is taken from Leonardo da Vinci's famous picture. Through three narrow windows behind is seen the evening landscape; the Saviour and His disciples come in and seat themselves. He tells them how He has desired to eat this Passover with them before He suffers, and that now the time is come when He must leave them. Judas, as before, is sitting moodily apart. Christ is deeply sorrowful, and the others, noticing it, are evidently questioning among themselves as to the cause. The whole scene is solemn, and is extremely sad. Without any especial cause in themselves the disciples are overshadowed by their Master's mien, in sympathy with Him, and oppressed by forebodings raised by His words. John, sitting next to Him, keeps his eyes on Him while He speaks, with an expression of loving fidelity. Christ then rises, asks the host, who waits on them, for a basin and towel, and begins washing the disciples' feet. Peter, at first, objects, but the Lord explains it to him and he submits. In all, the Bible words are used. When the others see what is being done they take off their sandals, and the Saviour goes to each in turn, who puts his foot in the basin; the host pours water on it, and the Lord washes and dries it with the towel. Even in the action of drying the foot, there is something which belongs peculiarly to Him, it so gently and so carefully done. When all is finished Christ tells them that He has done this as an example to them, that they should do so also to the brethren.

Then comes "The Institution of the Lord's Supper," just as it is written in the Bible, it is done, and there could not be a more solemn awe over them if they were receiving the Communion in church. Christ raises the bread and asks a blessing, breaks it and goes to each with the words: "This is My body," putting a morsel in the mouth of each, and the same with the wine. He seats Himself and says sorrowfully: "Verily I say unto you, one of you shall betray me." "Lord," ask several together, "one of the twelve?" And the Lord answers: "It shall be one who dippeth his hand with Me in the dish." They look at each other in consternation. "Is it I?" "Is it I?" they ask. John sinks his head on the Saviour's breast. Even Judas ventures: "Is it I?" and Christ answers: "Thou hast said." "Lord, who is it?" asks John. And the Lord answers: "It is he to whom I shall give the sop, after I have dipped it." He dips a piece of bread in wine and gives it to Judas, saying: "What thou doest do quickly." Judas rises and hastily leaves the room (I see that some of the Gospels give this incident before the Supper. It is strange that St. John does not seem to record the Last Supper at all). Jesus seeing their sorrow comforts them with almost divine kindness, telling them that "where He is, they shall be also," that "In His kingdom they shall sit on twelve thrones judging Israel." This turns the thoughts of some into a different channel. They think still of an earthly kingdom, and discuss which shall be greatest. With beautiful mildness He reproaches them with the Scriptural passage: "Let him who is greatest among you serve the others." He gives thanks and comes round to the front of the table, followed by the others; then stands a moment as if in prayer, His face full of sadness, but He remembers their sorrow, and addresses to them the beautiful words: "Let not your hearts be troubled," only beginning with, "Dearest children, why are you so sorrowful?" and comforting them thus He passes out.

Of all the scenes in the play this seems the most real and it is most feelingly acted. There is no need in this to bring in anything otherwise than as it probably was. No need of scenery, which cannot help looking theatrical as trees represented always must look. There is nothing of that kind to break the spell, and no stage-grouping of the figures. The natural emotions are given full play, the simple room, the long table, the faint, far view through the deep, narrow windows; one can fancy the soft air blowing through them, all as it might have been at that time, and perfectly natural. The disciples, too, one can hardly say they are acting, so natural is their puzzled anxiety at His sad words, which they cannot understand. Even that little turn of worldliness in discussing their positions in His kingdom—for not even at the Ascension did some of them understand that the kingdom was not of this world. It was then they asked Him: "Lord wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" (Acts i. 6.) But most of all the Divine Redeemer's forgetfulness of His own crushing grief, when He turns repeatedly to comfort them, as well for the time when they should be scattered like sheep, as for the present, addressing them tenderly as "kinder."

A suspicion of the real intention of the priests in wanting him to betray his Lord did not at first enter into the mind of the Judas of the Passion Play, whether it did into that of the real Judas or not. He even tries in those fine soliloquies, which he speaks, to convince himself that he does not deserve the name of traitor. He relies on Christ's miraculous power which he has so often seen used, and argues to himself that there is no harm in taking this opportune means of making a provision for himself, which to him seems so sadly needed.

The tableau now is "The selling of Joseph." In the scene in which Judas sells his Master the High Council is again represented. They are waiting the coming of Judas, who has insisted on having his money in advance, and are congratulating each other on their success. Judas comes, and the money is counted out; he tries each piece on the table and puts it in his purse. The manner of the betrayal is decided upon and the Council disperses.

The tableaux, "Toiling Adam" and "The Treachery of Joab to Amasa," came before "The Garden of Gethsemane." The latter is very fine, taken from II. Samuel xx. 9; The two leaders meet in the middle of the stage, which represents a rocky place. The soldiers are grouped behind their respective masters, and seem to have no suspicion of what is about to take place. Amasa has advanced frankly to embrace Joab. He looks Joab straight in the face and his arms are laid unhesitatingly on Joab's shoulders. But Joab bends to one side and is just about to pierce him with a dagger as he kisses him. The scene in Gethsemane is wonderfully done, but that and the crucifixion they cannot make real. It follows the Bible in every detail and is, above all, very reverent, but one feels it is not what the real scene was at all; perhaps it is as well that it is not. The part of our Lord in this scene has been criticized as too passively done. I thought that part as near perfection as it could be; any acting in it would be extremely painful. The way the intense agony is seen through the quiet, gentle manner is what I like to think was really so, far rather than any other way of expressing it.

The three short prayers are taken from St. Mark's Gospel, the part afterwards, of the betrayal, from St. John. When He appears at the end of the garden He turns and says to the disciples: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death." It is most touching, and yet it is simply the way the words are said, and the manner; they

might be read again and again without expressing the same great suffering and patience combined. It is the same with the whole scene; the way the Saviour's head sinks forward on His arms gives the idea of entire exhaustion, bodily and mentally, which would only be marred by more action. The simplicity of the part seemed to me its great strength. I don't remember one thing which was repelling in the whole, but sometimes I thought it just the least bit formal; I do not mean in this scene, but speak of the whole play. Still I feel, that, is being over critical; surely, it could not have been done more beautifully. He comes, as it is written, three times to the sleeping disciples, and the last time the clash of arms is heard. Those in the back of the garden come hurriedly forward; the sleepers spring up in fear. Christ steps, as if with the instinct to protect them, in front, and stands majestically facing the rude soldiers. Judas advances and kissing Him says: "Hail, Master!" "Judas," says the Lord, "betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" and then to the others "Whom seek ye?" "Jesus of Nazareth," they answer. "I am He." It is simply and quietly said, but, as if struck by a sudden conviction of who He is, they start back, some falling to the ground; even the priests are awed. Again the same question and answer, and then, mindful even in this moment of His little flock, He says: "If therefore ye seek Me, let these go their way." Peter, the impetuous disciple, draws his sword and smites the servant. He starts back, then falls on one knee, crying: "I am wounded, O woe! my ear is gone!" "Suffer ye thus far," saith the Lord, then he touches and heals him. It is the only miracle given in the whole. Caiaphas now comes forward and commands that He shall be bound fast, which is done. All the disciples are gone and He is led away bound in the midst of His foes.

Peter and John then come some little time afterwards in search of Him. "Where have they taken the Master?" says John. "Have you not heard?" replies the other—"to Annas." "Then we will go to Annas." They pass out on the other side.

"Zedekiah striking Micaiah in the face" (I. Kings, xxii.) is the tableau before the scene in which Christ is led before Annas. He is led by a guard who push and jostle Him, but in no way does His dignity suffer. He is brought up on the steps of the palace, and the old priest questions Him as to His doctrine. His reply in all these examinations is straight from the Bible: "In secret have I done nothing." The servant strikes Him a blow which is heard all through the theatre, and is reproved with "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; if good, why smitest thou me?" "I am tired of this misdoer," exclaims Annas, "take Him to Caiaphas." He is led away with the same brutal abuse, and a few moments after come John and Peter to the house. A man opens the door and they enquire for Christ, and are told to go to Caiaphas, and depart again sadly on their search.

Tableaux, "Naboth stoned to death," "Job mocked." Christ is led before Caiaphas; it is then that the charge of blasphemy is brought against Him. "What need have we of more proofs?" cries Caiaphas, tearing his garments, "He has made Himself the Son of God." A formal meeting of the Council is arranged to condemn Him, and He stands truly as a lamb led to the slaughter—not even looking at them, but with His head slightly bent, His eyes turned to the ground. Yet in all these contacts with the princes of the world, how plainly does His true royalty show itself! What grief it must have been to Him. This hatred and scorn of those for whom He was about to die. Pilate as ruler must confirm the death sentence, and two or three of them go to demand an audience before his house. They may not go in for fear of making themselves impure before the Feast. How little they thought that they would slay the Passover for all nations and for all time. It is early in the morning and cold in the palace of Caiaphas. In the ante-room a band of soldiers is assembled; a maid comes in and lights a fire for them in an iron vessel. They sit and lie around it, blowing the flame, and warming themselves. Peter and John approach. John enters, and, after some hesitation, Peter also. He is invited to come near, and goes among them warming his hands. "This fellow is one of them," says a soldier. Peter denies it, and the maid approaches to look at him: "I have seen you with Him," she says; again denial, and the cock crows. "Thou wert also in the garden," exclaims another soldier. Peter becomes confused and denies with emphasis. The cock crows again, and the door opens to admit Christ and his guard. "And the Lord turned and looked at Peter," visibly conscience stricken, and overcome with the thought of what he had done. The disciple lifts his hands as if warding off that gentle look, and goes out weeping bitterly. He crosses the stage, lamenting his cowardice, but feeling assured of forgiveness from the compassion of that look. He is followed soon by John, seeking him, and saying, he must go to Bethany to prepare the mother of the Lord for the fearful events which are taking place.

The next scene is terribly real and one which is not comprehended in simply reading a statement of the facts. Christ is led in by the guard. The other soldiers ask what is the decision. "He is sentenced to death," is the answer. They laugh and exclaim: "A pretty King!" They place a stool for Him in the middle, with mock homage blindfold Him, and strike Him in the face again and again, crying: "Come, prophesy who smites Thee; was it I?" The face is calm, though full of grief, and not a passing expression, even of resentment. "Art Thou asleep?" they cry, and shake Him. The bandage is

taken off, and He is pushed to the floor. Even then there is no loss of dignity. Helpless, with His hands bound, He lies, and the brutal soldiers exclaim: "O woe! our King has fallen off His throne! be quick and put Him up again!" They lift and seat Him roughly. A messenger comes to summon them. "Why do you disturb us in our homage?" they ask mockingly. These scenes cannot be described even when seen; they are not realized until some time after. For that, the play ought to be seen twice.

The tableau of "Cain a wanderer on the face of the earth," prefigures the remorse of Judas, which he expresses in a soliloquy. He has realized the extent of his crime. His Master is condemned to death. At the meeting of the Council he rushes in, and is told to be quiet. His despair is terrible. He offers the money back, and demands "the best of masters," as he now calls Him, at their hands. He is coldly repulsed and ordered to go. In a frenzy he kneels to them, tears his hair, and seeing that all is of no use, flings the money at their feet and rushes out of the room. He acts wonderfully well; but in his soliloquies I thought the shifting of his attitudes a little too stagey. He appears next in a wild lonely spot, and, frantic in his remorse, declares first that he will seek the forgiveness of his Lord, and then that his crime is too great for pardon. Suddenly he catches sight of a low stunted tree, and determines to put an end to himself. He fastens his girdle round his neck and then to the tree; just as he finishes the curtain falls.

Christ is led before Pilate. The terrible sufferings and fatigues of the past night show in His face, but His walk is firm and majestic, in spite of the rough pushes of the soldiers. Pilate finds no fault in Him, and would release Him. "If you let this man go, you are not Caesar's friend; He maketh Himself a king!" cry the High Priests. "By our law He must die!" The question "What is truth?" is asked, interrupted by a message from Pilate's wife. Then Pilate hears that He is from the territory of Herod, and sends Him to the Tetrarch. The priests who have stood at the foot of the steps, a restless, excited throng, ever repeating their blood-thirsty demands, hurry Him away. "He must die before the Sabbath," they say, and are angry at the delay.

The tableau "Samson" now comes, and is a very fine one. Samson's arm is round the great pillar, which is breaking in two places. Those around the throne are too near to see the danger impending, but a panic is beginning at the end of the room—some starting from their chairs, others about to flee.

In a large rich room Herod is seated on a throne. The priests are explaining the case to him for which his judgment is required. "I have long wanted to see some miracle done by this man," says Herod. That is the thought uppermost in his mind. He orders that Christ shall be brought. Through this whole interview, our Lord does not speak a word. With what divine patience He went through all this insult and suffering, knowing what the end must be! His bearing is impressive. Herod suggests several miracles: "Turn thy death warrant into a serpent," he says, pointing to it in the hands of the priest. Receiving no answer, he says scornfully: "Thou canst not!" Then to the priests: "The man is a fool, a dreamer, and harmless; as he calls Himself a king, we will clothe Him royally." A white mantle is put upon the Lord, and He is led away. "Is that thy sentence? think what thou doest!" cry the priests, indignant and fearful lest the victim should escape them. "Take their favourite before the people, and let them gaze on Him to their hearts' content; take Him to Pilate, he rules here," says Herod.

Tableaux are, first, "Joseph's coat brought by his brethren to their father"; next, "A ram provided for the sacrifice instead of Isaac."

The Saviour is again brought before Pilate, who remarks sharply: "Herod then found no guilt in this man also?" "He said that thou art ruler here." The priests reply: "Ye force me to tell you plainly." Pilate then says "that I consider ye seek this man's death out of malice; I will proceed no further with the sentence until I have heard the voice of the people!" "Thou shalt hear it," cries Caiaphas, "and shalt see that thou doest us wrong." "There is a custom of releasing a prisoner to you at the Feast," suggests Pilate; "I will have the man scourged, and release Him." "Release unto us Barabbas!" they cry with one voice. "Barabbas wish we!" Pilate then gives orders to his soldiers, and the rejected Saviour is led away. Caiaphas turns to the priests and rabbis: "Go ye unto all the streets of Jerusalem, stir up the people and prepare them for Pilate's proposal;" and they depart on their errand.

The curtain rises on the scene of "The scourging of our Lord"; the last blows given are all we see. Christ is standing by the side of a short, broad pillar, to which His bound hands are tied. His dress has been taken away and He has (apparently) only a white cloth round the waist; His body is stooped as if in extreme exhaustion and pain. "That is enough," says a soldier, throwing the scourge aside; and then with mock reverence they beg Him to sit down. "A king should not stand," they say. They bring a crimson mantle and put it on Him, and a crown of thorns; not content with putting it on His head, they lay two sticks across; each takes an end and forces it down on His forehead, till the sticks bend under the pressure. It is an action of the most vicious brutality, yet He sits in patient silence. The sceptre, a bulrush, is put in His hand, and then they kneel before Him, mock Him,

and at each rude jest break into scornful laughter; so they continue until summoned by a messenger.

Tableaux, first, "Joseph made ruler over Egypt," and next, "The choosing of the scapegoat."

Christ is again brought before Pilate. He stands dressed as He was in the last scene, surrounded by soldiers, and before Him are the murderous band of priests and the excited crowd of Jerusalem. Pilate commands Barabbas to be brought and stands him—an old grey-haired reprobate—beside the Lord. Could there be a greater contrast than between that degraded criminal, and that majestic figure with its kingly thorn-crowned head? Yet the fickle people, who had so lately welcomed Him with Hosannas, cry again and again: "To the cross with Him, release unto us Barabbas." "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" Pilate calls for water, washes his hands, and then dictates the sentence of death to the secretary, who afterwards reads it from the balcony. Breaking his staff of office in two and throwing it to the bottom of the steps, Pilate gives the command, the prisoner is taken away, the rejoicing priests following.

Tableaux, first, "Isaac carrying the wood for the sacrifice up Mount Moriah"; next, "Israel cured by the brazen serpent."

On the street on the left comes Mary led by John and accompanied by several friends. They are looking for the Lord. Suddenly! they hear distant shouting and laughter. "Let us stay here until they pass," says Joseph of Arimathea, and they draw back under an arch. The mockery and jibes of the priests and soldiers are now distinct. In the street on the right appears the head of the fearful procession, the Lord Christ bearing on His shoulders the great cross, led by brutal soldiers, urged unmercifully by the priests, who are come determined to see that the work is finished. Still thorn-crowned and bending beneath the load, yet with all His willingness to bear it, expressed in the firm hold of both hands, He comes with wavering steps and agonized patient face, but just as He is in sight, He falls, putting one trembling hand to the ground, the other still retaining its hold. He is roughly helped to rise, the priests impatient at the delay—urge that the procession should move faster. "He must die before the Sabbath," they say, and the people in the rear cry "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" At the archway He again falters. A door is opened and a man comes out, an old withered creature, saying roughly that there is no place before his house for Him to rest, He must move on. The Lord simply looks at him; the cross is adjusted, and they come into the open street. Now Mary sees who it is. She utters a faint cry, and falls back into the arms of one of her friends. "It is my Son! my Jesus!" she says. All through, it seems, as if the end had not been hidden from her from the beginning—and the reason for it all. A few more painful steps are taken, and again the great trailing cross proves too heavy for the Lord, and He sinks beneath it. There is something more touching in this human weakness—than in all the divine fortitude with which He bore His other trials. The latter is foreign to our nature; we can adore, but not understand; this, we have felt ourselves and are able to sympathize with. Now, down the middle street comes Simon, the Cyrenian. The Roman senator behind on horse back commands that the cross should be taken from the drooping figure and put upon this man. Simon steps quickly forward to take it, saying: "I would bear it willingly for love of Thee." "The blessing of God be with thee and thine," says the Saviour. Some women of Jerusalem come lamenting and weeping; one of them offers Him a napkin to wipe His face. Doubtless, they were some of those who had known His unflinching kindness, and He says to them gently: "Oh daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me but for yourselves!" "How much more delay!" cries Caiaphas impatiently; then, to the Lord: "Come, Thou canst move more quickly now!" The women are driven roughly away by a soldier and the procession moves on.

The chorus have changed their coloured mantles for black, and, while they sing, the heavy blows of a hammer are heard from behind. When the curtain rises the two thieves are already on their crosses; the middle cross is being raised. The blood is running from the hands and feet; the whole figure hangs as if in utter faintness, with the head bent downwards and turned on one shoulder. The attitude is never changed, till, hearing the scoffs of the priests who call upon Him to save Himself, He slowly turns His face upwards and says, faintly: "Father forgive them, they know not what they do," and again—in a tender tone—"Eloi! Eloi! lama sabachthani?" "Does He call upon Elias?" ask the priests, "let us see whether Elias will help Him." "Yes, if thou be Christ, save Thyself and us," from one thief; then the reproach from the other; his appeal to the Saviour, and the promise "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." The Roman officer commands that a space shall be cleared among the soldiers, who are throwing dice for His garments at the foot of the cross. His mother and friends approach; the mother is commended to the disciples' care—His last tender thoughtfulness—and He says: "I thirst." A sponge is hardly put to His lips before He says "It is finished; Father into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

The long pauses between these sentences, spoken from the cross, are filled up by the mocking of the priests and soldiers; now however there are bursts of thunder, and the landscape behind is hidden by a dense mass of cloud. The people disperse quickly in awe. "Truly this was a righteous man," says the centurion. The priests demand that the legs of the crucified should be broken and the



bodies taken away before the Sabbath. The two thieves are taken, but Jesus they find dead already. A soldier pierces His side, and Caiaphas declares there is but one thing more, and that is to see Him thrown into the grave of common criminals. As he says it, Joseph of Arimathea comes to the centurion and tells him Pilate has given him the body to bury. The priests expostulate, but the centurion remains firm. They are called away by a man who comes running, and saying, that the veil of the Temple is rent in twain. Even the priests are awestruck: the little group, who have been standing silent with bowed heads under the cross, are left alone.

Then with the utmost reverence and tender care begins the descent from the cross; a ladder is placed at the back and another in front; a linen band is placed under the arms to support the body, and the thorn crown is taken softly off and handed down. The great nail is taken from the bleeding palm, the arm passed gently down and laid at His side; so, with the other; the feet have been meanwhile detached by John. "Come, thou dear sacred burden," says Joseph, receiving the body on his shoulder. John aids him to carry it, placing it on a linen cloth with the head in Mary's lap; I forget their words, not of course from the Bible. Mary Magdalene anoints the wounds with ointment and the body of the Saviour is carried out, followed by the weeping women.

"The resurrection" is given, Christ coming out of the cave where His tomb was; the falling to the ground of the soldiers, who had been before discussing the events which had just taken place and rejoicing that this was the last day of their watch. One cannot say that there is anything irreverent in it, but as no one saw it, and no one knows the manner of the resurrection I should have preferred it left out. They did not give the scene of "The Lord's appearance to Mary Magdalene in the garden by the tomb," but that was most likely because it was already long after the time for the play to end. The chorus are again dressed in their coloured mantles, and come singing a beautiful anthem, "He is risen." While they sing the curtain rises. On Mount Olivet the little group of disciples are gathered, with a background of soft distant landscape. They are gazing at their ascending Lord, whose feet are on a level with Mary's outstretched hands as she kneels with her face upturned. Slowly He is taken up from them, His hands extended over them in blessing, and it is with great relief that we feel He is going to His Father, His sufferings over. When mid-way between earth and heaven the curtain falls and excludes Him from our view.

It is a beautiful tableau. The figure of the Saviour is painted on a moving background of sky; this enables them to give to the face a look of beauty, a glorifying of the features which had no real beauty on earth. Never would I have thought it could have been so beautifully represented. It is a thing once seen never to be forgotten. Not perfect of course, but with the chief merit in the impersonation of the principal characters. N. K. J.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### THE DEADLY RAILWAY CROSSING.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—As you well say, editorially, in yours of 17th inst., on this subject: "the loss of life from accidents at level-crossings in Canada is deplorable." Every other day, and possibly oftener, in Canada, such accidents happen. Their very repetition, *non vi sed sepe cadendo*, seem to have produced that "apraxia" so felicitously described by your correspondent "X." What you both say on the subject in deprecation of our—as "X" puts it—"national practice in the matter, as irrational and wrong, and derogatory to a young and progressive community" is quite true. Too much cannot be said in that direction, and it is time that the people concerned should move in remedy.

Unfortunately, it happens to be one of those matters in which the individual special interest of the moment is too weak to rouse public action in vindication; and on the other hand the "Government," theoretically charged with the moral responsibility of such "wrong" it is to be regretted, is seemingly affected by, say, "apraxia." Not that the Government can be charged with indifference to the public interest in the matter of railways, for has it not its own special Minister of State on the subject, its own special committee of the Privy Council, and its own special commission or commissioner, *quasi* permanent at high salary, all in the aim of the largest public interest. In this regard we are, in a sense, a Railway Government, and as such have made achievements commanding the admiration of the world. So far well!

We have done this, as other countries have done, by an abnormal liberality in material gifts and franchises to such enterprise; heedless ("apraxially") much and oft to individual and even commercial interests in the way; the juggernaut of the time had, yea, still has, its victims; its votaries, on the whole, fared better, as they took inside passage.

To return to our subject. The danger of level-crossing by a railway on the highway, especially on thoroughfares, was specially guarded against, or, at least, was sought to be so by our first (Canadian) legislation on the subject over forty years ago. The first statute, *ad hoc* (I don't remember its precise date), required a double gate and a man to attend to it. Shortly afterwards the fast rising railway interest of the day as represented by the Montreal and Lachine, and New York and Plattsburg Railway Com-

panies, then running between New York and Montreal, had the enactment repealed. While in the process accordingly of removing their double gate at the Tanneries Crossing in the outskirts of Montreal, the first serious accident, in Canada, occurred in 1850. A Major James Hughes, an old leading Nor'-Wester, then in Imperial Service in the Indian Department, was there killed by an incoming train when driving into town to his office one morning. The immediate cause of the accident was, really, the blundering of the man at the gate. As Mr. H., at the turn of the highway there, was approaching the crossing from the direction of Lachine, and while about forty yards off, driving fast with a spirited horse, and when, as proved at the trial afterwards, there would have been ample time for Mr. H. to pass through, the man closed the solitary gate on the further side of the track. The consequence, notwithstanding all possible effort by Mr. H., a skilful horseman, was a fatal collision, and the old gentleman was killed. Happily, there were other witnesses of the incident than the railway officials, who all attested to entire blame on the part of the gate-keeper. The Railway Companies in fault refused to pay even the funeral expenses, and disavowed all responsibility. The question had never been raised in our courts; I was then in practice at Bar in Montreal. The law, under the statute, seemed to me clear on the point. For the widow (Arcaud, by name) I sued the Railway Companies—suit entered in registry in Montreal under name Arcaud (widow J. Hughes) vs. The New York and Plattsburg Company, *et al.* After a contest *à outrance*, I got a verdict and judgment for \$2,500 and costs, which I enforced. The jurisprudence of the country has since followed that decision. Action after action has been brought against railway companies in such like cases. As a matter of habit they have been contested generally amongst other grounds on that of "contributory" blame or damages. In most instances the parties (Plaintiff) were poor, and unable to carry their cases through the higher courts in appeal. Still, gain or lose, the companies have to pay much, in dead loss, from such causes; that penalty alone, one would think, would prompt them to some effort in their own interests.

As to the killing and its sad effect on others, not to speak of the fact in its moral aspects, it may be said by way of explanation, and certainly not in excuse: "Corporations have no soul." On this point we must all agree with "X," and would say more if need be.

It is not to be said, of course, that railway companies are utterly callous to the claims of common humanity in their concerns, and that with them the Moloch of revenue is king. On purely "business principles" alone they know better than that. They live by the public; are, in a sense, its servants, and must, from the nature of that relation, respect that mastery. That is the theory of the case; practically, we all know, we are fast realizing the reverse.

As a matter of fact they are not sufficiently careful of life as endangered by their work. On this subject of level-crossings they have been persistently deaf and blind to public safety.

It is well known that they have often been approached by outside parties with schemes of safeguard, such as automatic railway gates, with appropriate warnings and guards, but that, so far, these have been refused—not from any impracticability about them as shown by the perfectly working models exhibited to them, but, forsooth, because they prefer to work on *in that old way*, and not risk the cost of a new experiment. As the engineer in chief of our "Grand Trunk," worthy Mr. Hannaford, observed to me, when, ten years ago, I exhibited to him a rude model of an automatic railway gate, which I had just caved, and which on his testing it he found to work perfectly: "I see it works well, and in Europe it would be extremely valuable; but in this country we have, and we like, an open track, and if anything goes wrong we know how, in the old way, to make it right very simply. Besides," he continued, "it would cost too much to make the experiment. The Government should do that." I then asked "Why valuable in Europe and not here?" "Our ice and snow would interfere with it," said he. "But," I rejoined, "according to my plan and specification, although it is not shown in the necessarily small model, the whole mechanism would be iron cased and purposely made to meet such difficulty." Last year I submitted the same, with much improvement in simplification and protection against contingencies, to the C.P.R. Mr. Van Horne kindly responded by delegating his assistant, Mr. Shaughnessy, to examine the model. Hedid so, and found it to work perfectly; seemed impressed by its simplicity, so far as he saw and tried it; and, with every appearance of approval, observed: "I find only one weak point about it; the ice may get in here," pointing to where there was a slot within the rail, "and interfere with its working. Satisfy me on that point and I will look at it," meaning, as I understood him, that that done, he would take up the scheme. I told him at the time that a similar objection had been made by Mr. Hannaford and that I had provided, perfectly, against it by giving a cutting edge underneath, to the steel bar there, which bar would have, as motor, the full weight of the passing locomotive and car wheels, that the model did not show that peculiarity (for ice-cutting) as it was on too small a scale and imperfect in such detail. Afterwards improving the whole thing and obviating any possible difficulty from ice or snow or such like causes, I wrote him again, stating I was prepared to satisfy him on all points. I received no answer; that was two or three weeks ago. I gave by way of reference the names of two gentlemen whom I consider the chief original promoters of the

C.P.R., viz., Hon. Senator Abbott, and Sir George Stephen, who have both often kindly acknowledged to myself and others my special services, *nomine* "Britannicus," in originating the scheme, practically now over twenty years ago. The scheme of an automatic railway gate was first suggested by the case in hand, of Hughes, above narrated. Though not a mechanic, Nature had evidently given me a mechanical turn of mind, and in its working thus subjectively it was not trammelled like that of my friend, Mr. Hannaford, by any "old ways of doing the thing."

His suggestion, however, that "the Government should try it" is, I think, a good one; and, I would add, if found worthy, Government should enforce the safeguard by statute. Let them call for tenders for such an invention and offer sufficient reward in that behest. There may be no special agency in Government for such moving; if so, they can make it. In fact we ought to have a permanent expert Board for all such matters, say in connection with the Patent Office.

I have to apologize, Mr. Editor, for introducing so much of personal matter in these lines, but I could not well avoid it. The scheme of "M.'s Automatic Railway Gate" has amongst railway people in the United States, as well as Canada, long been a subject of discussion, as one promising to meet a long felt want. Part, viz., what of it was exposed to view in the model, was plagiarized some seven years ago in the Patent Office of the United States, and adapted to the giving of signals at hidden curves, the patentee having, or more likely adopting, my name. It is a singular fact, that with all the need for such an invention in the railway world, none, so far as I know, has yet found acceptance. M. M.

Ottawa, October 20, 1890.

### THE RAMBLER.

ONE of the richest things recently brought before the London artistic public has been an attempt to found an English Comédie Française. The idea is all right and the promoters probably enthusiastic and earnest, but the scheme is killed at the outset by the announcement that William Black, George Meredith, Sir Edwin Arnold and Jerome K. Jerome are busily engaged writing plays for presentation on the new stage. Shade of Shakespeare, be with us as we read, and grant that we may never have to attend such a series of dismal! I really cannot conceive of either Meredith or Black writing a successful play. Sir Edwin Arnold might perhaps evolve another libretto for a spectacular opera or mystic cantata upon the lines of the "Light of Asia," but a play will be a very different matter. Tennyson would be also to the fore, I suppose, with the "Cup," or "Harold," or "Queen Mary." Then the titled play-wrights! Meanwhile one man is sound, and he is known as the veteran critic, Clement Scott. May he continue long to flourish, and to wield that sensible and trenchant pen of his.

Did you ever look down a column of newly-copyrighted publications and see how "mixed" they read? These announcements struck my eye (a very roving, mischievous eye, I am afraid) the other day and I thought their arrangement uncommonly happy.

"Glimpses of Glory, or Incentives to Holy Living." . . . "Scotch Dainties," (Brose, Parritch, Kail, Haggis and Bannocks). "Canada's Pride." Portraits of nine celebrated draught horses (engraving). "A Happy Holiday," by Grace E. Denison. "A Petition and Prayer in behalf of the Lower Animals."

Here we have Mrs. Denison's bright book sandwiched between an engraving of the turf's favourites, and a pamphlet issued, I suppose, in the interests of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is quite singular that within a couple of years three books of travel from Canadian feminine pens have appeared, to extend our knowledge of foreign shores and to be placed proudly upon the "Canadian shelf." Mrs. Blackstock, Miss Duncan and Mrs. Denison have given us three widely differing but all remarkably pleasing books, and their efforts are being visited by success and genuine praise.

I should very much like to know when the word "atmosphere" first began to be used in connection with literary work in the sense of a background, although it means much more than just a background. Of course, with reference to Art, the term *atmosphere* has been in use always. But with reference to novels and romances, its use denotes a subtle sense of local colour which is indispensable to truly great works. And it is precisely atmosphere that so many Canadian works are deficient in. Hawthorne, the elder, the greatest of the Hawthornes, in writing his preface to the "Blithedale Romance," remarks upon that want of an atmosphere which in 1852 beset all novelists in his native country, and grumbles that the paint and powder of his creations are too visible. This was before the days of so called realism, and Hawthorne did not foresee a time when to depict each fleck of powder and "locate" each dab of paint would be considered the height of genius. But how remarkably well he succeeded in attempting to create an atmosphere! How deftly in that very book the romantic episodes of Zenobia's extraordinary career are dovetailed together with the monotonous, ugly life on a New England farm in all its unattractive details! Nothing but the most artistic manipulation of atmosphere could have produced such a result. Let our own writers

then study this process. It is the only one which will bring fame and recognition.

In this "Blithedale Romance" occurs a vindication of some remarks of mine printed in these columns some months ago now upon the relations of clever women to men in general. You may remember that I insisted upon the fact that too clever a woman stands a poorer chance of winning and retaining a man's affections than the less gifted individual. Is not the career of Zenobia corroboration of this? What else does, can this sentence mean? "He was not altogether obtuse to Zenobia's influence as a woman. No doubt, however, he had a still more exquisite enjoyment of Priscilla's silent sympathy with his purpose, so unalloyed with criticism, and, therefore, more grateful than any intellectual approbation, which always involves a possible reserve of latent censure. A man—poet, prophet, or whatever he may be, readily persuades himself of his right to all the worship that is voluntarily tendered."

Now, this passage is a startling commentary upon that theory of mine. Nearly every man has to deal with either a Priscilla or a Zenobia, sometimes with the two. And the alternations of passion, tempestuous feeling and moods are not nearly so attractive to the ordinary selfish male being as the wistful, clinging, incomplete and maidenly character which seeks its proper and satisfying complement.

#### AN AFTERGLOW.

"At eventide it shall be light," so sang  
In strains of tender music, strangely sweet,  
That olden prophet, in whose pulses beat  
Undying hope and sympathy that sprang  
From source divine. So many a bitter pang  
Grows painless, and oft weary, aching feet  
With new strength bound, 'neath noon-tide's scorching  
heat,

Or in the ominous hush, when clouds o'erhang,  
Heavy with pent-up waters, till a light  
Swift, sharp, and penetrating rends the cloud,  
And the glad earth, refreshed, smiles at the sight  
Of western skies, with heaven's glow endowed,  
And through the quiet air, peal sweet and strong  
From minster towers the chimes of evensong.

Oshawa.

M. E. HENDERSON.

#### H. P. LIDDON.

IN MEMORIAM.

NOT for a moment will I pretend that I write these memorial words on Henry Parry Liddon in the spirit of an impartial critic. On the contrary, I venture to write them only in order that those thousands who admired and honoured him in his public career may know a little more of what it was which those who had the privilege of his intimacy, and who dearly loved him, felt to be the peculiar value and significance of his personality. Writing of him under the very shadow of his loss, that significance and that value impress themselves with special acuteness; and the memory is quickened by an affection which can with difficulty learn to believe that a presence so vital and so exhilarating will never be found at our side again, with the look and the speech that had, for so long, been our delight.

What is it that we should say of him, if we are asked why we attributed to him such peculiar value?

I need not touch on all those obvious gifts of his, which were revealed through his preaching and his writing, and which are public property. He had literary and theological learning; he had style; he had rhetorical skill and passion. All this I can assume to be acknowledged; but what was it in him which gave force and colour to all this?

Well, he had that which we call "distinction." You might agree with him, or not agree; you might criticize and discuss his gifts; but, anyhow, he had the quality of speciality. In any roomful of men, his presence was felt with a distinct and rare impression. If he let himself speak, his voice, manner, style, articulation, arrested you; you wanted to listen to him, whoever else was speaking: his phrases, his expressions, caught your ear. Here was somebody notable; so you knew. He stood out from his fellows: there was a flavour in his company which was unique.

And this impression was one which belonged to character; it was not the result of any particular and separate gift, but it made itself known through them all. Whatever he did or said was unlike another's; was characteristic of himself. And this was what gave him, to those who had the joy of his friendship, such intense and unflinching interest. In days such as ours, where the average standard of culture and cleverness, and character is so high, it requires a most remarkable force of inward energy for any one to show himself clearly and distinctly above the average. He had kept his contours free; he had never let himself be ground down to the ordinary mould. He had got the tone and quality that could never be mistaken for another's. He was, in a word, intensely interesting. To watch him, to catch his glance, his gestures, his motion, his intonation, was a perpetual joy in itself. Everything that came from him, in word or deed, was exactly typical of him. It was so sure to be like him, that it gave you the shock of a delicious surprise every

time it happened—the surprise, not of a novelty, but of recognizing so intense an identity under a novel form. This gave to his companionship an inexhaustible charm; it was impossible ever to be with him beyond a few minutes without adding to your stores of refreshing memories of this kind.

Of course, for this to happen he required to know you, to know exactly where he stood towards you; no one was more sensitive to the social atmosphere about him. He could never expand like this except when he was sure of the surroundings. Nor, again, should I say that his habitual gentleness could at all conceal the fire that glowed beneath it, and which would kindle into ready flame at any provocation that was aware how to rouse it. There were subjects on which he would speak with a vehement excitement that grew hotter as it found words; and he had this mark of the natural orator, that the language would win epigrammatic force and precision, according to the measure of the heat that burned behind it; and again the brilliancy of the epigrams that flowed from his lips would feed and renew the heat. At such times it was evident how explosive were the forces of that sensitive physique, which he had to manage and control under the restraint of a delicate and disciplined courtesy.

Such a personality, so fresh, so vivid, so abundant, so elastic, so vivacious, was bound to be ever interesting and ever charming. Nor was this freshness, this elasticity of character, the least diminished by the fact that, intellectually, his lines were singularly formal and motionless. On the contrary, is it not often true that humour and imagination play with fullest freedom round and about an intellectual pivot which is absolutely fixed? The very fixity of the convictions sets these forces loose, unhindered by any interior anxiety. They are relieved from the labour of working out and determining the position to be taken up, and their entire energy is free to skirmish outside—to attack, to defend, to repudiate, to "chaff," to detect weak points in opponents' armour, to summon up all available resources in succour of the position adopted. Definite and unhesitating convictions are an immense gain to the advocate and to the logician; they form the finest background for humour, for irony, for imagination. The man whose convictions are themselves in the act of growing is bound to offer magnificent opportunities to a quick and acute logic, and to a brilliant sense of the ridiculous. Such opportunities were never missed by Liddon. He had all his weapons ready. His appreciation of the absurd was like an instinct; and the moment that the absurd had been sighted, his imagination was up and after it, like a greyhound slipped from the leash.

Here was his power in talk, and in writing. His intellect, as such, would never stir. You could anticipate, exactly, the position from which he would start. It never varied. He had won clear hold on the dogmatic expressions by which the Church of the Councils secured the Catholic belief in the Incarnation; and there he stood with unalterable tenacity. Abstract ideas did not appeal to him: for philosophy he had no liking, though, naturally, he could not fail in handling it to show himself a man of cultivated ability. But it did not affect him at all: he never felt drawn to get inside it. He did not work in that region. His mental tone was intensely practical; it was Latin, it was French, in sympathy and type. For Teutonic speculation he had a most amusing repugnance. Its misty magniloquence, its grotesque bulk, its immense clumsiness, its laborious pedantry, which its best friends admit, brought out everything in him that was alert, rapid, compact, practical, effective, humorous. There was nothing against which his entire armoury came into more vivid play—his brilliant readiness, his penetrating irony, his quick sense of proportion, his admirable and scholarly restraint, his delicate grace, his fastidious felicity of utterance. There was no attraction on the speculative side to make him hesitate in these excursions of his; he saw no reason to expect any gain from these philosophers, while, on the other hand, he was acutely alive to the perils of such intellectual adventures.

So he stood, absolutely rooted, in the region of thought. Nothing arrived to colour, or expand, his intellectual fabric. To novel ideas—to the ideas that are still in growth, especially—he offered no welcome, so far as his own inner habit of mind was concerned. Of course, he was quick enough to perceive them, to estimate them, to handle them, to place them. He was on the alert to deal with them; he was acutely sensitive to the exact points at which they touched his position. But he never enjoyed them for their own sake. Reason to him was a tool, a weapon, a talent committed in charge; but hardly a life. And, perhaps, in saying all this, we can relieve Mr. Frederic Harrison of his wonder how any one, with a mind so unelastic, could have had such immense influence. As with the humorist, so with the orator and the preacher, a fixed intellectual base is an incomparable gain. The preachers who produce the deepest effect are those who, having fast hold of the elemental religious principles which their hearers already hold, but hold hesitatingly, or hold as in a dream, or hold without knowing what they hold, drag these out from the darkness in which they lie buried, or forces them into activity, and vividly manifests the reality of their application to heart and conduct. That is what moves men so profoundly; they come to church professing a creed, they hope that they believe it; but it slumbers, inoperative and inert, without practical force, without any direct or effectual significance. The preacher reads out the secret; he takes up this assumed creed; he gives it actual meaning; he

spreads it out over the surface of life; he brings it to bear on the real facts of daily conduct with incision and with fire.

Now, in all this Liddon was supreme. Unelastic in his intellectual framework, he was eminently elastic in every other field of life—in sympathy, in imagination, in affection, in sensibility, in logical acuteness, in mental alertness, in modes of expression, in turns of feeling. Here, all was motion, rapidity, change. No one could appreciate a situation with a finer or more delicate intuition; no one could exhibit a more subtle variety of temperament, a more spontaneous identification of himself with the shifting needs of the moment. Here, he would "become all things to all men"; he would understand everything in a flash, the meaning would be caught up and expressed with pre-eminent happiness of insight. Thus he had the double gift of the preacher. He impressed, he overawed, he mastered, by the sense of unshaken solidity which his mental characteristics assured to him. Men felt the force of a position which was as a rock amid the surging seas. Here, was the fixity, the security, the eternal reassurance most needed by those who wondered sadly whether the sands under their feet were shifty or no. And yet, at the service of this unmoving creed was a brain, a heart, alive with infinite motion, abounding in rich variety, fertile, resourceful, quickening, expansive, vital.

And, if we add to this a strong will, possessed of unswerving courage, and utterly fearless of the world, we shall see that there was in him all the elements that constitute a great Director of Souls. For such a function he had just the right combination of gifts—rigid and decisive spiritual principles, applied to the details of life with all the pliability of a sympathetic imagination and of illuminative affection. The moment he entered the sphere of personal relations, his intense honour for each soul in its separateness, his exquisite courtesy, his unflinching tenderness, his eager unselfishness, his perfect simplicity, all served to temper and correct the rigidities of his intellectual formulæ. In binding the earlier and later stages of the Church movement together, Liddon, who was at once in the intimate and affectionate confidence of the great academic chief who still worked and prayed in the corner of the great quadrangle at Christ Church, and the greatest power in the pulpit at St. Mary's—and yet had also been the fellow-curate of Mackonochie at Wantage, and had, as Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon, inspired the very men who were doing the Catholic work in street and field—Liddon was, for the last twenty-five years, of incalculable importance to the Church. And it was in bridging these significant years by the force of a most noticeable personality that he told, too, upon us, the younger brood at Oxford, to whom he gave himself in such simple and delightful familiarity. He introduced into our midst the intensity, the fibre, the moral toughness of the older Tractarians. He had their rigorous unworldliness, their unflinching courage, their disciplined self-repression, their definite and masterful direction, their spiritual beauty, their unearthly force. We, on the other hand, had come under many influences which were wholly foreign to all under which the older movement grew. The currents of thought that fed the education of the day had been changed. The English utilitarianism had yielded to the sway of speculative floods, which had been set moving in German Universities. These influences had gone very deep in us; they had passed into our innermost habits of reasoning; they had dyed our mental moods. He resolutely kept himself aloof from the influences that had entered the modern life and had changed its intellectual temper.

This could not but be a sorrow; but yet it remained that, by different routes, we arrived at the same goal. Our conclusion was his conclusion. For still, it was "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Still, it was the doctrine of the Incarnation, as witnessed by Church and Scripture, which was the sum and substance of all our apology. All his positive vital convictions were ours also. And here he brought to bear upon us the authoritative correction which we, in our littleness, most needed. For we were shaken and confused by the new powers that had taken hold of the intellectual life. We were staggering about; we were often lifted off our feet. We were weaklings caught in a strong stream. And it was everything to have before us one who gave us a standard of what spiritual conviction should mean; one who never cringed, or shrank, or compromised, or slid; one who looked unswervingly on the eternal things; one who was evidence to us of what the sacraments of the Incarnation could work in those who were yielded to them in body, soul, and spirit; one who had committed his all to the dominion and service of Christ, "casting down before it all reasonings and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." There he was; there was no mistaking him. He would die gladly for his creed; we felt it; we knew it; and it shamed us and braced us just when shame and bracing were most needful.

Ah! and then, on the common ground of his and our positive conviction, he gave us everything that was exhilarating and attractive in personal intimacy. He drew us with the cords of a man. He communed with us freely, with that most joyful and blessed communion of mind and heart which is impossible except for those who walk together in the same house of God as friends.

Only to those who came within the warmth and security of a common faith could be set free all the glow-

ing fervours and the most radiant fascinations of his personal character. But to them everything was opened with the most winning freedom and in the richest abundance. To the very last it was the same. The bond held fast, however annoying and erratic we became. Never did I find him more buoyantly at ease, more brimming with confidential mirth and playful affection, than when I met him at Oxford on the Sunday before his final illness.

He was the most beautiful of friends. It is the loss of this that has taken so much sunlight from our days, and has made our daily life feel so beggared and so thin. Often and often in the years to come we shall turn, by happy habit, to feel it at hand, only to remember with a fresh touch of sadness that God has taken from us that presence that was so beautiful and so dear.

"All our days we shall go softlier, sadlier," as those who are aware that a glory has gone from their life; yet as those who, from the very bottom of their hearts, give thanks to the Lord and Saviour Who has him in good keeping, that it was once their honour and their joy to know and to love Henry Parry Liddon.—*Canon Scott Holland, in Contemporary Review for October.*

#### ART NOTES.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR has employed artists at the expense of something like \$10,000 to illustrate one copy of each of his novels. These copies form a private *édition de luxe*, each one being labelled "My Personal Copy," and occupying a prominent place in his library.

THE *Art Interchange*, of New York, has been purchased by an incorporated association of capitalists, to be known as the Art Interchange Company, who will continue the business of publishing text books, coloured studies, facsimiles, and the periodical known as the *Art Interchange*.

GÉROME, the eminent French artist, complains that students do not study antique art sufficiently. The days when he lectures upon this branch at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts the room is nearly empty. According to M. Gérôme, the serious study of antique art gave the French school a superiority over all others. To-day, he says, there is no concealing the fact that the French school is declining, and if the young artists do not take heed the foreigners will surpass them. In all that constitutes the picturesque side of art and the faculty of copying, the foreigners have nothing to learn from their French masters.

THE celebrated "Chandos" portrait of Shakespeare, the only one which seems likely to have been taken from the life, and which is now in the British National Portrait Gallery, has been magnificently etched by Leopold Flameng for Frederick Keppel and Company, at whose gallery proofs may be seen. The etching, like the portrait, is of the size of life, oval, showing head and bust, and gives one a higher opinion of its original than was expressed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who merely pronounced it "remarkably good, if only the work of an amateur." Tradition ascribes it to Richard Burbage, one of Shakespeare's actors; and it is known to have been in the possession of Sir William Davenant and of the actor Betterton, before it came into that of the Duke of Chandos, by whose name it is generally known.

THE exhibition of the paintings of the Russian artist, Verestchagin, at the Arena Building on Tremont Street, Boston, is a very remarkable one, not only for the extraordinary skill and versatility displayed by the artist, but for the daring flights of his brush. History, portraits, architecture, landscape, marine and still life, are all depicted with equal power and truth to nature. Among the works that make the most striking impression on the eye is the vast canvas, depicting a procession, in which the Prince of Wales, mounted upon an elephant, is a prominent figure. The glow of colour in this work is no less surprising than is the beautiful harmony of its tones. The drawing is perfect throughout, the elephants being wonderfully close studies from the life. The textures are all beautifully manipulated, notably the rich trappings of the animals. There are numerous battle pictures showing the horrors of war, and these, though generally repulsive in their subjects and almost sickening in the horrors of their details, are splendid examples of the artist's gifts as a master of form, colour and effect. Though his canvases are as a rule large, there is nothing of the impressionist school in their execution. Everything is carefully worked out, and the painter's patience and conscientious feeling in this regard are finely exemplified in the minuteness with which the interior of a mausoleum, almost confusingly elaborate in its carved ornamentation is worked out. This picture by the way, conceived for the most part in a scheme of whites and grays, is a remarkable example of the artist's skill in colour. There are numerous lovely little gems of landscape, exquisite in atmosphere and feeling, and full of poetic sentiment. There are one hundred and twenty works in all, and it would be impossible in the space at our command to describe them with any approach to the care they deserve. The gorgeous Agra rugs to be seen there would alone repay a visit to the exhibition. Nothing as gorgeous and as royally beautiful in their way has ever been seen here. In addition there is a large variety of curious weapons of war, religious jewels, laces, head dresses, garbs and ornaments of Russian origin that are rare in their peculiar attractiveness. A still further interest is imparted to the collection by the display of Millet's much discussed painting "L'Angelus," which will be shown for the first time in Boston.—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

AT the Grand next week Mr. and Mrs. McDowell and their well-chosen comedy company will open an engagement. These artists are known and appreciated in Toronto.

NEXT week at the Academy James O'Neil will present "The Dead Heart." This is well known as one of Henry Irving's recent successful productions at the Lyceum Theatre, London.

#### JANAUSCHKE.

MADAME JANAUSCHKE is this week at the Academy—in a different role nearly every evening. Her "Queen Elizabeth" in "Essex," and "Meg" in "Meg Merrilies," are well worth seeing. Messrs. J. W. Rennie and A. H. Stuart are both a very strong support to the star. It is unnecessary to explain the plot of a play the heroine of which is one of the most famous of Walter Scott's female pourtrayals. It is one of Madame Janauschke's strongest parts. Her conception of the character is artistic, and her ability enables her to carry out her conception. In the death scene she is particularly impressive. We feel some curiosity to see Madame in such roles as "Macbeth" and "Marie Stuart."

#### "THE LITTLE TYCOON."

"THE LITTLE TYCOON" is a comic opera in two acts, written by Willard Spenser. Its main object appears to be the ridiculing of marriage between English lords and American heiresses, and the plot simply consists of the adventures of an American girl and her lover, while resisting her father, who desires her to marry an English nobleman. The opera derives its name from the second act, where a Japanese scene is introduced. There is nothing striking in the music or libretto of this opera, and we must confess to a feeling of disappointment when viewing its first production here. The principal characters are played by Miss Laura Millard and Miss Madeline Lucette, and Messrs. J. A. Libby and J. H. Ryley. The chorus singing was fairly good, and Ryley occasionally comical, but the piece lacked the *go* such operas require, and left much to be desired. The scenery and staging were first-class, and the costumes rich.

THE "Manon Lescaut" of Massenet is to be the next novelty at the Court Opera House of Vienna.

LITOLFF, the veteran French composer, has completed his new four-act opera of "King Lear," the libretto being from the pen of Jules Adenis.

THE complete manuscript of an Eastern cantata by Scandello, dated 1595, has recently been discovered in the municipal archives of Naumburg.

MASCAGNI's opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," is being translated into German, and will be produced at several German theatres during the coming season.

THE 200th performance of Wagner's "Lohengrin" has just taken place at the Imperial Opera, Vienna, where the work was first produced in 1858.

REINECKE's two sons have started as music sellers and publishers in Leipzig. Their catalogue is appropriately headed by a set of songs from their father's pen.

AT Berlin they have just celebrated the centenary of the first performance of Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro," which was played for the first time in that town on September 14, 1790, and has now been given 388 times.

BERLIOZ's "La Damnation de Faust" will be one of the principal works to be performed by the Berlin Wagner Society during the coming winter. This will be the first time of the work being heard, in its entirety, in the German capital.

LISZT's judgment, pronounced thirty years ago, of the high merit of Cornelius' opera, "The Barber of Bagdad," is every day finding more justification. The work is to be brought out during the coming season at three of the chief opera houses of Germany—those of Vienna, Dresden and Mannheim.

WEBER's ever green opera, "Der Freischütz," has been newly mounted on a magnificent scale at the Leipzig Stadt Theatre, several eminent artists having contributed to the scenery, notably of the famous "Wolf's Glen" and of the forest home of the romantic "Agatha," and the work is proving as attractive as ever.

THE once famous German tenor, Franz Nachbaur, is about to retire from the stage, where he has been so great a figure for the last thirty years. He was born in Wurtemberg in 1835, and after studying in Italy became attached to the theatre of Munich. There he was a great favourite both with the people and particularly with the unfortunate King Ludwig.

THE death is announced, at the age of thirty-five, of Maxime Cherubini, grandson of the illustrious composer. The Italian composer, Domenico Bertini, died at Florence on the 7th ult. He was born at Lucca, June 26, 1829, and studied under Pacini. After filling various posts at Lucca and Massa-Carrara he settled at Florence in 1862, and acquired distinction as a composer, as critic of the journal "Boccherini" and as director of the "Cherubini" Society. His compositions include several masses, pieces of chamber music and a "Compendio di Principi di Musica."

MR. DANIEL MAYER and his client, the celebrated violinist, M. Remenyi, have just concluded a contract with the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, Boston, for a six months' tour in the United States and Canada. The tour will be called the Remenyi Concert Tour, and will begin on Sep-

tember 15, 1891. The great violinist will receive the sum of 70,000 frs., besides all travelling and hotel expenses, for this tour, and, by mutual option, the contract may be prolonged for another three months. The famous artist is at present in London, whither he has gone after a tour in South Africa.

AT an auction at Berlin on October 13 a large collection of musical manuscripts was to be offered for sale, including specimens of Beethoven, Bellini, Berlioz, Cherubini, Chopin, Franz, Liszt, Lortzing, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Nicolai, Rubinstein, Schumann, Verdi, Wagner, Weber, etc. Perhaps the most interesting of these manuscripts is one of Beethoven's, the four hand arrangement of the fugue which was originally intended for the finale of the string quartette in B flat (op. 133). This manuscript is in the composer's own writing, and thus disposes of the idea which has been entertained that the arrangement was the work of another hand.

STRAUSS has suffered a severe loss. The third act of his new opera, "Ritter Pazman," has disappeared in a most unaccountable way. The opera was complete and was about to be given over to the artists. The composer, before he left his country house for town, thought he had locked it safely in a cabinet, but it can be found nowhere. Some time ago the composer gave a heap of old manuscript to his valet to be burned, and he now fears that the third act was in that heap. As he has destroyed his notes and will have to compose the whole act over again, the first performance of the opera will have to be put off indefinitely.

IT may not be generally known that the two oratorios of "Elijah" and "St. Paul" were intended by Mendelssohn as parts of a trilogy, the third and concluding portion of which was to be his oratorio "Christus." The latter work, in consequence of the composer's death, remained unfinished; however, as far as finished it has appeared in print, and the fragment, which is said to contain numbers (especially choruses) of great beauty, will be produced for the first time in public in the beginning of November by the Philharmonic chorus of Berlin under the direction of Siegfried Ochs.

UNDER the title of "Aphorisms on the Art of Song Accompaniment (with examples in notes)," a new Leipzig firm, the Reinecke Brothers, publish a little pamphlet by their father, Prof. Dr. Carl Reinecke. This brochure contains some precious words of wisdom for those pianists who are desirous of mastering the rare art of accompanying a song. That many solo pianists make a mess of things when they attempt to accompany even a simple song is no wonder, and Dr. Reinecke gives the reason. "Aphorisms" is translated in English by Theodore Baker, and is clearly and carefully printed by the Reinecke Brothers, who show not only filial respect in this, one of their first efforts, but also considerable judgment in giving the music world the benefit of the wisdom of their father.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*The Canadian Indian*, a bright little illustrated magazine, edited by Rev. E. F. Wilson and H. B. Small, has been received and we commend it heartily to all who are interested in that romantic and departing race. Mr. Wilson has been a lifelong friend of the Indian and a close observer of his habits and customs.

*Macmillan's Magazine* for October is a bright number. It contains an article on "Thomas Hood," by Geo. Saintsbury. "The Realities of War," by A. E. Street, and an anonymous contribution on "Original Sin." Geo. Oadell discusses "The Management of Land," and "The Shrine of Fifth Monarchy," is by Victor Pean. A new story "He Fell among Thieves," by D. Christie Murray, is begun.

IN *The Writer* for October there are a multitude of articles chiefly interesting to literary men and women. Among those of more general use may be mentioned "The Use and Misuse of Words," and "Grangerism in Periodical Literature," by Arthur Howard Nott. Other articles are: "Pseudonyms," by L. May Heberling, "Sending Despatches to Newspapers," by J. S. Ritenour, and "Hints to Story Writers," by T. J. Allen. The rest of the issue is taken up with "Queries," "Useful Hints and Suggestions," and scraps of literary news.

THE *Overland Monthly* has a bright article on "Collegiate Education of Women." Isaac Ogden Rankin writes on "The Fellowship of Truth." Chas. H. Stockton, an officer of the U. S. navy, advises "The Reconstruction of the U. S. Navy." "Platonic Idealism" is an article by Estella L. Guppy. L. A. Nash writes on "Some Memories of Charles Darwin." A readable article is "Sport in Russia," by Barys F. Goson. "The Great Archipelago," by John S. Hittell, is an interesting and exhaustive description of some Islands on the Pacific coast. M. J. Riordan writes of "The Navajo Indians." "The Collegiate Education of Women" is strongly advocated by Horace Davis.

"THE PROBLEMS OF GREATER BRITAIN," based on Sir Charles Dilke's famous work, forms the opening paper in the *Westminster Review* for October. Ernest A. Vizetelly concludes his paper on "Paoli the Patriot." Jeannie Lockett makes a valuable contribution to the Divorce Question in an article on "Clerical Opposition to Divorce in Australia." T. W. Rolleston tells "The Story of the Irish Parliament and its Struggle for Reform in 1782-1793." Frances Russell contributes a brief and suggestive

paper on "A Neglected Path to Greatness." Mr. George C. Call describes "The Search for the Lost Mr. Bathurst," whose disappearance in the early part of the century has never been accounted for. Alice Bodington writes on "The Importance of Race and its Bearing on the Negro Question," and the number concludes with the usual review of the English politics, and the department of Contemporary Literature, reviews of the latest books, a feature of the *Westminster* which has just been revived and which was once its strongest part.

IN *The English Illustrated Magazine* for October, we have a number in every way deserving of the highest praise. "An Autumn Vision" is the title given by Algernon Charles Swinburne, to a short and exceedingly pretty poem. An article on the "New Trade Movement" should prove especially useful to those interested in Provident and Friendly societies. The "Vicar of Wakefield" is again brought before us in connection with some old and clever illustrations which have at different times been published in connection with it. Other articles worthy of perusal are a description of Edinburgh by Mrs. Oliphant, with illustrations by George Reid, R.S.A., and "In New Guinea," by Hume Nesbit, illustrated by himself. Fiction is supplied by F. Marion Crawford who commences a new tale entitled "The Witch of Prague," which shows prospects of developing into an exceedingly interesting story. Too much cannot be said in favour of the frontispiece which is in itself a work of art and portrays "The Doge Leonardo Loredano" as he was painted by Bellini, to whose hand he owes immortality.

THE October number of the *Fortnightly Review* is remarkable for containing the first parts of two new and important novels. One, by Count Leo Tolstoi, is entitled "Work While ye Have Light," and is a tale of the early Christians; the other, by George Meredith, is entitled "One of Our Conquerors." Both these novels are highly characteristic of their authors and will attract wide attention. The general articles of the *Review* suffer no diminution through the introduction of the new element. The series of important papers on "Modern Russia," by E. B. Lanin, approach a conclusion in an article on "The Jews in Russia." Sir Frederick Pollock writes on "John Milton." Miss M. Dowie contributes a readable paper entitled "In Ruthenia," dealing with a province of Poland that is almost unknown to the general tourist. A. Egmont Hake and O. E. Wesslau discuss "The American Tariff War." A. Symons Eccles criticizes the results of the "Tenth International Medical Congress." George Moore criticizes the "New Pictures in the National Gallery," and George Saintsbury sketches the life and works of Anthony Hamilton.

*The Nineteenth Century* for October, opens with a symposium on "The Labour Revolution," by H. H. Champion, T. R. Threlfall and Hon. R. B. Brett. Mr. Champion's paper is entitled "A Multitude of Counsellors," Mr. Threlfall, who is secretary to the Labour Electoral Association of Great Britain and Ireland, discusses "The New Departures in Trades Unionism," and Mr. Brett raises the question as to "What are the Ideals of the Masses?" His Excellency, Sir Henry A. Blake, Governor of Jamaica, contributes a paper on "The Awakening of Jamaica," in which he discusses the past and present economical history of the islands. D. Henry Behrends points out the dangers of "Tuberculous Meat." Wilfrid Ward gently and sympathetically touches on "Some Aspects of Newman's Influences." Hamilton Aide describes "Manners and Customs in Sicily in 1890." The Bishop of Carlisle writes on "Bees and Darwinism," and replies to Prof. Romanes. Arthur P. Crouch discusses "The Relations Between Dahomey and the French," and Miss Benson "Domestic Service." B. Paul Neuman and the Rev. Herbert Darlow examine "The Weaknesses of Congregationalism," the former from the pews, the latter from the pulpit. J. J. Aratoon has a paper entitled "An Armenian's Cry for Armenia." Louis J. Jennings describes the imperfections in the English Civil Service in the Admiralty, and the number closes with an article on "Meddling with Hindu Marriages," by J. D. Rees.

MYSELF. By Lafayette Charles Loomis. New York: John B. Alden.

This is an excellent little book, and no one can scan its pages without deriving, if he wish, considerable benefit therefrom. It is impossible for any thoughtful mind to read the thoughts of the ancient leaders of men and sages upon questions of the most absorbing personal interest and not recognize their kinship to us, unenlightened as many of them were by the lamp of revelation. As Mr. Loomis says, "the principles of mind which they discovered" are but the principles of our own being, and the laws of conduct which they deemed wisest for them are best for us also. Mr. Loomis' reading has been varied and exceedingly well chosen, and the collection of precept and thought, concerning the great questions of "Life, Duty, and Destiny," is and must be continually valuable. It is curious to trace the divine element in the summary of true righteousness laid down by Zoroaster and in the Vedas, perhaps a thousand years before the Golden Rule was formulated by the Saviour. The Moderns are not omitted. Montaigne is drawn on, who was and is perhaps the greatest human revealer of men to men this or any age has seen. One feels tempted to quote at length and compare; but this is beyond our province just now. The book is a gem, thoroughly healthful, helpful and inspiring.

ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND, 1620-1789. By William B. Weedon, in two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

In two volumes of nearly one thousand pages, Mr. Weedon has sought in historic order and with minute detail to present for the consideration of his readers the individual characteristics of the men who laid the foundation of the New England States, as shown in their domestic, social, professional and commercial life during the greater part of the first two centuries which elapsed between the arrival of the Pilgrims and the Declaration of Independence, and to disclose in "all the ways of living of those people" their economic and social rise, progress and development. History is no longer content to run along the ancient grooves and to present to her readers the pomp of kings, the glitter of courts and the carnage of battle fields as the whole burden of her song. Now, we have *the Story of the People* as disclosed in the rise and growth of the individual in industry, literature and commerce; in agriculture, arts and arms. And so Mr. Weedon invites us to accompany him as with exhaustive details accumulated with untiring industry, and unfolded in a clear and engaging manner he seeks to disclose the simple and homely causes which have led up to the matured and developed results manifested in the commonwealth of the New England of to-day. He begins with a recountal of the historic links which first bound the old England of Europe to the new England of America, and, glancing at the geographical features of the North American continent and their influence on its early settlers, he proceeds to refer to the early voyages, the traits of the Puritans and their influence, and the physical condition of the country. Then from the founding of the State he passes on to consider generally the growth and influence of the home upon the town and the State. By rational sequence in the succeeding chapters the various stages of national development are traced and considered, and with panoramic vividness and minute elaboration from the musty records of the past, the historian reproduces in his pages the quaint and old time customs and modes of life of that stern and stalwart race who founded the great Republic. We see them wearing periwigs and knee breeches, bartering with the painted savage, or occupying, tiling and building upon the land gained by barter; herding their flocks, planting their corn, arranging their social, civil and religious affairs; trapping, trading, fishing, building their roads along the Indian trails, spanning the rivers with bridges, or constructing ferries where bridges were impracticable. The rise and growth of early colonial commerce is fully portrayed. The fur trade and fisheries, the wine and slave trade are considered, and private journal and office ledger give up their ancient secrets and the crabbed words and formal entries of more than two centuries ago again become instinct with life and tell us of John Winthrop, the statesman, merchant and shipbuilder, having built *The Blessing of the Bay* at Mistick, and launched her on the fourth of July, 1631. The first New England keel launched in New England waters. And how Winthrop, Endicott and others "gave their minds and bent their energies to the State . . . each neglecting the opportunity which might have been his own." While John Hull, the merchant, was of another type, "he rendered fairly to the public, and in return he took his own." By him piety and commerce were strangely commingled. He replied to advice to send a cargo of fish, etc., to the Canaries that he would "more and more affect and imbrace opportunity of getting out rather than running into the businesses of this world *specially forraigne traffice*." The italics are ours. The learned author has from a great variety of sources, with patient industry, gathered a mass of valuable material which he has moulded into an elaborate history of the most interesting period in the life of the New England people. And it cannot fail to prove of the utmost importance to all who wish to inform themselves—to use the author's phrase—"of all the ways of living of those people" during that period. The volumes have clear and full tables of contents, an interesting appendix and a copious index. In their mechanical features they are a credit to the publishers.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

It seems finally settled at last that the Talleyrand Memoirs shall be published within the next few months.

WE have received the first issue of the revised *American Spectator*, of Boston, and greet it as a pure toned, useful paper of considerable literary merit.

RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM, in the November *Scribner's*, defends the officers of the "White Squadron" from the charges of undue severity of discipline.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT GRIFFIS will contribute to *Harper's Young People* a biographical sketch of that popular writer of young people's books, Charles Carleton Coffin.

HARPER AND BROTHERS announce "The Tsar and His People; or, Social Life in Russia," by Theodore Child, Vassili Verestchagin, and other distinguished writers.

MRS. AMELIA E. BARR's story, "She Loved a Sailor," published in the *Christian Union*, is dramatic and fascinating. The same journal reviews the action of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and discusses the relation of the Government to the Churches in the work of Indian Education.

Two importations of Mr. Stead's "Passion Play as it is Played To-day at Oberammergau," have been made by Charles E. Merrill and Company, and both have been sold. About the 1st of November an enlarged edition, printed on better paper, will be published.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING is suffering from the effects of overwork, and his health is broken. His physicians have insisted on his taking a complete rest, and have ordered a sea voyage to complete the cure. He has, it is said, sailed for Naples, and will probably make a prolonged stay there.

A MOHAMMEDAN young woman has just closed her medical studies in Odessa with a brilliant examination. Her name is Kutlojaroff-Hanum. She is the first Mohammedan woman who has received an M.D.'s diploma, and the State has granted her special permission to practice her profession.

MME. PATTI's voice has undergone a distinct impairment as to its flexibility, and has lost something of its once dazzling purity and freshness, but she is engaged this season for St. Petersburg and Moscow at a higher salary than has heretofore been publicly stated—\$5,250 for each performance.

WE acknowledge receipt of Mr. McFarlane's clear and concise report of analysis of the milk supply of certain Canadian cities and towns, and after noting in the summary that of twelve samples tested in Toronto only two were genuine, we dread our next cup of tea almost as much as our next glass of city water.

WE observe that Dr. Thomas O'Hagan has entered the lists of journalism as editor of the *North-Western Witness*, of Duluth. Whilst we sincerely regret the departure of Dr. O'Hagan from Canada, we believe that his love for her will never fade, and we congratulate Duluth on having acquired a journalist who so happily combines literary culture with poetic talent.

HERBERT WARD, the African traveller, has "The Tale of a Tusk of Ivory," in the November *Scribner's*. Prof. N. S. Shaler, writing of the First Brigade of Kentucky troops (Confederate), in *Scribner's* for November, says: "A search into the history of warlike exploits has failed to show me any endurance of the worst trials of war surpassing theirs."

*Far and Near* is the title of a monthly journal, devoted to the interests of wage-earning women, the first number of which will appear at the end of October. The management of the paper will be in the hands of a committee of which Miss Grace H. Dodge is chairman, the editor being Miss Maria Bowen Chapin. The new monthly will be published by the *Critic* Company, New York.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Literary World* says that during the time Victor Hugo was an exile at Hauteville House, his dog "Sénat," a faithful Italian greyhound, was his guardian, and the following distich was engraved on his collar, supposed to epitomize his position in the Guernsey Microcosm: "*Je voudrais que chez-moi quelque'un me remanât mon élat? Chien mon maître? Hugo. Mon nom? Sénat?*"

A CHARACTERISTIC anecdote of Salvini is related by his Florentine neighbours. Some years ago his wife died, and he erected a handsome monument to her memory, upon which was a tablet setting forth the various virtues and graces of the deceased, and recording the grief of the bereaved husband. When he married his second wife, he defaced and mutilated the monument of wife number one with his own hands, berating himself the while as a fool for expressing such sentiments.

THE engineering party led by Robert Brewster Stanton last winter, through the cañons of the Colorado, encountered, in less than 500 miles, 520 rapids, falls, and cataracts. Mr. Stanton describes this expedition in the November *Scribner's*. Mrs. Jones' article "On the Training of a Nurse," in the November *Scribner's*, is of unusual interest. Two sonnets on Cardinal Newman appear in the same number by Aubrey de Vere, the aged Irish poet, and by Inigo Deane, a disciple and friend of the late Cardinal.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce "The Silva of North America," by Charles Sprague Sargent. Illustrated by Charles E. Faxon. Lowell's Works. Riverside Edition. Vols. VII. and VIII. Being the first two volumes of the four comprising Mr. Lowell's Complete Poetical Works. Vol. VII. contains a new etching of Mr. Lowell from a painting by William Page in 1843. "The Art of Play-Writing," by Alfred Hennequin, Ph.D., Professor in the University of Michigan. "Verses Along the Way," by Mary Elizabeth Blake. "Poems," and "A Russian Journey," by Edna Dean Proctor.

FROM a contemporary we take the following: "Pine, Rose and Fleur de Lis," by Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison (Seranus), will be out shortly. This is the volume of verse which we advised our readers was in course of publication by Messrs. Hart and Company, under the title, "Down the River and Other Poems." The title has been changed for that quoted at the beginning of the paragraph. The work is awaited with widespread and enthusiastic expectancy, and will be, it is believed, one of the most important volumes of poetry brought out by a Canadian writer. The literary public are manifesting warm interest in the book, nearly all the authors and leading scholars in the country having sent in their names as subscribers. Advance orders are coming in liberally. Messrs. Hart and Company expect to have the work out by the middle of November.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

VANCOUVER CITY—1890.

[Four years after the City site was a tract without a house.]

FAIR City of Vancouver,  
We love thy riven strand,  
The town, the fjords, the snow-clad height,  
The witchery of sunset light,  
The deep hues of the land.

We joy in thee, Vancouver :  
What nobler port on earth ?  
Thou western rampart of a race,  
Whose empire belts the planet's face,  
How lightning-like thy birth !

But yesternight the warwhoop's might  
Died in the forest's pall,  
And where they writhed the war-dance,  
Now stands the Justice Hall.

No more we view the war-canoe,  
But the great China line ;  
The wigwam of the medicine-man,  
Is now the Christian shrine.

Along thy railroad artery,  
Thy lion guarded breast,  
Rolls on the British traffic tide,  
And fourteen hundred vessels guide  
Thy commerce on the west.

Thy virgin soil, as Eden fair,  
Yearns in her fertile power ;  
By kingly forests, leagues in length,  
Thy trade is nourished with the strength  
Of their primeval hour.

Columbia's heart, with mineral blood,  
Has charged the rocky vein ;  
And shed the gold and iron flood  
O'er every mountain chain.  
The buried forests yield the brand ;  
The furnace kindles through the land ;  
The metal flows amain.

Thine enginery, and industries,  
True labour's noblest daughters,  
In the rich guerdon of their toil,  
Rival the increase of the soil  
And harvest of thy waters.

What though the Titan trees have gone  
That crowned the City site,  
The masts, that line the harbour, have  
A hundred cubits height.

Where late a score of Siwash dwelt  
Are sixteen thousand souls ;  
And through the miles of arc-lit street,  
Where granite block and turret meet,  
The electric carriage rolls.

And o'er the whole, a statute roll,  
In human kinship grand ;  
With heart as wide as nature's plan,  
Proclaims to every brother man  
The right to own thy land.

If Norman graft on Saxon stem  
Worked, while the cycles ran,  
Till Britain's place among the race  
Was in the nations' van,

Vancouver, with a strength of stock,  
From every race possessed,  
Shall stand as firm as Burrard rock,  
The Empress of the West.

—Minor, in *Daily News Advertiser, Vancouver, B. C.*

## THE CREATION STORY.

A DOUBLE confirmation has, I conceive, now been supplied to the creation story of Genesis ; the first by natural and the second by historic science. Perhaps we have been too readily satisfied with assuming, in regard to the narrative, a defensive position ; whereas it may be found to contain within its own brief compass, when rightly considered, the guarantee of a divine communication to man strictly corresponding with what in familiar speech is termed revelation. We have here in outline a history of the planet which we inhabit, and of the celestial system to which it belongs. Of the planet, and of the first appearance and early developments of life upon it, anterior to the creation of man, in many of the principal stages which have been ascertained by geology. Of the celestial organization to which our earth belongs, whether in all its vastness or only within the limits of the solar system we can hardly say, but at the least a sketch of the formation of that system from a prior and unadjusted or chaotic state. Upon such a document a sharp issue is at once raised, at least as to the latter or strictly terrestrial part of it, the earth history, for all those who hold it to be in its substance a true account. We accept as demonstrated a series of geological conclusions. We have found the geology of Genesis to stand in such a relation to these conclusions as could not have been exhibited

in a record framed by faculties merely human, at any date to which the origin of the creation story can now reasonably be referred. Starting from our premise, we have no means of avoiding or holding back from the conclusion that the materials of the story could not have been had without preterhuman aid, and that preterhuman aid is what we term divine revelation. And if the time shall ever come when astronomy shall be in a condition to apply to the earlier portion of the chapter the demonstrative methods which geology has found for the latter part, it may happen that we shall owe a debt of the same kind to astronomy as we now owe to geologic science. My present purpose is to call particular attention to the exact nature and extraordinary amount of that debt. There was nothing necessarily unreasonable in accepting as worthy of belief this portion of the Book of Genesis, along with the rest of the book, and with other books of Holy Scripture, on general proofs of their inspiration, if sufficient, apart from any independent buttress, either of science or of history, to the creation story. In a court of justice, the evidence of a witness is to be accepted on matters within his cognizance, when his character and intelligence are not questioned ; or again, when the main part of a continuous narrative is sufficiently verified, it may be right to accept the rest without separate verification. If a new witness comes into court, and pretends to give us fresh and scientific proof of the creation story, this may be true or may be false. If false, the story is not disproved, but stands where it stood before. Bad arguments are often made for a good cause. But, if true, the event is one of vast importance. Now, the present position is as follows : Apart altogether from faith, and from the general evidences of revelation, a new witness has come into court, in the shape of natural science. She builds up her system on the observation of facts, and upon inferences from them, which at length attain to a completeness and security such as, if not presenting us with a demonstration in the strictest sense, yet constrain us as intelligent beings, to belief. The creation story divides itself into the cosmological portion, occupying the first nineteen verses of the chapter, and the geological portion, which is given in the last twelve. The former part has less, and the latter part has more, to do with the direct evidence of fact, and the stringency of the authority which the two may severally claim varies accordingly ; but in both the narrative seems to demand, upon the evidence as it stands, rational assent. In regard to both, it is held on the affirmative side that the statements of Genesis have a certain relation to the ascertained facts and the best accepted reasonings ; and thus this relation is of such a nature as to require us, in the character of rational investigators, to acknowledge in the written record the presence of elements which must be referred to a superhuman origin. If this be so, then be it observed that natural science is now rendering a new and enormous service to the great cause of belief in the unseen, and is underpinning, so to speak, the structure of that divine revelation which was contained in the Book of Genesis by a new and solid pillar, built up on a foundation of its own from beneath. It is, then, to be borne in mind, that, as against those who, by arbitrary or irrational interpretation, place Genesis and science at essential variance, our position is not one merely defensive. We are not mere reconcilers, as some call us, searching out expedients to escape a difficulty, to repel an assault. We seek to show and we may claim to have shown, that the account recorded, in the creation story for the instruction of all ages has been framed on the principles which, for such an account, reason recommends ; and that, interpreted in this view, it is at this juncture like the arrival of a new auxiliary army in the field while the battle is in progress.—*William E. Gladstone, in Sunday School Times.*

## RECENT MILITARY MANŒUVRES.

THE whole of Northern Europe has lately been ringing with the sounds of mimic war. In old times it was customary even for armies actually at war with each other to go into winter quarters, and to do nothing but maintain themselves in their respective positions for several months together. In these days we have changed and reversed all that. General Février—as the Emperor Nicholas called the rigours of the winter which witnessed his own death—is no longer the formidable foe before whom all combatants retire ; and, what is more, whereas in former times there were intervals of comparative peace and inactivity in the midst of prolonged wars, so in these days peace itself is made to resound every autumn with all the pomp and much of the circumstance of actual war. Our own columns have been full for some time past of graphic descriptions and instructive criticisms of German military manœuvres, of French military manœuvres, and our own less ambitious, but not less characteristic, cavalry manœuvres. Those of us who care for such matters have followed the several movements described with sustained interest, eager to obtain from them some clear light and definite leading on the many problems suggested by modern developments of the methods and weapons of warfare. To the eye of reflection the whole spectacle is eminently suggestive of the irony of human circumstance and the contradictions of social evolution. We live in an age which is commonly represented as pre-eminently democratic, industrial, scientific, and therefore, as some optimistic enthusiasts would fain persuade themselves, necessarily moving in the direction of peace and international good will. To all outward appearance, however, we are moving in precisely the opposite direction. Never was Europe so full of armed men as

it is at the present moment. Never before was the interest taken in military subjects and the attention devoted to military problems more general and more sustained. Let us hope that all this really makes for the preservation of peace ; that, as we said yesterday, the prospects and results of war are now so tremendous that soldiers and statesmen alike are reluctant beyond measure to contemplate even its possibility.—*The Times.*

## "EVIL CRAZED AND GOOD GONE WILD."

RUSKIN observed long ago that the best people he had ever seen knew nothing and cared nothing about art ; and Tolstoi noticed among the *litterati* of St. Petersburg that those who had the true theory of fiction were no better men than those who had the false theory. This was one of the things, in fact, that made him despair of all forms of aesthetic cultivation as a means of grace. The moral superiority of good art of any kind is in its truth, but we can have truth without any art whatever. It is well to keep both of these points in mind, the one that we may be good artists, and the other that we may be modest about it. There is danger to man, who is first of all a moral being, in setting up merely an aesthetic standard of excellence, and endeavouring for that, or in making the good of life consist of aesthetic enjoyment, which is really only one remove from sensual enjoyment. It is doubtless his keen perception of this that makes Tolstoi say those bitter things about music, or the worship of music, in "The Kreutzer Sonata." We suppose we must accept the sayings in that powerful book as Tolstoi's personal opinions, and not as the frenzied expressions of the murderer in whose mouth the story is dramatized, since Tolstoi owns them his in the deplorable reply he has made to the censors of his story. It is doubly a pity he made any such reply, because it detracts from the impressiveness of the tale, and because it dwarfs a great and good man for the moment to the measure of a fanatic. It does not, indeed, undo the truth of much that is said in the book : it does not undo the good for which the name of Tolstoi has come to stand with all who have hearkened to his counsel ; but it does hurt both, and it puts a weapon in the hands of those who hate him. When a man like Poschdanieff, who has lived in the vice that the world permits men, marries and finds himself disappointed in marriage to the extreme of jealousy and murder, every one who looks into his heart, and finds there an actual or a potential Poschdanieff, must feel the inexorable truth of the story. Such a man, the natural product of our falsely principled civilization, could find nothing but misery in marriage ; every one sees that, feels that. But when presently the author of the story comes and tells us that marriage itself is sin, and not merely the pollution in which the Poschdanieff nature steepens marriage, one must listen reverently, because it is Tolstoi who speaks, but one must shake one's head. Tolstoi alleges the celibacy of Christ for the supreme example to all Christians ; but if Christ discountenanced marriage, why was He present at the wedding feast of Cana ? If we were to recommend either the novel or the author's gloss of it for the truth it could teach, it must be the novel, for that is true to Poschdanieff, and the other seems to us untrue to Tolstoi ; the one is evil crazed, and the other is good gone wild.—*William Dean Howells, in Harper's Magazine for October.*

## DESTRUCTION OF THE ADIRONDACK FOREST.

WHILE the children of this and other States have been learning the value and the lesson of Arbour Day, the destruction of forests has continued unabated. The Adirondack region especially is likely soon to be stripped of its advantages as a resort for seekers after health and recreation ; to say nothing of its economic value in feeding rivers and thus promoting cultivation. The latest operation of the lumbermen in that region is the erection on the shore of Tupper Lake of a saw-mill which is capable of turning out 35,000,000 feet of lumber a year. The terminal station of the Northern Adirondack Railway stands near the mill, so the latter will have abundant facilities for the transportation of its product to market. The extension of the railway in question to that place opens to the lumbermen a vast area of hitherto unassailed forest land. Already there are signs of the axe visible, and while the lumberman spares the smaller trees, the charcoal burner takes them all. Meanwhile but little has been done to protect the forests. The National Forestry Association has succeeded in arousing an interest in the subject in various States, and kindred organizations have been formed with the view of creating a healthy public opinion in opposition to this wasteful onslaught. But the foes of the forests are determined and unrelenting, and little has been done toward sparing our beautiful woodlands. It is undoubtedly true that in utilizing forest products and developing districts which were formerly a wilderness new and thriving communities have been erected and the aggregate wealth of the State has been increased. It may also be admitted that schemes for the appropriation of millions of public money to purchase forests and maintain a costly department of State or Federal Government present an inviting prospect to the hungry and thirsty seekers after places. Nevertheless, it ought not to be difficult to secure concert of action between the lumbermen and the public. It is certainly to the interests of the former to keep up a supply of lumber, thus perpetuating the industries which have been founded upon it. There are, of course, thousands of trees which die and go to waste every year, and their removal, under some arrangement,

would not only add to the revenue of a State, but would benefit the forests. But the indiscriminate and reckless way in which trees have been destroyed gives no chance to nature to repair the waste; and it is against such encroachments, viewed from either an esthetic or a practical standpoint, that the most strenuous opposition should be directed.—Philadelphia Record.

TO LIDDON.

In olden time, the prophet of the Lord
Went up on glorious chariot-wheels of flame,
But this pure heart, returning whence it came,
Had need of no fire-horses, for his word
Clothed him with light, and his keen spirit's sword
Flashed lightning as he spoke of Christ's dear name:
And in his splendid carelessness of fame
He shone transfigured, till, the silver cord

Loosed here, he soared to Heaven. Though nevermore
Above the whispers of that mighty dome
His clear bell voice shall echo in the soul,
There is within Death's sudden thunder-roll
The whisper of a glory gone before—
A prophet-cry to call us nearer home.

—H. D. Rawnsley, in The Pall Mall Gazette.

OCCASIONAL POETRY.

I HAVE attended a large number of celebrations, commencements, banquets, soirées and so forth, and done my best to help on a good many of them. In fact, I have become rather too well-known in connection with "occasional," and it has cost me no little trouble. I believe there is no kind of occurrence for which I have not been requested to contribute something in prose or verse. It is sometimes very hard to say no to the requests. If one is in the right mood when he or she writes an occasional poem, it seems as if nothing could have been easier. "Why, that piece run off just like ile. I don't bullieve," the unlettered applicant says to himself—"I don't bullieve it took him ten minutes to write them verses." The good people have no suspicion of how much a single line, a single expression, may cost its author. The wits used to say that Rogers—the poet once referred to, old Samuel Rogers, author of the "Pleasures of Memory" and giver of famous breakfasts—was accustomed to have straw laid before the house whenever he had just given birth to a couplet. It is not quite so bad as that with most of us who are called upon to furnish a poem, a song, a hymn, an ode for some grand meeting, but it is safe to say that many a trifling performance has had more good honest work put into it than the minister's sermon of that week had cost him. If a vessel glides off the ways smoothly and easily at her launching, it does not mean that no great pains have been taken to secure the result. Because a poem is an "occasional" one, it does not follow that it has not taken as much time and skill as if it had been written without immediate, accidental, temporary motive. Pindar's great odes were occasional poems, just as much as our "Commemoration" and "Phi Beta Kappa" poems are, and yet they have come down among the most precious bequests of antiquity to modern times.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, in October Atlantic.

STUDIES OF INDIAN SUMMER.

INDIAN SUMMER, a season which is once more close at hand, is presumed to have received its name from the fact that it is the time of year in which the Indians were accustomed to lay up their stores of provisions for the winter. Whatever the derivation of its name, its praises have justly been sung by our native poets—for it is a North American specialty, strange to say—as the one halcyon time of year; and, as befits its mystical nature, much that is mythical and traditional infolds as in a haze that which science has revealed respecting its causation. The external aspects of the season, which usually comes in the latter part of October or in the early part of November, and lasts about ten days, are, of course, familiar to all—the warm, dry days, the reddish skies, the smoky aspect of the atmosphere, all accompanied by an indescribable mellowness suggesting the ripened fruitage of a year that is waning from the calendar of time. It used to be thought that the smoky effect was the veritable result of forest fires; but that idea has long since been abandoned as an explanation, though it is true that woodland fires, caused by hunters and others, are usually prevalent at this time of the year. In the writings of Professor Loomis, Indian summer is called a "dry fog," and it is said: "This all appears to result from a dry and stagnant state of the atmosphere, during which the air becomes filled with dust and smoke arising from numerous fires, by which its transparency is greatly impaired. A heavy rain washes out these impurities and effectually clears the sky." Signal Service Observer Salisbury, of Cincinnati, in looking over his weather maps for several years past, has found that the hazy atmosphere invariably occurred during a high barometer, with gentle winds from the south or southwest. It generally occurred when a storm area or a low barometer existed over the lake region or in the mountains directly to the eastward, and remained fixed several days. This, as he tells the Times-Star, occurred the most about October 20, lasting for four or five and sometimes as high as ten days. It was very interesting to note how the circle of high barometer lingered over the Middle States so steadily, and the marginal notes would read "warm and

hazy." The facts noted by Observer Salisbury are the newest contributions to the meteorology of the golden cycle which we are now approaching; and, aside from their interest in a popular sense, they will be likely to have value in a suggestive way to all who make any study of weather conditions as a science.—Philadelphia Record.

OBSERVATIONS ON CLOUDS.

PROF. MOLLER, of Carlsruhe, has made some interesting observations on clouds. The highest clouds, cirrus and cirrus-stratus, rise on an average to a height of nearly 30,000 feet. The middle clouds keep at from about 10,000 feet to 23,000 feet in height, while the lower clouds reach to between 3,000 and 7,000 feet. The cumulus clouds float with their lower surface at a height of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet, while their summits rise to 16,000 feet. The tops of the Alps are often hidden by clouds of the third class, but the bottom of the clouds of the second class, and especially of the thunder clouds, often enfold them. The vertical dimensions of a cloud observed by Prof. Moller on the Nettleberg was over 1,200 feet; he stepped out of it at a height of 3,700 feet, and high above the mountain floated clouds of the middle class, while veils of mist lay in the ravines and clefts. The upper clouds were growing thicker, while the lower ones were dissolving, and soon it began to rain and snow.

MICAWBER AS A JOURNALIST.

THE chief article in a recent number of the British Weekly is an "Open Letter" addressed "To those about to become journalists," by Mr. H. W. Lucy. In the course of the letter, Mr. Lucy says: "I suppose no one not prominently engaged in journalism knows how widely spread is the human conviction that, failing all else, any one can 'write for the papers,' making a lucrative living on easy terms, amid agreeable circumstances. I have often wondered how Dickens, familiar as he was with this frailty, did not make use of it in the closing epoch of Micawber's life before he quitted England. Knowing what he did, as letters coming to light at this day testify, it would seem to be the most natural thing in the world that finally, nothing else having turned up, it should occur to Mr. Micawber that he would join the press—probably as editor, certainly on the editorial staff, possibly as dramatic critic, a position which involves a free run of the theatres and a more than nodding acquaintance with the dramatic stars of the day. Perhaps Dickens avoided this episode because it was too literally near the truth in the life of the person who, all unconsciously, stood as the lay figure of David Copperfield's incomparable friend. It is, I believe, not generally known that Charles Dickens' father did in his last desolate days become a member of the press. When Dickens was made editor of the Daily News he thoughtfully provided for his father by installing him leader of the Parliamentary corps of that journal. He, of course, knew nothing of journalism; was not even capable of shorthand. Providentially he was not required to take notes, but generally to overlook things, a post which exactly suited Mr. Micawber. So he was inducted, and filled the office even for a short time after his son had impetuously vacated the editorial chair. Only the other day there died an original member of the Daily News Parliamentary corps, who told me he quite well remembered his first respected leader, his grandly vague conception of his duties, and his almost ducal manner of not performing them."

PECULIAR INFATUATION.

DIFFERENT METHODS OF FOLLOWING THE INJUNCTION "LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

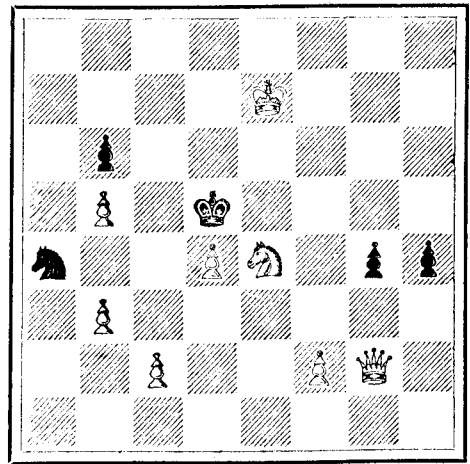
Do men ever fall in love with each other?
Women do. Not long ago a young woman in New Jersey was married to a youthful labourer on her father's farm. Sometimes afterward it was discovered that the husband was a female; the young wife refused, however, though earnestly entreated by her friends, to give up her chosen consort. The strangest part of the discovery was the fact that the bride knew her husband was a woman before she was led to the altar.
If men do not exhibit this strange infatuation for one of their own sex, they at least often-times give evidence of the fact that they love one another. There are many instances on record where one man has given his life for another. There are many more instances where men have given life to another.
It is a proud possession—the knowledge that one has saved a precious human life. Meriden, Conn., is the home of such a happy man. John H. Preston, of that city, July 11th, 890, writes: "Five years ago I was taken very sick. I had several of the best doctors, and one and all called it a complication of diseases. I was sick four years, taking prescriptions prescribed by these same doctors, and I truthfully state I never expected to get any better. At this time, I commenced to have the most terrible pains in my back. One day an old friend of mine, Mr. R. T. Cook, of the firm of Curtis and Cook, advised me to try Warner's Safe Cure, as he had been troubled the same way and it had effected a cure for him. I bought six bottles, took the medicine as directed and am to-day a well man. I am sure no one ever had a worse case of kidney and liver trouble than I had. Before this I was always against proprietary medicines, but not now, oh, no."
Friendship expresses itself in very peculiar ways sometimes; but the true friend is the friend in need

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 500.

By O. NEMO.

BLACK.



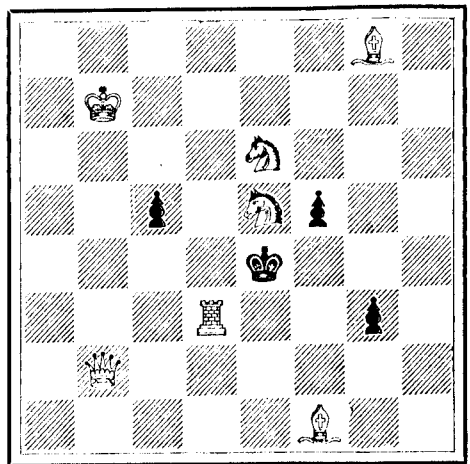
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 510.

By WALTER GLEAVE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 503.

No. 504.

- White. 1. Kt-K B 6 2. R-B 5 + 3. P-Q 4 make
Black. 1. B x Kt 2. K x R
With other variations.

From the International Correspondence Tournament recently organized and conducted by M. Rosenthal in Le Monde Illustré.

RUY LOPEZ.

Table with 4 columns: J. BERGER (Graz.), M. GASPARY (Athens.), J. BERGER (Graz.), M. GASPARY (Athens.). Rows show chess moves for White and Black.

NOTES.

- (a) An obsolete defence, revived on occasions of late, with little success. It avoids some difficulties peculiar to the early stages of the opening; but lands him in others of a more serious nature, and for which it is condemned.
(b) Probably best, seemingly White loses time by thus playing his Bishop; but this being then offset by a similar loss on the other side, a perceptible advantage in development ensues. Of course the Pawn, momentarily exposed, cannot be taken on account of 5. P-B 3, 6. Q-R 4 +, etc.
(c) Another and perhaps equally strong line of attack suggests itself here in 7. P-K R 4, etc.
(d) This pretty sacrifice seems fully warranted in the circumstances.
(e) The protection of his Bishop's Pawn was necessary; and this, it appears, was the only way to do it. If 10. Kt(Kt 3)-B 5, then 11. B x Kt, Kt x B, 12. Kt x B P, Q-R 4 +, 13. K-B 1, and 14. Kt x P, with an easy winning game.
(f) As the position was hopeless. For example: 16. R-B 1, 17. Castles, Q-B 2, 18. Q-R 6 +, K-K 2, 19. B x P, Q-B 4, 20. Q-Kt 7 +, K-Q 3, 21. P-Q Kt 4, etc.—Chess Monthly.

For the "Chess Player's Annual and Club Directory, 1891," the authors, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Rowland, 10 Victoria Terrace, Clontarf, Dublin, invite the following particulars of chess clubs: Town, club name, year established, place of meeting, days, hours, number of members, annual subscription, laws, president, hon. secretary's name and address. Printed forms will be had on application.

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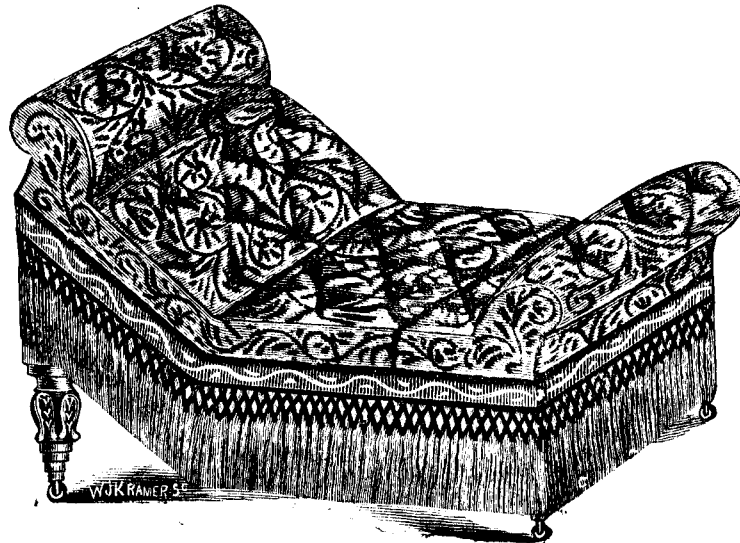
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## A BRIDE'S CONFESSION



"Yes, dear, I am married now, and George and I are keeping house in the loveliest flat on 64th St. Well, yes, we did get married, yes, what suddenly. My health, you know, had for some time been very delicate, and Dr. Heavy-fee told mamma that he feared I would follow poor, dear sister Belle, who died three years ago from a wasting disease. Dear George was almost what the doctor said, and I nearly cried my eyes out, but one day I overheard that 'hateful Nelly Parker' say to her mother, 'I think that George Blauvelt is just too lovely for anything, and when the girl he's engaged to dies, and they say she is dying of a galloping consumption, I'm going to step into her shoes and become Mrs. George Blauvelt; now just you wait and see.' This spring I noticed George seemed to be almost resigned to the idea that we should never be married, and the thought that that devilish hussy might get him after all nearly drove me crazy. One day I read the testimony of Lawyers Howe and Hummel as to the wonderful invigorating effect of DR. CAMPBELL'S ABSORBING WAFERS, and I resolved to try what they would do for me. I commenced their use on the 4th of July. George had just sailed for Europe on business for his firm. On Sept. 18 he returned. I was, from the use of the Wafers, by that time again a well woman, and so unprepared was he with my healthy and robust appearance, so that he insisted we get married the very next day. I could not say him nay, and, as you will see by my card, I am now Mrs. George Blauvelt. Do call soon and let me introduce George to you; I am sure you will like him, he is so handsome, and as good as he is handsome. Good-by; be sure not to forget."

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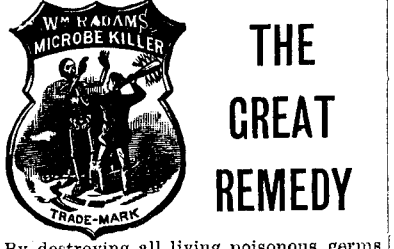
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