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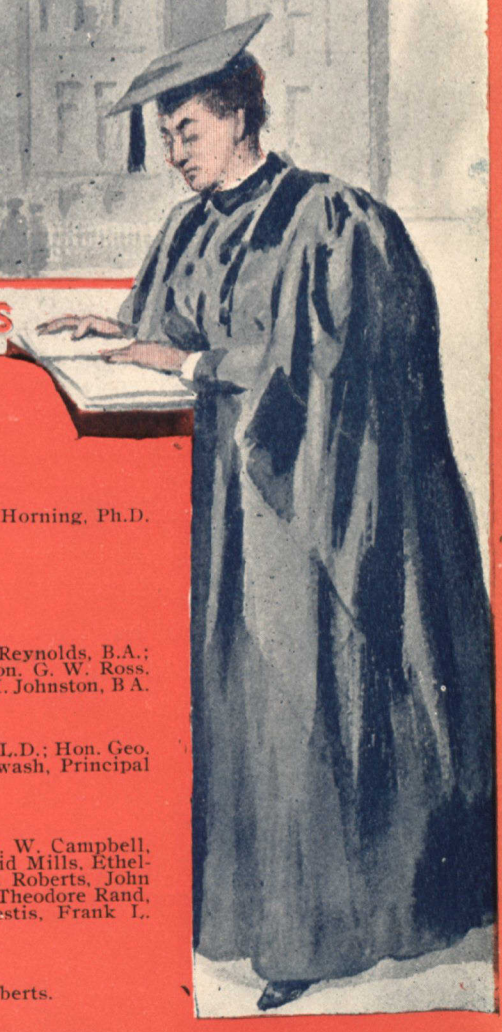
ACTA VICTORIANA



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ACTA VICTORIANA

E. W. GRANGE, '99, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. W. G. SMITH, '99, BUSINESS MANAGER.
VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, TORONTO.

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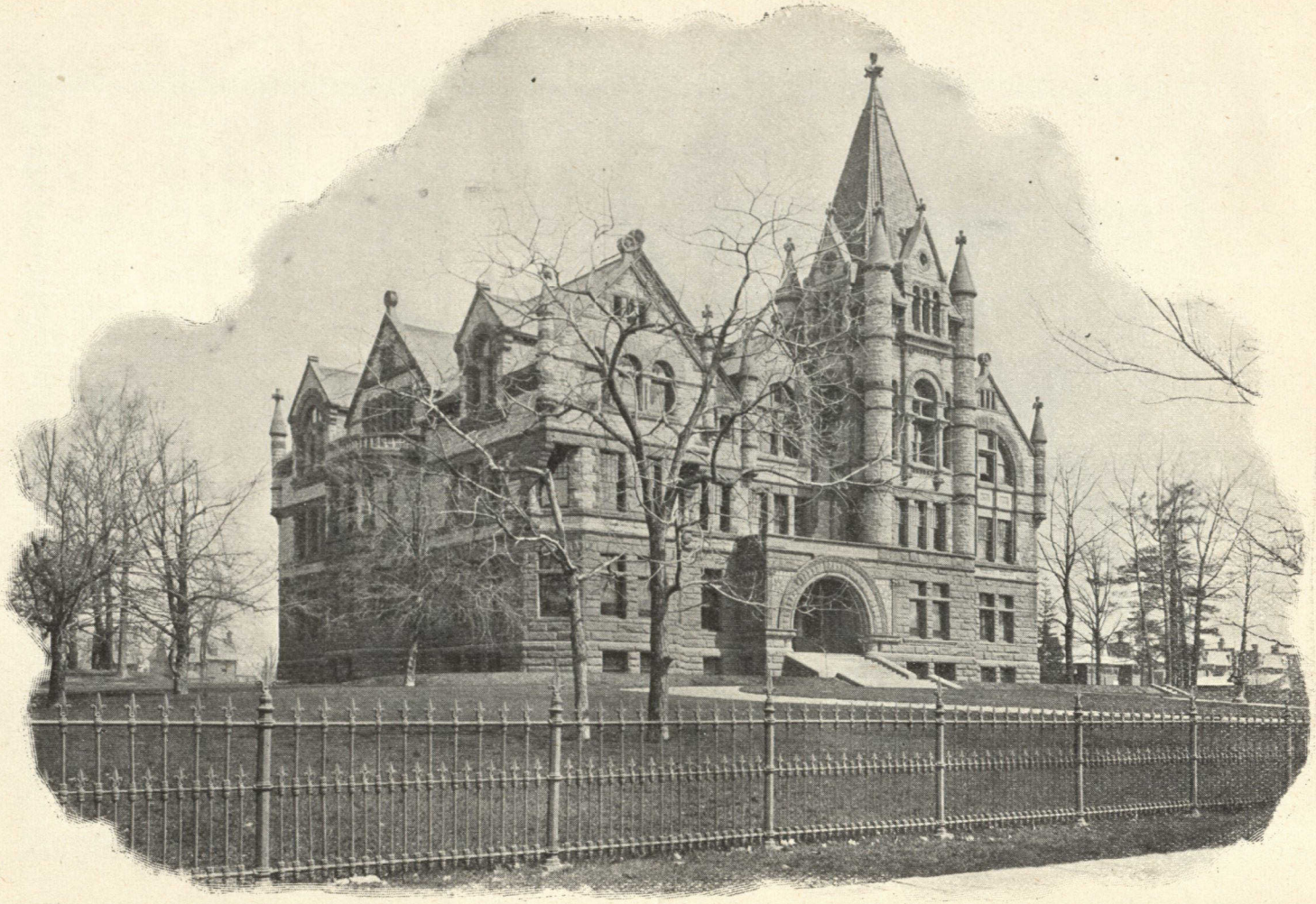


VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, TORONTO.

Acta Victoriana

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE UNION LITERARY SOCIETY OF VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, TORONTO.

VOL. XXII. TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1898. NO. 3.

CANADIAN LITERATURE OF 1898.

A Critique of Canadian Writers

By Prof. L. E. HORNING, Ph.D.

Gilbert Parker,
Ralph Connor,
Seranus,
Marshall Saunders,
J. W. Longley,
Bliss Carman, Joanna E. Wood,
Charles G. D. Roberts,
Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D.,
Dorothy Knight,
Blanche L. Macdonell,
Etc., etc.

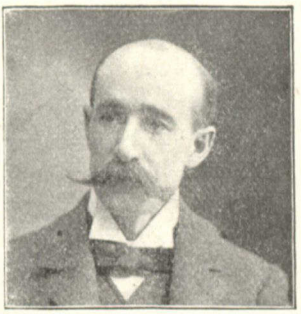
QUITE recently there was presented to this University a unique collection of Anglo-Canadian poetry. Our best thanks are deservedly due the gentleman who so kindly gave it, and who had been so painstaking in its collection. But when the books were placed in my private office, to be catalogued, I can hardly describe the sense of disappointment which came over me when I looked at the two hundred or more volumes, filling only three short shelves, knowing that so much of it all does not repay reading. Was this the English portion of the Canadian literature we have heard so much about in these latter days? Not that I want five hundred volumes or more. The whole literature of Greece can be put on one shelf, and Pindar does not take up any more room than MacIntyre. Compare Pindar and MacIntyre? O ye Muses! Surely I can do something better

with my time than pore over so much worthless stuff when, in this busy world, so little time can be snatched to read the best literature which will delight and has always delighted the best minds of all ages and nations. The literature of Greece alone has had a most tremendous influence on the world. True, some reader may reply, but this has been saved from a greater mass, and your comparison is therefore unfair. My answer is, "Would that such a fate would overtake the larger mass of what is now written, whether English, foreign or Canadian!"

But how was this great literature of Greece produced? Assuredly not at the same rate nor in the same way as so much of the modern. But our information on methods of production among the Greeks is necessarily meagre, and we must put some of the moderns on the stand. Take, for instance, Goethe. We know that the creative impulse was strong in him, in 1771, when he produced "Goetz von Berlichingen." But though a powerful drama and full of Shakespearian traits, it did not then see light through the medium of the press. His mentor and critic, Herder, plainly told him that Shakespeare had spoiled him, so it went back into the crucible, and two years later was given to the world purged of a good deal of its dross. Take his "Iphigenie," in its four known forms, each representing years of thought and labor. Especially in his "Faust" we have the greatest monument in any literature to the length of time and depth of thought and revising care put upon his work by any known author. But let us come nearer home. Those who have seen the manuscript of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" will at once say, "How many changes! Surely they were not all necessary!" But the author evidently thought so. Probably all of us have read the story which recently went the rounds of the press, that Kipling had thrown that wonderful poem of his, "Recessional," into the wastepaper basket, from which grave it was so fortunately rescued by his wife.

It is indeed quality that tells, and quality is not found in the works of an Annie S. Swan or an E. P. Roe, than whom no author enjoyed a greater popularity among a large class of readers in the days of my boyhood. Marion Crawford is another case in point. The promise of his earlier works is not fulfilled in his later ones, because he composes too rapidly, and does not give enough care to his characters, plots and style. Quality is found in the works of those who toil and moil, who recast and mould, mould and recast, until something beautiful comes out of the furnace. A work of literature must represent the life of its maker, for unless it does—unless the

maker have a message to tell—he can lay no claim to the title of *vates* or seer, which the ancients considered a necessary office of the poet.



W. A. FRASER.

It is rather difficult to define what is meant by message. Pleasure all works of literature must give, and some say that *that* is the real aim of true literature. But this is too narrow a conception, unless that pleasure produces some thought which tends to the elevation of the ideals of life in the reader or hearer.

That the maker of a work of literature have a message is a necessary requirement, but an equally important requisite is that this message be delivered in proper form. Browning fails, mainly because he paid too little attention to form, while, on the other hand, the devotees of art for art's sake go to the other extreme. Now, it will not do to excuse crudeness in work by an apology for the youth of the author, or by inveighing against criticism, whether latter-day or old-time. How many of the present day authors would willingly pass through the severe apprenticeship of seven years, which Guy de Maupassant is said to have served under his master Flaubert? Seven years, and everything produced in that time was destroyed. But Maupassant stands out as the prince of story-tellers. And just here let me say, that it seems to me a pity to see so many of the youthful attempts, of even renowned authors, reprinted and sown broadcast over the land. These "sins of youth," as they may properly be designated, add nothing to the fame of the author, though an acquaintance with them may form a necessary step in the study of his evolution. On the other hand, nothing would be lost to the world were these, and many more, buried in oblivion. We might then hope to compass some of the really good literature there is in the world.

I have elsewhere made mention of the crying need for criticism in Canada. It is a pleasant duty to note that our chief magazine is doing something along this line. But I think that when *The Canadian Magazine* has the battle so well-nigh won, the duty to hew to the line becomes all the more imperative. And yet I can well understand what plaintive petitions are made to editors and managers, which would all but melt a heart of stone, and there are publishers who want a *quid pro quo*, a good notice for a good advertisement. It, then, becomes almost imperative to pay a competent

critic, possessed of good judgment, a salary large enough to put him beyond any financial worry and give him a free hand and good backing. As it is now, the so-called criticisms or reviews in our papers and magazines are absolutely worthless as a guide to the merits of any particular book. This applies not only to Canadian but to American and all other papers and periodicals, to a greater or less degree, as, for instance, to the review in the *New York Herald* of the works of a professor in a Western university, which attributed Freytag's "Rittmeister von Alt-Rosen" to the Professor, with the information that he was considered by competent critics to have written even better than the German. Many other egregious blunders and indiscriminate puffing were in evidence throughout the article. The public has, therefore, a right, and a most just right, to complain of the ignorance of reviewers. If a distinction is ever to be made between criticism and advertisement, honest, capable critics must do the work. I am well aware of the hue and cry raised against latter-day criticism, part of which I believe to be justified, but by no means all. Criticism means passing judgment after weighing evidence, and presupposes in the judge a previous training. Who would think of elevating a hodcarrier to the bench in our courts of justice because those who are to be hailed before the tribunal do not want one versed in the law? Yet a good deal of the scorn hurled at latter-day criticism partakes of this nature.

One great difficulty which critics here in Canada have to contend against, is that there is just now a demand, in a certain sense a pseudo-demand, for a Canadian literature. What is a national literature? We may answer, one that reflects national characteristics. In what do these consist? The passion of love manifests itself in much the same way, whether the Romeo and Juliet be English or Greek, German or Chinese. There can be little difference in that. But the setting in which it may be found will differ in different countries, where the habits of thought, the climate and the perspective differ, and here is where we may, indeed must, look for national characteristics. And yet, that is after all an outward trapping, which must not be allowed to exceed certain well-defined limits. And so it is with the other passions and *motifs*. Here is where style and technique have their place, and hence our authors must be trained, and must always train themselves, that is, exercise relentless self-criticism.

Still another difficulty is a proper appreciation of what literature really is, and what is its true aim. Now, it is the height of folly to insist that all books are literature, unless we are willing to accept De

From Photo by Russell & Sons, 17 Baker Street, London.)

Yours very Sincerely
Gilbert Parker.

Quincey's definition and divide into two classes, *literature of power*, or literature proper, *i.e.*, the resultant efforts of imaginative creative genius, and *literature of knowledge*, that which has as its aim the addition to our store of knowledge, of fact. The former will give pleasure and, incidentally, profit; the latter profit and, incidentally, pleasure. Didactic, controversial and scientific works are not literature proper, but works of genius are, and belong alone to this class.

By what standard are we to judge a work of literature? Is every lyric poet to measure up to Tennyson, every dramatic writer to Shakespeare? That would be hard on most present day authors. But some critics go farther still, and compare with Horace and Virgil, with Sophocles, and Pindar, and Theocritus. Is that just? Is it not true that these older writers wrote for an *aristocracy* of readers, while we have to appeal to a *democracy?* In our modern levelling-up, do we not also level down, and must we not change our ideals and our criticism? No Grecian *washlady* had the latest production of a May Agnes Fleming open before her as she beat her master's linen white on the stones of the running brook. Literature has undoubtedly lost in the process of levelling-up, and, I fear, without a gain to match. But if we try another course recommended, and praise the good only in each author, whose judgment is to be trusted? Surely not that of a novice? Or must we carefully ascertain what each author is capable of and judge him by himself? What various judgments would then be passed! That plan is not adopted in any department of life that I know of—we hold our ideals higher.

But whatever standard the critic has to adopt, he has also to properly distinguish between the different divisions of true literature, such as drama, comedy, lyric poetry and the different classes of fiction. Too little is known, I fear, of the nature and essence of these different forms.

But some may now ask, Who is to train our critics and where are they to get their training? I have elsewhere said that the duty of providing this lies with our Universities. A Professorship of Æsthetics and allied subjects should be established, and all students in any literary department should be required to take some work in such department. With properly qualified and thoroughly sane teachers, there would go out from the different universities a body of students from year to year, who would, on filling their various positions in life, gradually but with ever-increasing influence, raise the standard of taste and culture, and make it impossible for anything but good literature to succeed, a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Now, let us see how this all applies to the books of the year in Canada which lie before us. Of course it will be impossible, with the space at our disposal, to give anything like a minute analysis of each work, however profitable such an attempt might be.

The feature of the year has been the prominence of fiction, poetry for some reason or other sinking into the background.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

Gilbert Parker, our best Canadian writer, has in his last published book, *The Battle of the Strong* (Copp, Clark Co.), taken his subject from the Isle of Jersey, and the stirring times of the Revolution. The play of forces on the development of each character is well and skilfully wrought out, and finds a climax in the heroine, Guida Landresse. Her story is that of a beautiful girl with two lovers, the one playing her false when he thought she would be a drag to him in his ambitious schemes, while the other is the prince in disguise who comes to his rights at last and makes Guida happy. A simpler exposition and a

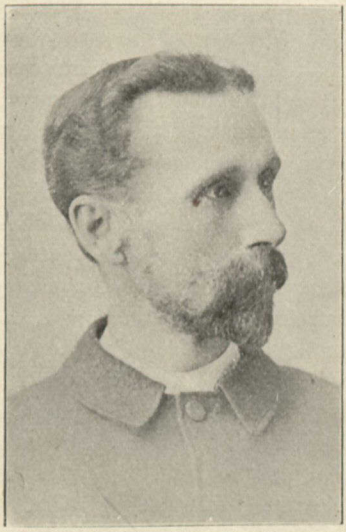
quicker plunge *in medias res* would have been to the advantage of the book. But it took even Shakespeare a long time to learn that.

Hypnotized? (Ontario Publishing Co.) is a story by a British Columbia journalist, Julian Durham, with the scene laid in England and the problem that of unconscious hypnotism. As this author has not, so far as I know, dealt with Canadian subjects, it will, perhaps, be better to wait until such a work from her pen appears.

Black Rock. To the Editor of the *Westminster* belongs the credit of having discovered the story-teller of the year, Ralph Connor. His book is a tale of mission work among the miners and lumbermen of British Columbia; of their struggle with the demon whiskey, and their victory under the leadership of the, I had almost said, sporting preacher, Craig, and his wonderfully endowed lieutenant, Mrs. Mavor, afterwards Mrs. Craig. The preacher is an honor graduate of Toronto University, and therefore it is no surprise to find frequent references to friendships formed there—and more especially to Rugby football, to which sport the hero is devoted. And there was need of all the pluck that is developed by the game, for the battles they had to fight were against a more insidious foe than ever tried their mettle on the campus. The characters all stand out clear and distinct, each playing well his part in the development of the story. It is not difficult to tell what school the author attended in learning his art, for the names Maclaren and Crockett come unbidden into the memory, and yet one is not made to feel that the author is a servile imitator. Individuality is everywhere in evidence in the work. Nor do the minor characters suffer at the hands of their creator. Graeme, the boss of the lumber camp; Connor, the wonder-working physician, whose unique prescription—a cablegram—was so potent in driving out mountain fever at the critical moment; Nelson, the victim of drink, who was rescued from his thraldom and closed a noble life by a death for his master; Billy, whose pathetic struggle against the common enemy is so beautifully told; and even Slavin, the reformed bartender, all and sundry enlist our attention from start to finish. Usually a story with the setting of this one is only secondarily of literary merit, and this still shows the earmarks of its origin, which was to interest the readers in missionary work among the workers in the wild west. But Love is Lord of all, and gives a very human interest to all the actors in the drama. Throughout the work we are made conscious of the greater freedom which prevails in those wild districts to the breaking down of the narrow barriers of creeds and to the emphasizing of the universal in all our beliefs.

Taken all in all, it is a capital story which gives great promise of further good work on the part of the author, and his next work will be looked forward to with pleasure. But let him prune carefully, he is capable of the very best.

The Forest of Bourg-Marie, by Mrs. Harrison (Morang), is another of the good books of this year. The scene is laid in the Province of Quebec,



REV. C. W. GORDON ("Ralph Connor.")

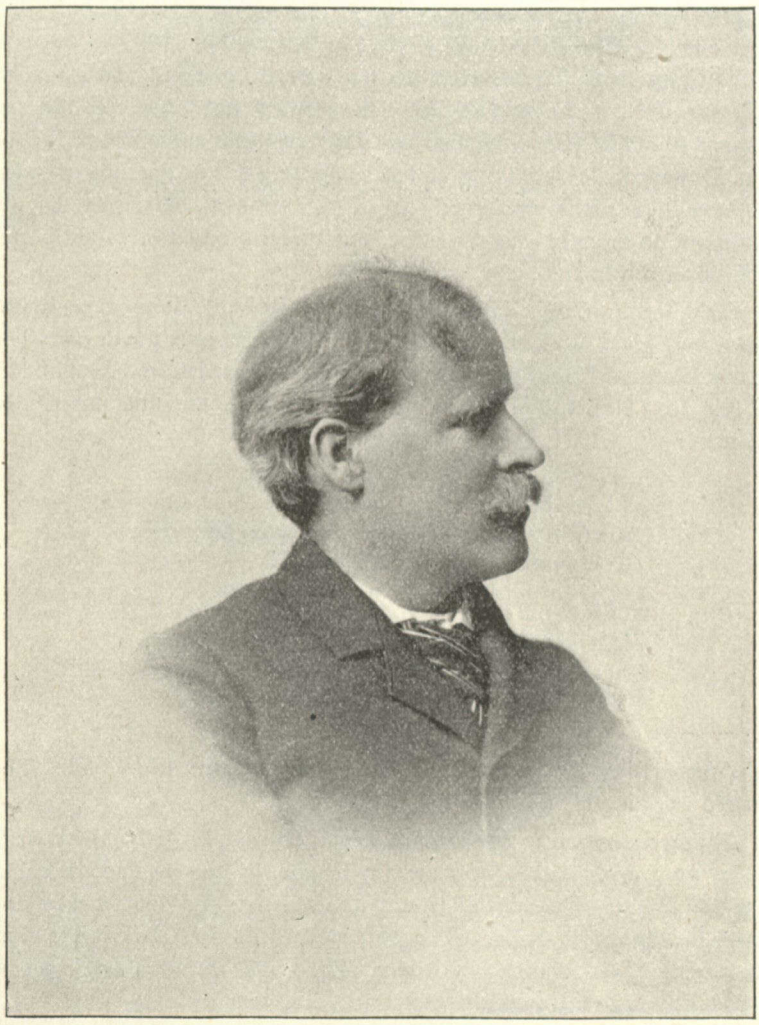
and the characters are the superstitious *habitants* of that province, which is so rich in legends and historical associations. There is the wonderful old trapper, Mikel le Caron, deeply learned in that intricate science of woodcraft, a dreamer, who hopes some day to see the manor, of which he is the lawful seigneur, restored to the glory it had in the seventeenth century. But the last scion of his race is Magloire, who ran away from him when about fourteen years of age, and, after

an absence of nine years, returns to show how greatly he has degenerated in Milwaukee, where he has been barber, pictureseller, coachman and what not, besides having lost all love for religion and his mother church, and has become a blatant orator on all socialistic topics. A third character which wins our sympathy is Nicolas Lauriere, the apt pupil of Mikel the trapper, and in his way a thinker. He is a lover of the woods and river, moved to his really poetic depths at the sight of a beautiful sunset. A hunchback, with the singularly unsuitable name of Pacifique, makes the fourth chief actor in the scenes. Minor parts are played by the *curé*, who was a true father to his people, Joncas, the trapper friend of Mikel, and several others who had been friends of Magloire in his youth. Strange to say, there are really no women in the story, for Magloire's mistress, Kitty, has a very subordinate part, and the two *Canadiennes* are barely mentioned. Mrs. Harrison possesses a thorough acquaintance with the life of the habitants whom she portrays, and in general her book reads well; but there are faults in the way of reflections and explanations which might have been avoided. Moreover, the whole chapter entitled "The Cure's Garden" is not necessary to the development of any of the characters and, therefore, might with advantage have been dispensed with. As a whole, however, the story is an excellent one and makes a very welcome addition to our Canadian literature.

Rose à Charlitte (L. C. Page & Co.) by Marshall Saunders, author of *Beautiful Joe*, is a tale of Evangeline's land. It is a great improvement on her previous work, but might have been compressed a good deal without detriment to the story. The characters are fairly well drawn, but are scarcely instinct with life. This criticism may also be passed on *Juaith Moore* (Ontario Pubishing Co.), by Joanna E. Wood. This author's first story, *The Untempered Wind*, has more power than her second, the characters of which are rather effeminate. I cannot agree with the editor of *The Canadian Magazine* in ranking her with Gilbert Parker, but still I feel that she can do good work if she takes time.

Diane of Ville Marie: A Romance of French Canada, by Blanche L. Macdonell (Briggs), is the first longer work by a comparatively new writer. The scene is laid in Ville Marie, about 1690, at a time when attacks by Iroquois and English make the lives of the French settlers hazardous. Diane de Monesthrol, a ward of Jacques Le Ber, finds herself in due time in love with young Du Chesne, who has lost his heart to Lydia Longloys, a beautiful English girl rescued from the Indians. Du Chesne loses his life in a battle against

the English, and Diane, marrying the Duke de Ronceval, returns to France to do pure and lovely deeds, buoyed up by her unconfessed but undying love for the unfortunate Du Chesne. The book is pure in



J. W. Bengough.

tone (as are all that have been mentioned in this review), but there is nothing startling in the characters, though they are fairly well drawn. Diane is an exception, and stands out clearly before us. But in this

work, too, we miss that firm grasp of the material and skill in development of the plot, which is so necessary to the success of a story. The story seems long drawn out at the beginning. Then there is quite a decided tendency at "fine writing," a fault that seals the fate of many books. The opening paragraph is a very good example of this, and many other instances are found in the different chapters.

Turning from fiction, what do we find in poetry? In his work, *Essays for the Times* (Briggs), Dr. Dewart has collected the few poems which he has published at different times since 1869. When Dr. Dewart writes anything he has something to say, and we are glad to have these pieces preserved for us. It seems to me a pity that he does not do more in this direction, but under-production is far better than over-production.

Cuba, and Other Verse (Briggs), by Robert Manners, contains some very good work, but is uneven. The humorous poem on "The Early Worm of Unhappy Memory" is quite a success, and so is "His Reply to 'Her Letter.'" "Night" contains some fine descriptive stanzas:

> Above yon looming cliff, whose sombre height,
> Black 'gainst the sky, o'erlooks the slumbering sea,
> Thou (*the moon*) soar'st aloft, dissolving into light
> The waters, cradled to tranquility.
>
> Mounting on high, soon doth thy radiance fill
> The earth and sea—most welcome on the deep
> Where thy bright beams with hope all wanderers thrill
> Who in the night across the ocean sweep.

Unfortunately other stanzas are weak, and the transition bad. The whole work is only fair.

Thayendanegea, an Historico-military Drama, by J. B. Mackenzie, is a work of duty to appease the shade of the neglected chief, Joseph Brant. The author is not a dramatist, and that makes one sorry for the poor shade. The dedication to Prof. Clark is the most surprising of all, incomprehensible. The book has not a single merit, unless it be the historical notes.

The Vision of the Seasons, and Other Verses, by Dorothy W. Knight (Drysdale), is a very plain case of the need of every poet being armed with a good-sized pruning-knife. Miss Knight rushed into print at *eleven* years of age. I am not acquainted with her previous booklets, but a good deal of the present one should never have seen

the light of day in the present form. For instance, here are the closing lines of "January":

"Now observe the windows and look at the delicate frostwork.
Thick on the large panes, but thinner and lighter on small ones,
Sometimes 'tis traced like leaves, and sometimes as stars or as landscapes
Now you see high mountains, and now a field or a footpath,
Drawn and outlined entire in the beautiful, wonderful frostwork.
This is a winter song, a picture of January's glory,
This describes the splendor of the beautiful January weather."

Minute description! Moderate prose! But here is something much better:

A MEMORY.

A slope of snow and a mild March day,
Some bare plum trees 'gainst a sky of gray,
And a happy child with her sled at play.

A wee brown bird on a dripping bough,
A song both simple and sweet, I trow,
And the child has stopped—she is listening now.

So clear, so plaintive, that little strain,
She longs and listens, it comes again,
She is thrilled with pleasure through every vein.

Now three years gone is that March sky's gray,
The wee brown birdie has flown away,
But the child's heart rings with the song to-day.

There is plenty of proof through the different poems that this young girl loves nature in its different forms, but in all kindness we would advise her to be very severe in self-criticism.

After this had been written, a letter was handed me, in which the encomiums of Roberts, Lighthall, Fréchette and others on Miss Knight's work were cited. I have no wish to be unduly severe on the young author, but I wonder how in all honesty such unstinted praise can be given. Praise the good, certainly, but point out the weaknesses as well. Do not spare the rod, else the child will most assuredly be spoiled.

What *dear* little books Lawson, Wolffe & Co. do put on the market! How Shakespeare and Chaucer must envy modern poets! And what a melliflous versifier Bliss Carman is! *By the Aurelian Wall* is a book of elegies to Keats, Shelley, Blake, Stevenson and

others, including Paul Verlaine, with whom, doubtless to my everlasting damnation as a lover of literature, I have no sympathy. But what is to be expected from such a Philistine? And yet I know a poet, German 'tis true and not of small account, Goethe by name, who was a master in versification, but there is a world of meaning in his honey-sweet tones. Anyone acquainted with "Faust" will bear me out. What are we to make of this stanza from the opening elegy?

JOANNA E. WOOD.

"He learns the silver strain
Wherewith the ghostly houses of grey rain
And lonely valleys ring,
When the untroubled white throats make the spring
A world without a stain."

Lines two, four and five are the puzzles.

I have also a strong dislike to the sentiment in some of Carman's work. A striking example is the elegy "To Raphael," to which I must refer my readers. Now, there is no doubt that Bliss Carman is a gifted poet, but I must say that I do not think he is doing work

worthy of him or of his art. Protesting, methinks he doth protest too much, that the poet must be free, gives no right to license, and this, to my mind, is Carman's weakness. At any rate, no one with the full flow of life in his veins and full-fledged hopefulness in his breast can have any patience with decadence and squalor. And though we all know that a few of the "dear good people on familiar terms with God," as Carman puts it, are somewhat of a nuisance, yet no sane healthy nature can deny that the life and example of the Saviour of men influences to a greater or less degree the lives of almost all men who count for something in this world and who are doing something real for its good. Moreover, the dead women who

> "Dared to make desire a duty,
> With the heretics in hell!"

are no models for us, and are not accepted as such by any decent person.

Some fine work is found in Roberts' *New York Nocturnes*. Here is a little gem:

> "Said Life to Art—'I love thee best
> Not when I find in thee
> My very face and form, expressed
> With dull fidelity,
>
> But when in thee my craving eyes
> Behold continually
> The mystery of my memories
> And all I long to be."

How much the following lines say!

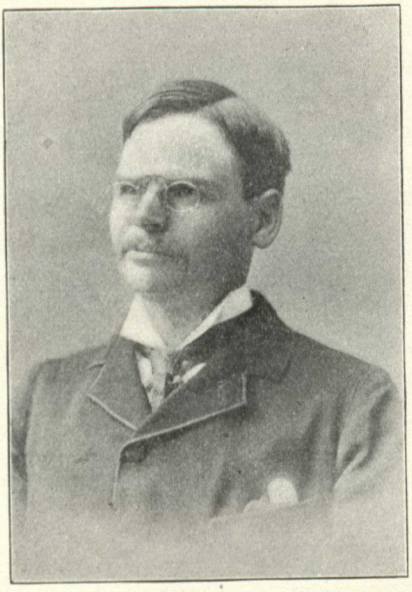
"IN DARKNESS

> I have faced life with courage,—but not now!
> O Infinite, in this darkness draw Thou near.
> Wisdom alone I asked of thee, but Thou
> Hast crushed me with the awful gift of fear."

Roberts is doing good work in both verse and prose, as witness his *Forge in the Forest*. But what about nationality? some reader may ask. Well, Carman and Roberts are Canadian-born and have treated Canadian subjects; but how are we to distinguish between English, Stateser and Canadian poets? We all speak, with very slight differences, the same tongue, and the growing cosmopolitanism, now so much in evidence, tends decidedly to the wiping out of minor differences in writings. Then how can we expect much difference?

The Lord of Lanoraie, a Canadian Legend, by Robert G. Starke (John Lovell & Son), is a very fair attempt to do for our country what Sir Walter Scott did for Scotland.

Camp and Lamp is a collection of stories and verse by Samuel N. Baylis (Drysdale), of various weight and merit.



WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

Besides books of verse and works of fiction quite a number of other works, published during the present year, have been handed to me for review. I shall notice them only *en passant* with very brief words, seeing that this article is already long enough.

Dr. Dewart's *Essays for the Times* is a valuable collection. I do not know whether the author has any more essays in reserve, but I could wish that he would give us some more on Canadian

authors like the one on Sangster. He is the best qualified judge we have. "Confessions and Retractions of an Eminent Scientist" (Romanes) is a very striking essay and suggestive of thought. "Questionable Tendencies in Current Theological Thought" is well developed and will interest even if one should not agree with the author throughout. In fact, all are interesting, keen and instructive, but, personally, I should like to see some more on literary subjects and a division into two books.

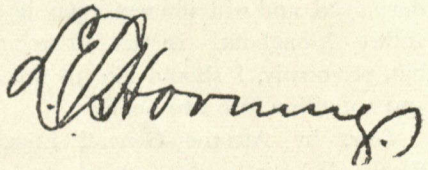
Love, by Attorney-General Longley, of Nova Scotia (Copp, Clark Co.), is a dissertation on "The Greatest Thing in the World." There is much that is very excellent, but the author raises, especially in the chapter "What Love is Lawful?" and leaves unsettled, a good many puzzling questions. Repetitions are somewhat painfully frequent and seem to me a fault in style.

A Critical Study of In Memoriam, by Rev. Dr. King, of Winnipeg (Morang), would be a useful book to a beginner in the subject, but contributes nothing new for the more advanced student, nor could one dispense with other aids. The style is not felicitous, and the long sentence of the opening paragraph of the preface is a very fine example of what to avoid in writing.

A great many works are now appearing in the way of contributions to the social history of our country. They are valuable sidelights, but cannot be called history proper. Those before me are "Pioneer Sketches of Long Point Settlement," by Egbert A. Owen (Briggs); "Pathfinding on Plain and Prairie," by McDougall (Briggs); "The Making of the Canadian West," by R. G. MacBeth (Briggs); "Steam Navigation," by James Croil (Briggs), a valuable contribution to the history of our waterways; and a book of very rambling, styleless sketches by Thomas Conant (Briggs). This last I have seen elsewhere. Perhaps the colored plates may suit the taste of the general public, but they do not seem to me to particularly enhance the value of the work. Canadian history, based on a study of the original authorities, has to a large extent yet to be written. Miss Young's "Stories of the Maple Land" (Copp, Clark Co.) is a selection from the stirring incidents in our history told attractively for children. Herbin's "Grand Pré" (Briggs) is an instructive guidebook to Evangeline's Land.

In conclusion let me say that this essay, undertaken at the urgent solicitation of the editors of "ACTA," does not claim to be a complete review of all Canadian works which have appeared during the year, nor does the writer profess to be infallible in his criticisms, which after

all are, as are all such, to a great extent a matter of personal opinion. But I cannot close without saying that I believe Canadians have been making rapid strides in literary production, and that we ought to look for and confidently expect better things in the near future.



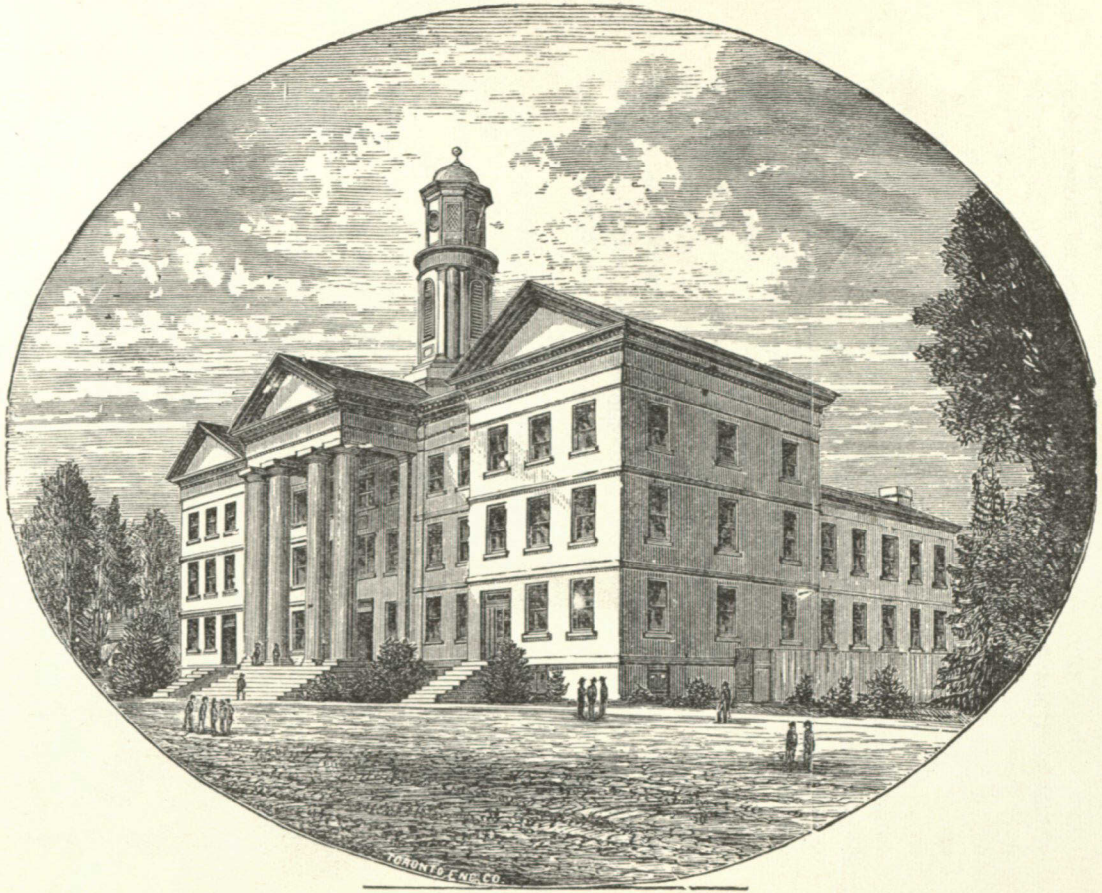
Plus Ultra.

ONE more song and then away,
Strive no more to gain her ear;
One more prayer for Love to pray,
Silence then and darkness drear.
Light of Love through darkness brought,
Sweetest songs for her enwrought—
She will neither see nor hear.

Little worth but for her sake
Held I all that life might spare;
All my art I strove to make
As a garland for her hair.
Life and Love and Art together
Pass like leaves in wintry weather—
Neither takes she thought nor care.

No more Love and no more song!
What is left for Life to say?
This: When sombre hours grow long,
Memory's lamp shall light thy way.
Love in dreams can know no waning;
Seldom Love survives the gaining;
Touched,—it withers to decay.

Frank L. Pollock



"Old Vic.," Cobourg

Stone Breaking.

MARCH wind rough
Clashed the trees,
Flung the snow;
Breaking stones,
In the cold,
Germans slow,
Toiled and toiled;
Arrowy sun
Glanced and sprang,
One right blithe
German sang
Songs of home,
Father-land:
Syenite hard,
Weary lot,
Callous hand,
All forgot:
Hammers pound,
Ringing round;
Rise the heaps,
To his voice,
Bounds and leaps,
Toise on toise:
Toil is long,
But dear God
Gives us song,
At the end,
Gives us rest:
Toil is best.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

Department of Indian Affairs,
OTTAWA, November, '98.

A Review of Some Recent Fiction.

THE pre-eminent quality of all books of fiction lies in their power to amuse. To help to beguile an idle moment, or to divert us from the heavier mental occupations of our days, is the supreme mission of the novel. And yet the novels that merely amuse have no enduring quality. Our best writers introduce other elements besides pure diversion. To judge from those that are acknowledged as the best we have, the presenting and discussing of social, religious and moral questions comes within the scope of the novel. It is noticeable that the books which take the strongest hold on popular imagination are not the most diverting. Shakespeare wrote to draw audiences to the theatre, and it is quite conceivable that "Much Ado About Nothing" or "The Merry Wives of Windsor" pleased those rude audiences much better than "Othello" or "Hamlet" could do. Yet we to-day are better informed regarding the two latter than the two former, because of some quality quite distinct from mere diversion.

To thoughtful readers, then, the novel presents two phases, its material and its motive or message. As to material, we must bear in mind the conditions under which recent novelists are working. During the many years since the first novel became popular, writers innumerable have exercised their art in this department, with the result that it is becoming more and more difficult to find material for novels that has not been worked over and over again. Mine after mine has become exhausted by this army of gold-seekers. Placer mining is no longer profitable, at least in the old fields, and now it has become necessary either to seek entirely new fields, or to delve deep down and with great labor and wearisome searching to find some store of the precious metal. Rider Haggard goes to the wilds of Africa and South America, or to Iceland, for his material; Kipling to far-off India with its heathenish customs and stirring, strange life; Crawford to Italy; Ian Maclaren, Barrie, and Crockett to the peasantry of Scotland; Anthony Hope to some fabulous island in the Mediterranean or some equally fabulous kingdom in the heart of Europe. On the other hand, Hardy seeks his material among the unheroic of the lower and middle classes of England, probing their wounds and cauterizing their sores with the cruel fidelity of a surgeon. Hall Caine deals with life and its mysteries as it appears to the native Manxman.

The second consideration with respect to choice of material is that the novelist must suit the every-varying taste of the times. When Scott began to write his famous series, he had almost to create a taste for his books. But the novelist of to-day finds a more or less refined and educated palate to which he must accommodate his wares. He cannot copy after his predecessor, for he must write for his own age. "The rude man," quotes Carlyle, "needs only to see something going on. The man of more refinement must be made to feel. The man of complete refinement must be made to reflect." To the rude man, who desires only to see something going on, the drama, and that of the roystering and hilarious comedy type, addresses itself with peculiar fitness. Dramatic production is almost a thing of the past, which would go to show that as readers we have reached the stage of more or of even complete refinement. The writings of one of the great poets of this age are addressed to the reflective quality, to the subordination of the purely emotional. Browning's poetry, with its keen and subtle analysis of character and motive, requires the exercise of the reflective faculty for its proper appreciation and understanding. If poetry, hitherto held to be the region of pure emotion, has so surrendered to the domination of the intellect, what may we expect of prose fiction? So we find some of the best novels a close and careful study of social and economic conditions, or an analysis of the secret motives that possess the human heart. I refer now not to the purpose novel, such as Bellamy's "Looking Backward," or Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Robert Elsmere;" but rather to such books as George Eliot's "Romola," or Hall Caine's "Christian."

The second part of our study will be devoted to the message which is conveyed through the novel of to-day. The word "message" appears perhaps too dignified and sacred a term to be applied to the novel, and should be applied, one would think, rather to the utterance of the prophet or the preacher. Yet I do not think we shall be far astray if we regard the novelists as minor prophets, some of them false possibly, or lacking in courage to utter what lies within them. The man who writes books for the public is, in his private capacity, not much wiser or more far-seeing than one who never writes. But when he writes he is, or should be, under inspiration. At the least, he is, as it were, under oath, and dare not utter things inadvisedly and without duly pondering upon the truth of his utterance. In his essay on Scott, Carlyle speaks of this message: "In the heart of the speaker there ought to be some kind of gospel-tidings. . . . Literature has other aims than harmlessly amusing indolent languid men." He further

suggests that all literature worthy of the name is "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification, for building up and elevating." In the following we may find something of those qualities of which Carlyle speaks.

The extreme type of Thomas Hardy's novels is found in "Jude the Obscure." Jude Fawley from early boyhood was possessed of an ambition for college education, leading toward the Church as a profession. He pursues his purpose unfalteringly through the years of his boyhood and youth. He buys Latin and Greek grammars, and while he drives a bread-cart he picks up some smattering of the classics. His plans are well laid. Being dependent upon his own exertions, he chooses the occupation of stone-cutter as one most likely to afford him employment in the city of colleges. To Oxford, after long years of waiting, he wends his way. Here he will finally succeed or fail. In conjunction with, or rather we should say against, his intellectual longings, Jude has to fight, of outward circumstances, poverty and social traditions; and inwardly an appetite for strong drink and the animal passion of sex. The theme therefore resolves itself into a conflict between the mind and spirit striving upward, and the world and the flesh dragging and keeping him down. Shall the powers of darkness or the powers of light gain possession of him? Or to state it more to the purpose, shall the man succeed in establishing himself in the innate dignity of his manhood, or must he give up the fight and confess at last that the stars fought against him? From this viewpoint, the message of this book is one of discouragement. He not only fails to make a scholar and a bishop of himself; he fails even to preserve his native manliness and integrity. After giving up his university plans, he drifts into drunkenness, debauchery and bestiality, and dies in the prime of life, alone, calling for a cup of water to slake his dying thirst, while his coarse, brutal wife has left his side for an hour to enjoy the gay scene of a holiday exhibition.

The foregoing is only a bare outline of the story. There is a great deal more in it of an equally depressing nature. It belongs to what has been styled the "literature of despair." Jude marries one woman, divorces her, and lives with another whom he has not married. His life with the former is wretched, with the second fairly happy. This one he loves and contines to love, evidently because he has not married her and sworn to love. The inference is plain. There is a suggestion of paganism in the author's reference to a good old Anglican Church as a "temple to the Christian divinities."

Realism, sensualism and pessimism are the principal notes struck

in this book,—all notes of despair, for his realism paints the darker shades of human life and character; his sensualism confesses that the animal in man is still superior to the mind; and his pessimism declares that circumstance, fate, or what you will, is still stronger than human skill or human endeavor.

It must be admitted that the sensualism of the book is offensive. True, sensualism is the theme; but it need not have been made so shockingly prominent. While Jude is preparing for college, he accidentally meets a young girl, whom he soon marries. Here is the description of the girl: "She was a fine dark-eyed girl, not exactly handsome, but capable of passing as such at a little distance, despite some coarseness of skin and fibre. She had a round and prominent bosom, full lips, perfect teeth, and the rich complexion of a Cochin's egg. She was a complete and substantial female human, no more, no less." These are illustrations that can be quoted; others, more direct and much more gross, I refrain from citing.

The realism is equally prominent with the sensualism. Arabella Donn, Jude's wife to be, scrapes an acquaintance with him by throwing a piece of pig's offal at him. Their intimacy receives a considerable impetus while the two, a short time later, chase a pig that has escaped from Arabella's guardianship. When they marry, a source of income is hoped for from a pig which they fatten during the autumn. The killing of this pig is the theme of one chapter, and the author shows a master's skill in elevating this ignoble scene into the domain of the tragic, and making it a factor in the disagreement that finally separates husband and wife. The boiling of the water, the catching of the pig, hoisting him on his back, scraping off the bristles, plunging in the knife, and the attendant squealing of the unhappy victim, all are depicted with studious attention to details.

After Jude had been some time at Oxford, battling with all sorts of discouragements, he wrote letters to the heads of various colleges in that city, stating his difficulties and asking their advice. He received one reply, as follows: "I have read your letter with interest; and, judging from your description of yourself as a workingman I venture to think that you will have a much better chance of success in life by remaining in your own sphere and sticking to your trade, than by adopting any other course. That, therefore, is what I advise you to do." On the strength of this "terribly sensible advice," Jude got drunk.

This selection and presentation of the discouraging elements in the common unidealized life of humanity is what constitutes the

pessimism of Thomas Hardy's novels. It is easy to see how a more sanguine writer would conduct his hero over the same obstacles to a triumphant success. That the hero admits the truth of the advice, and is consequently discouraged and debased, is in keeping with the tone of the whole book.

As was said before, "Jude" is the extreme type of Hardy's novels. All of his books contain elements of great beauty. The picture of

S. R. CROCKETT.

dairy farm life in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is idyllic. His "Woodlanders" is enchantingly beautiful in its description of woodland scenery. In "Jude" the reader is impressed with the conviction that here is a writer whose sympathies have gone out to the unlucky and unheroic of humanity. Stripped of its indecent coarseness, this novel treats boldly and frankly certain social evils. Taken at its best, the purpose of the book is indicated in the following speech delivered by Jude in the streets of Oxford: "It is a difficult

question, my friends, for any young man—that question I had to grapple with, and which thousands are weighing at the present moment in these uprising times—whether to follow uncritically the track he finds himself in, without considering his aptness for it, or to consider what his aptness or bent may be, and re-shape his course accordingly. I tried to do the latter, and I failed. But I don't admit that my failure proved my course to be a wrong one, or that my success would have made it a right one; though that is how we appraise such attempts nowadays—I mean, not by their essential soundness, but by their accidental outcomes. If I had ended by becoming like one of these gentlemen in red and black that we saw dropping in here by now, everybody would have said, 'See how wise that young man was to follow the bent of his nature!' But having ended no better than I began, they say: 'See what a fool that fellow was in following a freak of his fancy.'

"However, it was my poverty and not my will that consented to be beaten. It takes two or three generations to do what I tried to do in one; and my impulses—affections—vices, perhaps, they should be called—were too strong not to hamper a man without advantages, who should be as cold-blooded as a fish and as selfish as a pig to have a really good chance of being one of his country's worthies."

"Simon Dale," by Anthony Hope, is in tone and purpose quite the opposite to "Jude." Jude determines to be a bishop, no less, and his determination, if nothing else, should fortify him in his virtue. Simon Dale is a young man of no particular pretensions to virtue, living in the dissolute times of Charles II. Jude's virtue is attacked by a coarse and ignorant country wench—and he succumbs. Simon comes within the allurements of the most fascinating woman of her time—the notorious Nell Gwyn. What enables him in the moment of supreme temptation to resist the siren is simply the love he bears a pure and queenly maiden, near whose room he passes and whose voice he hears singing a low love-song. And that love which keeps him pure enables him to act the man. This is a spiritualizing love, which manifests itself as often in Anthony Hope's novels as does a sensual passion in Hardy's. Respectively, these two sentiments form the *motifs* of the two authors.

Barbara Quinton and Simon Dale had spent their childhood and youth together in their country house at Hatchstead. She had gone to London as Maid of Honor; he to seek his fortune at the court. King Louis of France was visiting Charles at Dover, and during this visit the infamous Treaty of Dover was enacted. As an incidental

bargain in the treaty, Barbara, unknown to herself, was bartered to Louis. The boat that carried Louis back to France carried also Barbara, under pretence of going as maid of honor to Madame the King's sister, who was soon to follow. But Simon Dale goes, too, and with his strong arm and quick wit he saves the innocent and unsuspecting girl from a fate of shame.

The book presents in every respect a complete contrast to the one previously considered. Its personnel is exalted, and the incidents are romantic. Sensualism exists, and is candidly confessed, but it does not triumph, and its presentation is stripped of its grossness. Dealing as it does with an age of licentiousness and infidelity, the story is nevertheless clean and wholesome in moral tone. The historic personages are carefully and accurately depicted. Charles is made no better and no worse than the Charles of history, and Louis of France, the foremost man of his time, suffers no detraction at the author's hands. Simon holds a pistol at his head at one moment, determined to win his point even at the expense of the life of the august libertine; at the next moment he is lost in admiration of Louis' coolness, bravery, and princely demeanor. The conversations are exceedingly clever, and it is here, perhaps, where Anthony Hope excels. And, lastly, the hero is just such a one as any true-minded and honorable Briton might aim to be.

To declare that honor and virtue may be retained in the midst of such surroundings as the court of the most profligate of English kings; to set forth that sturdy independence, both of person and conscience, is more to be desired than power and place, even about the person of the king; to represent a choice of privacy and retirement, with a good conscience, as preferable to court life with its debasing influences, and that choice made by a young man who is neither a prude nor a Puritan; above all, to teach that there is no better thing a man can do than to perform at his best the duty that lies nearest to him, whether it be to uphold the liberties of his country or to rescue a lady from the embraces of a princely libertine, and leave the mysteries of life and the inherent evils of society to a Higher Power; these are the inspiriting and encouraging doctrines of "Simon Dale."

Hall Caine's "Christian" deserves our attention next. It belongs to the realistic school with Hardy's "Jude," but is conceived in a very different spirit. There is no irreverence or scoffing here. It is a careful study of the conditions, social and religious, that characterize London in the last decade of the nineteenth century. It is intensely modern. The bike and the bloomers come under discussion in a

fashionable assembly, and the dulcet tones of the hand-organ grind out "Sweet Marie." The working girls of the modern Babylon come in for a full share of treatment, and their victimization by the wealthy and fashionable men of the town. Hospitals, gambling dens, monkish cloisters, behind the scenes in theatres, the Ultramontane leanings of the High Church, the Derby—all these and similar scenes and conditions are depicted with realistic faithfulness. In the midst of these scenes two principal characters move, and add life and interest. Glory Quayle, with her abounding vitality, her scintillating wit, and her ever-varying moods and emotions, is a most interesting, if complicated and inexplicable, piece of femininity. John Storm is an intense, gloomy, serious, semi-fanatical religionist, full of high and heroic plans for the amelioration of society, but failing at every turn. Now he is defeated by the worldliness and indifference of the Established Church and her ministers, and he turns for consolation to a brotherhood of monks, who take upon themselves the triple vow of the mediæval knights—poverty, obedience, and chastity. His passionate nature makes this life of inaction and passivity intolerable, and he is soon found in the world again, preaching and founding homes and clubs for working girls. He is defeated here by having the church where he preached sold over his head for a theatre. He finds another church, and here he preaches righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come. He draws great crowds and his name is held in veneration. But his preaching concerning judgment upon the wicked is applied by his excited hearers to the wicked city of London, and soon Rumor hints of the day and the hour when these things must take place. The day comes, and panic-stricken crowds fly from the doomed city. No destruction follows, however, and a warrant is issued for John Storm's arrest as a stirrer-up of sedition. He finally meets his death in a street fight.

The book is realistic, decidedly so. Besides, it offers no bright hope for the future of humanity. In all the social fabric erected by the author's imagination, no one is found upon whom we can rely with hope. Archdeacon Wealthy is too intent upon things of the world and too utterly selfish to be a redeeming force. The brotherhood of monks despair of social regeneration, and are intent only upon their own salvation. Drake is a creature of good impulses, but is tainted with the malady of his time, and lacks steady moral purpose. Mrs. Callander and Lady Ure are more promising, but one is tottering to the grave, and the other is neutralized by a wicked and worthless husband. And Glory Quayle? Well, we never know where to find

her. One day she may be planning to consecrate her life with John Storm to works of charity and mercy, and the next she may be lunching with fast gentlemen friends in questionable resorts. These with John Storm are the best characters, the author tells us, of which society is composed. The hero himself is entitled the "Christian," as pre-eminently exemplifying the life and teachings of Christ.

Rev. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren").

The thoughtful reader will, I fancy, be inclined to question the fitness of this appellation. John Storm is a man of great singleness and unselfishness of purpose, and of considerable moral integrity. But that he is so far perfect as to be worthy of the title, "The Christian," is less evident. He lacks tact, he lacks consistency of purpose, and he lacks sanity of judgment. He utterly fails to "make friends to himself of the mammon of unrighteousness." How can a man overcome the

world who cannot overcome himself? So far from understanding his own time, he does not understand himself, and, as the author plainly indicates, he mistakes his love for Glory Quayle for the love of God. Hence the hero fails, not because of the "perfidy of circumstances," nor because of the unfitness of the principles by which he was guided, but chiefly because he was unfit for the work he had to do. The great error of the book is therefore in its title. The book is miscalled, and should be known by any other name than by "The Christian."

While it would be rash, on account of the great scope of the work, to say that this or that in particular constitutes its theme, it nevertheless is not difficult to perceive that the author is heavily charged with a message of condemnation for the Established Church. So thoughtful and significant is his deliverance on that question, proceeding from the mouth of John Storm's uncle, the Prime Minister, that we feel impelled to quote it here, and therewith conclude the review of a book which, despite some weaknesses characteristic of most of the work of its most gifted author, is yet one of the strongest and most thoughtful novels that have appeared in this modern age:

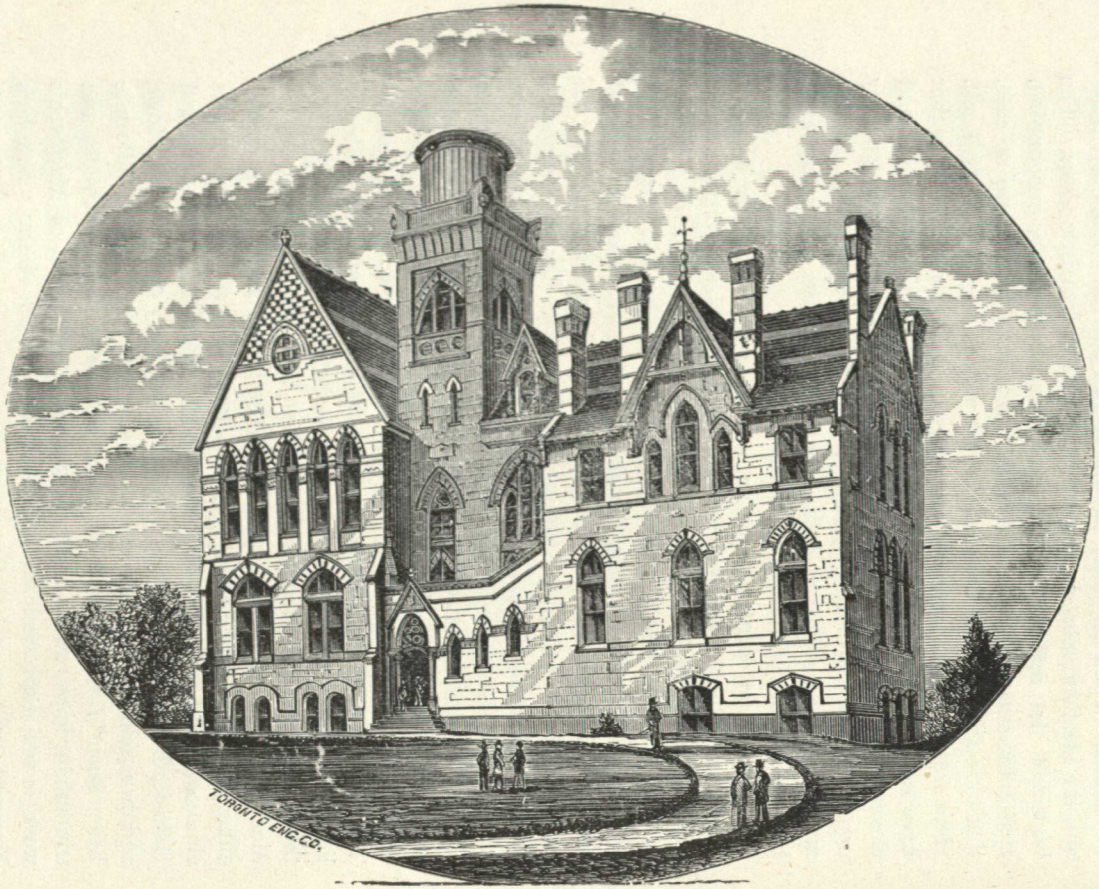
"Never in history, so far as I know it, and certainly never within my own experience, has it been possible to maintain the union of Church and State without frequent adultery and corruption. The effort to do so has resulted in manifest impostures in sacred things, in ceremonies without canonical significance, and in gross travesties of the solemn worship of God. Speaking of our own Church, I will not disguise my belief that, but for the good and true men who are always to be found within its pale, it could not survive the frequent disregard of principles which lie deep in the theory of Christianity. Its epicureanism, its regard for the interests of the purse, its tendency to rank the administrator above the apostle, are weeds that spring up out of the soil of its marriage with the State."

Out of a countless number of very recent books, we have found space to review only three. Many good judges might take issue with the selection, and say that we have not reviewed the best books. This can be said of the selection, that the works and the authors are representative. Each of the authors is a master, and has won fame in the field of fiction. Each has a well-defined and distinct view of his art, and each works among material quite different from the others. Hardy challenges our assent to his outspoken utterances upon the evils of modern society. His social philosophy is destructive; custom, convention, and those safeguards such as marriage, parent-hood, and religious faith, all are swept away, and society is left with nothing but natural religion and primitive communism. Very few will be

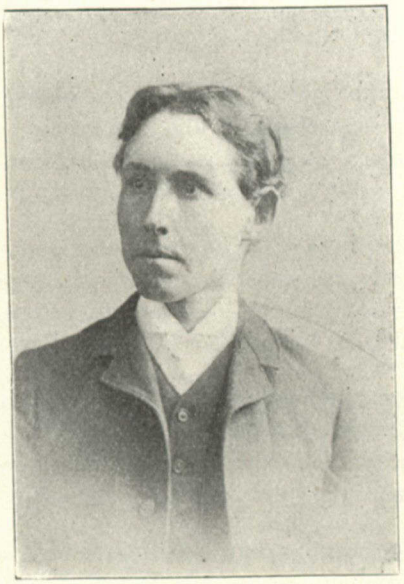
inclined to forgive such iconoclasm. Hall Caine is fully as realistic as Hardy, but not so destructive; quite as critical, but more reverent. These two, the realists, profess to hold a mirror up to nature, or as it were, to photograph society. Anthony Hope and the idealists *select* their material to suit their artistic views. The books of the realistic school have their purpose in invigorating, chastening and warning. They say, "Woe to you that are at ease, that look about you in easy satisfaction with the world and with self. Here are evils that have not been corrected by you, and wrongs that have not been righted." The idealists, on the contrary, cheer and elevate. While not denying or obscuring the evils about us, they urge the efficacy of the human will in overcoming them. They say, "Man can be what he wills to be." The realists say, "Man must be what fate or circumstance permits him to be."

Time will not permit us to do justice to the multitude of other recent writers. We can only mention such books as Conan Doyle's "White Company," and Stanley Weyman's "Gentleman of France," treating of the mediæval chivalry with all its virility and charm; and of Gilbert Parker's Canadian stories, so true to Canadian life and history. Kipling, the poet of militarism and imperialism, and the author of some of the most popular stories of the day, is voluminous enough to be treated separately. Barrie, Crockett, and Ian Maclaren form a school by themselves,—the "kail-yard school." Upon Crockett the mantle of Scott has fallen. The humor and pathos of the Thrums stories are the delight of every natural heart. Barrie has achieved a distinct success in a comparatively unexplored field. "Sentimental Tommy" will remain a monument to his loving sympathy with the little joys and sorrows and "endless imitations" of child life. In this theme he is a worthy rival of James Whitcombe Riley. As for Maclaren, his creations are immortal. His humor and his sadness are alike irresistible. He appeals to the heart with a directness that is almost painful. And who can fittingly describe his Jamie and Domsie, Drumsheugh and Posty, and McClure, and Marget Howe and her scholar son, whose life faded away beside the "Bonnie Brier Bush"? That mystical union of tender pathos, sadness and triumphant hope, which is so marked a characteristic of Maclaren's work, is well expressed in the concluding words of the "Scholar's Funeral": "It was a late November day when I went to see George's memorial, and the immortal hope was burning low in my heart, but as I stood before that cross, the sun struggled out from behind a black watery bank of cloud, and picked out every letter of the Apocalypse in gold."

Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. J. B. Reynolds.



FARADAY HALL, COBOURG.



ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

The Minstrel.

THROUGH the wide-set gates of the city, bright-eyed,
Came the minstrel: many a song behind him,
Many still before him, re-echoing strangely,
Ringing and kindling.

First he stood, bold-browed, in the hall of warriors,
Stood, and struck, and flung from his strings the roar and
Sweep of battle, praising the might of foemen,
Met in the death-grip:

Bugle-voiced, wild-eyed, till the old men, rising,
Gathered all the youth in a ring, and drinking
Deep, acclaimed him, making the walls and roof-tree
Jar as with thunder.

Then of horse and hound, and the train of huntsmen,
Sprang his song, and into the souls of all men
Passed the cheer and heat of the chase, the fiery
Rush of the falcon.

Singing next of love, in the silken chambers
Sat the minstrel, eloquent, urged by lovely
Eyes of women, sang till the girls, white-handed,
Gathered, and round him

Leaned, and listened, eager, and flushed, and dreaming
Now of things remembered, and now the dearer
Wishes yet unfilled ; and they praised and crowned him,
They, the beloved ones.

Gentlest songs he made for the mothers, weaving
Over cradles tissues of softest vision,
Tender cheeks, and exquisite hands, and little
Feet of their dearest.

Into cloisters also he came, and cells, and
Dwellings, sad and heavy with shadow, making
All his lute-strings bear for the hour their bitter
Burden of sorrow.

Children gathered, many and bright, around him,
Sweet-eyed, eager, beautiful, fairy-footed,
While with jocund hand upon string and mad notes,
Full of the frolic,

He, rejoicing, followed and led their pastime,
Wilder yet and wilder, till weary over
All their hearts he murmured a spell, and gently
Sleep overcame them.

So the minstrel sang with a hundred voices
All day long, and now in the dusk of even
Once again the gates of the city opened
Wide for his passing

Forth to dreaming meadows, and fields, and wooded
Hill-sides, solemn under the dew and starlight.
There the singer, far from the pathways straying,
Silent and lonely,

Plucked and pressed the fruit of his day's devotion,
Making now a song for the spirit only,
Deeper-toned, more pure, than his soul had fashioned
Ever aforetime.

Sorrow touched it, travail of spirit, broken
Hopes, and faiths uprooted, and aspirations
Dimmed and soiled, and out of the depth of being,
Limitless hunger.

First his own strange destiny, darkly guided;
Next, the tragic ways of the world and all men,
Caught and foiled forever among perplexing,
Endlessly ravelled,

Nets of truth and falsehood, and good, and evil,
Wild of heart, beholding the hands of Beauty
Decking all, he sang with a voice and fingers
Trembling and shaken.

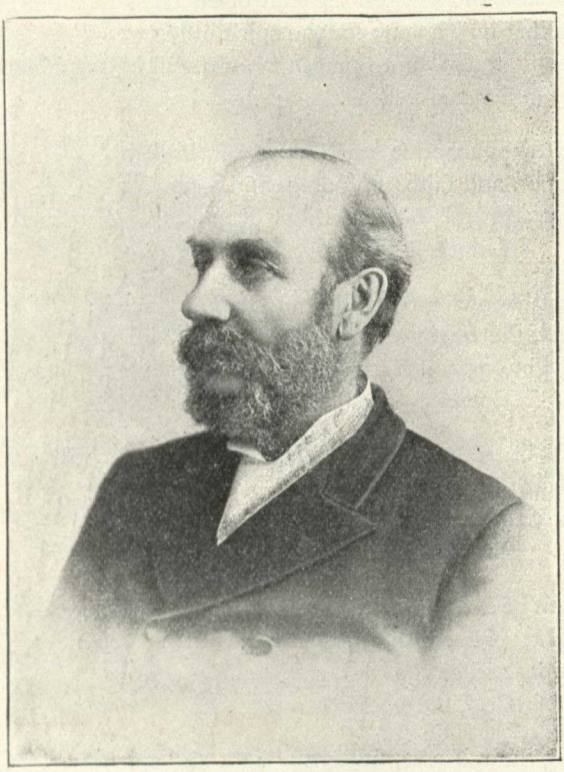
Then of earth and time, and the pure and painless
Night, serene with numberless worlds in woven
Scripts and golden traceries, hourly naming
God, the Eternal,

Sang the minstrel, full of the light and splendour,
Full of power and infinite gift, once only—
Only once—for just as the solemn glory,
Flung by the moonshine,

Over folds of hurrying clouds at midnight,
Gleams and passes, so was his song—the noblest—
Once outpoured, and then in the strain and tumult
Gone and forgotten.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

Post Office Department,
OTTAWA, November, '98.



THE lithe wind races and sings
Over the grasses and wheat—
See the emerald floor as it springs
To the touch of invisible feet!

Ah, later, the fir and the pine
Shall stoop to its weightier tread,
As it tramps the thundering brine
Till it shudders and whitens in dread!

Breath of man! a glass of thine own
Is the wind on the land, on the sea,—
Joy of life at thy touch!—full grown,
Destruction and death maybe!

Yours sincerely Yours,

Theodore H. Rand

Historical Fiction.

A DISCUSSION of Browning's "Strafford" at a Browning Club the other evening raised a question as to the value and legitimacy of historical fiction, either in the form of drama or in that of the novel. Historical fiction is difficult work, and is apt especially to awaken the critical sense of the student of history who is keenly conscious of divergence from fact. False coloring is almost inevitable.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Shakespeare, however, has managed to avoid it in his really historical plays, such as those of which the subjects are English history, and perhaps we may add "Julius Cæsar." Nobody would reckon as historical in anything but names, "Timon of Athens," "Troilus and Cressida," or even "Antony and Cleopatra." Nor is "Macbeth" a historical play, though the story is taken from early Scottish history. Charles Keene's presentation of it on the stage in historical costume

was a dramatic platitude. In Shakespeare's historical plays you may find an anachronism, such as the introduction of artillery in "King John," but not false coloring. Scott's imagination, second in power only to that of Shakespeare, reached well back to the Covenanters; it reached tolerably to the reign of James I., perhaps even to that of Elizabeth; but when he comes to the Middle Ages the false coloring prevails, and such a presentation of mediæval life and character as "Ivanhoe" or "The Talisman" is a circus in which only boys can thoroughly delight.

Misrepresentation of historical characters, which is almost unavoidable when they are made subjects of fiction, is injurious to truth, as it tends, in proportion to the vividness of the fiction, to impress our minds with false conceptions. Browning's dramatic picture of Strafford is true, inasmuch as Strafford was no vulgar apostate from the cause of liberty or servant of despotism, but a really great man in his way, with a political ideal; though had his course not been arrested, he would most likely have destroyed the constitution. His ideal was probably much the same as that of Bacon. He would have had a grand administrative monarchy, with an advisory parliament, and judges who, in Bacon's phrase, would be "lions beneath the throne." Himself would have been the King's chief minister, and the head of a beneficent government. No doubt he also wished to reform Charles's administration; it was thus that he incurred the enmity of the queen's circle; though, with great deference to Mr. Gardiner, it is impossible to hold that the cant word "Thorough" in the correspondence between Laud and Strafford, means merely administrative reform or anything but the assertion of prerogative. The relation between Strafford and Lady Carlisle is certainly made by Mr. Browning too warm and romantic. Lady Carlisle was simply a clever woman, devoted to political intrigue, and as ready to carry it on with Strafford's arch-enemy as with Strafford. Nor is it conceivable that Pym should have retained the affection for Strafford which Mr. Browning makes him show, and which forms the most striking feature, and, in its conflict with public duty, the central idea of the drama. It would have been impossible for him to arraign and denounce Strafford as he did in his speech on the impeachment, if any such feeling had lingered in his heart. Day-light and gas-light do not go well together, and in historical fiction the gas-light generally prevails.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Daulac—A Tragedy of French Canada.

(Founded on the life and character of Daulac des Ormeaux, the hero of the Long Sault.)

ARGUMENT.

The FIRST ACT opens on a bleak autumn night in a country château in France where Daulac's uncle, an aged gentleman, and his cousin Helène reside. Desjardins, the family notary, a scheming but able villain, who has estranged the old man from Daulac, persuades him to sign a will disinheriting Daulac, and leaving all his property to Helène. He then murders the old man. In ACT II. Desjardins meets Daulac on his return from Paris, where he is a soldier about the King's person. Daulac speaks of his desire for glory on the battlefield, and of an offer he has received to go to the New World, but expresses his reluctance to leave his cousin, whom he loves, and who loves him, and his uncle, whom he thinks still living. Desjardins tells him of his uncle's death and of his disinheritance. Daulac is horrified. Desjardins works on his sense of honor, and Daulac decides to go away, but desires to see his cousin once more. Desjardins precedes him, and appealing to Helène's pride, she dissembles her sorrow at Daulac's departure. ACT III. opens in Montreal a year later. Desjardins, who has just arrived, hears of the danger to the colony from the Iroquois, and intrigues with the Governor to get Daulac to lead a sortie against them. Partly by his connivance, but also fired to patriot ardor at the daily atrocities of the savages, Daulac appeals to the young men to join him in an attempt to save the colony. Seventeen young men leap to their feet and pledge themselves to follow him. He then meets Helène by chance, and in spite of Desjardins and the Church, to which Helène has given all her property, they determine to marry. In the FOURTH ACT they are just married, when Desjardins enters with a message from the Governor asking Daulac to fulfil his promise at once and proceed against the Iroquois, who are advancing down the Ottawa. Daulac obeys and goes. Helène reads the message, and Desjardins takes her to the church, where she sees Daulac and his companions take the last Sacrament parting them forever from all earthly ties. Desjardins then confesses his love. She repulses him. She faints. Desjardins steals her betrothal ring, determining to follow Daulac and drink his cup of vengeance to the full. He goes out. Helène revives, and expresses her determination to follow Daulac and share his fate. The FIFTH ACT is given here in full. The ruling motive of the play is to show the shrewdest wiles of an evil and malignant nature opposed to the simple, unsuspecting nobleness of a lofty soul, and defeated by that very nobleness itself.

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—PLACE: The Long Sault, a sheltered spot near the fort. TIME: Night. *Enter* HELÈNE and FANCHON.

FANCHON. O madame, stay not in this terrible place.
Death creeps about us, looks us in the face,
O stay not, this is death.

HELÈNE. Yea, all life too; back, back, the way you came
Or this same death you prate of in his net
Will mesh another victim!

FAN. O noble lady, what is this poor longing,
This love of life and heat and moving sound,
That makes us cowards to the crowding dark?
I sorrow to leave you, yet I dread to die.

HEL. Quick ! haste, or 'tis too late. Fear not for me !
Quick ! kiss me Fanchon, now good-bye, good-bye !
FAN. Forgive me, madame, that I love to live.
HEL. Go ! Go ! May you be happy, happy as I.
FAN. O madame !
HEL. Farewell ! (Helène pushes her out, she goes out sobbing)
O now I've reached my zenith as a plotter,
Could I but make a noise I'd like to sing,
Or lilt and dance around, like any child.
'Tis strange, with death about me like a wall,
There creeps across me this fantastic mood ;
But I could laugh and sing and cry by turns,
For I am his, he cannot send me back.
Yea, I will die first. O you foolish world !
Little you know what woman will do for man ;
'Tis said by shallow-pate philosophers
That there be nothing equals woman's wit,
That renders woman so unconquerable.
'Tis something 'twixt her two breasts planted deep,
Pulsating her whole being, called the heart,
And be she guided thus, what menaces
The dreams of subtlest intellect, crumbles down
To airy nothings at her constant will.
O stars ! that rise and know me true to him,
Ere you do set, will see us die together !
(Footsteps heard. She gazes swiftly around and glides into a shadowy corner. An Indian war-cry is heard in the distance. *Enter* DAULAC with cloak and sword.)
DAULAC. Another dawn will usher our souls to Heaven.
(*Enter* DESJARDINS disguised as a Huron chief.)
DESJARDINS. Ha, ha, ha !
DAULAC. Avaunt, Fiend !
DES. (advancing into the light and opening his blanket).
Know you me not ?
DAUL. 'Tis you, Desjardins ? Methought you were the Huron
In paint and feathers hidden from my ken,
But now you laughed as harshly as the fiend,
When he mocks mortals ushered into hell.
DES. 'Tis well said, Ha, ha, ha !
DAUL. What mean you ? Why this coming in a mask,
When you by joining in our open act,

Had shared our glory? I had not dreamed you martial;
But rather subtle, wise and full of cares,
A friend to moor to in the deeps of life;
But now I greet you sudden built about
With unsuspected virtues. Welcome, friend,
A soldier hand I give you in this breach,
Where ere another sunrise we will sleep,
To save La Nouvelle France.

DES. Nay, nay, not yet until you know the truth!

DAUL. The truth?

DES. I am no soldier full of oaths and follies,—
Glory I crave not, knowing its poor lease;
Country I own not save where I may thrive.
I'm not so drunk with patriotic dreams.
To snuff my candle in such breach as this.
Nay, Daulac, you are wrong, on other matters,
'Twixt me and thee, I come to thee to-night.

DAUL. What mean you, Desjardins, why this sinister mask?

DES. Are you a dauntless spirit?

DAUL. Whatever Daulac's faults, and he hath many,
No mortal ever turned him where he faced!

DES. Then, know the truth, this is the true Desjardins,
The other was the mask.

DAUL. The mask?

DES. Yea, the mask. Thou need'st all thy bravery,
Whereof in pride thou boastest thyself possessed.
'Tis easy dreaming, full many hearts are brave
When glory and achievement lie ahead,
Like splendid hills, topped by more splendid sunset,
Making a crown of memory o'er their deeds,
Where immortality lights them to their rest.
But when in starless midnight, all unwitnessed,
The sharp encounter runs, with shaking shame,
And hideous obloquy and dead men's bones,
Then who is brave, who glory-hearted then,
When cruel death camps round the ebbing hours,
Bidding to silence?
Ha, ha, with thee it is another matter,
Yea, 'tis a sterner road to travel then.

DAUL. Desjardins,
I know not if thou art mine olden friend,

Who counselled me oft upon my youthful follies,
Or whether thou art some fiend, in my last hours
Sent hither in shape of him to shake my spirit ;
But man or devil, I do say to thee,
Thou can'st not daunt me.

DES. Wait, wait, speak not so fast, my noble soldier ;
Desjardins' vengeance hath not burned in vain.
Wait, wait, thou gilded idol, blinded fool,
Till thou hast met the master of thy fate,
Then thou wilt tremble !

DAUL. Desjardins, chance before the dawn I die,
But tell me what dread sin I sinned against you,
That makes you such a devil in this hour ?

DES. Ha, ha ! 'twill take some time, but could I spread
This hour of agony over many years,
For bitter ages, I would die anew,
To see you suffer as you will to-night.
You think you are a hero, you who are
A poor tricked creature, taken in my cunning.
You ask how you have sinned ? In your whole being !
You crossed my nature since your earliest years.
All that you had I lacked, I speak it plain,
And hated you with an instinctive hate.
You little knew the hell that walked your side,
The enemy that crept into your life,
That probed your very weakness, searched your follies,
Studied the deep recesses of your nature,
To take you in this final trap at last.
Had I not reason ? What you had I envied,
The form, the spirit, the charm, that dazzles men
And leadeth women as the magnetic needle
Is drawn to either pole. Had I not reason ?
You had what my soul lacked !

DAUL. Great God ! Great God ! Can such a nature be ?

DES. Great God ? What hath a God to do with thee ?
You cheat your spirit with a vain conceit
That Deity hath guided all these years
Your being to this one great act of glory,
This splendid deed of high heroic valour,
Wherein through death you hand your memory down,
Immortal and resplendent to all days.

But know the truth, 'twas I, not He, who guided
Your poor fool-nature, blinded, to this pass,
Where men will laugh to scorn the self-built hero,
Taken at odds in his own childish dreams,
Aping in play the demi-gods of Greece,
Uselessly ending, in fountain spout of glory,
A self-marred life, he did not dare to live.

DAUL. There is a something in your very voice
That freezes my being. No thousand thirsting tongues
Of angry eager steel poised at my heart
To drink its fountains had power to wake the dread
My spirit feels to know that all these years
Your soul has been so near me. Of a truth,
We live next door to beings all our days,
Quaff social beakers at the self-same inn,
Tread the same streets with similar joys and cares,
Share the same roof, yea, even board and bed,
From eager youth to pining, palsied age,
To part as strangers at the very end.
Yea, sooth, it is indeed a wondrous world.
But to be shown long after many years,
The path you treaded nightly cunningly hid
A precipice to gulf you at the end,
Is not a thousandth part so dire and dread
As this unmasking of a hidden hate.
God knows I am a poor slow-minded man,
Following one impulse all my days:
If I have had the folly to dream of fame
Beyond my merit, Heaven hath rebuked me daily.
I know not of your subtle sophistries
That seek below the surface to confound
The simple-minded, who have only duty
To light them on to what is best in living;
I may not ken your wisdom, mayhap I am
O'er blinded by my passions to achieve,
Following the path of those who went before me;
But I know this—that in my poorer insight
The simple following of those noble voices
Who point in lofty dreams to aid our fellows,
Is greater far than all the deep intrigue
Builded of all the sophistries of hell.

I am a simple soldier without wisdom,
Save that which serves for valour; without knowledge,
Save what a man should know; but I am certain
What I have done is right in eye of God,
And my best instincts:—though I die to-night,
This sleeping world, this mighty-brooding mystery,
That dreams in awe of its own majesty;
Those wondrous rolling orbs that light each other
Along the endless ways of outer space;
All tell me I am right and whisper comfort.

DES. Ha, ha! this demi-god, he is above me,
Out of my reach, my envy cannot touch him,
Wait, wait, till I do tumble his soul to earth!
(To Daulac.) Wait, wait, my Daulac, how about Helène?

DAUL. She is an angel, far beyond your hate,
Or my poor love.

DES. Beyond your love perchance, but not my hate.
Have you never in your innocence dreamed
The one supremest reason why I hate you,
Is that I love Helène?

DAUL. You—love—Helène?

DES. And why not? May the moth not love the star?
The bat bathe in the moonlight with the eagle?
Yea, I have loved her, secret, all these years.
'Twas I who separated you in France,
Drove you out here, trapped you into this corner;
And now I tell you, petted fool of heaven,
I am your master, I will wed her yet.

DAUL. O God in heaven, tell me is it true
That yonder devil is not flesh and blood,
But some grim phantom?

DES. Yea, more; to teach you what a patch your honour,
When 'tis too late to mend it; would you know it,
She's not all yours!

DAUL. Devil, your life shall answer, pollute not
That angel memory by such hellish slander.
Though I be sworn to heaven a million times,
I am yet a man! (Draws sword.)

DES. Ha, ha, ha, ha! I fear you not!
You are too great a soul to trample a gnat

That stings like me ; know you your marriage ring ?
(Holds the ring up.)

DAUL. Great God ! It is ! It is her wedding ring !
What mist is this that creeps before my spirit ?
Nay ! nay ! I am foresworn ! By earth and heaven,
She is as pure as that same heaven itself,—
And you a liar !

DES. (starting back). I am a liar, aye, ha, ha !
What proof have you that I am what you say ?
Yea, die in doubt. Here is your wedding ring.
You trusted Heaven ! Where is your wife to say I am a liar ?

(HELÈNE comes out and confronts him.)

HEL. That Heaven you slander takes you at your word, and I am here.

DES. Great God ! curses ! curses ! I am beaten,
Yea, beaten, beaten, at the very last, and by the woman !

DAUL. Helène !

HEL. (rushing into his arms). Yea, Daulac, Helène, come to die with you.

DAUL. My love ! my angel love !

(A gun is fired. HELÈNE screams.)

HEL. Daulac, I die ! I die !

DAUL. (supporting her to a heap of fir). O God, she is shot !

HEL. Kiss me, my love, I could not live without you.

DAUL. O, Helène ! tell me that you do not suffer.

HEL. Nay, Daulac, I die happy in your arms. (Dies.)

DAUL. (laying her gently down). Dead ! O, dead !
O universe of love so soon extinguished !

(Turning to DESJARDINS, and drawing his sword.)

Now, Devil, to settle with you.

DES. Yea, yea ; this is the work I'd fain be at.
(Draws.) Now, vengeance, vengeance, match with Daulac's fate !

DAUL. Desjardins, though it be my latest hour on earth
I could not die till I had finished you !
(They fight long and hard. DESJARDINS wounds DAULAC.)

DES. Ha, ha ! mine, mine !

DAUL. No ; by the stars of heaven no ! Take that—aye, that !
(Runs DESJARDINS through. DESJARDINS falls and lies on ground, gasping. He tries to get up, then crawls toward HELÈNE'S body.)

DES. Yea, mine ! Yea, mine ! in death ! in death !

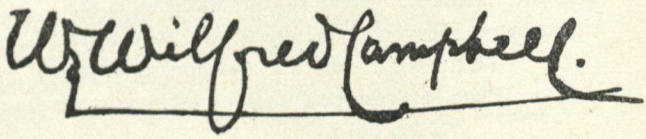
DAUL. Back, back! (Prevents him.)

DES. Curse you! curse you! (Dies.)

(A loud war-whoop rises, and Indians with raised hatchets rush in from all sides. DAULAC lifts HELÈNE'S body and placing his foot against DESJARDINS' body, turns, takes sword in hand and confronts them. They all start back in tableau.)

DAUL. La Nouvelle France, my lovèd Nouvelle France,
I die, I die for thee!

Curtain.



The Future.

IT were not well that we the folds should raise
Of that thick curtain of futurity
Which veils from us the things that are to be
Amid the shadows of the coming days.
For who of us could tread the common ways
Of life, serene and hopeful, if he saw
The sentence of th' inexorable law,
Like the doomed king, where'er he turned his gaze?

Kindly the All-wise has kept that prescient lore
Beyond our reach. It is enough to know
(Ah! lesson hard to learn) that, as men sow,
They reap—nor worse, nor better, less nor more.
Thus taught the Prophets with inspirèd tongue:
Thus Nature warns and thus her bards have sung.

JOHN READE.

MONTREAL, November, '98.

Ethics of Art and History.

ANYTHING more than a brief sketch is out of the question in the limits of a magazine article. But art should indicate the signs of the times so clearly that he who runs and reads should not err. We are told, guided as we are in our study of the unwritten past by shapen flints and stone implements only, a very consistent story of the character of the tribes who used them. Their domestic improvement is made evident in their rude and simple pottery. And the more delicate shaping and beautifying of designs reveal the increase of domestic comfort towards a condition of luxury. The metals, copper, silver, iron, gold, wrought with increasing skill and invention, indicate with some precision the improvements which marked the passing centuries. And the great monuments, which still sentinel deserted ruins, convey their mute chronicle of dynasties and thrones and temples and pageants and glory and decay as with a wistful and patient expectancy of a brighter age.

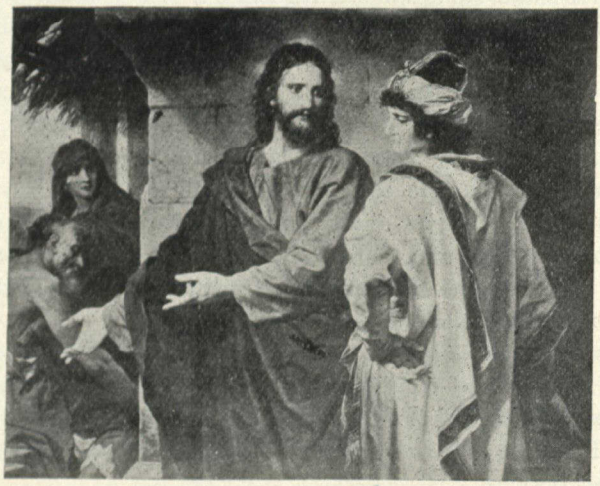
If these material things supply reliable records of the social progress of the human family, does not the growing power of the expression of ideas in picture form still further illustrate the same thing? Evidence of moral development and religious ideas meets the student everywhere.

For the sake of brevity, I shall confine my study to pictorial art, as it gives most emphasis to abstract ideas. This narrows the time limit to about five centuries. During this period a vast amount of material has been gathered and preserved; but much of it would be of little service to the student of tendencies. There is, however, one special department which stands in high relief amongst the rest, in which habit of thought and moral conviction can be studied to advantage. This is the department of Sacred Art.

In order to understand fully the significance of the work of any period, the usual method would be to study the social conditions of the time which produced it. The effect, therefore, which follows a cause will lead us naturally to infer the cause or condition when we see the effect, and this will enable us the better to appreciate the relationship of art and history.

Prior to the Renaissance, pictorial art was almost entirely of a religious character, yet the dark ages from which the light emerged could not be said to be favorable for the encouragement of any pure and beautiful ideal. The monastery and convent supplied almost the only retreat for those who sought freedom from vice and wrong. Men who sought such retreat found its leisure and atmosphere favorable to the culture of various arts, such as penmanship, wood-carving, pottery, glasswork, illuminating, stone-carving, higher architecture and painting.

The themes of the religious writings, particularly those in the ancient Scriptures—ever picturesque and grand—stirred the pulses of



N. Hofman.
Christ and the Rich Young Ruler.

the artists to achieve, in drawings and color, pictures of those hallowed scenes. Outside the cloister men were of two classes, nobles and slaves. To be noble was to fight and win, then fight to defend the winnings; to be a slave was to toil and moil for life and master, and fight whenever summoned in the master's cause. Little chance for culture, little reck on soft virtues for soldiers—art was for the men with petticoats. Such conditions could not well produce other than one result, namely, Monastic Art.

But a social change was in progress, to which the Guelf and Ghibbeline struggles contributed in no small degree. Many sturdy and independent mercenary chiefs and free-spirited North men, their

retainers, had settled or squatted upon holdings in Tuscany. They knew their value as fighters, and gloried in their personal freedom; and they created an unrest amongst all classes, whose contagion spread to the cities. This awakening came as a daybreak whose aurora unfettered the genius of men; and the artists, instead of servilely painting conventual designs at the command of the Superiors, began also to think for themselves, with the immediate result that there soon appeared the masterpieces of Cimibue, Di Grandi, Da Vinci, Raffaelo, Angelo.

With the releasing of the grip of Italian feudalism upon the bodies and minds of its

Dietrich. "Lord, have mercy upon us."

minions both art and letters responded to their impulse for expansion. But the nobles were poor and the Church was rich; consequently, she that had nursed a feeble art in the cells of her convents through the dark ages, became its patron as it afterwards grew strong in the free air of a Renaissance. The artists who were not monks remained worshippers at the shrines of the Church, and so between the patron and the worshipper was evolved the sacred art

that is the standard by which art both sacred and secular has hitherto been measured.

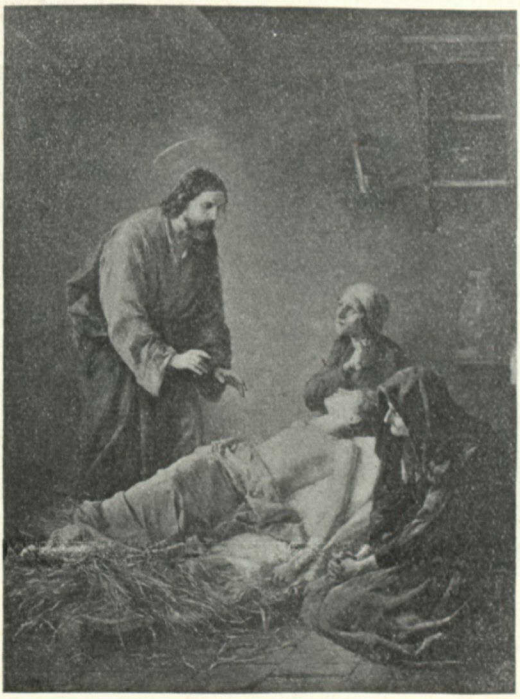
History makes us familiar with continuous unfortunate alliances into which the Christian Church was led by Knights-bishop and Knights-errant during the stormy centuries that succeeded the scarcely less stormy Crusades ; years darkened with a moral effeminacy which reached its climax of folly in later years, in a wide-spread sale of indulgences that shocked the conscience of the world, and in a general moral paralysis that did not greatly revive even under the galvanism of the Reformation. During these later years the successors of Raffaelo reproduced from the cloister mere reflections of his great master-pieces. Corregio, Dominichino, Fra Angelico, and many other meritorious names painted impressively, and with a certain personal distinctiveness, yet the idea was Raffaelo's. The subjects and their general style of treatment already existed. What moral decrepitude began, revolutions completed. But the process of consolidating feudal states into kingdoms was going on. Nations were born. Rulers received crowns from the Church, but eventually wearied of Episcopal interference, with the result that in brief time kingly patronage given to the Painters Royal first competed in and then unpopularized the art market of the monastery. Commissions for historic pieces drew the pencil away from ecclesiastical designs, and Sacred Art fell into decline and now is mourned as dead.

Has the sorrow of this loss, a sorrow that sighed in poetry and in the pages of romance, that has flavored with bitterness and mingled with tears the chronicles of history, has it been without hope? Or has the golden grain of a vital art been flung into the earth that a richer growth might spring forth whose fruit shall be to both earth and heaven a "hundred fold more worth"?

Intervening history brings a certain fascination into competition with its value as a record of change. Vast changes in the political and social conditions of the nations of Europe, many of which have vitally affected this continent, prepare us in a measure to appreciate the work of the present century.

This age is characterized by its scrutiny of every material and condition that affects a truth even if that truth, have in it man's temporal well-being or eternal salvation. Three centuries ago, owing to prevalent illiteracy, faith was abject, necessarily, whether in the intercourse of trade among the people, or in the teachings of the only learned class of the day. It was providential, as we understand the term, that the magic lever of knowledge was held in the hands of a community

whose *raison d'etre* was their belief in a God of holiness and a Christ Redeemer of the souls of men. Their faith saved the race from moral extinction, and it stamped the record of the people's simple trust upon the missals and panels and canvases that shame the impious banter of half-enlightened scoffers to-day. But this century permits men to probe deeper into the mystery of God and to perceive



Zimmerman.

Christ, the Consoler.

profounder meaning in the teachings of Jesus and more all-touching significance in His life.

That the art of to-day feels the influence of this scrutiny is certain, as a little study with this thought in mind will show. Many pictures within the sacred circle express a devoutness less formal and more unconscious; possess less stage manner and more altruism; exhibit less of the adornment and precision of the conventicle and more of

the pathos of the soul that has learned for itself the meaning of vicarious suffering right down in the throbbing populations of the world.

It is here where the notable difference will be observed distinguishing the religious art of this period from the mediæval epoch. It may be found in the subtle declaration of this century's art that, after all, the revolution at the beginning, the reaction that followed, the experiments of the mid century and the philosophy of recent years have rendered a service indeed both to man and to art. Revolution dethroned dogma

Ferd. Pauwels.

"If thou seek Him with all thy heart He will be found of thee."

but did not destroy religion; reaction demolished mysticism and stimulated research; experiment has been carried into the domain of the faculties of the mind, and the philosophy of these later days finds a place for faith. Poetry, music, painting, with a prescience not illogical, knew this faculty always and anticipated its triumph.

To-day art has as usual given form to conviction and proclaims the honesty of it. To-day, as through the last four generations, art has not affected the mystical but sought the real; and to quote from an article written since this was begun, "The young men of to-day possess a sympathetic curiosity for religious questions that is unpre-

cedented. In the new laws revealed by the sciences of mind and nature they are disposed to look for that which can confirm the ancient intuitions of theology and to continue under other names the traditions where the wisdom of the past has been concentrated. They have a marked taste for what is nowadays called symbolism; that is to say, a form of art which, although painting reality, is constantly bringing it once more into communication with the mystery of the Universe." Hence it is that the majority of the pictures we might enumerate seem charged with a deeper meaning and give evidence of a spirit of more liberal charity and a sincerer trust in God than even those of the sixteenth century. While all the nations have sacrificed to idols of their own creation—mockery, profligacy, naturalism, negation and indifference—there has been more than a remnant that has not bowed the knee to Baal.

Whilst in every age there are examples of erratic tendency, because the crass in the nature will find its expression in art, the general tendency whether forward or backward, upward or downward can be estimated from the average as well as from the highest. In the great exhibitions of Europe, which give the gauge of achievement in the art world, there never was a period when the sentiment expressed in art was of so high an order as in recent years. Pre-eminence is not indeed very conspicuous in this excellence. The high ideals prevail, and in their midst the highest achievements may be looked for. And the conclusion presses itself upon us that we should in these days scan the constellations for stars of higher magnitude—suns that wax brighter than ever before. And as we scan we read the signs of the world's progress and the prophecy of yet better days.

Spirits of Air.

UNFASTEN the door and let me go,—
The beautiful world is wide.
I hate the roof and the floor below :
Unfasten the door and let me go.
There's a leap and a thrill outside.
For the Spirits of Air, they are everywhere,
And they blow me a merry call.
Why should I linger? What do I care
For door and window and wall?

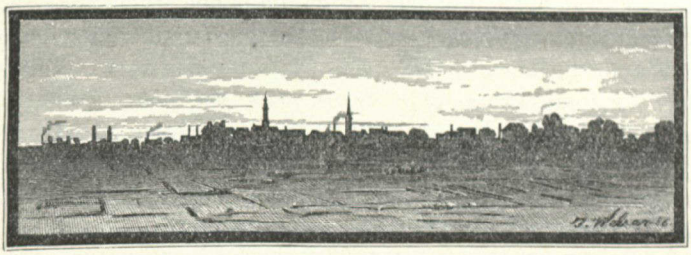
It's O, for the rush of the storm in your ears,
And a hurry across the hill!
Wait, voices strange, that the wild heart hears;
Wait for my hand, I shall have no fears,
And carry me where you will!
Hark! the Spirits of Air! They are everywhere;
And those who listen will hear:
But the thunderous roar as their dark wings clash,
Their terrible smile in the lightning flash
Is never a thing to fear.

A song of the strange and beautiful lull
That comes when the gale is shrill!—
When the Storm-king stoppeth to catch his breath,
And no more shrieketh and muttereth
And the quivering earth grows still;
When the changeful Spirits on tip-toe creep
A quieter song to sing,
When the weary tree-tops a silence keep,
And the world is a child to be hushed to sleep,
And the wind is a tender thing.

O! what is the charm of a fire-lit room,
When the beautiful world is wide?
The life without is as sweet and wild
As the song of a bird or the heart of a child,
And how can I stay inside?
For the Spirits of Air, they are everywhere,
And they blow me a merry call.
And follow I must, for what do I care
For door and window and wall?

ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS.

HALIFAX, November, '98.



The Home Coming.

THEY are mother and daughter one can see at a glance. The girl is fair, the woman has been; the girl's hair is a shiny brown, the woman's has been; the girl's eyes are a deep blue, full of fun and gladness, the woman's have been; the girl's cheeks are of a wild rose flush, the woman's have been; the girl is plump and soft and good to see, the woman has been. There is something pathetic in the sight of them sitting side by side in the car.

They are objects of special interest from the time they get on the train at Chicago until they get off at a Canadian country town. There seems a perfect sympathy between them. They are friends and good comrades. You gather from these and other facts that they have lived much by themselves. The girl's childishness shows in the faded woman; the woman's quaintness lends itself to the girl. When they speak their words can be heard above the rumble of the train. They are from the big prairie homestead and have had plenty of space for themselves. I doubt if the girl knows how to whisper.

There is not a man in the car but is ready to tell them the name of every town and city we pass. The drummer stumbles over his grip in his eagerness to be of service in opening a window; the tall college lad leads them out to lunch; the burly old fellow in the black silk skull cap hovers over them like a homely old guardian angel; the asthmatic old lady offers them peppermints; the gruff Englishman, who keeps his newspaper and a wall of reserve between himself and his fellow-passengers in general, thaws enough to listen at times to their gossip.

The woman grows nervous as the day wears on, she fidgets, she looks at her watch, she wonders if the train is not behind time.

"Fifteen years is a long time to be away from kin and country—a long, long time, Janie." Her voice has a tremble in it. Somehow you feel the homesickness of all these years touch you. "Oh, Janie, if you knew how I've longed to have someone about me who would talk of home."

The girl pats her hand lovingly. "Homesickness must be a mortal mean feeling," she says. "I never had it."

"Mean! I'll tell you what it is. It's being starved and famished for something you know in your heart you can't get; it's wishing and waiting for what's out of reach; it's—" She breaks off suddenly and looks out of the window. The Englishman rustles his paper noisily; a husky cough escapes the old gentleman in the skull cap.

"It all comes back to me to-day," she goes on. "We've done well out West, and everybody allows it was the best move your pa ever made when he sold his fifty acres in Ontario and got five hundred in Dakota. But it was awful hard on me. There wasn't a woman within fifteen miles—nobody to talk to but your pa—and you can imagine how much company he'd be with all that work on his hands. Oh, how tiresome it was! I used to fancy I heard the maples fluttering in the wind, and saw the old house with the windows covered with jessamine and morning-glories. No other spot is ever quite so dear as the place you are born and brought up in. And when I'd break down and cry for father, mother, and Tom, and everybody, your pa used to tell me there was no use worrying over trifles. Trifles!"

"Pa didn't understand," says the girl, apologetically.

"No, he meant all right. Fifteen years is a long time," with a weary sigh. "I was young and bright, and—yes, pretty when I said good-bye, and I'm coming back an old woman. Loneliness and work are hard things on women, Janie."

The Englishman throws down his paper and gives his coat collar an impatient twist. "Deuce take these women and their sentiment," this twist says as plainly as words.

The little faded woman from the prairie is not thinking of her audience at all. She is going home, home, home, and exhilaration and nervousness render her garrulous. She has kept these secret old memories locked in her heart for a long while, and now, with the welcome and gladness so near, it is a perfect joy to pour them out to Janie.

"You never knew anybody like mother. They don't grow such women out West. 'Make the best of it, dearie,' she said at parting,

but I just couldn't at first. I was homesick for the old folks and the old places, for the creeks, for the hill we climbed on our way to the village, for the very hedge along the road, for the creaking gate, for everything. I couldn't get the ache out of my throat, and I fairly hated the miles and miles of prairie—got it into my head the sky didn't come down as close to the earth as it did in Canada."

"You poor little mammie!"

"One night I nearly scared your pa to death. You were so sick I thought you were dying, and I couldn't stand to see your little face growing whiter and whiter. My heart was breaking, and I rushed out-

JEAN BLEWETT.

doors and called 'Mother! mother! mother!' as hard as I could. The cows lifted their sleepy faces over the bars to look at me, I remember, and your pa came running out bareheaded. I went back as quiet as could be, so quiet that I've often thought that God hearing me cry out for her took it as a sort of prayer and answered it right away."

There are big tears in Janie's eyes and in my own. The man in the skull cap blows his nose noisily; the asthmatic old lady, in an ungovernable fit of generosity, empties the whole bag of peppermints into the little woman's lap; the Englishman turns his back on the whole sentimental lot of us and looks out of the window.

It is sunset of a spring day when we leave the Detroit river behind

and go flying through Canadian territory. She grows more excited. "Look, Janie," she says, "you never saw such a sky in your life; look how it bends over the trees yonder. Nobody need tell me it doesn't come closer here than it does in Dakota."

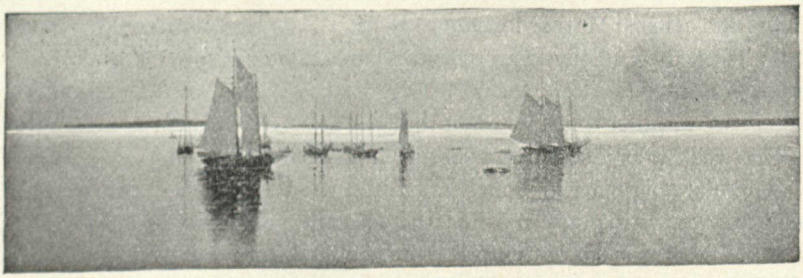
As the dark comes on she grows quieter, and after a long silence we hear the girl telling her not to cry.

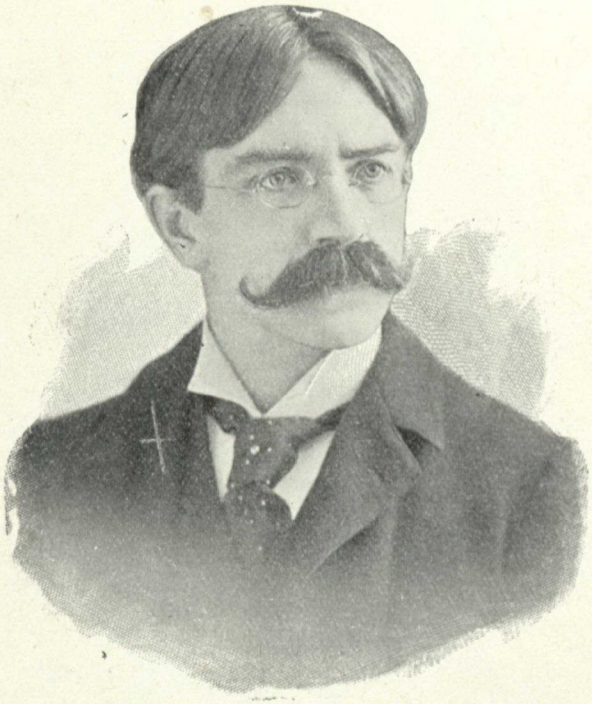
"I'm not crying, at least not much," comes the broken answer. "I'm just thinking. When I saw my parents last I looked like you look now, and—oh, Janie, I've got so old and homely they may not know me. Your pa used to say I was vain of my looks, but I wasn't; only it's hard to know I'm so changed. See the grey hair and the wrinkles, dear."

The faded blue eyes, wet and wistful, seek the girl's bright face. The girl looks lovingly back. "You're the prettiest woman in the world, that's what you are," she cries emphatically.

The brakesman calls their station. We all bustle forward to help them off. "Allow me," says the Englishman, and fairly carries them both to the platform where a fine old couple stand waiting. The light shines on them. We all share in the joy of the home coming. We hear a glad cry, a smothered sob. It is the girl with the wild rose cheeks and the soft brown hair that the father clasps first. Why not? She is more familiar than the grey-faced woman, more like his girl, his pretty girl who went away. But a mother makes no such mistakes. Her eyes change not nor note a change, and the faded little woman is gathered close to the bosom where she rested as a child. The train moves on and all of us are very still.

JEAN BLEWETT.



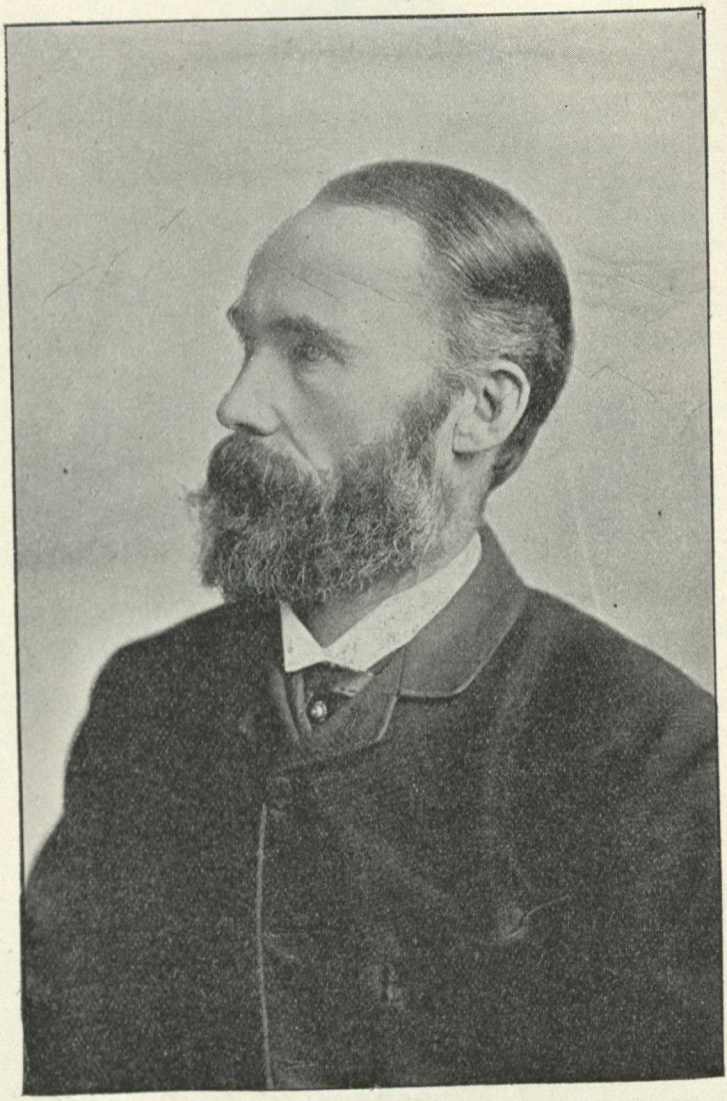


The Snow-Drop.

WHEN, after many days, the snow was dead,
Its white soul, lingering on the earthy bed,
Became this flower,—its pure pellucid bloom
With Spring's most chill and virginal perfume fed.

Yours faithfully
Charles G. D. Roberts

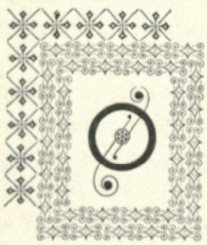
105 E. 17th Street,
NEW YORK, November, '98.



Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D.

Literature and Canadian Writers.

By the Minister of Education.



CCASIONALLY we hear of some misgivings with respect to the growth of a distinctively Canadian literature. On the one hand it is alleged that no such literature exists, and this is held up as a proof of the sterility of the Canadian mind and our utter poverity of thought and sentiment. On the other hand it is claimed that we have a Canadian literature of rare excellence, and that only the pedant and pessimist would ever think of controverting such a self-evident proposition. To argue either proposition would be merely to present a series of statements or opinions with respect to Canadian authors, of little value except in a court of experts where literary men of the highest standing were the judges. The catalogue of any public library in Canada will show that Canadian authors are not wanting in productivity. Whether their work possesses literary merit or not is merely a matter of opinion.

As an apology for the alleged sterility of Canadian authors it is said that the constituency of readers in Canada is so limited that no man of genius would take the trouble to appeal to its literary judgment for approval. The precedents of history, however, go to show that great authors are not moved by census tables in producing their literary wares. Shakespeare wrote when education in England was at a very low ebb, and when its population did not exceed five or six millions. The same may be said of Milton and Addison. Burns wrote some of his sweetest songs to please a few "cronies." "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written for an obscure country paper. In modern days when poets are paid at the rate of a guinea a stanza by some great publisher, an author may feel the stimulus of expectancy, but formerly it was not so. Cowper's letters to Mrs. Unwin and Lady Hesketh were models of literary finish, although intended only for the eye of a single reader. The literary instinct or aptitude, or whatever it may be called, is not begotten of the applause of the pit or the double-leaded type of the publisher. It is inherent in the man, and expresses itself in discrimination of language and thought, and does not require necessarily the stimulus of a large constituency of readers to make its power apparent. Macaulay was as eloquent at the dinner table as on the floor of the House of Commons. Goldwin Smith is as accomplished in conversation with one person as in an article in

the *North American Review*. The stars shone as brightly over the prairies of America before the days of Columbus as they do now with millions of people to appreciate their glory. True genius of any kind does not wait for a constituency; it makes a constituency; perhaps not at once, but always sooner or later.

But what is meant by a Canadian literature? Is it a literature so stimulated by Canadian thought as to reproduce like a map or chart the coloring of Canadian life, or is it a literature possessing the merits of the best products of English authorship in other parts of the world? With regard to the first proposition it may be said that a parochial or local coloring is not necessarily a quality of good literature. Some of Shakespeare's strongest plays, "Hamlet," or "Julius Cæsar," have no local coloring by which the nationality of their author might be ascertained, and yet they rank among the products of the greatest of English authors. A similar observation may be made with respect to many of our best works of fiction. Mere local coloring is not an essential characteristic of literature, otherwise a gazetteer would be better reading than "Sartor Resartus." We cannot, therefore, take the varied life and thought of Canada as the only basis for determining what is Canadian literature.

But, after all, should there be such a standard? Does literature depend upon any locality for its life and power? Rather is it not something entirely independent of national boundaries and the petty subdivisions which men in their greed for conquest have made of the sorely teased and tormented universe? When we speak of Canadian literature, therefore, should we not bear in mind something more cosmopolitan than the effusions which are ear-marked by some Canadian publisher or copyrighted in the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa? There is but one standard for literature, a standard which no one can define, but which every man of taste can recognize. When Canadians write for Canada, they must be judged by this standard. If it stands the test, it will not be called Canadian literature, but the literature of the English race and the English language. And whether it has local coloring or not, whether it was written for a small constituency or a large one, it will survive and bring credit to Canada and its author.

A poet has said, "True happiness has no localities, no tones provincial, no peculiar garb." The same may be said of true literature. If we seek for anything else in Canada, we rob literature of its dignity and circumscribe its sovereignty as "that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin."

G. W. Ross.

The White Door.

"WHEN I come," said the Year, "to the white door of death,
I shall wreathe me in blossoms snowy white;"
But the blossoms blew away on a rainy morn in May,
And Spring vanished with them in the night.

"When I come," said the Year, "to the white door of death,
I shall bind me in grasses to the waist;"
But the grasses, tall and sweet, burned and perished in the heat,
And Summer bore them off with her in haste.

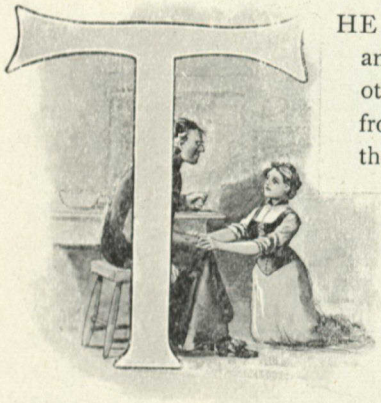
"When I come," said the Year, "to the white door of death,
I shall wrap me in garments red and gold;"
But the leaves that fluttered down turned a melancholy brown,
And Autumn slept with them upon the mold.

Then ragged went the Year to the white door of death;
But everyone who looked upon her said,
"Ah, the fair and lovely Year!"—seeing not her costume drear,
But thinking of the life that she had led.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

FENWICK, ONT., November, '98.

Brown Witch and Black Abbe.



THE warm dusk of the loft smelt pleasantly of dried sage, marjoram and other herbs which hung in bunches from the roof. From three chinks in the south-east gable streamed three long streaks of yellow light, wherein the dust motes danced merrily. The place had an air of security and peace. I could not bring myself to believe that my precious life was in any very real peril—and of a priest, too! Nevertheless, I moved softly as a cat, for was not the priest none other than the notorious Black Abbé, La Garne, whose treacheries we in Halifax had cause to rue? And had not Madame been very positive that my scalp was in instant demand? I crept across the light planks till I reached a spot nearly over the door, well under the eaves. There I lay down, and noted with satisfaction that I was so hidden by a pile of yellow squashes that if one should trust his head curiously above the trap-door the loft would appear quite untenanted. In the flooring whereon I stretched myself there were several knot-holes, by means of which I could command a fairish view of the room below.

I could see the fire flickering lazily under the pot which hung in the wide, dirty fireplace. I could see the heavy, well-scrubbed and whitened table, with its wooden platter of barley-cakes, and its bowl yet half full of the new milk which my haste had not left me chance to finish. I wanted the milk, for I was thirsty from my long tramp over the Piziquid trail; and I roundly cursed the interrupter of my meal. Then light steps on the sanded floor diverted my thoughts from the bowl of milk; and Madame's slender figure came into my restricted line of vision. My eyes rested upon her with a keen interest as she busied herself deftly over household affairs. How small were her feet; how small, though brown with sun and somewhat toil-hardened, were those two nimble hands! I admired the fine poise of her head, with the heavy hair, low over the ears, hair of the darkest brown, shot with

ruddy color where the sunshine got caught in it. Her dress was of the light greyish Acadian homespun linen, and a bodice of dull dark blue fitted her waist and shoulders trimly. Her sleeves were rolled up to the elbows, displaying brown arms very slim and shapely. I wished she would look up, that I might see again her amazingly large, dark eyes—black, you might say, save for a tawny fire in them. In our raw little town of Halifax, at this time, there were few women, and none to make man's head turn twice, except, maybe, two or three of the younger officers' wives. I thought how this Acadian beauty would be admired in Halifax, and I said to myself: "She is surely not a woman of the habitant class. She seems city-born, and not ungently bred; and I'll wager there is blood in those fine veins that does not all derive from Jacques Bonhomme!

In this reverie I grew so interested that for the moment I forgot my situation. The hard planks irked me, and I changed my posture with a portentous creaking. On the instant the heavy table below was drawn sharply over the floor, cloaking my noise. I had but time to marvel at her quickness of resource, when a shadow darkened the open doorway, and a harsh, masterful voice demanded:

"Daughter, has the Englishman passed this way?"

"Yes, Father LaGarne," came her respectful and ready answer. "Will you not honor me by resting here a little?"

"How long since?" asked the curt voice.

"An hour, perhaps, or less, Monsieur l'Abbé," was the reply, a trace of coldness coming into Madame's tones.

The visitor noted the change. He was not at the moment ready to offend. He wanted willing and full information. He stepped inside and stood near the table, so that I could note his spare, hardy, dark-robed frame, the indomitable spirit that spoke in every movement. But his face I could not see.

"Pardon me, my daughter," he said more graciously, "I am in haste to catch this fellow. The fool is crossing me on this errand. It is necessary he should be removed, for a lesson to the other fools at Halifax. Did you talk with him? Whither was he bound?"

"Yes, Father," said Madame, very graciously; "he was courteous, and talked freely during the few minutes that he paused here. He said he had come to get cattle from the Grand Pré farmers for the garrison at Halifax, and to forbid the sending of our cattle to Louisbourg. He was going straight to Monsieur de Lamourie, whom he counted upon to further his errand."

The visitor stepped quickly back to the door and gave a guttural

call. At once I heard the furtive, confused approach of moccasined feet, and with both hands grasped the pistols in my belt. There were a few sharp orders given in the Micmac tongue, which I did not understand; then I heard a measured loping as a band set out upon the run down the road towards Grand Pré. I could not see, of course, and I was troubled to know whether he had sent all his savage followers, or was keeping a reserve at hand.

On this point I might have trusted the ready wit of my hostess. As the Black Abbé turned again into the room and seated himself beside the table, just where I had been sitting so few minutes before, Madame asked him, in a tone of irreverent banter:

"Why do you send six of your twelve red lambs, Monsieur l'Abbé, to capture one lonely Englishman? Is he, then, so redoubtable a warrior?"

The Black Abbé did not seem annoyed at the question.

"I know not of his prowess, my daughter," said he, "but he is an Englishman, and so, liable to be blundering and brave. It is well to be on the safe side when dealing with him. Six are none too many. I pray you, bring me some milk!" and I saw him break a piece of the fresh barley-cake.

The milk she fetched at once, in a brown pitcher, and poured it for him into a pewter mug.

"And why have you kept the other six Indians here with you?" she asked. "They make me nervous. I don't like them!"

He laughed cynically.

"Again it is well to be on the safe side," said he. "I never know when I may need them; these are pregnant times. Since when have you grown nervous, Madame La Fleur?"

"Can you ask that, Father La Garne?" she rejoined coldly.

"Tut, tut," said he, with careless impatience. "That husband of yours can have been no great loss to you! and he has been dead these two years. Don't reproach me, Madame La Fleur. You never loved him. A thief and disgraced, he came here from Quebec."

"True, I never loved him; but I kept a good home for him and he made a home for me," she answered very coldly. "And here, where he was not known, he might have recovered something of what he had lost; but you twisted him around your finger and made him your tool. Oh, he was pitifully weak; but it is lonely living here! Can you reproach me if I grow nervous? Poor creature though he was, I owe the English a grudge for his death!"

I tried every knot-hole within reach to get a glimpse of La Garne's

face, but in vain. I could see only his black-frocked knees and heavily-shod feet. He laughed meaningly.

"Oh, yes, my daughter," he said, "you owe these English a grudge. But this fellow is coming—I have seen him ; and you say he is very courteous. Perhaps you think these English owe you a new husband !"

I grew hot with rage at the coarseness of it ; and I saw Madame's beautiful face flush dusky crimson under its clear tan. She drew herself up haughtily.

"How dare you, sir, insult me? You take advantage of my unprotectedness. What excuse have I given you for such an insinuation?"

"Oh !" he answered, his voice grown soft and sneering, "though he is an enemy, and on an errand hostile to your people, you have entertained him here at your table. Here is the bread of which he has been eating. Here is the bowl of milk from which he drank !"

"But, Father," she protested, growing suddenly anxious and persuasive, "you would not have me refuse a cup and a loaf to any wayfarer, surely?"

"He is very comely and courteous," he sneered. "You acknowledged it yourself !"

"I did not !" she cried angrily.

He ignored the contradiction.

"How long ago was it, my daughter, that he went by?" he asked, with a smoothness in which I discerned danger.

"An hour, perhaps, Father La Garne," she answered frankly and without hesitation.

There was a pause, to me full of significance.

"Marie La Fleur," he said, drawing out each syllable, "you have lied to me !"

The suddenness of the accusation confused her.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"The milk is not yet dry on the edge of the bowl where he drank !" went on those edged syllables. "I command you, tell me at once where he is ! You dare not defy me, Marie—"

"I dare !" she flashed, but with a sob of fear in her throat.

"Think, think just a little, my daughter !" he continued, his voice sweetening to the note of utmost menace.

She burst into tears.

"Oh, no ! It is true. I dare not !" she cried, anger and fear contending in her words. "I do fear you ! Oh, I hate you, but I fear you ! I will tell you everything."

She stopped, as if the words choked in her throat. Would she, then, betray me? My heart sank—not with fear—but with an anguish of disappointment. I could not dream of her a traitor! But I set my teeth, and thought of a good fight to be fought within the next two minutes.

She got her voice again, and the intensity of hate that thrilled it startled me.

"May my bitterest curse rest upon you," she said slowly. "You force me to defile my soul with treason. I fear no man living but you, you dishonorer of Holy Church."

"Never mind about that, woman!" said he, "you are trying to gain time for him, I see! Tell me where he is—or I give you over in his place to—"

She fell on her knees and clutched his gown.

"I will tell you!" she sobbed. "But spare him, spare him! Would you slay my soul?"

"Enough!" he growled, tearing himself away and stepping to the door, "I will absolve you! But you have no more time for choice! I will call them."

Her voice grew calm, as with resignation of despair—and clutching my pistols, I rose to my knees, feeling that the moment had come.

"He went," she said, "stepping on those stones so as to leave no trail—"

(Could I believe my ears? What an astounding actress! And no traitor! All this a part of her matchless contriving!)

"I told him," she went on, brokenly, "to follow those stepping-stones, through the swale to the spring, and then run down the bed of the brook till he came to the path through the pasture and the birch wood over to the— No! no! I cannot tell you, for then he will have no chance of escape. He will die like a rat in a hole!"

"Thank you!" said the Black Abbé, quietly. "That will do. I know the cave. I might have thought of it myself, and spared you these qualms!"

He stepped to the door, and there was a rapid exchange of gutturals. Then the moccasined footsteps fled away softly toward the cave.

But La Garne did not go. He came back into the room, where Madame crouched upon the floor, sobbing.

I wondered if she would get me away, or if I had better come down and settle my enemy at once. I had acquired such confidence in her resources that I decided to wait a minute or two before taking things into my own hands.

"Stop being a fool, now," he said impatiently. "Get up and bring me food, and be thankful that you have not forced me to teach you a lesson!"

"My God, do I need more lessons?" she wailed. But she arose, went to a closet and fumbled therein for a few seconds.

* * * "Turning upon his heel with a kind of disdain, he left us without farewell, and strode rapidly down toward Grand Pré."

"Make haste, my daughter!" said he, more smoothly and more dangerously.

With a movement swift as light she turned and faced him, the table between them. Her voice came cool and steady:

"Lift but a hand, or give one call, and you are a dead dog, Monl'Abbé!"

She had him covered with the muzzle of a large pistol. Before he could make any reply I had sprung across the loft and was down the ladder.

"You wonder among women!" I whispered, as I passed her. Then I went and stood before the astonished priest.

"I regret to be uncivil, Monsieur," said I, politely, "but I must bind and gag you, with no loss of time, or else silence you in a more effectual manner."

I paused to consider, studying his face carefully the while. It was a strange face, repellent but powerful—the head high and narrow, the mouth wide and thin-lipped, the nose very long, with an aggressively bulbous tip, the jaw wolfish, the eye pale, small, keen. Here was no lack of courage, I could see.

"She has outwitted me, I am beaten. Can we not make terms?" he asked calmly, looking me straight in the eye.

"We have small time for parley," said I. "It is plain I must kill you unless I can trust your oath!"

"I keep my oath—when I give it!" said he, curtly.

I turned to Madame, whose great eyes were flaming with excitement, though the rest of her face was as calm as a statue's. To the question in my own eyes she assented with a lowering of her brows.

"Swear to me by the Holy Ghost, Sir Abbé," said I, "that neither directly nor indirectly will you execute any vengeance upon Madame La Fleur for this day's doings. That to the utmost of your power, and without mental reservation, you will guarantee to Madame La Fleur and to myself safe passage back to Halifax, and that any tenant whom Madame La Fleur may place in this house shall not be molested in his work, or hindered in the payment of his rents! Please repeat this after me, word for word!"

The grim face stiffened, the keen eyes glanced through the window.

"It is not yet time for them to return," said I, "but if you refuse we shall need all the time we can secure, so you must decide on the instant. I shall be sorry to kill you if you say no, but I really cannot wait!" And I set my sword point convenient to his neck.

He shrugged his shoulders with an excellent coolness.

"I will swear!" said he.

Then, word by word, I gave him the oath, and, word by word, he clearly enunciated it.

I lowered my point and bowed. "You are a bad priest, but a brave man, Monsieur," said I, civilly, "and I am quite at ease now."

"But, Monsieur," interposed my fair hostess and saviour, "you

have received for me a safe conduct to Halifax! Might I not claim the honor of being consulted?"

"Time pressed too sharp for ceremony, Madame," said I. "But, as you must know, I overheard all your conversation with Monsieur La Garne; and you must know it is impossible for you to remain here!"

(She blushed scarlet and made to speak; but I gave her no time.)

"I beg that you will permit me to escort you to Halifax, and place you under the protection of the Governor and his excellent lady. What more I would beg I dare not yet, Madame, lest raw haste should bungle a hope but born this hour past, and still diffident; though, sure of itself, it has already grown to be the greater half of my heart.

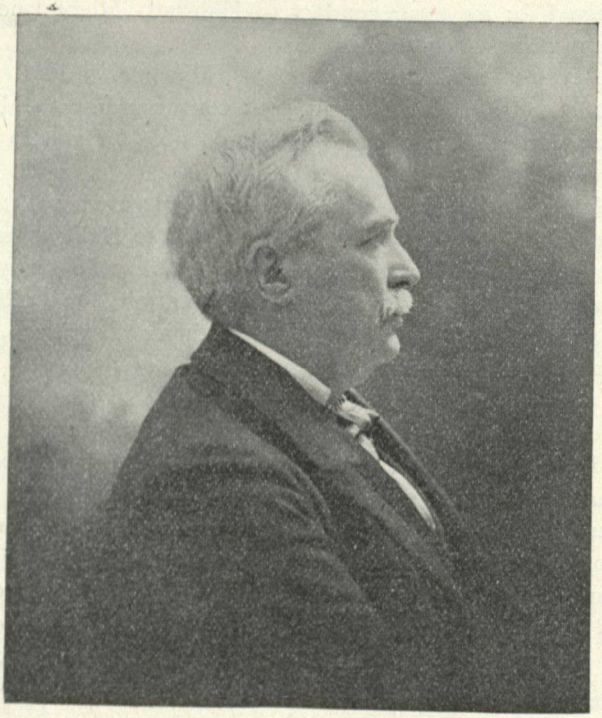
"You speak in hard riddles, Monsieur," she said gravely, "but I desire you not to unravel them at present. I will go to Halifax because I think that will be wisest, and I thank you for your courtesy, Monsieur."

La Garne arose from his chair with a sarcastic smile which set my blood boiling. He went to the door, and was met by six of his followers just back from their vain errand toward Grand Pré. The vanity of it they had learned from one of the Abbé's spies before they had half covered their journey. Their dark, gleaming eyes betrayed no astonishment at my attitude of easy fellowship with their master. He addressed them with autocratic brevity.

"Go with this gentleman and this lady to Halifax," said he. "See that no hurt comes to them. You will answer to me for them until they are safe within the English walls."

Turning upon his heel with a kind of disdain, he left us without farewell, and strode rapidly down toward Grand Pré. I looked into the great eyes of Madame—and in that look I spoke the love which it would have been presumptuous for my lips to utter. She blushed, looked down, but seemed in nowise vexed, and from this I augured well for my future.

Charles G. D. Roberts



HON. DAVID MILLS, LL.D.

The Widow of Nain.

OUR Saviour toil'd by night, by day,
To cure the palsi'd, dumb, and blind,—
The sore in heart, those far astray,—
Ill both in body and in mind.

Of many marvels we are told,
Of many cures men's hearts to gain,
But high among these deeds of old,
Is one He wrought for her of Nain.

Her sorrow neighbors sought to share,
By friendly hands the bier was borne,
They felt how deep the suff'ring where
A widow'd mother's left to mourn.

We know not why this woman's lot
So touch'd the hearts of all of Nain;
The reason is recorded not,—
The nobler deed will e'er remain.

The strong One came and seiz'd his prey,
Cast out a life, this son to gain;
He met One stronger in the way,
Who bore him back to life again.

The bearers of the bier stand still,—
"Weep not"—the words the Saviour saith—
"Weep not," for, lo, it is His will,
To wrest him from the grasp of Death.

Of those who're waiting in the way,
All hear His words with great surprise,
When to the dead He spake that day,
And said: "I say, young man, arise."

"Weep not," there is no cause for tears;
Rejoice ye, for the good that's done,
Peaceful thy path through coming years—
"Woman, I give thee back thy son."

Another mother sees her son,
Giv'n o'er to sin—to shame, and strife,
Cries, "Saviour, see my boy undone—
Plant in his soul the germ of life.

"Saviour, hear thou a mother's pray'r,
Forbid it e'er should be in vain,
See in my heart the sorrow there,
And meet me near the gate of Nain."

DAVID MILLS.

OTTAWA, November 12th, '98.

A Magazine Chat.

LITERATURE has become one of the amenities of life. The time has passed when she needed an apology for existence and rewarded her votaries with a garret for housing and a mattress for steam coils. In these days a life of luxury may be attained through a single successful book. To the broadening culture that has made this possible periodical literature has contributed a most important element, and the earlier years of this now familiar form of publication are replete with interest and story.

The earliest English periodical is said to date from 1588 when the Spanish Armada was in the English Channel. The earliest copy preserved, No. 50, contains the usual news articles, but nothing of special literary merit. For twenty-five years there were no others, when suddenly there sprang up a host of publications whose years were few and full of trouble. With the *Tatler*, 1709, there came into English literature a new influence, which greatly purified the public taste and elevated the ways of thinking and writing of the men of letters of the time. *The Spectator*, in which Steele was joined by Addison, and the *Rambler*, to which Johnson and Goldsmith contributed, made impossible a return from the new standard of English belles-lettres.

But success creates competition, and periodicals now became so common that every publisher sustained one, and the authority of reviews lay in danger. Accordingly Blackwoods was established, in 1802, by such men as Jeffrey, Scott, Brougham, and Sydney Smith, and a new era in criticism was inaugurated. The first editor was Sydney Smith, who was followed by Jeffrey and Macvey Napier, and, steadily cultivating an elevated tone, under Wilson, Christopher North, it either made or marred the writers of the day. At one time its circulation amounted to twenty thousand, but Scott became dissatisfied and persuaded John Murray, of the still-existing publishing house, to found a Tory rival, the *Quarterly Review*, in the year 1809, to which Coleridge and Lockart contributed.

Of a completely different type was the *Gentleman's Magazine*, begun by Edward Cave, and when, in 1738, Johnson joined the staff of

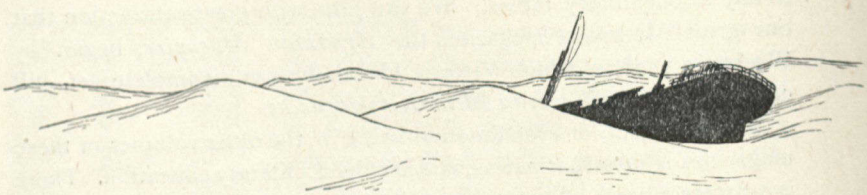
writers it attained a vigor that has carried it down to the present day. In 1846 Talford said of it, "Its very dulness is agreeable to us." Following these pioneers came the publications that we are welcoming to-day to our library tables. We can note with great satisfaction that our great Methodist magazine, the *Arminian Magazine*, begun by Wesley in 1778, of which Victoria University has a complete set, still continues as the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.

The perusal of, or even the ruminating in, the older volumes of these magazines is most fascinating, and is indeed a literary education. There is scarcely a name of prominence in American literature that is not found in one or other of the magazines that have lingered to this day. Longfellow was at his prime when writing for the *Atlantic*. In 1833 the "Outre-Mer" was published, and his last poem bears date of 1863. Bryant published his first poem, "Thanatopsis," in the *North American* in 1816, when he was but eighteen years of age. His latest volume appeared in 1864, when he was still as alive to beauty in nature and the moral character of man as he was at twenty. Mrs. Stowe, who contributed to the first number of the *Atlantic*, led a long line of women writers whose contributions have not been a whit behind those of their brothers of the pen.

The pursuit of magazine writing is the road neither to wealth nor to fame by itself, yet the humblest magazine hack cannot but feel something of an inspiration in the thought that he is treading in the way of the men who won fame at the point of the pen.

R. H. JOHNSTON.

WASHINGTON, D.C.



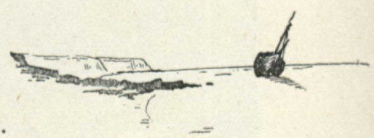
When the Gulls Come In.

WHEN the gulls come in, and the shallow sings
Fresh to the wind, and the bell-buoy rings;
And a spirit calls the soul from sleep
To follow over the flashing deep.

When the gulls come in from the fields of space,
Vagrants out of a pathless place,
Waifs of the wind that dip and veer,
In the gleaming sun where the land lies near.

Long they have wandered far, and free,
Bedouin birds of the desert sea;
God only marked their devious flight,
God only followed them day and night.

Sailor o' mine, when the gulls come in,
And the shallow sings to the bell-buoy's din,
Look to thy ship and thy gods hard by,
There's a gale in the heart of the golden sky.



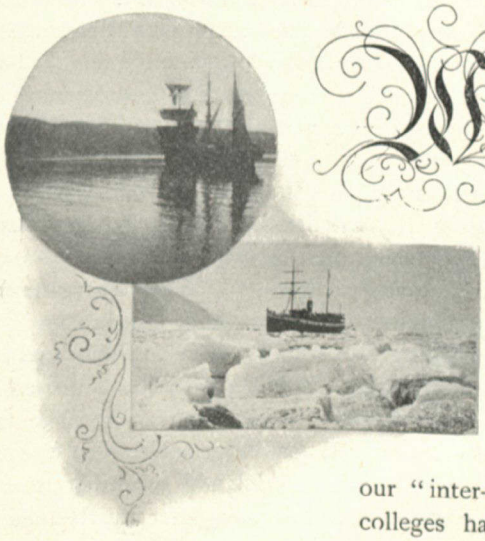
HELEN M. MERRILL.

PICTON, November, '98.

A Lesson in Geography, Illustrated by Sketches of American Scenery.

BY

A. KIRSCHMANN.



WHEN choosing the above somewhat assuming title for this paper, I was quite aware that I ran the risk of being accused of dabbling in the profession of others; for what has a philosopher to do with geography? But while our "inter-filiated" universities and colleges have not yet provided a chair for astronomy and geography, as they should have done, a philosopher must have equal claim on that subject with anybody else, especially since there are strong cases of precedence in his favor. If the great philosopher Kant could be for so long a time Professor of Physical Geography without ever leaving his native town, then we must conclude that any minor philosopher, however obscure and unknown he may be, cannot well be denied the right to give one single lesson on America, even if that is not his native continent.

I therefore invite the reader to take part in a swift and consequently superficial trip, not around the world, as I originally intended—for that I could not accomplish owing to the fact that I found the call to my present position awaiting me when I arrived in San Francisco—but around that which the people of the Old Country in their ignorance call "The New World," *i.e.*, America. And even this cannot be taken literally; for we only mean a trip around the most southern extremity of the inhabited world, and up to the ice-bound regions of Alaska.

[NOTE.—Of the illustrations in this article, Figs. 1, 2, 3, 8, 14, 15, 17, 18, 20, 22, 31, are reproductions of drawings made by Dr. Kirschmann for the Christmas Number of ACTA VICTORIANA. Figs. 4, 5, 6, 7, 12, 25, 33, 36 (38), and the initial picture are from photos taken by the Author on his travels. The remainder are taken from other photographs.—ED.-IN-CHIEF.]

On this occasion I must protest against the kind but incorrect insinuation of the Editor in a recent issue, intimating that I would disclose new methods of teaching physical geography. My aspirations do not soar so high, for what I shall attempt to present in this lesson must needs be but fragments and aphorisms ; and if there is a difference between my method and that of the standard text-books of geography, it can only be the outcome of my conviction that one obtains the best knowledge of foreign countries, not through reading and learning by rote one hundred descriptions of them, but by reading a few and then going there one's self.

We may start with Brazil—after we get there. In our days, when almost everybody has crossed the Atlantic in from five to eight days, it is superfluous to give a description of an ocean trip. Nevertheless, the journey from Hamburg to Brazil, which at present cannot be accomplished in less than between three and four weeks, presents, in addition to the usual sight of whales, flying-fish and jumping dolphins (the latter, when appearing in file, giving those possessed of a vivid imagination the opportunity to see the sea-serpent), some features worthy of special mention. When about one-third of the trip has been accomplished we pass the Canary Islands, admiring from a distance the peak of Teneriffe ; and a few days later the Islands of Cape Verde are sighted. We pass some of these islands so closely that we may count the few isolated cottages on the slopes of the jagged mountains, and the peaceful flocks on the scanty meadows. A feeling of mediæval loneliness overcomes you when reflecting on the solitude of these places, which have scarcely been touched by the intellectual and mechanical revolutions of our century. But still you feel sorry to depart, knowing that for many days you will see nothing but sky and water. People who have never travelled on the ocean cherish some poetical notions of an endless waste of waters, where sea and sky meet and commingle in a hazy, impenetrable distance. They are much disappointed when they realize that on board a ship one has an extremely small horizon (and the higher the waves the smaller the horizon), the most remote part of the visible water-surface being at most a few miles distant. The sea presents a beautiful aspect when seen from a height of some hundreds or thousands of feet, as from a mountain on shore ; but on board a ship, not more than fifteen or twenty feet above the level, it gives you the wearisome impression of a helpless limitation.

There is another familiar misconception. It is not true that objects at a great distance are lost to sight because they sink below the horizon. This is only true for comparatively small and near objects, as for

instance, ships, small islands, or rocks of a few hundred feet in height. All higher objects disappear when removing from them, because of the increase in the amount of intervening atmosphere, and not because of the curvature of the earth's surface. Thus, for instance, when approaching the Canary Islands you see the peak of Teneriffe, not rising slowly from the horizon, but you see it in full height gradually coming out of the haze of the lower region of the atmosphere.

The higher your standpoint is at the shore or on a ship the more you liberate your sight from the influence of the lower atmospheric strata which are necessarily denser and more misty. If you want to see one of those beautiful sunsets where the sun assumes peculiarly distorted forms or even separates into pieces, you should be at a height of several hundred feet at least above the level. On the other hand very high mountains when strongly illuminated can be seen at great distances because they raise their snow-crowned heads above the lower atmospheric layers. Thus, for instance, you see the summits of the Aconcagua and its neighbors from the ship off the coast of Chili, and far out on the ocean you see the Sahama and Tacora near the Peruvian boundaries although these inland mountains are more than one hundred and fifty miles beyond the shore, which itself may not be visible. Their white summits seem to float in the air, while the bases must remain invisible.

Resuming the narrative of our voyage we come nearer and nearer to the equator. The shadows on deck become very short at noon and in the cool nights the phosphorescence of the sea presents a charming phenomenon. The heavens have gradually assumed an entirely changed appearance. Constellations which you never saw before come into view, and the good old Dipper sinks deeper and deeper. One evening you look in vain for the pole star; it has dropped beneath the horizon. But to replace the loss of these familiar guides there appears a group of stars not less brilliant and conspicuous—the beautiful Southern Cross. You are in the southern hemisphere. It is quite an event to cross the line not only for the Freshmen among the ship's crew, who receive on this occasion, under the supervision of an improvised Neptune, a free shave with a wooden razor, with tar as soap, and a somewhat abrupt baptism in sea water, but sometimes also for the passengers. If, for instance, you are asked in the morning of the eventful day, by a young lady, whether one could see something of "the line," and you are bold enough to answer "certainly" and to show the questioner "the line" by means of an opera glass, across the objectives of which you have previously fixed a black thread, then you may be sure to become the victim of a conspiracy as it happened

to one of the passengers on our ship whose name I shall not mention. He got an unexpected shower-bath with a pail of salt water.

The proverbial heat of the torrid zone is another example of geographical misconceptions as the first Brazilian port we touch may persuade us. Pernambuco is only a few degrees distant from the equator; but the heat is by no means insupportable. I have been in Lima (12°) and in Guayaquil (2° south of the equator) at the hottest time of the year, but I did not suffer from the heat as much as I do in summer in New York or even here in Toronto. How is that to be explained? Simply by acknowledging the fact, that the usual statement, that one has to stand the more heat the nearer he comes to the equator, is absolutely wrong and misleading. The annual average temperature increases with the approach to the equator (of course providing for corrections arising from atmospheric and sea currents, altitude, etc.), but the annual average temperature has very little to do with the excessive heat we have to stand at certain seasons. In our latitude in summer time the sun is two-thirds of twenty-four hours above the horizon. The time of *insolation* is much longer than that of *radiation*, consequently there takes place a gradual accumulation of heat from day to day. In tropical countries where day and night are almost equally long all the year round no such accumulation takes place, and the nights are always cool. You never hear there of people dropping dead on the street from sunstroke.

The correct statement of the case therefore reads as follows: The nearer to the equator the greater the difference in temperature between day and night; but the less the difference between the seasons. This lack of a change of the seasons and not the proverbial tropical heat, is the reason that for the taste of our northern, Germanic races comfort decreases inversely as the square of the approach to the equator. There is no winter to check the prolific growth of annoying insects and micro-organisms which cause infectious diseases, *e.g.*, yellow fever; no winter to inspire you with that love for a comfortable home and cosy fireside, and no winter to make men hardy and to give nature a rest.

In our latitude the trees lose their foliage in autum, and in spring they are clothed again with a new and brilliant verdure. Whilst the eye enjoys the varied colors of the seasons, the ear is charmed by the sweet notes of the winged singers. Nothing of the sort is found in the tropical forest. The trees there have their foliage, composed of old, dry and dusty leaves, in addition to new ones, the whole year round. The whole forest presents a dirty gray-green color, which

Fig. 1.—RIO DE JANEIRO AND THE CORCOVADO.

will stand no comparison with the fresh green of our northern oak or maple woods. There are no singing birds. Instead of nightingales and canaries, we hear the croaking of parrots, the cries of apes and the roars of ferocious animals.

From Pernambuco, with its queer natural harbor, formed by a huge coral reef, we proceed to Bahia and thence to Rio Janeiro, situated almost exactly on the Tropic of Capricorn. The Bay of Rio —the discoverers (January 1st, 1501) mistook this bay for the mouth of a big river and called it January River, hence the name of the city— is certainly one of the most beautiful spots on the face of the earth. At first sight one might imagine himself in a fairyland, so uncommon

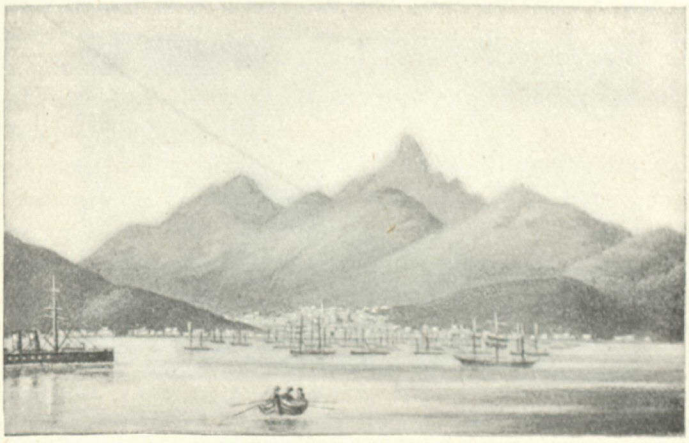


Fig. 2.—THE TIJUCA AT RIO DE JANEIRO.

are the forms of the towering mountains which encircle this natural basin. The first of these to catch the eye of the observer is the Sugar Loaf, a bare and steep rock almost the exact shape of that which the name indicates, projecting itself boldly skywards, 1,000 feet directly out of the water, leaving between itself and a fort on the opposite shore only a narrow channel for the entrance of ships. In the distance is seen a still more curiously shaped mountain, the Corcovado (Fig. 1), whose vertical walls rise from the sea to a height of 2,500 feet. From the picture one could hardly imagine that a cog-wheeled railroad leads to the top of the mountain. There are not many places in the world where such a view can be obtained over sea and land. Of two other peculiarly shaped peaks near Rio de Janeiro,

the Tijuca and the Gabia, (figs. 2 and 3,) may give the reader some idea.

Rio, with its 400,000 inhabitants, is the largest city in South America, but nowhere is the adage that "distance lends enchantment to the view" more applicable, for the capital, so enchanting in its fairy-like surroundings when seen from a distance, dissolves at close inspection into, what appears to me, an aggregation of villages—and not always the cleanest. I will mention but a few points of interest in this capital. One is the beautiful Botanical Garden, situated at the foot of the Corcovado and celebrated for its magnificent palm-tree avenues; the other is the narrowest but cleanest and richest street of Rio, the Rua de Ouvidor. This street, which is so narrow that no

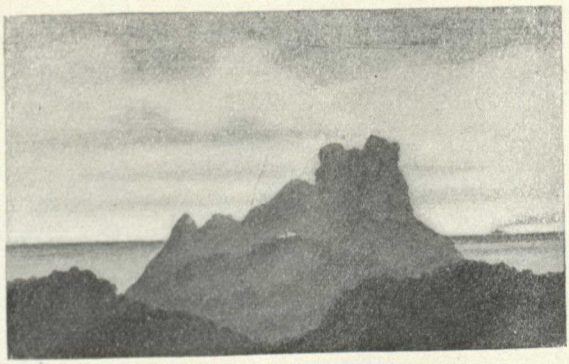


Fig. 3.—THE GABIA ROCK.
(As seen from the Tijuca.)

carriage is allowed there, consists chiefly of sidewalk and plays in the Brazilian capital the same part that Yonge Street does in Toronto. There is seen the fashionable world of Rio promenading and meeting friends at five o'clock, and there you may behold as nowhere else a display of diamonds and precious stones—partly in the show-windows of the numerous jewelry stores, partly on the arms and necks of the diamond-loving, dark-eyed representatives of the "fair" sex.

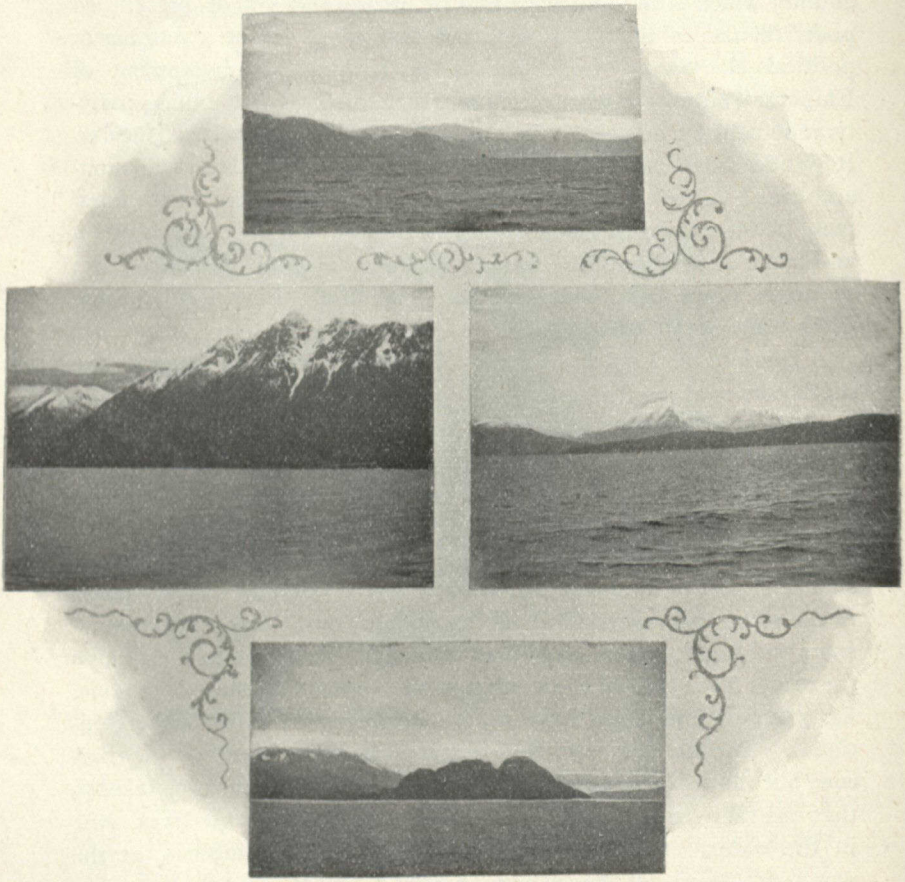
Rio de Janeiro, on account of its extraordinary extension around those hills and mountains, has developed a peculiar street car system. Horse cars are still in vogue. Each car has four or more horses, which are changed at certain stations every twenty minutes with scarcely a stop of the car. Fares are paid in paper money—for

payment in coppers or nickels would require a handful, and silver and gold have they none. This may be understood when one realizes that the milreis, originally equal to a dollar, to-day scarcely represents the value of twenty cents.

Having escaped from the yellow fever, which here sweeps away hundreds of sailors and immigrants yearly, we leave the capital of this country which is so immensely rich by nature and yet at present so poor, thanks to the selfishness and lust of power of a number of political charlatans who replaced the fairly good government of Emperor Pedro by a reign of military dictatorship and boodling party-tyranny called a republic. In the face of the present tendency to Republicanism even in the oldest strongholds of constitutional monarchism, I venture to prophesy that soon there will come a time when men, better trained in thought than nowadays, will look down upon and laugh at that kind of freedom of which modern republics boast so much, as we look down upon and laugh at the feudalism and the witch trials of the Middle Ages.

A comfortable English ship, the *Britannia*, brings us around the south corner of the Continent. Of course only sailing vessels go really around Cape Horn—steamers pass through the Straits of Magellan. The straits have about the same latitude as southern England, but on account of the greater mass of water on the southern hemisphere, the absence of warm sea currents, and the shorter duration of the summer (the earth is in its perihelion at the time of the southern summer) the climate is similar to that of the north of Norway. Even comparatively low peaks of the steep and rugged Dolomit mountains have caps of perpetual snow and some glaciers extend to the sea. Figures 4 to 7 may give the reader some idea of the scenery at the borders of antarctic regions, fig. 7 representing Cape Froward, the southernmost point of the Continent. The straits are at some places quite wide, at others very narrow, but the water is mostly quiet, often smooth as a mirroring lake, so that one may see the distinct reflection of mountains and trees, etc., in the water. On the northern shore we have Patagonia, at the southern Terra del Fuego, *i.e.*, Fireland, which at present seems scarcely to deserve this name, for the numerous fires are seen chiefly on the other side of the Straits. The savages of Fireland formerly used to keep their fires alive (even in their canoes), because in this continuously moist atmosphere it was so difficult to light a new one by their primitive method. At present I suppose they have given up this practice and have adopted the use of parlor matches. The natives of Patagonia have the reputation of being giants. I saw some

of them: a chieftain, paddled by half a dozen squaws, approached our ship and received his usual tribute, a quantity of tobacco, a big barrel of ship's biscuit and last but not least a small barrel, the contents of which a ship's officer, whom I asked, pretended not to know; I suppose it was sarsaparilla. After taking possession of these costly



Figs. 4 to 7.—SCENES FROM THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

goods the king waved his crown, one sign of civilization he wore, namely, a grey castor hat, and paddled back into his kingdom. After a short stop at Punta Arenas we pass Cape Froward, the southern end of South America, leaving Dawson Island at the left, and then we enjoy a day's voyage through the narrower channels with the smoothest water,

but with many dangerous reefs and rocks. It is September and that is the spring-month for the southern hemisphere. The shrubs and dwarf birches are just getting their new foliage but the mountains have not yet lost their white snow caps. This gives a peculiar, Alpine-like character to the landscape, and at each turn the ship takes in the numerous windings of the channel, a new scene presents itself to the eye.

Finally, we reach Cape Pillar, and at this point one must prepare for a severe shaking up, for the Pacific Ocean at the point of the egress from the straits does not deserve its name. Heavy storms are raging here the greater part of the year. If the revolution in the external world, in which, as a psychologist, I include the body, is safely passed, the traveller will take his meals with redoubled pleasure, even if the supply of chinaware is somewhat limited as a consequence of the destructive forces of the tempest.

Proceeding northward, after peacefully coasting by the Chiloe Islands, we sight the harbor of Coronel. We make an excursion to the little town, Lota, where we visit the most beautiful park in South America—the celebrated park of Lota—an extended system of beautiful gardens with an unsurpassed abundance of araucarias and other rare conifers, a spot which attracts so many foreigners while its owner prefers to live in Paris. We also pay a visit to the city of Conception, with its modern, clean streets and neat residences, in marked contrast with the last city from which we embarked, and the memory of which is still very vivid in our senses of sight and smell.

At Talcahuana we go on board the ship again, which brings us to the chief port of Chili, Valparaiso. This name means "valley of paradise," but as the paradise seemed to be not one of Nature but limited to the commercial world, I proceeded at once to Santiago. The trip to the capital of Chili on a modern and extremely comfortable railroad (they have even "parlor cars") is pleasant in every respect. One passes the coast range of the Andes, which is of moderate height, but intersected by deep valleys with a scanty vegetation, consisting of conifers and sporadic cacti and palms. The general appearance of Santiago is not different from that of any modern European or American city. It possesses great public buildings and monuments, well-kept streets, a park-crowned elevation called the Cerro, which affords a magnificent view of the Andes, and since the Chilian-Peruvian war and the revolutions following it, a very interesting history, while the manifold and intricate relations between the defeated soldiers of the revolution, the police and the desperadoes, would

form an excellent field for research by the sensational novelist if he lived to write the novel.

There are many English, Germans and Americans in Santiago. One hears English and German spoken on the street, and at the fashionable horse races you scarcely realize that you are in a Spanish-speaking country. The common people of Chili are a mixture of Spanish and Indian, the pure Araucanians which were so celebrated for their bravery and for their skill in arithmetic (the base of their system in notation is 11 or 33), being reduced to a few thousand.

We return to Valparaiso and board the ship again for Mollendo, Peru. On our trip we see the ports of Coquimbo, Huasco, Caldera, Taltal and Antofagasta. The coast of Chili presents a very desolate appearance, there being an absolute lack of vegetation. Nothing but yellow rocks and yellow sand are seen, with ugly pelicans hovering around the shore; you, however, learn with astonishment that it is an immensely rich country, copper and saltpetre being found in abundance. The mines are on the vast sand deserts, the so-called pampas which form the high table-lands, extending to the abrupt coast-line. The greatest of the mining centres is Iquique, where the Spanish element can scarcely compete with the numerous Americans and Europeans.

After touching at Arica, the seaport of that province, which, since the last war between Peru and Chili, is the object of dispute, we arrive at the Peruvian port of Mollendo. The "roads" of Mollendo, there being no harbor, make a disagreeable place in which to remain for five days in quarantine (which we had to do on account of the cholera *in Europe*), for the ship rolls continuously as in a storm. After the quarantine is over another disagreeable ordeal awaits you, namely, the landing process. First, you are lowered by means of a kind of cage into a small flat boat. If you are not crushed in this procedure, the negro oarsmen will row you ashore.

This is extremely interesting. You pass between whirlpools, as between Scylla and Charybdis, and finally the skilled oarsmen utilize a big wave to lift you over the last obstacle. After you have passed the last breakers you may prove your interest in the passage by interjecting a dialogue with your oarsmen similar to the following which I heard on such occasion :

Passenger—"Do they always get over that thing safely?"

Oarsman (laconically)—"Mostly."

Passenger—"And when not, were they lost?"

Oarsman—"No, they found them next day."

At Mollendo begins one of the most interesting railroads in the

world. It leads to Arequipa, and then across the Andes, at a height of 14,666 feet, to Puno, at Lake Titicaca. First, it cuts through the diorit, gneiss and granite rocks of the coast range, and then proceeds for hours over the first pampa, giving the traveller once in awhile a free view on the snow-covered mountain, Coropuna (22,800 feet high). On this huge desert you may witness some curious phenomena—sand-spouts of small and enormous sizes, mirages imitating at a short

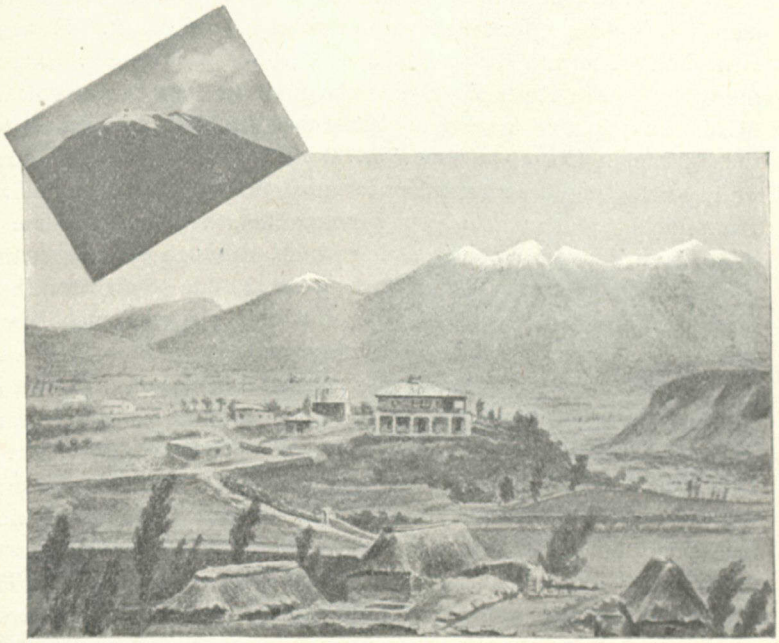


Fig. 8.—THE HARVARD OBSERVATORY NEAR AREQUIPA AND MOUNT CHARCHANI.

Fig. 9.—THE TOP OF THE VOLCANO MISTI.

distance a water surface so exactly that one can see the sharp reflection of moving objects as though they were mirrored in calm water. The mountains sometimes seem like islands in a lake. There is another very peculiar sight in the heaps of white sand which are sharply isolated from the rest of the sandy surface which is of a brownish-yellow color. The most curious thing about these heaps is that they have, although of different size, the very same shape, namely, the form of a hollow crescent with sharp edges. One explanation is

that they are the products of whirlwinds (sand spouts), but then, we can scarcely understand how the wind succeeds in separating so completely the two kinds of sand from each other, and giving them all the very same geometric form. According to another explanation, they are deposits of volcanic cinder resulting from an eruption of the Misti, but in this case their form is no less enigmatic, and the fact that they are found to change size and position is not explained at all.

Arequipa, in size the second town of Peru, is situated in a depression in this plateau, forming a sort of oasis in the desert. Here are farms and gardens, and an abundance of fig and willow-trees. Across the valley of the River Vitor rises the majestic form of the volcano Misti, to a height of more than twenty thousand feet; and on the left the still higher Charchani (see Fig. 8) rears its snow-crowned head, while on the right, in a greater distance, the snowless rocks of the Pichu-Pichu are seen. It is a peculiar fact, that the snow-line in these south Peruvian mountains is so high, although the temperature is comparatively low. We find here at an altitude of eighteen thousand feet, not a particle of snow; whilst farther north, much nearer the equator, the snow-line is several thousand feet lower.

The streets of Arequipa make a peculiar impression. Almost all the houses have only one story, two-story buildings being very rare. Formerly this was different, but since the destructive earthquake of 1868, which devastated the greater portion of the town—the traces of this disaster are still discernible—the inhabitants are afraid to erect high buildings. The inside arrangement of the residences is, as in most Spanish cities, similar to that of an ancient Roman house. The rooms are grouped around an open court, which is usually paved, and in the better class of houses ornamented with flower-beds, statuettes and fountains. There are few, often no windows at all, toward the street, and the whole building is of the genuine southern type, showing all the negligence with which the inhabitants of countries, where there is no change of seasons, treat their homes.

A few miles distant from Arequipa at a place called Carmen alto, at an altitude of 8,000 feet—(Arequipa is 7,500 feet)—there is the celebrated astronomical observatory affiliated with Harvard University. There is no other astronomical institution in the world equipped like this, at such an altitude. The thin and extremely pure atmosphere (one can see the satellites of Jupiter with the naked eye) facilitates a kind of work which can be done nowhere else to such perfection. This is especially the case with respect to astro-physical

research, as for instance, regarding sun-spots, planets, comets, meteors and observations of the zodiacal light, which is here seen extending beyond the zenith. Of immeasurable value is the work done here in the photography, especially in the spectro-photography, of ordinary and variable fixed stars, double and multiple stars.

I enjoyed for some time the hospitality of this institution, the director of which was, at that time, Prof. W. Pickering, from Harvard. Through the kindness of this amiable gentleman and his assistants, I am able to have my drawing of the observatory (see Fig. 8) accompanied by a photograph of the summit of the previously mentioned volcano, Misti, showing distinctly the smoke, which with the naked eye is scarcely ever seen. This little picture (Fig. 9) is by no means an ordinary photograph, for the apparatus used in taking it had for its object glass the eight-inch refractor of the observatory (they were provided with an eight-inch and a thirteen-inch refractor combined). The meteorological and seismographical investigations at the observatory are of great interest. They maintain a special meteorological station, at about 17,000 feet, on the rocky slope of the Charchani.

Fig. 10.—DOORWAY OF A HOUSE IN AREQUIPA.

In the sandy surroundings of Arequipa one can scarcely travel on foot. The poor people ride donkeys, the richer classes go everywhere on horseback. The horses are mostly pacers—even those of the Peruvian army—these being cheaper, more enduring and quicker than trotting-horses, which latter are only used for style, *e.g.*, by the young English and German bank clerks and Spanish hidalgos, on Sunday afternoons, when they do what Mark Twain calls *attitudinizing* under their sweet-hearts' windows. The Europeans play the principal part in the commercial and industrial enterprises of South America, the educated Spanish being too proud to engage in business. They are content to live as the landed gentry and look contemptuously

on the English and Germans, who are rapidly gaining possession of the productive resources of the country.

Arequipa has several beautiful churches and public buildings, the architecture of which is not without traces of the influence of the early culture under the reign of the Incas, and in older buildings may often be found ornaments of Romanic or Renaissance type intermingled with elements of the curious Inca style, as, for instance, Fig. 10, which represents the doorway of an older building in which at present the German consulate is located.

Fig. 11.—STREET IN AREQUIPA.
Fig. 12.—INDIAN HUT FROM THE PAMPA NEAR AREQUIPA.

They celebrate many church festivals in Arequipa, often with great processions and fireworks. Innumerable sky-rockets are sent up on these occasions, but in day-time, simply to hear the detonation and to see the small clouds of smoke produced. The Spanish ladies are very gaudily and elegantly dressed in the afternoon, but when going out in the morning or when attending church, they all alike wear the plainest black garments, a black hood and cloak combined, covering head and shoulders. I wonder what the effect of such a custom would be in our own churches and Sunday schools!

We leave Arequipa and come by rail to Puno, at the western extremity of Lake Titicaca. The houses in Puno are mostly built of

sun-dried brick and thatched with straw. Even in the best hotels, as the "Hotel das Incas" and "Hotel American," you dwell under a straw roof, although in the interior the primitive nature of the structure is nicely concealed by carpets. An idea of the dwellings in Peru may be had from Figures 11 and 12—the former representing a street in Arequipa, and the latter the hut of an Indian farmer. At Puno we board a little old-fashioned steamer, which conveys us in about one and a half days to Chililaya, at the southern end of the lake. Titicaca is about one-half as large as Lake Ontario, and its surface has an altitude of 12,600 feet above the sea. The large percentage of salt in this basin of water is probably due to the fact that the lake has no outlet. The nights are rather cool on the lake, and I have seen the deck covered with a thin coating of ice in the morning. The water is by no means calm, and I have been told that even the oldest ocean sailors become sea-sick here owing to the combined influence of the choppy waves and the rarefied air. At this point it may be mentioned that for many people an altitude of twelve or thirteen thousand feet produces a feeling of dizziness, fever and hæmorrhages, sometimes even resulting fatally. This disease is called soroche, and afflicts not only men but also horses. There has been recently a great deal of talk in the American press, as to whether this disease, so disagreeable to mountain-climbers, is caused by the rarefied air in higher altitudes or by the exhausting effort of the ascent. I think this matter is easily settled by the fact that on the railway between Arequipa and Puno passengers, especially those suffering from heart trouble, often become severely sick with soroche, although it requires not the slightest effort nor causes bodily exhaustion to sit for a few hours in a railway coach. Hence the disease must be caused by the rarefied condition and the diminished pressure of the air.

In traversing Lake Titicaca we pass a large number of islands many of which still display traces of a period of national welfare and glory, long since passed away. There is the Sun Island where the Inca kings resided. Here are remains of palaces and temples, but all portable relics of value have found their way into museums and private collections. What is left consists of bare walls, with here and there traces of sculpture and ornaments.

There must have been formerly an extraordinarily dense population in these regions—a nation of agriculturists and herdsmen, for every foot of fertile soil was utilized even up to the snow-line, as the apparently carefully terraced slopes of the mountains seem to prove.

The Inca nation formed a kind of socialistic state, whose territory extended over the greater part of the present republics—Bolivia, Peru and Ecuador. At the time of the Spanish invasion the period of national prosperity and of intellectual power had long passed its climax, and the supremacy of the original Inca race had been replaced by that of less intelligent tribes, and decay had already set in.

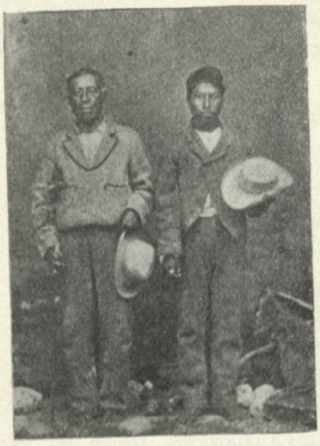


Fig. 13.—CIVILIZED INDIANS FROM PERU.

Let us examine for a moment the condition of the Indians in the different parts of this continent. The country in which they are most successfully reduced to a small number—almost annihilated—by fire-arms and "fire-water," is the United States. Here in Canada the Indians are in the best way to become settled agriculturists. They have their schools and churches, and even their representatives in Parliament. In Mexico and Chili the Indians have successfully intermixed with the Spaniards, and formed a kind of new race. In Peru and Bolivia the cruelty of the Spanish oppressors, however great, was obviously not sufficient to annihilate the Indians within several centuries, for there they still exist in millions. More than half of the population consists purely of Indians, the rest being whites, negroes and halfbreeds. The Indians there are farmers, herdsmen, miners and laborers. They do not know much Spanish, but speak their *Haimera* and *Quichua* language as in olden times. They are christianized, but have kept many of their former customs of dress and living. Although they are not very intelligent they promise to adapt themselves by and by completely to the habits of civilized life. (Fig. 13.)

Let us now proceed on our journey. As if travelling in a fairy-land, we pass at a height almost equal to the highest mountains in North America, these rocks and islands, silent witnesses of a history which for its greater part will remain a sealed book for us, whilst towards the east in a hazy distance we behold the peaks of the Andes projecting their snow-covered heads boldly skywards. (Fig. 14.)

We land at Chililaya, and from there the journey is continued in a less comfortable manner, namely, by an old stage-coach, with paneless windows and seats for twelve persons. This stage-coach goes once a

week to La Paz, and is drawn by eight horses. Only the four rear horses are directed by reins, the other four by throwing stones at them. The driver has a heap of stones, of various sizes, beside him for this purpose. I have seen him hit a stumbling horse on the head with a stone so that the blood gushed out. If the stage happens to "get stuck" in the sand, where the driver has no help to urge on the horses, a painful delay follows, for it is very difficult, to make the eight horses start together. Finally the passengers must get out and each take control of a horse, then after getting the coach in motion there is encountered the further difficulty of getting on board again. But the inconvenience, or torture, of this mode of travelling on a sandy, cold desert of 13,000 feet altitude is fully rewarded by the incomparably grand view on this highest pampa. From the eastern horizon rise, sharply outlined, the dazzling white

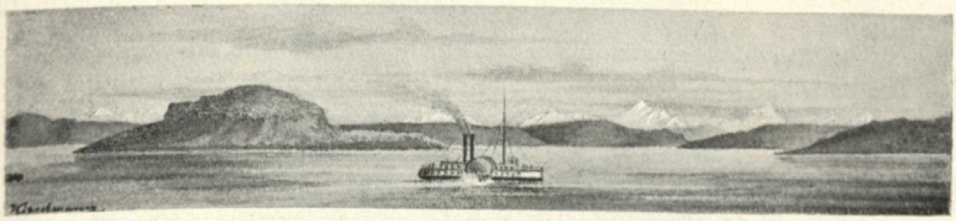


Fig. 14.—LAKE TITICACA.

peaks of the Illiampu (Sorata, 24,800) and Huaina de Potosi (see Fig. 15), while to the south looms up the isolated mass of the Illimani. These fascinating mountains look like huge masses of ice, which is easily understood if we remember that they exceed our standpoint of 13,000 feet by another 10,000 feet, or more, in height.

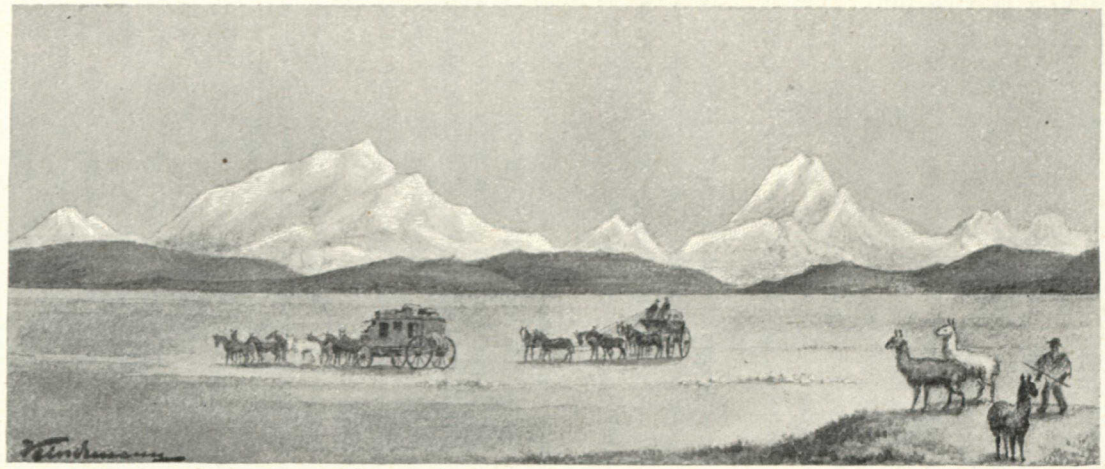
La Paz, where we arrive after a day's trip in the stage-coach above described, is situated in a valley which opens towards the massive ice-fields of the Illimani, surrounded by steep cliffs of slate clay. The inhabitants are, in the lower classes, Indians, while the "upper ten" are whites. There is a goodly number of half-breeds between whites and Indians, the so-called Cholos. On the market you can see, beside the ugly and wrinkled faces of the Indians, with their blue-black hair, pretty Cholo girls attired somewhat tastefully, but in colors much too "loud." If you want to make purchases, *e.g.*, a handful of frozen potatoes, or some pine-apples, you require a pocketful of red pepper fruits, for at the market of La Paz, in want of other change, these are used as small coin.

In the streets of La Paz one may often see a herd of llamas—the most useful animals in this region, even the offal of which is used as fuel; indeed, it forms almost the only fuel in the city. The herds always walk slowly and deliberately, following the leading llama, which is decorated with bells or colored ribbons attached to the ears. My desire to see them run, I was told, could be gratified by fastening some large white object to the ear of the leader. One afternoon, when walking in the outskirts of La Paz, I encountered a herd of llamas. Having a large newspaper in my hand, I thought my opportunity had come. Unfolding the paper I pierced a hole in it, and as quick as thought it hung from the ear of the leading llama, and then I saw them run. The spectacle was well worth the few dollars it cost me. They were soon out of sight, but the Indian herdsmen evidently enjoyed the sport themselves, for they laughed, as did all others who were onlookers. Then they came, and submissively removing their hats, asked whether I would prefer to pay the fine to them or to the police.

La Paz enjoys an atmosphere the driest in the world and, therefore is a paradise for many a far-gone consumptive who here recovers health again, but he is obliged to stay in the locality and never go down to the coast. This also applies to the Indians on these high plateaus, who cannot endure the climate at the coast. The extreme dryness of the air on these plateaus relieves the inhabitants of La Paz from the necessity of burying their dead. They put the coffins on shelves arranged in the walls of their cemetery, a sort of aerial catacombs, and the moistless air dries and mummifies the corpses.

La Paz is provided as a modern town with electric light, a great city square called the Plaza, a beautiful park, the Alameda, and several large Roman Catholic churches which present a plain exterior, but within are gorgeously ornamented in golden colors according to the taste of the Indian and Cholo population. I did not see much provision for the religious needs of the English and Germans, who are the leading business men of the place. It seemed to me that they have only one interest, viz., to amass a fortune in a few years and then return to the Old Country. There is also a university in La Paz, which grants to a student his LL.D. degree at an age at which he would scarcely venture to secure his matriculation in this country. The common people find amusement, on public holidays, in witnessing cock-fights and bull-fights.

There is here, as in all American republics, a marked tendency to worship titles and gorgeous uniforms. The Bolivian



Illiampu. Huaina de Potosi.

Fig. 15.—TRAVELLING ON THE HIGHEST PAMPA.

army almost every day may be seen on parade in the streets of La Paz. They present a pleasing spectacle in their red coats and grey trousers. The officers wear patent-leather shoes ; the privates wear sandles. Their military music is very good (I suppose they have a German band-master). This may account for the numerous parades. But the army has still another duty. I saw them one day marching through the town and playing their favorite airs. They stopped at every street-corner, and an officer of high rank made a speech. But I did not understand him. It was Spanish to me. I began to fear a revolution was pending, but my landlord informed me that my fears were groundless. The officer had only announced the decree of the Government, that from this date the Bolivian paper dollars if torn into halves or quarters (a common practice), would not be accepted in payment.

The disadvantage of having no paper money is severely felt by the traveller in Peru, to which country we now return. Here the people despise bank-notes and ignore gold ; consequently, as one must travel through districts where there is no branch of the Bank of Montreal, he is under the necessity of literally loading a mule with silver dollars, which are equivalent to about half their face value, in Canadian coin.

Peru is an immensely rich country, rich in products of the soil, etc. (cotton, rice, sugar, wool, cattle, horses), as well as in minerals. Its recources in silver are still inexhaustible, although the Indians at the times of the Incas were skilled miners and the Spaniards have followed in their footsteps.

In Lima, the capital of this country, we find the oldest university of America. If we visit the Musees of this city and hunt up the private collections of antiquities, we may get a better idea of the culture of the Inca period than by visiting the historical places themselves. The space of this article does not allow me to describe all the interesting evidences of the mechanical skill and artistic taste of the Incas. There are mummies in a sitting position placed in baskets, an endless variety of curious pottery, vessels which produce tones when you pour out their contents, miniature sculptures of silver and bone, implements the use of which is obscure to us, letters containing messages not written in words on paper or parchment, but expressed by a series of knots in strings. Two instances I may mention which seem to be especially worthy of consideration. The one is the fact that the carefully modelled heads and faces which appear as ornaments on those ancient specimens of ceramic art, are by no means

always of the Indian type. Many of them, the pre-Columbian age of which is proven beyond doubt, show features of a type similar to negroes, dark faces, almost black, and—entirely unlike Indians—with curly hair and thick lips. There is, indeed, even in our days, a tribe of savages left in the interior of Peru, *i.e.*, beyond the Andes mountains, whose appearance answers to the above description. The other object which attracted my special attention was an insignificant-looking piece in the beautiful and rich collection of the ambassador of Chili in Peru, an object to which the proprietor attributed little value. It is only a few inches in size—it is cut from white bone and represents a bird. But it is unlike any bird which

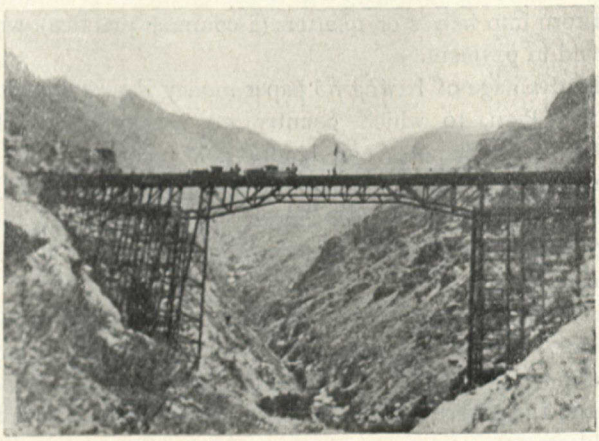


Fig. 16.—THE VERUGAS BRIDGE.

lived on this planet as a contemporary of man. It has a tail like the archæopterix, the primitive bird of the Jura formation, the transition between reptiles and birds. Now the question arises, why did the Indian artist give this bird a reptile's tail? If we do not wish to assume that he did it by mere fancy, we have to suppose that he must have seen either a living bird of a similar kind or a fossil of the archæopterix. There is plenty of opportunity for conjectures.

In Lima we attend a bull-fight. Not a thousand, but tens of thousands of spectators surround the arena to witness a spectacle which, in our northern countries under somewhat improved methods, is confined to the slaughter-houses.

It is difficult for members of Germanic (Teutonic) races to keep cool at such a sight and not arouse the indignation of the Spaniards by

taking the part of the bull, although it needs all the courage and skill of the bull-fighters to escape fatal injury, the real perpetrators of the cruelty being the crowd which indulges in such performances. There were seven bulls and one *vacca de muerte* (death-cow) executed in this way, and the latter gave the severest test to the torreros, for this cow seemed more intelligent than the bulls; she would ignore the red cloth and turn her whole wrath against the aggressor, who had to jump over the railings more than once in order to escape the horns of the furious animal.

I saw one bull which could not be defeated after almost a full hour's fight. He had three misplaced swords in his body, and the Espada, hissed by the audience, aimed a fourth blow, but failed. The President of the Republic, who was present, gave the victory to the bull. The fight stopped, the band played the national air, the ladies had tears in their eyes when the doors of the arena opened, and the bull, with the swords in his back and triumph in his eyes, walked out as proud as the proudest Spaniard. When the crowd left the amphitheatre I concluded that a bull-fight was worse than pigeon-shooting, and almost as bad as prize-fighting.

At Lima begins the celebrated Oroya railroad, which crosses the Andes Mountains at the enormous height of more than fifteen thousand feet, thus exceeding by more than a thousand feet the Pike's Peak railway, which is so often claimed to be the highest in the world. Without application of friction rollers or cogwheels, it climbs by innumerable windings—sometimes four or five above one another—as an ordinary railroad, through narrow gorges and half a hundred tunnels, the steep slopes of towering rocks up to the regions of perpetual ice. I confine myself to the description of three points of interest. At an altitude of 5,800 feet the railroad traverses a deep valley, by an immense iron bridge of a single arch about four hundred feet high. Fig. 16 gives a photo of this, the highest railroad bridge in the world. At eleven thousand feet (near San Matteo) it passes a gruesome chasm, the Infernilio gorge, formed by perpendicular or overlapping walls of rock several thousand feet in height. But the most wonderful part is the Galera tunnel through Mount Meiggs. This tunnel is about a mile in length. The highest elevation of the whole railway is reached halfway through this tunnel—16,665 feet above the sea level. The walls are covered with ice, and the locomotive is provided with two big ice-breakers, in order to remove the icicles, which hang down from the roof. At the time of my visit to Peru the railroad was completed for passenger traffic only as far as Casapalca

(13,600 feet), but I passed the higher parts on locomotives and lorries, and I traversed the Galera tunnel several times on foot.

In this part of Peru I also visited some interesting silver mines. Starting from San Matteo in the morning, on horseback, we reached Florenzia and Tapata, two neighboring silver mines, just at dark. They are about 17,000 feet above the sea level, and no white miners could work in this altitude. The laborers are Indians, and very industrious as long as they have no money to buy *pisco*, the Peruvian equivalent for whiskey. The foremen, engineers, managers, and last, not least, the proprietors, are Germans—a few Scandinavians. The shaft of one of these mines does not descend, but follows the veins of the precious metal upwards, and comes out near a summit at about 18,000 feet. On the way down much grand scenery presents itself. In the morning on starting out there is a heaving ocean of clouds beneath us, out of which the white peaks rise like islands. The clouds disperse, and an immense glacier, hundreds of feet in thickness, comes into view, overhanging a couple of lagoons in such a manner that one is inclined to wait to see it fall. The lagoons though close together, are yet quite different, one being of a bright, milky, blue-green color; the other black, like ink; and all this lies a thousand feet beneath. Farther down are met herds of llamas and alpacas, which, like the mountain Indians, cannot live in an altitude lower than twelve thousand feet. The llamas and alpacas are domesticated animals. But there are in South America two wild cameloid species, of which the former may be the descendants, viz., the guanaco in Patagonia, and the vicugna in Peru and Bolivia. From the extremely soft silky hair of the vicugna the natives make the beautiful "poncho." This garment, which is now worn on the shoulders of Indians and whites, consists of a square piece of cloth in the natural brown color of the animal's hair, leaving an opening in the centre for the head. A fine poncho costs fifty dollars or more.

Returning to Lima we board a German ship, and sail for Central America. We pass the equator for the second time, in rather cool weather, and take leave of the southern heavens. On this occasion, I may mention that the southern sky shows several points of interest for which we have no equivalent in the northern. There are the greater and the smaller Magellanic Clouds near the South Pole. They are clusters of stars and nebulæ like the Milky Way but sharply separated from the latter. There are, farther in the Milky Way itself, near the Southern Cross, two very dark regions, called the Magellanic Spots, or in the sailor's phraseology, "the coal-sacks." It is a

question in dispute whether they are really darker (more void of invisible stars) than the rest of the sky or whether their black appearance is only a contrast phenomenon. Fig. 17, though drawn from memory and therefore not very accurate, may convey to the reader some idea of this interesting part of the sky.

On our trip we touch Guyaquil, the chief port of Ecuador. The harbor is the mouth of the Guyaquil River, which is full of alligators, large turtles and sharks. We saw there a ship without a human being on board, the crew having fallen a prey to the ravages of yellow fever. We land at almost all the ports of Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras and San Salvador. It is pretty hot during the day, and the scenery,

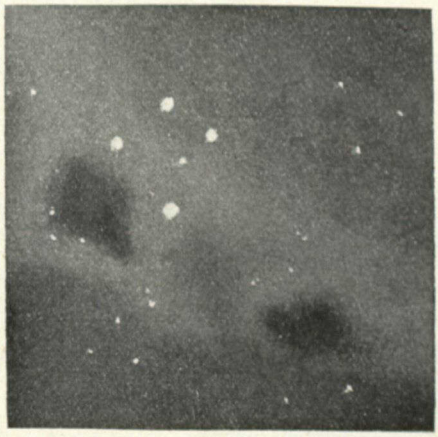


Fig. 17.—THE SOUTHERN CROSS AND THE COAL SACKS.

although changing rapidly in details, has everywhere the same general character: in the foreground hills and rocks of moderate height, palm-trees and huts of the natives consisting of four poles and a roof of palm-leaves, in the distance the huge forms of volcanoes. The whole isthmus is a chain of volcanoes, a few of which display, from time to time, a dangerous eruptive activity. The majority of them seem very harmless, and quite a few have even given up smoking. Fig. 20 shows one of these quiescent volcanoes, the St. Vincent. But at Acajutla, a port of San Salvador, there is an active volcano, the Isalco, of very peculiar character. It is a regular bomb-volcano. (Fig. 18.) Explosive eruptions follow each other at intervals of a few minutes. This presents a most wonderful spectacle at night. A fiery globe is ejected from the crater to a certain

height, after which it disperses, whilst the luminous streams of lava run down the sides of the mountain. From the town of Sonsonate its summit presents an appearance as shown in Fig. 19. We proceed next to the coast of Guatemala and visit the capital of the same name. (See Fig. 22.) Here, also, we see two giant moun-

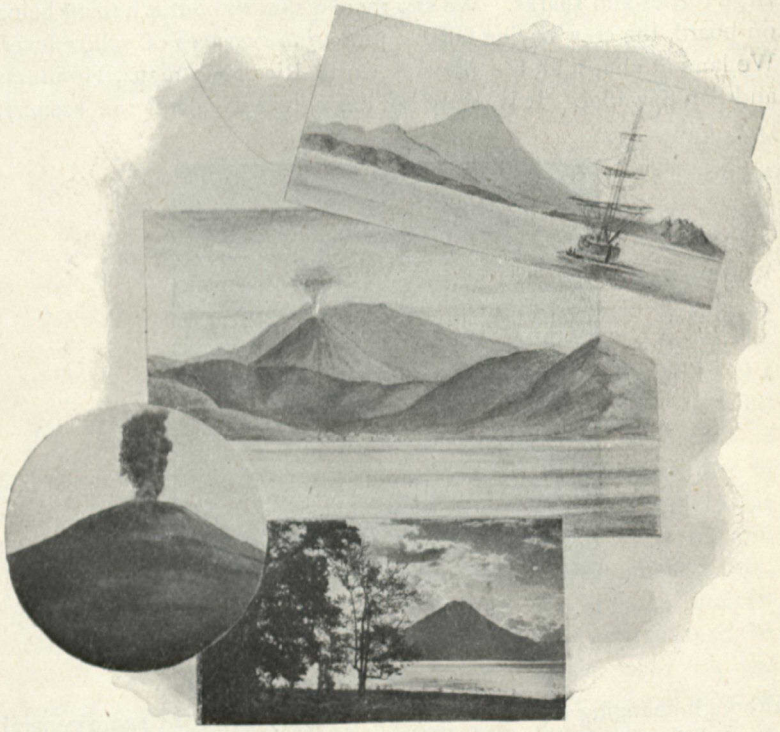


Fig. 20.—THE VOLCANO ST. VINCENT.

Fig. 18.—THE BOMB-VOLCANO ISALCO, SEEN FROM ACAJUTLA.

Fig. 19.—THE TOP OF THE ISALCO.

Fig. 21.—EVENING LANDSCAPE IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

tains—the Fuego (fire), an active, and the Aqua (water), a mud volcano. The latter once almost destroyed by its violent eruptions the ancient capital of the country, the city of Antiqua. Guatemala and Antiqua are very interesting cities, especially celebrated for their magnificent churches. A specially attractive feature in Antiqua is the cemetery, a garden of unsurpassed beauty, called the Campo Santo.

Before we leave Central America, I must make a remark about the native population. When I went to school I was taught that humanity was divided into five great races, one of which was the American, or the Indian race. I do not believe any longer in this generally accepted but quite arbitrary division. If all the aborigines of America belong to one race, it would be just as permissible to group the Europeans, Chinese and Malays in another. The aborigines of South America, among themselves, show differences at least as great as those between the so-called Caucasian and Mongolian races. The same statement applies to Central America. The

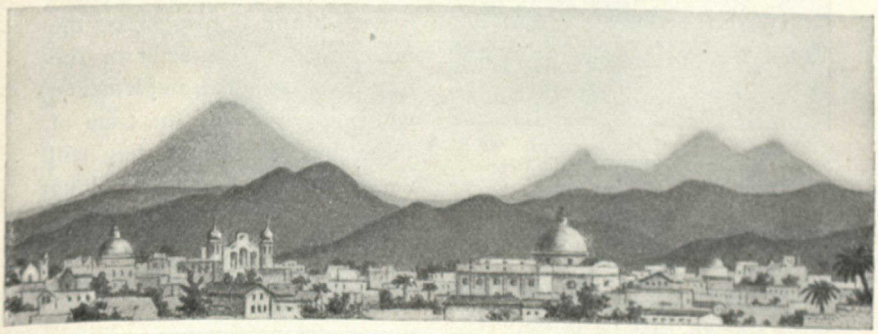


Fig. 22.—GUATEMALA AND THE VOLCANOES AQUA AND FUEGO.

reader may compare the pure Guatemaltekos (Fig. 23) with Fig. 24, representing some beauties from Sonsonato, and with Fig. 13, page 200, which shows some civilized Indian peasants from Peru. I think the comparison will convince one of the correctness of the above statement.

Leaving Guatemala, the most promising of the Central American "republics"—in ancient times they would have been classed as tyrannies—we board a ship, which carries a hundred passengers on it and five hundred tons of barnacles under it, and commence a slow trip for San Francisco, enjoying on the way a short call at the Mexican port Acapulco, and the magnificent sight of the mountainous coast of California. At last we pass the Golden Gate (Figs. 25 and 26) and enjoy a sojourn in San Francisco, the great western city built on a dozen hills, with its clean and neat, though wooden, residences, its business people of European courtesy, and with its cool but marvellously constant climate which changes but a few degrees throughout the year.

Fig. 23.—INDIANS FROM GUATEMALA.

From here we visit Monterey, with its celebrated, almost indestructible, cedar trees which look back on a past of several thousand years. They are older than the antiquities which they show in the museum in Sacramento—the boots which the first American settler wore, the pan of the first successful gold digger, and the nail on which the first unsuccessful gold-hunter hanged himself. And if, recognizing the rather modern character of the torn boots and other implements, you inquire about the time of these historic events, they will answer you, "It was long, long ago: it was before — 1850." Where history is lacking, nature often makes up for it, for what scenery can rival California's Yosemite Valley? The only difficulty is in getting there. It requires the torture of a whole day in a stage-coach to reach Woiwona and the big trees, and another day before we arrive at the valley, which got its name from the Indians, who called it after the grizzly bears. Both of the latter species, however, have in our day disappeared — the Indians being supplanted by tourists, and the all-devouring grizzlies by the ubiquitous summer hotel and boarding-house. The space of this paper does not allow us to dwell long on the description of the incomparable grandeur of this unique landscape. Here are the highest waterfalls of the world; what the Niagara has in

Fig. 24.—INDIANS FROM SALVADOR.

Fig. 27.—LICK OBSERVATORY.

Fig. 28.—YOSEMITE VALLEY. Fig. 29.—THE "CHRONICLE" BUILDING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Fig. 30.—THE SEAL ROCKS, NEAR CLIFF HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

Fig. 25.—THE GOLDEN GATE.

breadth these gigantic falls have in height. The Nevada makes an unbroken fall of 800 feet, and the Yosemite, three times broken, leaps down 2,500 feet. Immense granite walls towering up vertically to the awe-inspiring height of three and four thousand feet, and in some points higher than that, enclose the valley for a distance of six miles. The drawing in Fig. 31 gives a view of the upper part of the valley, seen from an overhanging rock at Glacier Point, 3,200 feet above the valley. It presents the curious forms of the Dome and Half Dome, both showing in their shape the effects of former glacial erosion. The latter on its non-glaciated side rises in a sheer wall 5,000 feet from the valley, and if you see it, together with its perfect image in Mirror Lake just below, you behold 10,000 feet of an unbroken wall of rock. On the way back we call at the Lick Observatory, Mount Hamilton (Fig. 27). Then travelling north, Mount Shasta and the Shasta hot-springs are seen. We visit Portland, Oregon, and make an excursion up the Columbia River, and then on from Tacoma, Washington, we travel to Victoria and join there a party on board the *Queen*, which is just ready to start for Alaska—the Alaska of the tourist, not of the gold-hunter — the Klondike being at that time still *terra incognita*. We pursue for almost a week a tortuous course through a labyrinth of islands, straits and inlets on a sea so smooth that the dense forests on either shore, and even the troops of deer swimming across are perfectly reflected as in a mirror. Bewildering mirages are of frequent occurrence, and beautiful displays of *aurora borealis* often illumine the sky during the short

Fig. 26.—FORT POINT, AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

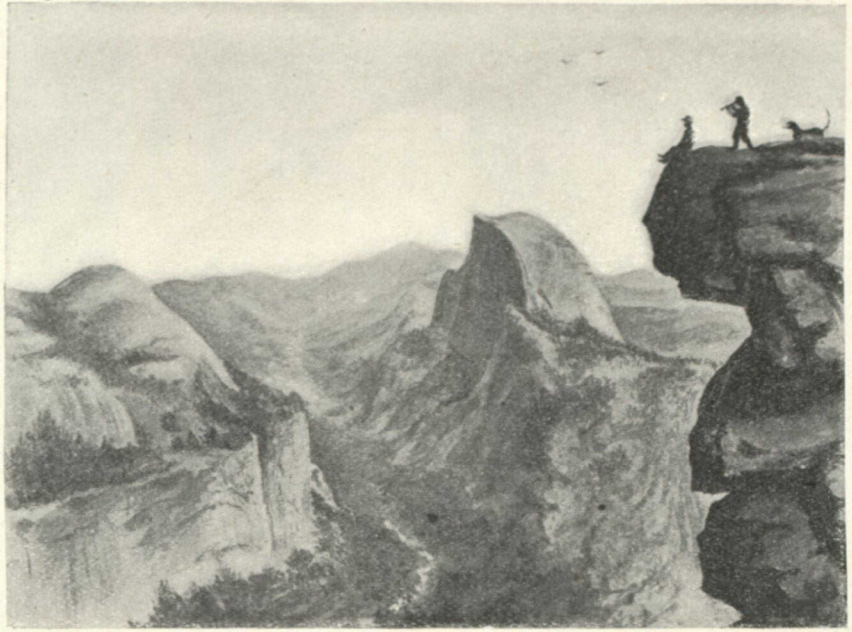


Fig. 31.—YOSEMITE VALLEY, FROM GLACIER POINT.

summer nights. On the way up we saw and smelled the place where cod liver oil is manufactured; we make the acquaintance of the Eskimo Indians, and admire their totem poles (see Fig. 35)—a kind of combination of penates, coat of arms, and pedigree—and their dogs, and learn from them how to catch salmon and halibut. Then we visit Sitka, the capital of Alaska, Juneau, the mining town, and on the opposite shore of the channel the celebrated Treadwell Mine, the only gold mine from which the ore is taken by the light of day as in a quarry. We see the Tuku Glacier (Fig. 34), and finally at the end of Glacier Bay the greatest glacier in the world, the Muir Glacier, which covers an area of 350 square miles, extending from the slopes of Mount Crillon (16,000 feet) and Mount Fairweather (15,500 feet) to the sea. The front of the glacier (see Fig. 37) is over 200 feet high, and since this huge volume of ice is proceeding more rapidly than any other glacier, immense masses are continually breaking off from the face, and with a thunderous crash dropping into the water to increase the number of floating icebergs in Glacier Bay. (See Figs. 32 and 33.) The ice is not of uniform color but varies from a pure white through all tints of blue-green and blue to the deepest indigo-blue, the coloring being dependent on the amount of pressure which the ice had to stand throughout its formation.

Fig. 32.—GLACIER BAY.

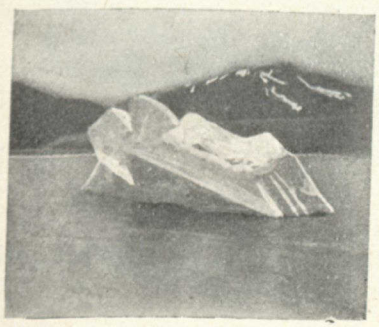


Fig. 33.—ICEBERG IN GLACIER BAY.

The great height of the glacier, and the vast volume of the masses that split off its face, is scarcely realized at first glance from a distance, but if you watch the pieces falling and consider the time they take to reach the water, the real height can be approximately calculated. The steamer *Queen* was furnished

Fig. 34.—TUKU GLACIER.

Fig. 36.—PARTY ON MUIR GLACIER. Fig. 35.—TOTEM POLES, AT FORT WRANGEL.

Fig. 37.—FACE OF MUIR GLACIER.

with a strong ram, which enabled her to force her way between the icebergs to within a short distance of the front of the glacier, so that this unique spectacle could be enjoyed at leisure. Having made an excursion on top of the immense glacier (Fig. 36), which has never been crossed, we leave scenery really arctic in character, though not quite in an arctic latitude, and turn south again towards Tacoma. Travellers and hunters, on returning home, are accustomed to fill in the blanks of their experience with stories of thrilling adventure and hair-breadth escapes. The writer, not wishing to diverge too far from the usual course, and still unwilling to depart from scientific principles, according to which even a "bare" story should contain the naked truth, refers the reader to the above photograph. (Fig. 38.)

Fig. 38.—A BEAR STORY FROM TACOMA.

Having wandered over the continent from the extreme south to the frozen regions of the north, we conclude our journey here in Canada, a country which gains by comparison with other regions visited. There is scarcely another spot in America which can, in beauty of natural scenery, compete with the Canadian Rocky Mountains, and it cannot remain hidden from the eye of the unprejudiced observer, that, with regard to climate and resources, and to the gradual but persistent development of intellectual and national life, the British Dominion of Canada is, on this continent, the country of the future.

A. Kindmann.

To a Bereaved Friend.

I HAD a vision of the night:
'Twas of a dark and lonely Vale
Where light of Hope had seem'd to fail,
And Happiness had suffered blight.

And lone and weeping wandered there
One whom I held in inmost heart,
In his o'ermastering grief apart,
'Mid wailing night-winds of despair.

For through that Valley dark he sought
The vanished spirit of his life,
His fair and gentle maiden-wife,
And called her--but she answered not.

And called her, but the echoes grim
Unfeeling sported with her name,
And mocking tossed it whence it came,
Back to the broken heart of him.

And then I saw there dawned a light
Softly before his tear-dimmed eyes,
And filled him with a calm surprise,
And made that dismal Valley bright.

And One drew near whose form he knew,
The Form that once on earth had trod,
The Son of man and Son of God,
The Christ, compassionate and true.

And gently spake, "Come unto me,
'Tis mine to comfort and give rest;
Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
And know my healing sympathy.

"Nay, tell me not thou hast soul-strife
About the Creeds—I know thy heart,
And how thou lov'st the better part,
And holdest high ideal of life.

" And thy distraught amaze I know,
The frenzy of thy anguished soul,
Thy grief, thy rage beyond control,
The soundless mystery of this blow!

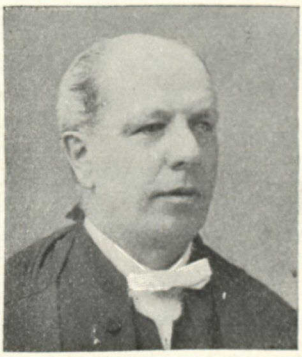
" And it has not been strange to me,
Thy vague dumb pain, thy uttered groan,
I, too, am Man, and I have known
The garden of Gethsemane.

" Now am I come to bring thee peace
And hope, and wipe thy tears away,
Let me be but thy help and stay
And lend thee my sufficient grace.

" Thy loved one thou shalt see again
In fairer beauty than of Earth;
Death is, through me, a nobler birth
To life that knows no touch of pain.

" Immortal through the fields of bliss
With her thou'lt roam no more to part."
Then failed the vision, but my heart
Said boldly—No vain dream was this!

J. W. BENGOUGH.



SIR J. G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., LL.D.

Questions Proposed

1. My favorite authors of prose.
2. My favorite poets.
3. My favorite musical compositions.
4. My favorite books.
5. My favorite heroes and heroines in fiction.
6. My favorite heroes and heroines in real life.
7. The way I like to spend my leisure hours.
8. The gift of nature I should most like to have.
9. What I covet most for Canada.
10. What I consider to be our greatest national defects.
11. My favorite hero in Canadian history.
12. The formative influences of my educational life I prize most.
13. The college course I should prefer to take.
14. The motto I would give to a Canadian young man.

Answers by SIR J. G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., GEORGE R. PARKIN, C.M.G., LL.D., CHANCELLOR BURWASH, HON. GEO. E. FOSTER, PRINCIPAL GRANT.

(See following pages for Answers.)

1. In History: Macaulay, Gibbon, Parkman, Green. In Romance Sir Walter Scott & Thackeray. In Political Science: Montesquieu &c.

Longfellow & Tennyson

2.

3. Pilgrims of the Night, Lead Kindly Light, Auld Lang Syne & Scotch Ballads generally.

4. Too numerous to mention here. See first answer. Lastly Reade's Cloister and the Hearth — a remarkable book.

Die Vernon & Col. Newcombe

5.

6. I shall not go beyond Nova Scotia for heroes — Williams of Kars and Inglis of Lucknow. Have no heroine at present in view except Florence Nightingale

7. Among my apple trees & in the forest.

8. Am quite satisfied with that very humble gifts I have from Nature.

9. A national, or thoroughly Canadian spirit.

Self depreciation & the absence of originality

10.

11. Among English & Canadians I say at once: Champlain,

Classical Studies — not football!

12.

13. The "Humanities" as a basis of Education, with lessons of practical Science — not often taken in my youth as in these days of more extended studies.

14.

Be modest, industrious & patriotic.

Jno Geo Bourinot

1. Have been different at each stage of life & mental growth.

2. Virgil. Shakespeare. Tennyson. Kipling

3.

4. Boswell's Johnson — Walton's Lives — Lorna Doone.

5. Nelson —

6. Gordon — Garibaldi — Florence Nightingale

7. With nature, friends or books

8. A good judgment in all things

9. A fine sense of honour in Public and private life.

10. Provincialism; content with material good; placing party before principle in political ~~life~~ affairs.

11. Brock

12. 1. Reading and reflection in early days on a Canadian farm. 2nd. College or residence and the familiar contact it gave with earnest ~~students~~ and able teachers. 3rd Travel.

13. One which opens many doors, but which gives the first importance to literature, ancient and modern — as furnishing the best ~~keys~~ clues to the problems of human life.

14. Speak and act the Truth. (This is the key to all high living.)

Yours sincerely
Geo R. Parkin

1. Bacon, Ruskin, Scott, Washington

2. Shakespeare, Tennyson, Gray

3. The Messiah, The Redemption

4. The Bible

5. Dr. William McClure

6. Paul, Howard, Florence Nightingale

7. In touch with nation

8. Patience and Perseverance

9. Intelligent, honest, industrious people

10. Haste to be rich and party spirit

11. The pioneer Missionary

12. My Mother & my years at College

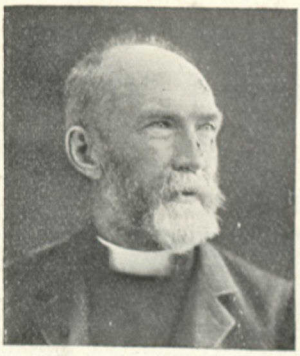
13. A general Course with postgraduate Special studies

14. High thought, plain life, hard work.

N Burwash

1. Plato - Cicero - Bacon - Ruskin - Emerson Matthew Arnold - Dickens
2. Shakespeare - Goethe - Tennyson - Scott
3. Beethoven's Symphonies
4. Books of history - on Constitutional & Economic Subjects, and generally the Story of human progress.
5. John Halifax -
7. Moderate out of door recreations - Bike - boat - fishing rod. Reading - thinking dreaming (last not least) Conversation with friends.
8. The poets divine insight
9. Fearless and aggressive militancy - intelligently applied to every phase of public life
10. Lack of unselfish - high minded - and well informed public spirit
11. Sir John Le. Macdonald
12. The culture & training of the classics
13. Languages - Ancient & Modern
14. "Dare to be yourself"

F. W. Foster



PRINCIPAL GRANT.

9. A higher sense of national responsibility & of the obligations involved in national life.

10. Intellectual courtesy; intolerance of criticism, especially from outside; religious dogmatism which is sure to provoke recoils.

11. If only one is to be named – Champlain

12. General University influences, especially the influence of two or three great men.

13. A thorough Course in Philosophy, based on a knowledge of classical & modern literature.

14. Altera pete

G. M. Grant

Principal

Tennyson's "Holy Grail."

THE story of the Holy Grail is of great antiquity. As regards the derivation of the word there are differences of opinion, but it is probably a form of the Old French *Gréal*, which comes from *Cratella*, the diminutive of *Crater*, a bowl or cup. According to the legend, it is the chalice in which our Lord instituted the Last Supper; and moreover it contains some drops of the sacred blood which fell from His body on His being taken down from the cross, and were caught and preserved by Joseph of Arimathea.

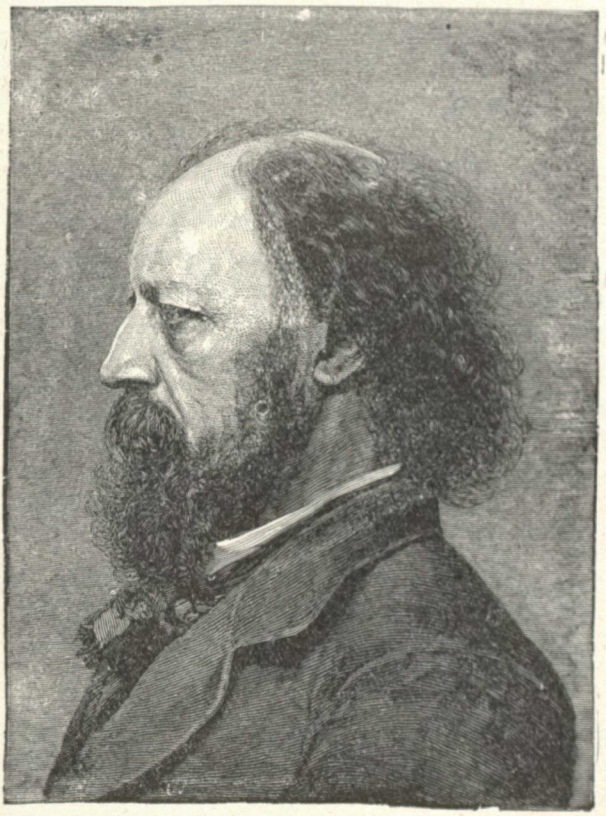
The origin of the story is uncertain. It seems to be partly heathen and partly Christian, and in its later form a spontaneous growth of the Middle Ages, becoming connected with King Arthur, as both were connected with Glastonbury, where Arthur is said to have been buried, and whither St. Joseph brought the holy thorn and the grail. According to the story, the holy cup was lost, and the belief was that the finding of it would bring healing and all kinds of blessing; but it could be found only by the pure in heart.

We must not here dwell upon the origin and composition of the "Idylls of the King" in general, or of the sources from which they are derived. It may be sufficient to note that the first four idylls, "Enid," "Vivien," "Elaine" and "Guinevere" (subsequently re-arranged), appeared in 1859, and attained to so great a popularity that, when the second series appeared, ten years later, no fewer than 40,000 copies of the volume were ordered in advance. This volume contained the "Holy Grail," "Pelleas and Ettarre" and "The Passing of Arthur," and some minor poems. In later editions of the poems some alterations of no great moment have been introduced.

The general idea of the poem is the finding and seeing of the Holy Grail. It can be seen only by the pure of heart; and this in different degrees, as might be presumed. To some it appears veiled or in a cloud; by others it is seen plainly with rose-red beatings as of a living heart within it. Each saw what he had power and preparation to see, and some only for a moment, and others continuously.

In all this there is, of course, a deeper meaning. The seeing of the Grail is essentially the Vision of God. A child's face is seen in

the chalice, reminding us of the Incarnation, and the blessing set before the mind is that of fellowship with God. It had always been a deep, instinctive desire of the better heart of man to rise up to God. "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us"; "Show me thy glory." But here is a danger. It is not given to all to "see visions and dream



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

dreams." It might be dangerous for some. The contemplative life has its excellences and its blessings, but it has also its dangers. For most men the practical life, and especially the life of duty and sacrifice, is the safest and best. Nay, more, the mere ambition to see the Holy Grail might be a temptation, the mere product of the imagination or the outcome of excited feeling, which carried with it no real desire

for God or goodness. In such feelings and desires King Arthur warns his knights there might be grave danger to themselves and to the work in which he and they were engaged.

This is a prominent idea in the poem. Arthur and his knights are engaged in a great work for which the Round Table had been constituted. This work was the defence of the weak and the redressing of the wrongs of the oppressed—not the following of self-chosen ways, however attractive or promising they might seem. In this regard it is significant that the King was not himself present when the vision appeared to his knights and stirred up their desire to see the Grail. He was away doing his proper work when he heard what had happened, and of the resolve which they had taken, he warned them of the consequences of self-chosen ways, of the danger that lay before them, of the ruin to some, of the dissolution of their order. His predictions came to be sorrowfully fulfilled. In this expedition we see the beginning of the downfall of the work of the Round Table.

So much for the general idea. We now turn to the story. It is told by Sir Percivale (called by his companions, The Pure) to Ambrosius, a fellow-monk. The latter had asked him how he had come to leave the Round Table for the convent :

> " My brother, was it earthly passion crost ?"
> " Nay," said the knight, " for no such passion mine.
> But the sweet vision of the Holy Grail
> Drove me from all vainglories, rivalries,
> And earthly heats that spring and sparkle out
> Among us in the jousts, while women watch
> Who wins, who falls ; and waste the spiritual strength
> Within us, better offered up to heaven."

Here we have evidence of a true vocation, not an excited imagination bent on novelty, but a soul, weary of the emptiness of the world, eager for the higher and better life. Ambrosius asks :

> " What is it ?
> The phantom of a cup that comes and goes ?"

Percivale at once rejects such a notion :

> " Nay, monk ! what phantom ?" answered Percivale.
> The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
> Drank at the last sad supper with His own.
> This, from the blessed land of Aromat—
> After the day of darkness, when the dead

Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint
Arimathean Joseph, journeying brought
To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.
And there awhile it bode ; and if a man
Could touch or see it, he was healed at once,
By faith, of all his ills. But then the times
Grew to such evil that the holy cup
Was caught away to heaven and disappeared."

Ambrosius answers that he knows the story of St. Joseph, but has not heard of the Grail, and asks :

"But who first saw the holy thing to-day ?"

Percivale states that it was his own sister.

"A woman," answered Percivale, "a nun,
And one no further off in blood from me
Than sister ; and if ever holy maid
With knees of adoration wore the stone,
A holy maid ; tho' never maiden glowed
(But that was in her earlier maidenhood)
With such a fervent flame of human love,
Which, being rudely blunted, glanced and shot
Only to holy things ; to prayer and praise
She gave herself, to fast and alms."

And then he proceeds to tell how his sister first became interested in the quest by hearing her aged confessor speak of the Grail.

"And he to whom she told her sins, or what
Her all but utter whiteness held for sin,
A man wellnigh a hundred winters old,
Spake often with her of the Holy Grail. . . .
'O Father,' asked the maiden, 'might it come
To me by prayer and fasting ?' 'Nay,' said he,
'I know not, for thy heart is pure as snow.'
And so she prayed and fasted, till the sun
Shone, and the wind blew thro' her, and I thought
She might have risen and floated when I saw her.

"For on a day she sent to speak with me
And when she came to speak, behold her eyes,
Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful,
Beyond all knowing of them, wonderful,
Beautiful in the light of holiness !
And 'O my brother Percivale,' she said,

'Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail;
For, waked at dead of night, I heard a sound
As of a silver horn from o'er the hills
Blown, and I thought, It is not Arthur's use
To hunt by moonlight; and the slender sound
As from a distance beyond distance grew
Coming upon me—O never harp, nor horn,
Nor aught we blow with breath or touch with hand,
Was like that music as it came; and then
Streamed through my cell a cold and silver beam,
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,
Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive,
Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed
With rosy colors leaping on the wall;
And then the music faded, and the Grail
Passed and the beam decayed, and from the walls
The rosy quiverings died into the night.
So now the Holy Thing is here again
Among us, brother, fast thou, too, and pray,
And tell thy brother knights to fast and pray,
That so perchance the vision may be seen
By thee and those, and all the world be healed.'"

It is here suggested that there is a legitimate way of seeking the Holy Grail. By and by we shall hear of another way which proves disastrous. Percivale goes on to tell how he and others fasted and prayed and looked for the vision. Only one among them had a spirit of purity and devotion akin to that of Percivale's sister. This was Sir Galahad, and of him Percivale goes on to speak:

"And one there was among us, ever moved
Among us in white armour, Galahad.
'God make thee good, as thou art beautiful!'
Said Arthur, when he dubbed him knight, and none
In so young youth was ever made a knight
Till Galahad; and this Galahad, when he heard
My sister's vision, filled me with amaze;
His eyes became so like her own, they seemed
Hers, and himself her brother more than I."

And so she girt Galahad with a sword-belt plaited of her own hair and embroidered with the Grail, and bade him go forth and break through all, till he should be crowned King "far in the spiritual city."

Then came a year of miracle; and first comes the episode of the great chair, fashioned by Merlin, called by him the "Siege perilous," in which the maker had been lost; for he had said:

> "No man could sit but he should lose himself."

The meaning of this chair has been much debated, some thinking it meant sense, others knowledge. To the present writer it seems the chair of sacrifice. It is the law of the Christian life that we must lose our lives to save them. This law Sir Galahad understood, and, when he heard of Merlin's doom, he said, "If I lose myself I save myself." In Merlin's case, he had sat down "by misadventure," not understanding the true meaning of sacrifice—sacrificing, he might say, the higher to the lower instead of the lower to the higher, and so he was lost.

It was when Galahad sat down in Merlin's chair that there came a great tempest and with it the manifestation of the Grail.

> "And in the blast there smote along the hall
> A beam of light seven times more clear than day;
> And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail
> All over covered with a luminous cloud,
> And none might see who bare it, and it passed.
> But every knight beheld his fellow's face
> As in a glory, and all the knights arose,
> And staring each at other like dumb men
> Stood, till I found a voice and sware a vow."

It was as the vision of God, and we can understand the profound emotion caused among the knights. It was surely well, one should imagine, that at such a moment the thought of new undertakings should arise. Yes, perhaps it was well, and yet not so well, when everything is considered. If it was mere excitement leading to a craving for novelty or mere adventure, it was indeed worthless. It could be good only if there was in such longings a fervent desire for good. And at the very beginning there is a hint that all might not be well, for the loudest to swear the vow was the least trustworthy.

Percivale tells what happened on the occasion of the vision:

> "I sware a vow before them all, that I,
> Because I had not seen the Grail, would ride
> A twelvemonth and a day in quest of it,
> Until I found and saw it, as the nun
> My sister saw it; and Galahad sware the vow,
> And good Sir Bors, our Lancelot's cousin, sware,
> And Lancelot sware, and many among the knights,
> And Gawain sware, and louder than the rest."

"What said the King?" asked Ambrosius. "Did Arthur take the vow?" Note the answer. Arthur was not present; he was away redressing the wrongs of an injured maiden. This accomplished, he returned in time to see traces of the emotion excited among his knights, and asked the cause. Probably they expected that he would sympathize with their great resolve, and even join in the enterprise. But Arthur saw deeper into their hearts, and knew that the way of perfection was the path of duty. Moreover, he foresaw all the evil that would result from their impulsive undertaking.

. . . . . "His face
Darkened, as I have seen it more than once,
When some brave deed seemed to be done in vain,
Darken; and, 'Woe is me, my knights,' he cried,
'Had I been here ye had not sworn the vow.'
Bold was mine answer, 'Had thyself been here,
My King, thou wouldst have sworn.' 'Yea, yea,' said he,
'Art thou so bold, and hast not seen the Grail?'"

. . . . . .

"Then Galahad on the sudden, and in a voice
Thrilling along the hall to Arthur, called,
'But I, Sir Arthur, saw the Holy Grail,
I saw the Holy Grail, and heard a cry—
O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me.'"

"'Ah, Galahad, Galahad,' said the King, 'for such
As thou art is the vision, not for these. . . . .
But one hath seen, and all the blind will see.

Go, since your vows are sacred, being made:
Yet—for ye know the cries of all my realm
Pass thro' this hall—how often, O my Knights,
Your places being vacant at my side,
This chance of noble deeds will come and go
Unchallenged, while ye follow wandering fires
Lost in the quagmire! Many of you, yea most,
Return no more: ye think I show myself
Too dark a prophet: come now, let us meet
The morrow morn once more in one full field
Of gracious pastime, that once more the King,
Before ye leave him for this Quest, may count
The yet unbroken strength of all his knights,
Rejoicing in the Order which he made."

The tournament ended, the knights set forth upon their enterprise. Percivale was among the best of them; yet in him also there was a strong human element, and the King's warnings filled him with sadness and foreboding.

In the experience of Sir Percivale we have a striking picture of man's insufficiency, longing, craving, which he vainly seeks to alleviate by means of earthly good. The reader who carefully follows the Knight's narrative of his doings, will find, first, how rashly and self-confidently he enters upon the quest, fully assured of almost immediate success; then, how he was chilled and became despondent as he thought of Arthur's "dark warning" and his own shortcomings. Next we see his readiness to abandon the enterprise, and try for all that earth could give him. But here there was failure: he could find no refreshment, and was "left alone and thirsting in a land of sand and thorns."

Other episodes illustrate the different kinds of appeal that the world makes to men. First, there is the woman offering him the solace of domestic life, which, however innocent and pure, could not satisfy the cravings of the heart. Then there "flashed a yellow gleam across the world," reminding of the dreams of avarice and the power of gold; but this, too, "fell into dust." And next came the mighty hill, and the walled city on the summit of it. And he was glad to climb, "but found at top no man or any voice"—telling of the vanity of ambition, for he found there only one man, and he, too, "fell into dust and disappeared"; and he thought if ever he should find the Holy Grail itself and touch it, that would also crumble into dust.

But now a great change was prepared for him. He dropt into a lowly vale, "low as the hill was high," and there told his phantoms to a "holy hermit in a pilgrimage," by whom he was taught that he was lacking in the fundamental grace of humility. The address of the hermit was an exposition of the law of self-sacrifice: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus":

> "'O son, thou has not true humility,
> The highest virtue, mother of them all;
> For when the Lord of all things made himself
> Naked of glory for His mortal change,
> "Take thou my robe," she said, "for all is thine."
> And all her form shone forth with sudden light
> So that the angels were amazed, and she
> Followed Him down, and like a flying star
> Led on the gray-haired wisdom of the East;

But her thou hast not known ; for what is this
Thou thoughtest of thy prowess and thy sins?
Thou hast not lost thyself to save thyself,
As Galahad.' "

There is here a reference to the great chair in which Merlin had lost himself, but of which Galahad had said, "If I lose myself, I find myself." Here is the beginning of a higher life, the death of the old man as a preparation for the life of the new. Upon this reference of the hermit to Galahad, "in silver armour suddenly Galahad shone before" them; and they entered the chapel and knelt in prayer. And Sir Percivale goes on :

" And there the hermit slaked my burning thirst,
And at the sacring of the mass I saw
The holy elements alone ; but he,
'Saw ye no more? I, Galahad, saw the Grail,
The Holy Grail descend upon the shrine :
I saw the fiery face as of a child
That smote itself into the bread, and went ;
And hither am I come ; and never yet
Hath what thy sister taught me first to see
This holy thing, failed from my side, nor come
Covered, but moving with me night and day,
Fainter by day, but always in the night
Blood-red, and sliding down the blackened marsh
Blood-red, and on the naked mountain top
Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere below
Blood-red.' "

Here in the face of the Child, as already observed, we have a reference to the Incarnation, and in the blood-red color a witness of the burning love of God in Christ. And Galahad goes on :

" 'And in the strength of this I rode,
Shattering all evil customs everywhere,
And passed through Pagan realms, and made them mine,
And clashed with Pagan hordes, and bore them down,
And broke thro' all, and in the strength of this
Come victor. But my time is hard at hand,
And hence I go ; and one will crown me king
Far in the spiritual city ; and come thou, too,
For thou shalt see the vision when I go.' "

Here we are shown the difference between the vain quests of those who set forth under the influence of imagination or excitement,

hardly knowing what they were seeking for, and this pure soul who longed for God, for the fellowship of the Father and of the Son, and found what he sought, and had the blessing always with him, and, thus blessed, went on doing the work appointed for him, not leaving his work as many had done.

The description of the passing of Galahad, followed at a distance by Percivale, is one of the most beautiful episodes in the poem. Two things are noticeable in it—the way he went, to be trodden only by such feet as his, and the divine presence ever with him on his way.

Of one part of his journey Sir Percivale did not tell the monk until he questioned him. It was his meeting with the Princess of a castle, the one and only one, he said, "Who had ever made my heart leap." With difficulty he tore himself away and escaped; but, he says:

> "Then after I was joined with Galahad
> Cared not for her, nor anything upon earth."

It is a charming touch here that Ambrosius, the hermit, should have doubted the wisdom of Percivale in escaping from his Princess. Doubtless the power of Galahad is meant to shadow the absorption of human love in the divine. The reader should here note the condition of Bors, suffering and imprisoned by a pagan people, to whom the grace of seeing the Grail was granted.

And now we pass on to hear of the return of some of the knights, the failure and disappearance of many, and the various ways and degrees in which the vision was granted to different characters. In answer to the question of Ambrosius, Percivale relates:

> "And there sat Arthur on the dais-throne,
> And those that had gone out upon the Quest,
> Wasted and worn, and but a tithe of them,
> And those that had not, stood before the King,
> Who, when he saw me, rose and bade me hail,
> Saying, 'A welfare in thine eye reproves
> Our fear of some disastrous chance for thee . . .
> . . . . . ; but now—the Quest,
> This vision—hast thou seen the Holy Cup,
> That Joseph brought of old to Glastonbury?'
>
> "So when I told him all thyself hast heard,
> Ambrosius, and my fresh but fixt resolve
> To pass away into the quiet life,
> He answered not, but sharply turning, asked
> Of Gawain, 'Gawain, was this Quest for thee?'"

(Gawain had been the loudest in taking the vow.)

"'Nay, Lord,' said Gawain, 'not for such as I.
Therefore I communed with a saintly man,
Who made me sure the Quest was not for me;
For I was much awearied of the Quest,
But found a silk pavilion in a field,
And merry maidens in it; and then this gale
Tore my pavilion from the tenting pin,
And blew my merry maidens all about
With all discomfort; yea, and but for this,
My twelvemonth and a day were pleasant to me.'"

Next comes the honest Bors, cousin of Lancelot; and when the King saw him, he called out:

"'Hail, Bors! if ever loyal man and true
Could see it, thou hast seen the Grail,' and Bors,
'Ask me not, for I may not speak of it:
I saw it'; and the tears were in his eyes."

There now remained but Lancelot, and the treatment of this part of the subject illustrates in the most striking manner the depth of the poet's insight into the moral and spiritual life of man. Nothing is better known, in the history of the Round Table, than the unfortunate and unlawful attachment of Lancelot to Queen Guinevere.

"His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful made him falsely true."

Much suffering and torment he had endured in ways that are partly described, partly hinted at in different parts of the Idylls; but here he comes into contact with the Divine Purifier, and a terrible conflict begins, for he is not one who can be satisfied to sin, when he knows that it is sin; and so he tells the King of what he endured.

"'Our mightiest!' answered Lancelot with a groan;
'O King!' and when he paused methought I spied
A dying fire of madness in his eyes—
'O King, my friend, if friend of thine I be,
Happier are those that welter in their sin,
Swine in the mud, that cannot see for slime,
Slime of the ditch; but in me lived a sin
So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,
Noble and knightly in me twined and clung
Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower
And poisonous grew together, each as each,

Not to be plucked asunder ; and when thy knights
Sware, I sware with them only in the hope
That could I touch or see the Holy Grail
They might be plucked asunder. . . .
. . . Up I climbed a thousand steps
With pain ; as in a dream I seemed to climb
Forever : at the last I reached a door,
A light was in the crannies and I heard,
'Glory and joy and honour to our Lord
And to the Holy Vessel of the Grail.'
Then in my madness I essayed the door.
It gave ; and thro' a stormy glare a heat
As from a seven-times heated furnace, I,
Blasted and burnt, and blinded as I was,
With such a fierceness that I swooned away—
O, yet methought I saw the Holy Grail,
All palled in crimson samite, and around
Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes.
And but for all my madness and my sin,
And then my swooning, I had sworn I saw
That which I saw ; but what I saw was veiled
And covered ; and this Quest was not for me.'"

Here is the vision of the heavenly troubled and darkened by the imperfection of the beholder ; and the King pointed out the truth to them, when he said :

"Blessed are Bors, Lancelot, and Percivale,
For these have seen according to their sight.
For every fiery prophet in old times,
And all the sacred madness of the bard,
When God made music thro' them, could but speak
His music by the framework and the chord ;
And as ye saw it ye have spoken truth. . . .

"'And spake I not too truly, O my knights
Was I too dark a prophet when I said
To those who went upon the Holy Quest,
That most of them would follow wandering fires,
Lost in the quagmire?—lost to me and gone,
And left me gazing at a barren board,
And a lean Order—scarce returned a tithe—
And out of those to whom the vision came
My greatest hardly will believe he saw ;
Another hath beheld it afar off,
And leaving human wrongs to right themselves,

Cares but to pass into the silent life.
And one hath had the vision face to face,
And now his chair desires him here in vain,
However they may crown him otherwhere."

Thus he tells of Lancelot, and of Percivale, and of Galahad, and so of all who see "according to their sight."

WILLIAM CLARK.

Ode To a Christmas Music.

GODDESS of dreamy eyes and golden tongue,
Me, weaving phantasies, draw to thy heart
Till with thy world unseen I am made one,
And hold thee close, and know thee what thou art;
For thou in trancèd tunefulness hast sought
Through pines at dusk to breathe thy hidden lore,
Or through these monster organ-throats of song
To tell of blushful secrets long forgot,
Of rustic mirth and hearty Yules among
The three-times happy simple folk of yore.

Rolls the great organ through the sacred gloom,
The cloud of incense wraps the flame
Of slender tapers in a faint perfume,
As on a thousand Christmas-tides the same.
I hear the mumble of the mass by priest
Of Norman birth; a lusty Saxon thane
Kneels dreaming of his flowing wassail bowl
Upon the morrow's morn, of the fair feast
To all his men—three oxen roasted whole,
Old ale in plenty for the roaring strain.

But now the wind is moving through the pines,
And coldly smiles the maiden moon on high,
While all the rugged Northern land reclines
Snow-heaped beneath the keen Canadian sky;
Strong-souled, the Saxon forbear of the West
Lifts in his humble home the Christmas hymn

And celebrates with joy the season dear ;
The woodland game and cheer is of the best,
And gaily come the folk from far and near
To blithely welcome jocund Christmas in.

Blow, glorious symphonies, forever blow
From organ-trumpet in a splendid fane,
As on this festive night, and, sweet and low,
Celestial music, breathe to me again
Of all life's mystery and death's desire,
Of heroes struggling on a windy shore,
Of love, of laughter and of many a myth
Of purest poesy and lyric fire :
O Music, Soul of Beauty, merge me with
Thy mighty over soul for evermore.

WILLIAM T. ALLISON.

A Helpful Poem.

Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

JUST what it is that constitutes the essence of poetry, has long been, and seems likely long to be a disputed question. The many attempts that have been made to define it, and the numerous criticisms that have followed these attempts, show the great difficulty of fixing such limits as will include all compositions that we must regard as poetry, while excluding all that are not poetry. Wordsworth, in the preface to his Lyrical Ballads, proposes one definition; Matthew Arnold proposes another. Prof. Bain, in the last chapter of his book, "On Teaching English," criticises both of these definitions, and endeavors to clear the ground and prepare the way for a more exact and worthy definition of poetry than any that have preceded it. He goes so far as to maintain that the metrical form, though an accompaniment of the highest efforts of poetic talent, is not an essential of poetry; that, in fact, the prose romance should really be regarded as poetry.

But to the average man who reads, and who is interested in poetry, the discussions as to its essentials, and these attempts to fix its limits are of little interest. For him poetry means a species of composition in metrical form, and though he may sometimes show a disposition to rank all verse as poetry, yet in general he has the feeling that something more than metrical form is necessary. What he is much more interested in than definitions of the essential qualities of poetry is its value and helpfulness to himself. Nor is he wrong in this. He is not taking a mean or ignoble view of the art. For the great majority of men are what may be called average men, and it is surely not degrading poetry to say that it does not dwell in places accessible only to a few choice spirits, but that it nourishes and develops the spirit of those who, without the poetic power of expression, are yet conscious that

> "Nearer we hold of God
> Who gives than of His tribes that take."

Matthew Arnold has said that the noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that the noble and profound applica-

tion of ideas to life is what chiefly constitutes the helpfulness of poetry. For with the great majority of human beings the chief question is how to live, that is, what use to make of life. And there are many influences prompting us to make an unwise use of life. There may be the circumstances in which our lot is cast, the necessary toil for "the bread that perisheth," the discouragement of failure to attain what we have striven for. These and many other forces make it difficult for the soul to remain calm and serene in the midst of all the accidents of life. We are more and more strongly tempted to take narrow views and to see life in false perspective. Then it is that we feel the helpfulness of a poet who, gifted with a keener insight than ours, can look upon life with an untroubled eye, and by his "noble and profound application of ideas to life" can revive our fainting spirits," can lift us to a higher plane of vision, and can infuse into our spirit some of his own serenity. Religion does the same thing, for true religious feeling and truly helpful poetry are always in harmony.

The help that poetry affords us may be given in various ways. Sometimes it may come, as in Wordsworth's poems, from the revealing of the beauty and dignity that invest familiar objects and actions. The poet's word is as a seed bearing fruit afterwards in a worthier view of life. Sometimes the help is given by the happy expression in words of the emotions that we, in common with thousands of others, have felt, but have been unable to express. For the poets have not the monopoly of intense feeling. Everyone has seen how, under the most unpromising exteriors, undreamed-of depths of tenderness and feeling lie hidden. Thousands besides Wordsworth have by a simple flower been awakened to thoughts that lie too deep for tears, and have with him seen that—

> "The clouds that gather round the setting sun
> Do take a sober coloring from an eye
> That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

But most of us are the voiceless of whom Oliver Wendell Holmes has sung. We feel the tide of emotion rise, but we are powerless to give it an outlet in words, and can only watch it ebb. Poetry, then, may be helpful to us either by affording fit utterance for thoughts that have had a shadowy existence in our own minds, or—more nobly helpful—by enriching us with the treasures of the deeper spiritual insight of the poet.

To those who read poetry chiefly for the help that it affords them, "Rabbi Ben Ezra" must be a favorite poem.

At first, some may be inclined to doubt whether Browning is a poet from whom the ordinary reader can obtain much help. The chief objection that can be urged against the opinion that he is such, is one that can be urged against "Rabbi Ben Ezra," in common with many others of Browning's poems. This objection is based upon the difficulties that an ordinary reader meets in his efforts to obtain anything like a clear comprehension of the poem. It is not necessary that all these difficulties should be specified and discussed here. It suffices to say that some of them are difficulties inherent in the subjects with which his poems deal; others arise from the peculiar form, the monologue, in which his poems are cast; and others from the language in which his thoughts and emotions are displayed. But to this objection we may oppose the fact that it is not necessary to have a full and perfect understanding of a poem in order to be helped by it. If the poem is truly a noble one, it is an inspiration to us from the moment that we get the first glimpse of the outline of the poet's thought. Successive readings will make it more helpful, and it wil be to us "a joy forever." This is especially true of such a poet as Browning, who must be read and re-read to be appreciated, but many of whose poems are felt to exert an uplifting and bracing influence long before we can be said to appreciate them. As to the difficulties arising from the monologue form, it is necessary only to say that a reader soon learns by experience that the first thing to be done in reading one of Browning's monologues is to try to understand the situation depicted; and that a reader of ordinary intelligence soon obtains a certain facility in grasping a situation that is hinted at and shadowed forth rather than revealed. As to the other difficulties, those arising from the poet's language, they can be overcome only by companionship with the poet. Some poets use language more easily comprehended than that of others; but where poems contain so much thought as those of Browning, so that we feel that the result will repay the labor of obtaining the gold for which we must arduously toil, there is a mental and spiritual stimulus in the very act of laying bare to the understanding the poet's meaning. And certainly in "Rabbi Ben Ezra" we have a poem that will yield a rich return for the labor of understanding it.

In the first place it is to be observed that at different periods of life we read poetry with different ends in view. It is not at all times that we desire its fortifying and consoling influence. In youth, life seems so promising and so limitless in its opportunities; the world is fresh and young, and its sky is so unclouded—sorrow being rather a name

than a reality ; there is such a joy in mere living that we desire poetry to harmonize with the exuberance of our own joy. But sooner or later there comes a change. We realize that life is short—too short for all that is to be done in it ; the sky becomes overcast ; the vague dreams of youth give place to the sterner realities of more mature years ; we feel

"That there hath past away a glory from the earth."

Then it is that we seek in poetry some compensation for the irrevocable past, and strength for the future.

To those who have passed the point at which this gradual transformation of life becomes suddenly manifest, "Rabbi Ben Ezra" can scarcely fail to be a source of moral strength. In it we find a sage of ripe experience looking upon life, and giving utterance to noble and consoling views of life as a whole and of some of its inevitable evils—views that must fortify the heart of every thoughtful reader who has felt the weight of the load that this poem is especially fitted to lighten.

The view presented of life as a whole is a very consoling one. It is of course not original—in this it resembles most other great moral truths presented to us in poetry ; but it receives a certain impressiveness from being in the monologue put into the mouth of a man whose knowledge of life fits him to be a guide. To those who have realized the shortness of life and the vanity and weariness of much of it, who have felt that

"The world is too much with us,"

it is comforting to be made to reflect upon this life as merely a preparation for some nobler employment of our activities in some higher sphere.

"Here work enough to watch
The Master work and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play."

This is a conception of life that gives it a grand meaning and purpose and that is in itself one of the best solaces for many of the evils that we must encounter before setting out on "our adventure brave and new." The approach of old age becomes, in the light of this conception of life, a thing not greatly to be dreaded ; for it is the resting-point, the breathing-place whence we can survey life as a whole and

"weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame."

But few, if any, can look back over life with a feeling of satisfaction. Perhaps the two things that have most to do with making us dissatisfied with our backward glance are the consciousness of past mistakes and of the incomplete development of what should have developed in our own powers. How bracing it is at the moment when we are conscious of own our shortcomings to feel that

"Not on the vulgar mass
Called 'work' must sentence pass,"
. . . . . .
"But all the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb
So passed in making up the main account,
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure.
That weighed not as his work, yet
Swelled the man's amount."

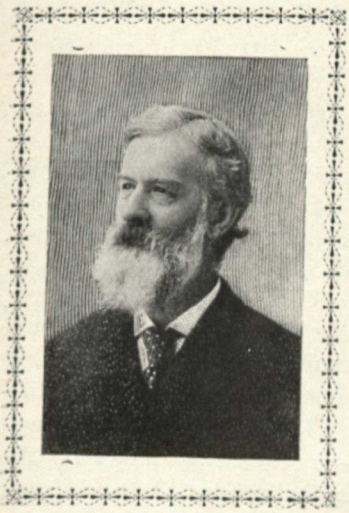
This conception of life as a period of probation for future usefulness in a higher sphere makes us ready to say with Rabbi Ben Ezra:

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three parts pain,
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!"

And still regarding life in the same way, conscious of our own shortcoming we can say in a higher strain:

"So, take and use Thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warping past the aim!
My times be in thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!"

To One Disappointed in Love.



GROPE not among the tombs—
that lie
Behind thee, in the shadowed past—
Of joys that perished in the blast;
So fragile that they could but die.

Mourn not the love that shrank and
fell
At the first stroke of ruthless Time:
If it had breathed the breath divine,
It would be living now, and well.

Weep not love's body of decay
That lies a-mouldering in the grave:
If it had had a soul to save,
That soul would be alive to day.

If love be true, it cannot die;
If false, 'tis better dead. And so
Give thou not way to plaint and woe,
Nor bring, as tribute, tear or sigh.

Bernard O'Reilly

VOL. XXII. *Acta Victoriana* NO. 3.

Editorial Notes.

WE present our Christmas issue to our readers with feelings of pride and pleasure. ACTA VICTORIANA has always maintained a foremost place among Canadian college journals, and the present Editorial Board has sought to live up to the motto of the past—*vestigia nulla retrorsum*. We have attempted this year to surpass any previous Christmas issue, and we flatter ourselves that our efforts have met with a fair measure of success. However, we leave our readers to judge of the merits of the number.

WE have before us in the management of ACTA two main lines of development. We shall strive to make ACTA not only an organ of college news, but also a magazine which will materially add to the literary and scientific culture of our readers. With this aim in view we shall enlarge our literary and scientific departments from time to time as our financial limitations permit, and we shall endeavor to fill these columns with the best thought of the best minds of our College and country. In the second place, we hope to contribute our mite towards bringing about among Canadian people a proper appreciation of Canadian literary efforts. The future of Canadian literature depends to a large extent upon the students and graduates of our colleges and universities, whose judgment will have most weight in guiding and encouraging the work of Canadian litterateurs. Following

out this idea, we have secured for the present issue contributions from many of our prominent writers, both in poetry and prose. Dr. Horning's very able and interesting review of Canadian literature for the past year is especially valuable along this line. This review we hope to make an annual feature of our paper.

In accordance with these ideals we have secured for succeeding issues several articles of much interest and value. Mr. John Reade, editor of the Montreal *Gazette*, will contribute a paper on "Personal Reminiscences of Charles Heavysege," and Mr. R. H. Johnston, of Washington, D.C., one on "Canadian Men of Note in the United States." In addition to these we are making arrangements for articles on 'Canadian Artists and Their Work," "Art in the Canadian Book-binding Trade," "Canadian College Journalism," etc. We shall also continue our Book Reviews, and the Replies to Questions by prominent men. But space will not allow us to enumerate all the crochets we have in our heads. Suffice it to say that the Editorial Board will do its utmost to make ACTA a credit to our College and to Canadian journalism.

A FEW words as to our Christmas issue. We desire, on behalf of every student and friend of Victoria, to very sincerely thank the contributors who have so kindly honored us, even though it has cost in many cases a considerable inconvenience. Lack of space prevents us referring to them individually, but we can confidently assure each and every one that their kindness is very thoroughly appreciated. We can only repeat with Shakespeare, "Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor."

With the exception of Jean Blewett's story, which is, through her kindness, now produced for the first time in a Canadian paper, and Mr. Robert's story, which appeared in the Christmas *Globe*, all our contributions, both in prose and poetry, are hitherto unpublished. We regret that circumstances have prevented a number of our prominent public men from answering in time for this issue the series of questions proposed to them. We hope to print their replies in succeeding issues.

We desire to especially thank Dr. Horning and Mr. C. C. James, who by their timely advice and assistance have materially contributed towards the success of the number.

IN view of the extra pressure upon our columns we shall hold over until next issue the usual comments upon college affairs generally.

We have also been compelled to hold over several poems which we were not able to insert in this number.

THE LIBRARY.

The Rev. E. B. Harper, M.A., D.D., has presented to the Library vols. 1-49 of the *London Quarterly Review*, handsomely and uniformly bound; also "Gale's Court of the Gentiles," 4 vols. in 3, dated 1672-8; the "Scholastic History of the Canon of Holy Scripture," dated 1657, and the "Lexicon Græco-Latinum," of J. Scapula, published in 1820. Dr. Harper has also donated valuable sets of the *Andover* and *Princeton Reviews*, and other periodicals, missionary reports, etc.

A liberal and kindly donation has just reached the Library from J. W. Standerwick, Esq., Hon. Sec. of the Wyclif Society of London, England, consisting of twenty-one volumes of the Latin works of John Wyclif, published by the Society between 1883 and 1898.

The Rev. W. S. Blackstock, M.A., D.D., has presented a set of the works of John Howe, published in London in 1822.

Other donations and additions will be given in the January number.

Books Received.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following books for review:

Church of England Publishing Co., Toronto: Rose à Charlitte, by Marshall Saunders.

Copp, Clark Co., Toronto: The Battle of the Strong, by Gilbert Parker; Love, by Hon. J. W. Longley; Stories of the Maple Land, by Katherine A. Young; Select Poems, 1898, by W. J. Alexander, Ph.D.; The Interpretation of Literature, by W. H. Cramshaw.

George N. Morang, Toronto: A Critical Study of In Memoriam, by Rev. John M. King, D.D.; The Forest of Bourg-Marie, by S. Frances Harrison.

William Briggs, Toronto: The Lord of Lanoraie, a Canadian Legend, by Richard Griffin Starke; New York Nocturnes, and Other Poems, by Charles G. D. Roberts; Essays for the Times, by Dr. Dewart; The History of Canada, by W. H. P. Clement,

B.A., LL.B.; The Making of the Canadian West, by R. G. MacBeth, M.A.; Grand Pré, a Sketch of the Canadian Occupation, by John Fredric Herbin; Cuba, and Other Verse, by Robert Manners; Thayendanegea, an Historico-Military Drama, by J. B. Mackenzie; Faces That Follow, by E. M. Mason; Steam Navigation, by James Croil; Pathfinding on Plain and Prairie, by John McDougall; Pioneer Sketches of Long Point Settlement, by E. A. Owen; Diane of Ville Marie, a Romance of French Canada, by Blanche L. Macdonell.

The Ontario Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto: Hypnotized, a Novel by Julian Durham; The Untempered Wind, by Joanna E. Wood.

William Drysdale Co., Montreal: Camp and Lamp, by Samuel Mathewson Baylis; Worship in Connection with the Presbyterian Church in Canada, by Sir Sandford Fleming, K.C.M.G., and others; Letters of Marcus; The Vision of the Seasons, and Other Verses, by Dorothy W. Knight.

Personals.

AMONG the lady graduates at the Conversat were Miss A. J. C. Dawson, '98, and Miss Eleanor Moore, '98. Both are at home at present, the one in London, the other in Islington. Their many friends at college were pleased to renew the old acquaintances.

ALL college students recognize the ties of reverence and love that bind them to their *Alma Mater*; and it was owing to the practical fulfilment of this principle that we were favored at the Conversat by the presence of so many old graduates as representatives from sister colleges. We were pleased to welcome again the familiar faces of G. B. Henwood, '96, of Osgoode Hall; J. W. Sifton, '98, of the School of Pedagogy, Hamilton; and C. W. Service, '95, of Trinity Medical College.

THE Executive of the western section of the Book Committee of the General Conference has appointed E. R. Young, '95, and F. Carman, '98, assistant editors of the *Christian Guardian*. We feel assured that these two graduates of Victoria will do honor to themselves, and reflect great lustre on "Old Vic" in the performance of the many duties involved in the responsible positions in which they have been placed.

A. R. CARVETH, '96, has succeeded in passing the final test examination necessary to being awarded the advanced degree for which he was registered at Cornell. He has held a Fellowship or Scholarship at that university during his whole course. In addition to these honors Dr. Carveth has been elected member of the Greek Letter Society of Sigma $\chi\iota$, "the honorary science society of many universities." This honor is conferred only on those who have shown marked proficiency in original research and investigation.

J. W. FRIZZELL, B.A., '89, and B.D., silver medalist in the department of Natural Science, is at present the popular pastor in a large and wealthy Congregational church in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, where his efforts are meeting with great success.

D. R. MCKENZIE, gold medalist in Natural Science in '87, is at present visiting in the city at 40 Brunswick Ave. On graduation he went to Japan as a missionary on the self-supporting scheme, but afterwards was received into the Japan Methodist Mission, where he

performed faithfully the duties devolving upon him until he was obliged through illness to return to his native land. We trust that Mr. McKenzie will soon be restored to health and vigor, thus permitting him to continue his chosen life-work in the foreign field.

A FEW months ago W. S. Herrington, '83, was appointed Crown Attorney for the Counties of Lennox and Addington, and in his official capacity has had much to do with the Ponton trial. Since his residence in Napanee he has organized the "Shakespeare Club," a society with which he has been closely identified for ten years. Recently the members of the club manifested their appreciation of his labors on their behalf by presenting him a copy of "Bartlett's Concordance to Shakespeare." College friends will learn with pleasure of the success and popularity of Mr. Herrington in his chosen profession.

IN our Christmas number of ACTA, we have endeavored to obtain a few personal items of interest from old graduates who in the closing years at Cobourg were identified with the progress of our magazine. Many graduates have manifested great interest in our efforts, and our thanks are due to them in no small degree for their valuable assistance. We trust that in the future this interest may be even more manifest than in our present number, for we are assured that the relation existing between the graduate and undergraduate body of Victoria will ever be one of closest sympathy and comradeship.

C. J. D. MOORE, '88, known as "Cid," silver medalist in Philosophy, and Social Editor in '87-88, is teaching in an academy in Santa Clara, southern California.

W. J. SYKES, '91, Local Editor in '89-90, and gold medalist in Moderns, is teaching with great acceptance on the staff of the Ottawa Collegiate Institute.

THE present pastor of the Methodist Church in the town of Ayr, Hamilton Conference, is Rev. A. J. Irwin, '90, gold medalist in Natural Science, and Social Editor of ACTA in '88-90.

INFORMATION has been received through a curriculum, forwarded to our Library from Colorado, that A. Allin, B.A., '92, and Ph.D., Social Editor in '91-92, and gold medalist in Philosophy, holds at present a position as Lecturer in Applied Psychology in the University of Colorado, Bowlder City, Colorado.

J. H. RIDDELL, B.A., '90, and B.D., Editor-in-Chief in '89-90, and gold medalist in Philosophy, occupies the chair of New Testament Exegesis in Wesley College, Winnipeg.

A. B. CARSCALLEN, '90, gold medalist in Classics, held the position of Editor-in-Chief on the staff of ACTA in '88-89. On graduation he entered law, and for a few years was a member of the law firm of Carscallen & Cahill, in this city. A short time ago he removed to Wallaceburg, where he is successfully performing his many professional duties.

THE Personal Editor of '91-92, E. M. Burwash, B.A., '93, and B.D., silver medalist in Natural Science, is at present stationed at Dongola, Assiniboia, N. W. Territory, where he is fulfilling the many duties of a missionary. His many friends would be glad to hear from him through the columns of ACTA at an early date.

THE Exchange Department of '89-90 was controlled by A. H. Going, '90. Since his departure from college he has devoted his energies to the fulfilment of the many obligations successively resting upon him as pastor of the Methodist churches at Victoria Avenue, Chatham, and at Port Stanley, a pretty little resort on Lake Erie.

E. R. DOXSEE, '92, Local Editor in '91-92, was not only a silver medalist in classics, but was also the winner of the Prince of Wales silver medal, founded in 1861. As President of the Literary Society in its last term at Cobourg, he was especially honored in his college career. In those days were heard the eloquent voices of McCall, Fred. Langford, Fletcher, Keenleyside and others in Alumni Hall. Since graduation, with the exception of a month spent on a circuit, he has been teaching Classics and History with great acceptance at Albert College, Belleville.

THE position of Local Editor, '89 90, was occupied by H. T. Ferguson, a graduate in Arts in '90, and in Divinity in '93. With the exception of a year spent on the staff of the Columbian Methodist College, New Westminster, he has devoted his ability to the Church, and is for the current year stationed on the Collingwood Second circuit, where he is meeting with well-deserved success.

THE wholesale tea firm of Daly & Co., London, is fortunate in having as one of its members F. W. Daly, '88, Literary Editor in '87-88. We are sure that the training received in the performance of his duties as a member of the staff is now of great assistance to him in his successful business career in the Forest City, where he is already recognized as one of its best and foremost citizens.

THE graduates of '92 will remember A. G. Hudson, Personal Editor in '90-91, as the Poet-Laureate of his class, an honor conferred on him by virtue of an excellent song which he composed, entitled "Farewell at Graduation." Mr. Hudson has had successful pastorates on the Malton and Woodbridge circuits, and is now doing splendid work in his third year at the Elizabeth Street Church, in the beautiful town of Barrie. We hope to publish the graduation song at an early date.

J. M. LARMOUR, '89, was Social Editor in '88-89. The following year was spent in Boston University, under the professorship of H. P. Bowne, where in the spring of '90 he received the degree of S.T.B. At the same time he received the degree of B.D. at Victoria; and in '92 the Ph.D. degree was conferred upon him by Bloomington University. In June, 1890, he was ordained as a minister in the Methodist Church, and has since preached with great acceptance at Gananoque and Mattawa. He is now laboring faithfully in his third year at Cobden—the liveliest town on the C. P. R., between Ottawa and Pembroke.

DURING his College career J. A. Jackson, '89, successively occupied the positions of Personal and Exchange Editor, with a prospective Editor-in-Chiefship in his final year, when circumstances obliged him to leave College. After graduation he held for a year a position on the staff of the Gananoque High School. Removing thence to Kemptville, and eventually to Iroquois, he assumed the duties of Head Master. Here for five and a half years he has earnestly toiled; success has crowned his efforts, and the High School of Iroquois has reached the highest standard of equipment and excellence.

W. J. DROPE, '89, was Business Manager of ACTA for two successive years, '87-88 and '88-89. On graduation, having attended the training institute at Hamilton, he secured a position on the staff of the Cobourg Collegiate Institute. A few months later he became identified with the Peterboro' Collegiate, where he remained for six and a half years, receiving flattering testimonials from pupils and teachers on his resignation. In September, 1896, he opened a boarding school for young men at Grimsby, and at the present time is meeting with good success in his work.

T. K. SIDEY, B.A., '91, Editor-in-Chief of ACTA in '90-91, is a Cobourg boy, and entered College with a large class in '87. He was an honor man in Classics and at graduation carried off the gold medal in that department. On leaving College he attended the School of

Pedagogy in Toronto, and afterwards taught in the Iroquois High School and the Collegiate Institutes of Ottawa and Whitby. In 1896 he went to Chicago University to take a post-graduate course in Classics, and in the following year succeeded in winning a fellowship which he holds at the present time. On receiving his Doctor's degree next year, he will probably settle down as Professor in Latin, in one of Uncle Sam's schools. He has always retained a warm interest in the affairs of his *Alma Mater* and is still a subscriber to ACTA.

THE Local Editor of '87-88, H. Langford, '88, will be remembered by old graduates as one who instigated a rebellion against certain rules and regulations affecting the rights of juniors, in the old days at Cobourg. After graduation Mr. Langford immediately entered the Law Society and in '91 was called to the Bar. A few days later our young lawyer took the train for the Western town of Rat Portage, where, in the law firm of Langford & Moran, he is meeting with great success in his profession, "managing to get three square meals every day, and keep the wolf off the front piazza." Our Literary Society may look forward to a visit from Mr. Langford in the near future.

ACTA VICTORIANA was fortunate in having, as Editor-in-Chief in '87-88, Prof. J. F. McLaughlin, gold medalist in Philosophy in '88. After graduation, he remained a year at Cobourg as Lecturer and Demonstrator in the Science department. Later, proceeding to Oxford University, he spent somewhat more than a twelvemonth in the department of Orientals, when he was appointed to the Chair of Oriental Languages and Literature in Victoria University, which he has occupied for six years. Prof. McLaughlin was ever interested in everything that pertained to College life. He was President of the Jackson Society in the Michaelmas term of '88, and as Editor of ACTA, waged a battle royal for the freedom of the Press, and the rights of the student body, for which the present undergraduates should be deeply grateful.

C. B. KEENLEYSIDE, Victoria gold medalist and valedictorian, '92, and Yale scholarshipman, '94, was Literary Editor of ACTA for '90-91. He taught in the Ladies' College, Hamilton, the year after graduation, and spent the next in post-graduate work at Yale. He has been for nearly three years Managing Director of the London *Daily News*. Before coming to Victoria, "Keenley" had been a successful newspaperman, being manager of a Winnipeg daily, at the age of twenty-two.

HAMILTON WIGLE, '89, was ordained in June of the same year, and married in August—the usual "Royal Road." The London Conference stationed him on the South Mersea Circuit, near his old home in Essex County. At the end of three years, he volunteered for work in the West, and was stationed near Baldur, in the Manitoba Conference. After three years of faithful work he was stationed at Carman, where his unparalleled success warranted the Stationing Committee of June last in placing him in Zion Church, Winnipeg, which is the second-best appointment in the gift of the Conference. Mr. Wigle is now enjoying an elegant home, with a salary of $1,500, and is preaching to a people who were asked for a cash collection of $2,000, and on Sabbath, Nov. 20th, put upon the plates in actual cash $2,318.41.

WE have received a long letter from F. D. Kerr, '92, full of interesting reminiscences of College life at Cobourg, and we have taken the liberty to insert a few extracts as told in his own inimitable way :

"My first acquaintance with Victoria was when the corner stone of Faraday Hall was laid in the year 1876. From that time until graduation in '92, I was a College enthusiast, although it was not until the early eighties that I was found with the Burwash boys upon the Campus, ever on the alert to get a few kicks at the football. I still recall with awe the football prowess of J. W. St. John, ex-M.P.P., and Prof. Langford. Inspired by their prowess I was early possessed with the ambition to play on the first team some day, and in the year 1891-2 was captain of the first team. A hard fought victory over Norwood filled our hearts with such joy that George Locke, '93, telegraphed the news to W. J. Drope, '89, and sent it 'collect.' A victory over 'Drope's Braves' from Peterboro', and two draws with Albert College were events of importance.

"I polled one vote for each office of the class in my Freshman year. This remained a mystery to me until my Senior year, when Keenleyside, Doxsee, and Allin confided in me that 'when in doubt,' each had at different times voted for me, but unfortunately for me, their votes were so scattered, I failed to reach office.

"Bob will doubtless recall Hallowe'en in the fall of '90. 'Billy' Waite, 'Reggie' Daly, Walter Mulligan, famous for his Tom-cat concerts, and your humble servant joined forces for a raid on Robert's ducks. Robert was on the alert with gun and dog, and his cry, 'My boys, I have you now,' was a signal for a hasty retreat. Robert proved a sprinter, and I ran faster over the Campus that night than I ever did before or since. Scaling a high fence I sought safety by lying

down in a ploughed field while Robert rested his gun on the fence, and fired occasionally into the thick darkness. No one was injured, but Robert's defence saved the ducks, which later fell a prey to the Beare family.

"My Sophomore year was noted for a rebellion on the part of the Freshmen, who 'struck' against cleaning snow from the alley board. They finally yielded, however, and went to work, and peace reigned.

"I was always an active member of the Literary Society, and an enthusiastic follower of the sports. In fact I always held that athletics and study went well together, and therefore devoted fully as much time to one as to the other. Perhaps my favorite pursuit was in organizing a general slope from the class-room in case the Lecturer was late, which sometimes occurred in the old days.

"Am now practising law in Peterborough for recreation; take an interest in politics, and do some 'stumping' for the 'Grit cause' when necessary.

"It is ever a great pleasure for me to recall the old days which are full of pleasant memories of the boys and girls who used to meet in class-room, in College receptions, and *elsewhere*. I shall always remember my College days as the most pleasant of my life."

Mr. Kerr was Local Editor of ACTA in '91-92, and was gold medalist in the department of Honor Moderns. Thus in his career the happy combination of athletics and study was a great success.

IT is with much sorrow that we chronicle the death of the Rev. W. J. Barkwell, who, after a severe and lingering illness, passed away on the morning of Monday, November 28th. He was a member of the class of '80, and as a student was a general favorite with all who knew him. He had peculiar characteristics which fitted him for a successful minister in the church. His genial and sympathetic nature and his noble Christian character won the trust and reverence of his fellow-men. In the important charges committed to his care—the church at Toronto Junction, Woodgreen Tabernacle and New Richmond church—his devotion and energy were repaid with wonderful success. The memorial service in "New Richmond" on Tuesday evening, November 29th, was largely attended by the city pastors and members of his congregation, who mourned the loss of brother, counsellor and friend.

Exchanges.

AIL, yet rejoice, because no less
The failure that makes thy distress
May teach another full success.

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

In the *Presbyterian College Journal* of November is a very masterful article on "The Religious Teaching of Robert Browning," by the Rev. Prof. Scrimger, D.D. It is a keen psychological criticism of the poet's religious nature, and is well worthy of careful study by all our readers.

The Students of the College are pleased to welcome among our exchanges *The Ladies' Home Journal.* Judging from the interest manifested in its pages by the men and women alike, it is certainly one of our most popular magazines. Its Christmas number is a triumph of decorative art, and is rich with illustrations and literary contributions of the highest character. We bespeak for the *Journal* a well-merited continued prosperity.

Four Epitaphs.

Deep wisdom—swelled head;
Brain fever—he's dead.

A Senior.

Fair one leaves him—hopes fled;
Heart broken—he's dead.

A Junior.

Went skating—'tis said;
Ice hit him—he's dead.

A Sophomore.

Milk famine—not fed;
Starvation—he's dead.

A Freshman.

—*Ex.*

Much benefit may be derived from the perusal of the able address, "The University and the State," by Prof. Watson of Queen's University, published in a late number of the *Journal.* In a masterly way he sets forth the functions of a university, and the relation of

education to the State. He appeals to the higher qualities of the student, summoning him to keep ever before his mind "the vision of that greater, purer, and more spiritually-minded Canada which is yet to be."

> We ring the bells, and we raise the strain,
> We hang up garlands everywhere,
> And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
> And feast and frolic—and then we go
> Back to the same old lives again.
>
> —*Susan Coolidge.—Christmas.*

There has come to our sanctum a new and highly artistic exchange, *Self-Culture*, a monthly journal published in Akron, Ohio. Its December number is full of bright and interesting contributions from many sources. "The Seamy Side of Empire," by Goldwin Smith; "The Quebec Conference," by John N. Blake; "The Influence of War on Literature," by Cakina B. C. Eaglesfield; "Pre-Raphaelitism in England," by Irene C. Byrne, are a few of the articles which are of special interest to Canadian readers. G. Mercer Adam, one of Canada's most talanted sons, is the editor.

The Christmas number of *The Canadian Magazine* is a magnificent production, and is another evidence of the indomitable pluck and enterprise of Canadian journalism. Its dress is very artistic, its photographs are exceedingly well executed, and its articles are varied and intensely interesting. "A Material Age," by J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia; a second contribution on "The Red River Expedition," by Capt. J. Jones Bell; "Vancouver," with special illustrations, by Julian Durham; "In Fair Canada," a poem, by Jessie Kerr Lawson; "Current Events Abroad," by John A. Ewan, are among those of greatest interest to Canadians.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges during the Michaelmas term:

Queen's University Journal, Argosy, Progress, Our Dumb Animals, McGill Outlook, Clarion, Zion's Herald, Notre Dame Scholastic, Sunbeam, Columbia University Quarterly, Self-Culture, Ladies' Home Journal, Dickinsonian, Manitoba College Journal, Lasell Leaves, University of Ottawa Review, Ottawa Naturalist, Edinburgh Student, Varsity, O. A. C. Review, University Monthly, Pratt Institute Monthly, Home Study Magazine, Albert College Times, Presbyterian College Journal, Vox Wesleyana, University of Chicago Record, McMaster University Monthly, The Princeton Tiger.

Locals.

erry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

THIS remark was left over from our last Xmas issue.

"DID you hear the latest?"

"No. What?"

"Bell-Smith's new tie."

IRWIN—"Are you going to take that lecture in Systematic Theology this morning?"

Curts—"Either the Chancellor or I will take it."

IT is an unpardonable breach of etiquette to omit sending the Local Editors an invitation to all class receptions.

THE financial success of the Conversat this year was due mainly to the large attendance of students. So mote it always be.

THE Rev. Wm. Hincks preached a very instructive sermon to the students of Victoria in Central Methodist Church, November 20th.

OWING to the lack of space in this issue we are obliged to leave out most of the gags on Neville.

THE following students represented Victoria at the various college functions of the last month: N. W. De Witt, Trinity Medical dinner; T. W. Walker, Toronto Medical dinner; S. J. Courtice, Dental "At Home." They all reported a very enjoyable evening.

AT the Mandolin and Guitar Club concert we counted eleven Seniors, six Juniors, four Sophomores, five Conference men and no Freshmen. Comment is unnecessary.

IN support of Prof. Badgley's theory advocating the non-entity of time and space, it may be noted that Schlichter reports losing "all track of time and space" during Thanksgiving week.

TOLL spent Thanksgiving in the West. His friends, after recovering from the shock, took pity on his landlady, and he received the other day by post a full-grown chicken, evidently intended to give him employment three times a day for some time to come. It was marked MM. B.C. After devouring it at one meal he was heard to remark that it might possibly be older than that.

MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUB CONCERT.

A RATHER small but very appreciative and enthusiastic audience greeted the Mandolin and Guitar Club at their initial concert in Association Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 6th inst. The excellent programme rendered deserved a crowded house, and certainly deserved a much larger attendance of students. The Mandolin and Guitar Club, under the leadership of Prof. Le Barge, has made remarkable progress during the last year, and that the merit of their playing was appreciated was evinced by the enthusiastic encores which followed each of their numbers. The club was assisted by Miss Belle Noonan, of Boston, Miss Mae Dickenson, Miss Lola Ronan, Miss Dora McMurtry and Messrs. H. C. Cox and J. A. Newsom. Miss Blanche Badgley admirably performed the duties of accompanist.

The concert, while not realizing as large a dividend as could be desired, was a most enjoyable one in every respect, and we sincerely hope that the club will repeat it with better success financially next year.

THE OPEN LIT.

ON November 19th an open meeting of the Literary Society was held. After a few opening remarks by the President, N. W. De Witt, the literary session was opened and a pleasing programme rendered, as follows: Vocal solo, F. M. Bell-Smith, '02; chorus, Glee Club; address, R. H. Bell, B.A.; chorus, Glee Club; debate, "Resolved, That Great Britain will not continue to maintain her present supremacy among the nations"; affirmative, J. W. Davidson, B.A., J. G. Davidson, '00; negative, W. H. Wood, '01, W. S. Daniels, '01. Piano solo, Mr. Riggs, of McMaster, which was deservedly encored; vocal solo, J. R. Van Wyck. After the programme the decision of the debate, in favor of the negative was given by Mr. Sanford Evans, M.A., who, after he had summed up the various points of the debate, gave a short interesting talk, for which he received the hearty thanks of the society. Now, however, came the surprise of the evening in the form of a want of confidence motion, which completely dismayed the Government. T. W. Walker, leader of the Independents, with the support of his faithful few, quoted instance after instance of misgovernment. The "Cabinet and his Ministry" made an able but unavailing defence, and the division of the House proclaimed that "it was time for a change."

JOTTINGS.

WE all *know* that beer is not so harmful as whiskey.—*Daniels.*

WHAT was so funny about my announcement of the Conversat?—*W. B. Smith.*

I FEEL that the Government intends to fail to realize this.—*St. John.*

BEING a *fresh* member.—*Curts.*

FIRST SPECIALIST—Are you still talking about that Kingston girl? Cragg—No; this is another one.

"GOOD-MORNING, Mr. Walker, I suppose you want to know how Miss B. is?"—*Mrs.* ——.

ASK Porter and Wood to relate their recent experiences at the 'Varsity Library. We have promised not to tell on them.

"BROTHER" COLEMAN glances at the list of subjects for debate. "Well, I have not time to read them now; but I have no doubt that I could do justice to any of them."

THE Theological Club has elected the following officers for the present year: President, R. H. Bell, B.A.; Secretary-Treasurer, S. C. Moore, B.A.; Executive Committee, Dr. J. Burwash, Prof. McLaughlin, G. S. Faircloth, B.A., A. R. Delve.

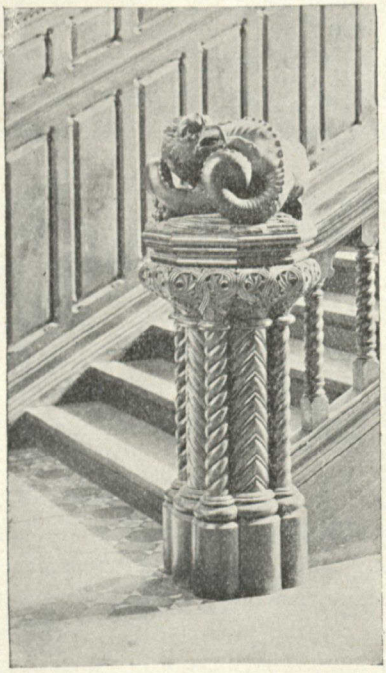
THE Seniors decided, after much deliberation, to have a meeting and elect officers. The result is as follows: Hon. President, Pelham Edgar, Ph.D.; President, S. J. Courtice; 1st Vice-President, Miss M. B. Reynar; Secretary-Treasurer, G. A. Winters; Councillors, Miss Duckett, T. W. Walker; Judge, E. W. Edwards; Critic, Miss M. H. Kyle; Historians, Miss K. McKee, J. H. Holmes; Poet, F. E. Malott; Prophetess, Miss E. J. Taylor; Athletic Director, N. R. Wilson; Hockey Captain, T. W. Walker; Alley Captain, S. L. Toll; Football Captain, N. W. De Witt.

'00 RECEPTION.

ON the evening of November 22nd the Century Class held a reception, which, like all its predecessors, was a most pleasant one. After indulging in general conversation and giving time to get the promenade cards filled, an interesting programme was given, one of the most pleasing features of which was the singing of Miss Mae Dickenson, with guitar accompaniment. The Honorary President of the class, Dr. Bell, gave a short address, and the various officers of the class said their little pieces. Following this programme came promenading and refreshments, until the time came for the Centurions to reluctantly disperse to their homes.

THE first session of the Theological Club for the current year was held in the College Library on Thursday evening, November 17th. The chair was occupied by the President, Dr. Wallace. The attendance was exceptionally good, being considerably above the average of previous meetings, and a very pleasant and profitable evening was spent. The paper of the evening was read by Dr. Badgley, on the subject, "God and Creation," and proved to be a very able and instructive presentation of the subject. Meetings of the club will be held at regular intervals during the college year. All students are invited to attend and take part in the discussions.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.



THE greatest social function of the college year is now a happy memory. At four o'clock on the morning of December 3rd the weary but happy committee toddled home to bed, proudly conscious of the fact that their untiring efforts had resulted in making the Conversat of 1898 the best Conversat ever held in Victoria College. Fortune smiled on all their efforts, and as a result the six hundred guests had nothing but good words to say of every feature of the evening's enjoyment.

Never has "Old Vic" looked gayer than she did on that night. The charge of the decorations had been undertaken by the lady patronesses, and nobly they did their work. The main halls were especially beautiful with their vari-colored bunting, artistically arranged around the iron pillars, their lavish profusion of waving palms and nodding chrysanthemums, and their gracefully draped alcoves, where, when the dazzled eye had grown weary of gazing on the brilliant corridors, innocently happy young couples found for a few blissful moments an opportunity for "seclusion sweet and calm

epose." Add to this picture an ever-changing vista of sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks and bright smiles, accompanied by the sweet music of D'Alesandro's orchestra, mingled with the rippling laughter of the merry promenaders and we have "a scene for men and angels."

In the Library was displayed a rare collection of old curios gathered from Egypt, Palestine, Japan, China and the Islands of the Sea. Special mention must be made of Mr. C. C. James' unique and interesting collection of books and illustrations connected with the life and work of Tennyson.

During the first part of the evening a delightful programme was rendered in the Chapel. Miss Jessie Alexander, Miss Ella Ronan and Mr. Harold Jarvis have seldom been heard to better advantage. Mr. J. A. Le Barge showed himself to be a mandolinist of the highest rank. The College Glee Club and Mandolin and Guitar Club also added materially to the pleasures of the evening.

After the concert promenading and cosy-corner tete-a-tetes, interspersed with visits to the refreshment booth in charge of the Harry Webb Co., occupied the rest of the evening.

The prominent guests were received by Chancellor Burwash and the members of the Faculty, assisted by the lady patronesses. The latter were the wives of the members of the Faculty and Mesdames A. Carman, Ed. Gurney, J. M. Treble, John Potts, T. Eaton, L. M. Sweetnam, George A. Cox, J. E. Graham, H. C. Cox, Chester Massey and R. C. Hamilton.

After the promenading the Committee banqueted the representatives from the various colleges. Toasts, songs, music, speeches and jokes filled in a happy couple of hours, and cemented together still more firmly the feeling of good-fellowship that exists between Victoria and sister colleges. The following gentlemen conveyed to the Victoria students the kindly greetings of their respective colleges: 'Varsity, D. MacDougall; McMaster, A. G. Campbell; Osgoode, George Henwood; Wycliffe, Mr. Gibson; Toronto Medical College, J. R. Stanley: Trinity Medical College, C. W. Service; Normal College, J. W. Sifton; Queen's University, R. B. Dargavel; Trinity University, R. Turley; Knox College, F. H. Barron; Dental College, T. F. Campbell.

NEVILLE (to Miss A——, about the middle of the third promenade at the Conversat)—"See here, I've got you on the string for the next go, I guess."

"MAN, I wish I could find that girl!"—*Wood, et al.*

SCENE going home from Conversat—"Stop the car! Stop the car! My girl is gone!"—*Davison.*

Athletics.

THE rink committee consists of Messrs. Grange, Winters, Fergusson, Davison and McCormick. Prospects are bright for the coming season. Already some half-dozen clubs have applied for hockey privileges, and we understand there are more to follow. Mr. Breen will again manage the rink this winter.

AT the committee dinner on the evening of the Conversat, Mr. Dargavel, of Queen's University, spoke of the position of athletics in Victoria. He said we have not manifested as much enthusiasm in inter-college sports as might be expected from a college such as Victoria, and expressed the wish that we might become a more potent factor in the Inter-College Athletic League. We are sorry to admit the truth of Mr. Dargavel's statement regarding the rather meagre pretensions of our College in the realm of athletics. We could wish that more of our students would show an active interest in healthy college sport, but we realize the difficulty of working up a very enthusiastic athletic spirit when we are so greatly handicapped by the lack of a suitable campus.

But, though there may be room for improvement in the athletic life of our students, yet we are glad to note a gradual and steady increase of athletic interest during the last three years. Three victories for our football teams this year, instead of the usual record of defeat, the interest displayed in the inter-year series of matches and in the arrangements for the coming hockey season, the very successful tennis tournament of this fall, all tend to show the drift of the current. If we could only obtain the materialization of our hopes in regard to the new campus, we feel confident that Victoria would, in a very few years, take her stand in inter-collegiate athletics on the same footing with 'Varsity and Queen's and McGill.

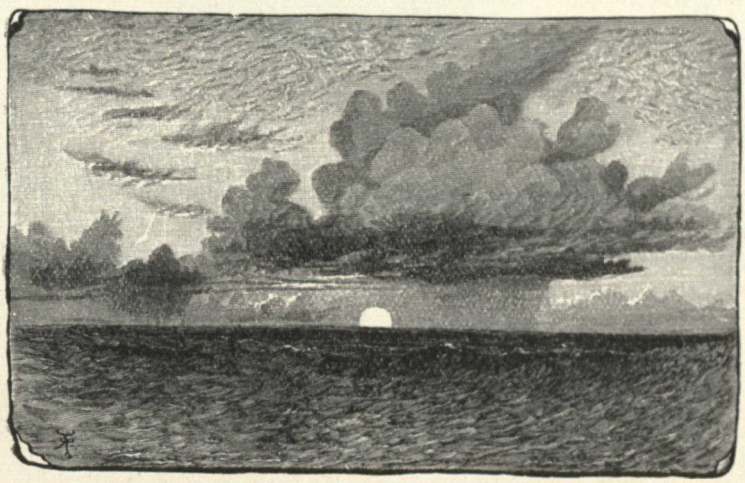
WE have but space to barely mention the final matches of the football season. On November 18th our second team met the Dentals II. After a stubborn contest the game ended with honors even, neither side scoring.

On November 21st Victoria II. and McMaster II. tried conclusions. This time our team lined up in full force, and as a result showed what they were capable of by defeating McMaster to the tune of one to nothing. Vic's team was composed of the following: Goal, Badgley; Backs, Bridgeland and Newton; Half-backs, Rumball, Stillman, McKenzie; Forwards, Cook, Thomas, Chapman, McIntyre, Porter.

THE Seniors have been obliged to confess that they are getting old and feeble. On December 3rd nine of them gallantly struggled in the snowdrifts against the Third-year team but were unable to save the name and fame of '99 as general all-round sports. The Juniors claim the match by a score varying from five to eleven goals to nothing. The Seniors, however, say that the official score was two to one, and, furthermore, they protest the match because Smith played in a "biled shirt."

As soon as the rink is ready the Third and Second years will line up for the final match for the Inter-year Cup.

[NOTE.—The thanks of ACTA Board are due the members of the Book-Room staff who have had charge of the printing of this issue of ACTA. The artistic topography of the number is due to their efforts to assist the Board in every way possible.—EDITOR.]



Life's Quest.

WHY, toil-spent World, this ever-urging strife,
This ceaseless travail, this hope-baffled cry?
These fruitless efforts in a fruitless life,
These labors vast, these restless throbbings, why?
Why, longing Soul, this ever-eager quest
For truth and light, where doubt and darkness lie?
This beck'ning phantom with her stern behest,
This fleeting shadow, hight perfection, why?
Is this thy space, O Life, with bootless zeal
On ever-crumbling mansions thus to moil?
No surer profit may thy hopes reveal
Than spirit worn and spent in fruitless toil?
Rouse, rouse, thou fainting Heart, press on amain!
To labor is to live, or living vain.

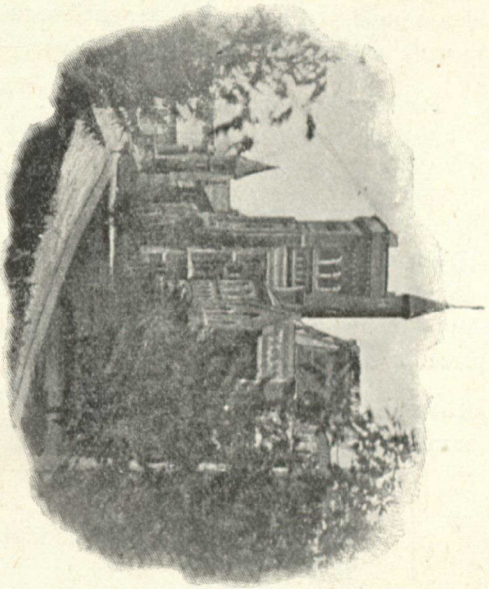
S. A. MORGAN.

Christ's Message to his Church To-day.

"If Christ came now to earth I think His message would be something like this:

"Put away your earthly ambitions, your pomp and pride of wealth and social and political influence, of numbers and of antiquity and learning; put away your unholy strife as to dogmatic theories and forms of worship and organization; put away your individual self-seeking of place and power and money; and as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister let all unite in the ministry which seeks and saves the lost. Henceforth let the one motto of the whole Church be, 'Holiness to the Lord and Love to all the World.'"

N. BURWASH.



OH, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame,
A giddy whirlwind of fickle gust
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust,
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe.
—*Holmes.*

A WOMAN'S WISDOM.—He—I think I shall try writing for a newspaper. What do you think of the idea?

She—The idea is good, but you had better enclose the subscription price when you write or they might not send it to you.—*Ex.*

HE kissed the maiden on the cheek,
And she without compunction
At once proceeded to obey
The Biblical injunction —*Ex.*

TEACHER—What is a fort?
Pupil—A place for soldiers to live in.
Teacher—And a fortress?
Pupil—A place for soldiers' wives to live in.

"OH, for a thousand tongues!" as the boy said when he fell into the molasses barrel.

CHILL breezes now
The tree-tops woo,
And the snowbird's note
Is falling due.

SINCE the hero-kissing craze has started, a young lady one morning has been caught kissing the grass, supposing it to be Dewey.

THE above cut is a good likeness of **MR. T. A. G. CURRY,** of the enterprising young firm of **CURRY BROS., Spadina Avenue.**