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## THE WEEK:

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

### CURRENT TOPICS.

The new French Government is now fully committed to the Panama Canal investigation. Premier Ribot, in the Chamber of Deputies, and M. Bourgoise, the leader of the Senate, have affirmed their determination to aid parliament in pushing the investigation by every legitimate means in their power. The immense majority by which the Government was pledged the confidence of the House after the Premier's manly declaration leaves him no alternative. It is likely, therefore, that the serious and eager public, not only in France but the world over, will be regaled in a few days with the details of one of the most gigantic frauds ever perpetrated upon an enthusiastic and too confiding people. The first link in the chain of evidence is said to have been already forged in the establishment by autopsy of the fact that M. Baron Reinach died by poison.

The forthcoming annual banquet of the Toronto Board of Trade bids fair to be of surprising interest. The presence among the

guests not only of the Premier and some of his most prominent colleagues, but also of the Opposition leader and some of his supporters, will give a zest to the speeches which is necessarily wanting when the orators are all of the same political stripe. This is, too, as it should be. It would be an excellent thing for the country if the leaders of the two parties were to come face to face before the people much more frequently than they do. It is hardly to be expected, of course, that upon a festive occasion anything in the nature of a political debate can take place. Yet there is an impression, we know not how well founded, that Sir John Thompson will take advantage of the opportunity of his first appearance in Ontario in his capacity of Premier to give at least some inklings of his policy. Before the Board of Trade he can hardly avoid foreshadowing to some extent his trade policy at least, and that is now the great and absorbing question before the country.

The latest accounts at the time we are writing seem to indicate that a crisis is imminent in German politics. The downfall of Chancellor Caprivi, or the dissolution of the Reichstag, may occur before these notes are in the reader's hands. The latter is, however, improbable, seeing that the opponents of the Army Bill would almost surely come back with an increased majority. On the other hand, it will be very hard for the Emperor to admit that he and his Chancellor have been beaten, and must bow to the popular will. The result of the conflict will be awaited with great interest, even outside the Empire. The issue between autocracy and democracy is probably more directly joined than it has been at any period in recent German history, and the result can hardly fail to have an important bearing upon the future of its parliamentary system. The one uncertain element in the situation seems to be the fact that the balance of power is in the hands of the Centrists, and that there is reason to believe that they are seeking ulterior objects, or that they may at least be found amenable to influences of a kind entirely distinct from any involved in the passage or rejection of the Army Bill.

A Canadian gentleman of high intelligence and unquestioned patriotism made in our hearing the other day the astonishing statement that the results of the last census did not trouble him at all. We have pondered over the saying since in a vain attempt to get the speaker's point of view. Can it be nothing in his view that our young country cannot maintain, even with the help of hundreds of thousands of immigrants, its natural rate of increase of population? Does he suppose that the universal law which makes growth the condition of vigorous life, and cessation of growth the turning point toward stagnation and decay, does not hold in the history of peoples as well as of individuals? Is his ideal for Canada, in this age of throbbing vitality and nervous energy, the unprogressive quiet and simplicity

of some primitive Arcadia? Would it not be a sin as well as a shame for Canadians to be content with leaving undeveloped the vast resources which benignant nature has stored in her treasure-houses for the supply of the great world's needs? But our best conjectures must be doing injustice to the meaning of one who is himself a clear thinker as well as an energetic worker. We hope, however, that he is the only Canadian who is not troubled by the census.

It is curious to observe the gradual processes of constitutional change which can be seen going on in the United States, notwithstanding the fact that its written Constitution seems to be adapted and probably was designed to guard against such changes, or at least to make them as difficult as possible. We refer not particularly to such proposals as those which now are or will shortly be before Congress, looking to the election of the President by direct popular vote, but also to such cases as that of the State of California, in which not only were no less than six minor amendments to the State Constitution submitted to the people at the recent State election, but also two questions of great importance in regard to which the Legislature desired to be "instructed." The first of these was whether United States Senators should hereafter be elected by the people instead of the Legislature. On this point the vote was twelve to one in favour of the change. The second question was whether an educational qualification to the suffrage should be imposed. To the surprise of most who voted for this change, they found that they outnumbered their opponents three to one. The proposed law restricting the suffrage allows no one to vote who "cannot read and write the English language." Thus the Swiss method of the "referendum" seems to have been quietly introduced. Its results were so satisfactory that its use is likely to become general.

As we have before had occasion to remark, one of the most serious objections to protective tariffs from the moral point of view, is their tendency to create bad blood between nations. This tendency is the logical outcome of the protection theory. It is seen in a light which makes it appear almost grotesque in one or two passages in President Harrison's recent message. To ordinary thinking it would appear that the foreigner who steps in and does the carrying between two sections of a country which have products to interchange with each other, or who performs a similar service in the exchange of goods with the outside world, more cheaply than the parties trading could do it for themselves, renders them and the whole country a service. To the charge that the foreign carrier is thereby doing injury to those citizens of the country who would like to do the work at higher rates, the answer is that these citizens must be engaged in some other more profitable business, else they would be willing to do the work at least as cheaply as the foreigners, and that in any case it would

be very unfair to those whose goods are being carried to compel them to pay more for its carriage in order to divert these would-be carriers, if there are such, from the profitable employment in which they are engaged. If the foreign people in question choose to pay their carriers heavy subsidies in order to enable them to do the carrying for their neighbours the more cheaply, this should surely be an additional claim for gratitude, not a cause for complaint.

Was the late Jay Gould a great man? The Rev. Dr. Burrill, of New York city, says "Yes," with what after-limitations we do not know. He is reported as follows: "He was a great man, who poised his lance many times in Wall Street, and we must say in admiration that he always won." Success, then, according to this "preacher of righteousness," is the test of greatness. It is encouraging to note that very few, so far as appears, either in pulpit or press, have been so blinded by the shimmer of Jay Gould's millions as to concur in Dr. Burrill's dictum. That dictum, however, suggests an interesting question and one worthy of study in the presence of such a life-record as that of the deceased railway king. How much of the success of such a man in money-making, which was, of course, the one object for which he lived, was due to his superior ability, and how much to his utter unscrupulousness? We might enlarge the question, and ask whether it may not be that there are hundreds or thousands of men in business life whose success in money-making is due more largely to their consciencelessness than to their intellectual superiority, and hundreds or thousands of others who might have achieved equal or greater success but for the tender consciences which made cowards of them at times of crisis. However true may be the copy-book maxim, "Honesty is the best policy," so far as the mere earning of a respectable livelihood, or gaining a moderate competence, is concerned, it is at least doubtful whether it holds with regard to the acquisition of vast fortunes, and it must be more than doubtful in the cases in which those fortunes have been made in Wall Street speculations and "cornering" railway stocks.

Material for use in connection with the above question may be had in abundance from the most cursory survey of the leading events of Gould's life, which has been pretty thoroughly overhauled within the last week or two. One of the first of his successes was achieved by open violence, he having not scrupled, when the title to a piece of property was in dispute, to organize a band of men and drive away his opponents by force. "As he acquired wealth he changed his tactics, but not his principles. He used the law and the courts as the implements of his campaign; bought judges; corrupted legislatures; did so openly and avowedly; and avoided arrest, when arrest was threatened, by fleeing from one State to another with his booty." Many of his successful speculations were based upon the assumption that all over the country were multitudes of small speculators upon whose ignorance of the state of the markets he could safely trade. At the time of the great fight for the control of the Erie railroad stock, Gould, being asked how many legislators and judges had been "approached," replied: "As well ask me how many freight cars passed over the line on a

given day." Given a sufficient number of corruptible legislators and judges, no very extraordinary abilities would seem to be necessary to enable any man with ample means and without conscientious scruples or troublesome notions of honour, to accomplish his ends by similar means. A man is not necessarily a great genius because he is a successful scoundrel.

### ARE NEUTRAL SCHOOLS AN IMPOSSIBILITY?

Replying to a previous article in these columns, Professor Stockley, of the University of New Brunswick, maintains in our last number: first, that neutral schools are an impossibility; secondly, that our public schools are Protestant. The inference is—but we are going to ask our correspondent to kindly tell us what the inference is.

The question is of the very first importance. It involves the issue of national justice or national injustice to the Catholic portion of our population. We hope we need not assure our readers that we are as desirous to "honestly look at things as they are" and to avoid wronging ourselves "by taking words for things," if by that is meant cheating ourselves by the use of words which do not correctly represent the things for which they stand, as our correspondent can be.

Had Professor Stockley informed us exactly what he understands by the words "Protestant" and "Catholic," our comprehension of the force of his argument would have no doubt been much easier. We confess that, after re-reading his letter very carefully, we are unable to reach its conclusions save by giving to the word "Catholic" a meaning which we hope no good Catholic would be willing to accept. Take, for instance, Professor Stockley's illustration of the supposed Mohammedan public schools. There would be, he says, an atmosphere which good English-speaking Protestants would not wish their children to breathe. Grant it. Would this atmosphere be peculiar to the public schools? Would it not be equally characteristic of the public streets and the public assemblies and of every other place in which the English-speaking Protestant children were brought into contact with the people and the institutions of the country? The contamination is, it must be observed, not in the teaching—if they were bona fide public, undenominational schools, we could prevent that—but in the atmosphere. And how could we expect our children to live in the country and yet be kept out of its atmosphere?

Does our correspondent wish to push this argument and illustration to its logical issue? If so, will he not kindly help us to be "clear-seeing" by defining just what that something is in the atmosphere of a public school which a good Catholic should fear to have his children breathe, and just what that quality is in Catholicism which would be endangered by breathing that atmosphere? When we have clear ideas on those points we may be in a better position to determine whether and by what means the danger can be removed or the injustice remedied. It must not be forgotten that under the Public School system, as now established in Manitoba, the choice of teachers rests in every case with the local trustees, and in localities in which the Catholic population is considerable there would be nothing to prevent the teachers being Catholic. In fact in Catholic districts

they would almost surely be so. Would the atmosphere in those localities be safe?

Other questions and difficulties suggest themselves. Professor Stockley's Mohammedan illustration, also that of the Protestant lady gathering Catholic children for reading and recreation in a room under a Protestant Church, have force, so far as we can perceive, only when it is postulated that this is a Protestant country, and hence that neither Government, nor Parliament, nor people, could if they would free the atmosphere from the objectionable quality or element. What then is to be done? Would it be reasonable to demand that the Mohammedan Government should free the English-speaking residents from contributing to the support of the public schools, which were deemed indispensable to the well-being of the State? Ought it not to be accepted as fair if they were to say, "We will not ask you to send your children to the public schools, to which you conscientiously object. You are free to educate them in accordance with your own views, but seeing that those views are alien to those of the country and adapted to bring our cherished institutions into disrepute, you cannot expect us to give the sanction of the State, or freedom from its school taxes, in order to aid you in propagating your alien ideas, much less to give you State aid in so doing." This reply, let us repeat, is only in answer to the above postulate, which seems to be demanded by the views we are discussing. For our own part, we should be sorry to believe that there is, in this country and in this age, any such irreconcilable antagonism between the Christian faith of Protestants and that of Catholics as is implied in the atmospheric illustration.

Take another view. Grant that the illustration holds good and—for this is, we suppose, the conclusion to which Professor Stockley would push us—that justice demands the Separate School system for Catholics. Are their conscientious scruples alone to be regarded? Anglicans who regard our public schools as "the establishment of middle-class dissent" no doubt think their atmosphere very unhealthy for Anglican children. Seeing that the great majority of the Protestants are Pedobaptists, there is no doubt a Pedobaptist taint in the public school atmosphere which is objectionable to Baptists. Shall we, then, have Separate Schools for Anglicans and for Baptists, and for every other denomination which objects to something in the atmosphere of the public schools? It is not sufficient to show that there are objections to a given system if one is unable to recommend a better one.

But one question at a time is perhaps enough. What, then, is the injurious element in the atmosphere of the public schools which renders it impossible that they should be neutral, and to what particular article in the faith of Catholics is that element so antagonistic that they ought not to be asked to tolerate it?

### TARIFF REFORM THE NECESSITY OF THE HOUR.

Evidence is every day accumulating which must make it clear to all who are willing to see things as they are, not as they wish them to be, that there is a considerable amount of political unrest in the country, and that it is growing from day to day. Many of the statements given to the public are no doubt greatly

exaggerated. This is inevitable, and much allowance must be made for it. But it must not be forgotten that the very existence of the tendency to exaggeration is to a certain extent an indication of the reality of the state of things which is the subject of the exaggeration. Men do not readily accept and pass on overdrawn pictures of a state of opinion or feeling which is in itself contrary to the observation and experience of their own daily lives. When we find considerable numbers of persons, usually regarded as reliable, ready to believe that such and such things are going on in the community, it may generally be considered certain that there is a substratum of truth underlying their impressions.

Next in importance to the fact of the existence of an abnormal degree of political unrest is the question as to its cause. On this point there can at the present time be no serious difference of opinion. The cause is almost purely commercial. The popular discontent, in whatever degree it exists, has its origin in unsatisfactory trade conditions and prospects. It is the outcome of business depression. In the towns and cities the complaint is of the scarcity of money and consequent dullness of trade. Among the farmers and tradesmen in the country, where the outcry is probably loudest, the low prices for products, resulting, as it seems to be generally believed, from the lack of an accessible market for many of the heavier and bulkier staples, form the burden of the lamentation. Everywhere, in town and country, the emphasis is laid upon the lack of employment and the consequent necessity which is taking the young people of all classes by scores and hundreds, to seek their fortunes "across the lines."

It might be amusing were the case less serious to listen to the varied tones of reproach, advice and consolation which are used by certain classes of philosophers. "Your habits of living are too luxurious," say some in effect. "You must put away your hand-some turn-outs, your fine furniture, your pianos, and be content to live as did your fathers before you. Return to the coarse homespun and the rough waggons which were good enough for them and your difficulties will begin to disappear." Others refuse to believe in the reality of the troubles. They lay the blame for whatever discontent they are forced to admit upon the "Grit" agitators and pessimists and croakers. Others again assure the sufferers that times of depression are unavoidable, and that people of the same classes and occupations elsewhere are in similar difficulties. Miserable comforters are they all, so long at least as they are unable to convince those whom they address that the present situation cannot be amended.

That brings us to the crucial point, the question of remedy. The impression is growing with astonishing rapidity that the most potent cause of difficulty is removable, and that the remedy is to be found in better trade relations with the great nation to the South—that we are suffering in consequence of the unnatural attempt which is being made to divorce us commercially from "the continent to which we belong." That stock phrase has been repeated till it seems almost like irony to quote it, and yet it is but the simplest expression of a great economic truth—a truth which is coming to be realized more clearly every day, especially by the farmers. Statements are made from time to time by those who are

supposed to be in the confidence of the Government, and even by some members of it, to the effect that their faith is not shaken in the efficacy of the "National Policy," and that they are more disposed to strengthen than to weaken it. We venture to predict that Sir John Thompson and some of his more far-seeing colleagues will embrace wiser counsels. They can hardly fail to perceive what is becoming obvious to many of their supporters, that the "National Policy" is rapidly falling into discredit, and that, unless very materially and promptly modified, its days are numbered. It has failed to procure the reciprocity which was alleged to be its first object. It has failed to supply the sufficient home market which was to make us independent of the foreign. It has failed to promote immigration, or to check the debilitating outflow of the country's best blood.

Every day's observation but convinces us the more firmly of the truth of what we have before said, that the new Premier has a great opportunity before him, if he has but the foresight and courage to grasp it. Freer trade with the continent is the first great need of the country. It will not bring the commercial millenium, but it will infuse new life into our most productive industries and new courage and hope into many of our despondent citizens. How shall it be obtained? Commercial union the people have declared pretty emphatically they will not have at the price proposed, and we have seen no indication of a change of feeling in this respect. Political union is abhorrent to a large and influential class of our population, unacceptable to the great majority, and desired or tolerated in thought by a growing minority only for the sake of the commercial advantages it would bring. But there is another and a more excellent way by which safe and salutary progress can be made in this direction, which is entirely within our power, and which involves no sacrifice of principle. Our Government and Parliament can begin by promptly lowering the tariff wall on our own side of the line. By so doing they would not only promote trade with the Mother Country, but relieve our own people of some of their oppressive burdens, even were there no hope of response from our neighbours. But more than all, there is every reason to hope that with the incoming President and Congress pledged to tariff reform in the United States, the example set by us would be speedily followed by them. The following from the New York World, an influential organ of the Democratic party, is commended to the serious consideration of all concerned. It is full of suggestiveness:—

The Montreal Gazette, the leading Conservative organ of the Dominion, is very strongly of the opinion that Mr. Cleveland's administration will increase the freedom of commercial intercourse between Canada and the United States, and will do it through the modification of tariff laws rather than by the jug-handled reciprocity policy which prevails in our relations with South American countries. The Gazette has a very creditable notion of Democratic policy. If it will convince the leaders of its own party that tariff rates should be lowered on its own side of the border, it will aid in bringing about the end.

#### THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

President Harrison's message to Congress is remarkable for its assumptions and for its assertions. As the assumptions have chiefly to

do with the tariff issue, an issue in regard to which the nation has just declared its loss of faith in the conclusions based upon them, the best answer will be afforded in the trial of the new system to which he appeals. Should the adoption of a revenue tariff, other conditions being equal, result in the diminution of wages, and the other many and serious national disasters which it is insinuated rather than predicted will follow, the American people will not be slow to perceive it and we Canadians may profit by the object lesson unless we decide in the meantime to try the same experiment for ourselves. All parties can, therefore, afford to let such implications as that the rate of wages in the United States, measured by their ability to procure for the labourer the necessaries and comforts of life, are very much higher than those of other countries, and that the protective tariff is the cause of this difference, stand until such time as facts may speak for themselves. From the economical point of view, the internal history of the United States during the period of Cleveland's presidency will be a most interesting study for the whole civilized world. Very important results, too, especially for Canada, will depend upon it. Should the experiment of tariff reduction, to which the incoming Administration stands pledged, be happily followed by a period of increasing prosperity, as there is good reason to expect if such reduction is judiciously made, it may safely be predicted that the growth of a popular sentiment which will ultimately demand, in terms not to be misunderstood or denied, absolute free trade with all the world, will not be long in being developed.

But by far the most remarkable paragraphs in the Message are those in which Canada is referred to by name. It would be difficult to find a parallel to the bitterness of tone of this considerable portion of the address, in the language held by the responsible rulers of any nation in modern times towards any neighbouring people, save in the case either of actual war or diplomatic relations verging on war. The President seems not only to have forgotten the requirements of international courtesy but to have allowed his voice to ascend from the tone of dignity befitting the representative head of a great nation almost to the high pitch of the angry scold. Democratic bluntness degenerates on his lips into petulant denunciation.

There certainly can be nothing in the relations of the two countries to justify such an attack. It lacks both the dignity and the magnanimity which should be characteristic of one of the mightiest nations in Christendom. We are glad to believe that the feeling it represents is not shared—we are quite certain that the language will not be approved—by many of Mr. Harrison's most influential supporters. None the less there is danger that such words falling from the lips of the Chief Magistrate may do much to intensify a feeling of unfriendliness which unhappily exists among certain classes on both sides of the international boundary. Such a result would be mischievous and deplorable. As we have often said, whatever destiny the fates may have in store for Canada, or for the United States, it is inevitable that the people of the two countries shall live side by side through all the future. Therefore the best interests of both, as well as the highest moral considerations, demand that they shall live on the most friendly and harmonious terms. Whatever

tends to interfere with the perpetuity of such relations cannot be too strongly deprecated by good citizens of either country.

President Harrison regrets that in many of the controversies, "notably those as to the fisheries on the Atlantic, the sealing interests in the Pacific, and the canal tolls, our [their] negotiations with Great Britain have continuously been thwarted or retarded by unreasonable and unfriendly objections and protests from Canada." Have the objections and protests been "unreasonable and unfriendly"? That is the only question. Our right to make them, as the party whose interests are directly involved, it would be absurd to question. We dare say there would have been no sealing controversy with Great Britain but for Canada's objections and protests, but surely even President Harrison could hardly expect that Canada would submit uncomplainingly to a claim of jurisdiction on the part of the United States over a portion of the open sea, which would have had the effect, if allowed, of debarring large numbers of Canadian citizens from the pursuit of what they regard as an honest, as it undoubtedly is a lucrative, calling. But the question of Canadian unreasonableness in this matter may now be left to the decision of the arbitrators from whom President Harrison so confidently expects a favourable verdict.

We are not of the number of those who believe that Canada is utterly without fault in her relations to the United States. We have no doubt that there has been more or less of unreasonableness on both sides. We have often expressed disapprobation of the action of the Canadian Government in the matter of the canal tolls, and we have not been able to see the wisdom or statesmanship displayed in the refusal to permit the transport of the cargoes of American fishermen across our territory, though the latter prohibition comes strictly within our treaty rights and is, moreover, a policy quite in accordance with that which the President would like to see applied to Canadian railways in the United States. But what astonishes us is that one in such a position as that occupied by Mr. Harrison, and with his access to sources of accurate information, should commit himself to public utterances so obviously narrow, one-sided and unstatesmanlike. The surprise of impartial observers will be in serious danger of being changed into a feeling still more uncomplimentary when it is understood that, as the Washington correspondent of the Toronto Globe has made quite clear, the President's statistics in regard to the trade done by Canadian railroads are absurdly wide of the mark, that his statements in regard to the immunity claimed by these roads from the jurisdiction of the Inter-State Commerce Commission are altogether cut of harmony with the facts of the case, and that, as Mr. Foster, our Minister of Finance, has further shown, his account of the cause of the breaking off of the attempted trade negotiations and his figures touching Canadian railway and steamship companies are also glaringly incorrect. Some allowance should be made for the ill-natured utterances of a disappointed and angry man, but hardly for grossly erroneous facts (?) and figures in a State document.

Whoever is satisfied with what he does, has reached his culminating point—he will progress no more. Man's destiny is not to be dissatisfied, but forever unsatisfied.—F. W. Robertson.

### CHARITY IN ITS RELATION TO SOCIAL REFORM.\*

Pauperism is a disease of the body politic, (or as the physicists prefer to call it, the social organism) of which charity is the medicine. Utopia thinks that there ought to be no need for any medicine—that the social organism would be perfect if only something or somebody could be got out of the way. Would that Utopia were reality! To perfection the universe, including the social organism, may be, and we hope is, working, but at present imperfection is the rule; it is the rule, so far as we can see, of the solar system and the sidereal system as well as of everything on earth. When we have made the bodily frame of man perfect, put an end among the animals to the cruel struggle for existence, ordered the weather so that the harvest shall never be spoiled, regulated all that is irregular in the relations of the planets, given the moon back her atmosphere, and stayed those agencies of destruction which astronomy sees at work in the remotest stars, we may hope to see the social organism free from imperfection. As it is, we must be content with gradual improvement: violence may lacerate and convulse the social organism, but as dire experience shows it cannot transform. We want, say the champions of labour, not charity but justice. Would that they could have perfect justice, but this, like all other perfection, being at present beyond our reach, charity must still do what it can.

Not that our ideas about pauperism have not changed. The Middle Ages thought it a spiritual blessing, and they deemed indiscriminate almsgiving a ladder to heaven. We see in pauperism and charity only questions of social sanitation. I knew an English clergyman, a very kind-hearted man and very active in his calling, who used to say that at the day of judgment he would be able to plead that he had never given a penny to a beggar.

Whenever anything systematic in the way of charity organization, or any use of public authority for the purpose, is proposed, people are apt to cry out that they do not want an English Poor Law. It is quite true that we do not want an English Poor Law. The English Poor Law had its origin in an era of industrial dissolution and vagabondage to which there has been no parallel in our history, and it is adjusted primarily to the needs of a body of farm labourers whose wages do not permit them to save. Let us, then, first lay the idea aside and not allow it to prejudice us against any systematic action, any use of public authority, or any appointment of regular officers for which our own circumstances may call.

The distress with which we have to deal is of two kinds: that which arises from misfortune and that which arises from fault, the latter being semi-criminal in its character and often leading to crime. Of sheer misfortune there is plenty in the world, as those who are inclined to a Draconic treatment of these questions should bear in mind. Distress may be produced by disease, decrepitude, loss of limbs, loss of the bread-winner in a family, the fluctuations of the labour market, by which labourers are thrown out of employment, and many other accidents of life. This is the proper sphere of private benevolence which has produced our charitable institutions to the benefit, not only of those who receive, but of those who give, especially if they not only give but work. With private benevolence goes the personal sympathy for which, as well as for material aid, unmerited distress may look. Private benevolence has only to take care that it does not undermine that loyalty to labour on which character and happiness depend. It is not difficult to tempt any of us to live in idleness rather than by work. Mutual understanding and comparison of notes among those engaged in the work of charity are necessary to prevent overlapping, waste, and the growth of a set of mendicants who make a wretched livelihood by going round from one charity to another. This caution is

\* Paper read before the Conference on Social Problems, at Toronto, 10th December, 1892, by Professor Goldwin Smith.

especially applicable to the churches, which are otherwise liable to be taken in by impostors who go about professing one religion after another, that they may dip their hands in all the almsplates. There are some, experienced in these matters, who regard the action of churches as organs of charity altogether with misgiving, and would prefer to see religious profession kept entirely apart from claims for pecuniary help. A Canadian or American congregation can have no such economical functions to discharge as those of a primitive Christian brotherhood in the midst of a society alien to it, or those of an English parish which is an administrative as well as an ecclesiastical division. That the liability is real appears from the experience of the Masonic Association, which simply by a more careful scrutiny of cases has reduced the expenditure of its Board of Relief in Toronto from \$1,000 to between \$200 and \$300 a year, and on the whole field of operations has cut down its expenditure by \$50,000 dollars. Since 1884 it has scheduled 1,204 cases of fraud.

Benevolence must also be careful to look to remote as well as to immediate consequences. An enquiry which I once had to conduct into charitable foundations in England showed how often the munificence of founders had defeated its own ends. Doles caused rents to raise in the favoured locality, almshouses bred improvidence, even educational charities produced, with the hope of a nomination, neglect of educational duty at home. We may think we do a kindness to labour in fixing a minimum of wages, and that idea has not been confined to our own city. But what are the consequences? First that the man whose labour is not worth the minimum is discarded and thrown out of work altogether; secondly, that the promise of exceptionally good times brings a rush of labour to the local market, which is then overcrowded. So, you take a child from a bad home, transfer it to a good institution, feed, clothe and educate it far better than it could be fed, clothed or educated in its home and start it on a higher plane of life. So far as that individual child is concerned, and so far as the interest of the community in that individual child is concerned, you may feel sure that you have done good. But take care that you do not hold out a premium to parental neglect. Take care, if you your charitable or reformatory effort you are led to interfere with the family, that you see your way clearly and know well what you are doing. There are some who would almost supersede the family and its duties by the action of the State. In "Looking Backward" it is proposed that children should be maintained not by the parent, but by the State, because, says the writer, it is manifestly wrong that one human being should be dependent for existence on another; as if the Government, for which the State is only a mystic name, did not consist of human beings! We are touching here upon a class of questions with regard to which a Liberal of the old school, which loved and trusted liberty, may be behind his age. Make up your mind which is to be your main spring, the State or the family, and let it do its work. Whichever your choice you will not escape imperfection. There are many bad homes, but there are bad Governments too. For my part, so long as the family remains in any degree the seat of affection, however coarse and rough, I shall be inclined to prefer it as the training place of children to the State machine or the institution in which, however good of its kind, affection has no place.

The other kind of distress with which we have to deal is that which is more or less the consequence of faults and semi-criminal in character. Then public authority must come in. Public authority alone can penally repress imposture, vagrancy and mendicancy, call to account those who desert their wives and families, or dispose of any case in which compulsion is required. It is doubtful whether without public authority the labour test can be rigorously applied to the tramp. Experienced judges would prefer that the casual ward should be under the jurisdiction of the police. We have now a very good casual ward in connection with the House of Industry, but it is difficult for any private institution to prevent its casual ward from being sometimes used as a lodging

CLOSE UP.

You heard the bugles calling, comrades, brothers,—  
 "Close up! Close up!" You mounted to go forth,  
 You answered "We are coming," and you gathered,  
 And paraded with your Captains in the North.

From here you came, from there you came, your voices  
 All flashing with your joy as flash the stars,  
 You waited, watched, until, the last one riding  
 Out of the night, came roll-call after wars.

Unslung your swords, off with your knapsacks, brothers!  
 We'll mess here at Headquarters once again;  
 Drink and forget the scars; drink and remember  
 The joy of fighting and the pride of pain.

We will forget: the great game rustles by us,  
 The furtive world may whistle at the door—  
 We'll not go forth; we'll furlough here together—  
 Close up! Close up!" 'Tis comrades evermore!

And Captains, oh, our Captains, standing steady,  
 Aged with battle, but ever young with love,  
 Tramping the zones round, high have we hung your virtues,  
 Like shields along the wall of life, like armaments above.

Like shields your love, our Captains, like armaments your virtues,  
 No rebel lives among us, we are yours;  
 The old command still holds us, the old flag is our one flag,  
 We answer to a watchword that endures.

Close up, close up, my brothers! Lift your glasses,  
 Drink to our Captains, pledging ere we roam,  
 Far from the good land, the dear familiar faces,—  
 The love of the old regiment at home!  
 GILBERT PARKER.  
 Belleville, 23rd November, 1892.

LONDON AND CANADA.

THE UNVEILING OF THE BUST OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

It was raining, but notwithstanding this a hundred or more of us celebrated Canadians plunged through the dripping streets to St. Paul's Cathedral. The more lowly of us made the journey on our feet but there were a goodly number who having sacrificed themselves on the altars of public duty had somehow or other profited by their patriotism and were now able to ride in carriages. Of course you do not know what November rain in London means. I naturally quote the Scriptures, reversed. A rainy day in London is when the earth is above and the heavens beneath and the waters on top of both heaven and earth. Dripping clouds rise from under your feet and from above descends soot and dirt in a liquid state, which scorns umbrella or waterproof. On such a day any cover is welcome, but St. Paul's Cathedral with its great arches, its great abyss of blue gloom above, its cold stone walls and distant echoes is clammy and cheerless. A knot of people gradually being augmented by new arrivals were already standing by a barricade which blocked the way to the crypt door when I arrived a good half-hour too early, and there we stood in a huddle while a score of boys with white skirts on and a few men similarly bedecked sang something somewhere, what or where we could not tell. They finally formed in processional order within our sight and hearing, and marched away. For in St. Paul's, it seems, they praise God on week days as well as Sundays, surely an unchristian custom. I never heard of such a thing in Canada.

One glance at the group would have convinced anyone that it was made up of Canadians. "Scotch tempered by exile" described the predominating feature. Exile and Canada—same thing—agree with a Scotchman. There were a fair number of women—ladies of course I mean. I have been away from Canada now so many years that I had almost forgotten there is no such a natural growth as a woman in Canada. There were ladies, a number of them, and I will say this for them,—they were in no ways put out by the surroundings of a mere cathedral; and I believe that had St. Paul himself stepped down from his pedestal on the front of the edifice they would have loudly demanded of him, "When did you come over and when do you go back again?" Presently the falsetto singing and intoning ceased with a few amens, the barricade was thrown open and then came a rush by us Canadians along a passage between great rows of chairs to the door of the crypt, where a man in flowing robes took our tickets. I saw some unfortunate fellow-countrymen and fellow country-ladies sidetracked, having neglected to secure passes to the lower regions. They looked disappointed, but as a matter of fact misad little.

Down two short flights of broad stone steps we ran, all eager to secure a kindly position to hear and to see, and turning sharply to the right came upon a window recess, and close to our shoulders saw a white sheet hanging listlessly from some protruding object against the rough stone wall of the crypt. Looking at the sheet we could faintly trace the outline of a human face, as it shows beneath a winding-sheet. But we have come to witness a birth, not to lay a corpse. Again a barricade around the window recess with room inside for perhaps ten men, even though they were men whose brains had devised all sorts of schemes for the elevation and advancement of their fellow-creatures, gerrymanders, C.P.R.'s, and national policies. In the centre of this space an auctioneer's stool covered with green baize was placed. For Lord Rosebery is a particularly short man in stature. The crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral is not so awe-inspiring as it has a right to be. There is quite a modern smack about it. The mortar between the huge stones has the appearance of being not yet quite dry and you feel in danger of catching a chill from the damp. The whole crypt is more or less brutal in impression. The stones of the arches are huge and rough and surly, they look unfinished and unsympathetic and seem to resist contact with the frail white marble busts which here and there cling so timidly to their breasts. It is an amusing contrast, the highly finished fragile chip of marble bearing the image of man, who is the image of God, and the ponderous pillars which, underground, unflinchingly erect, balance a great cathedral on their heads. Around are recorded many lives. In the centre lie the bodies of Wellington and Nelson; near by Christopher Wren, for whose monument you are asked to look about you. At one end is the unwieldy funeral-car made of solid bronze from captured cannon, the car which carried the body of the great Wellington to its last resting place. Here the bust of a mild-eyed admiral, there the statue of a green grocer both "deeply lamented." Farther on a great brass bearing an hundred names of Englishmen who were cut to pieces in some far-away ambush, fighting valiantly for the glory of their country and the prosperity of the money-lender. As we, Jew-like, await the coming of the Lord Rosebery, we read in curiously shaped black letters on a stand close to the sheet which covers that which we have come to see, the short epitaph of Mr. Thomas Bennett, stationer of London, who died in 1706. It shows the cosmopolitan character of the British Empire. Here the Old London stationer, by his side the Young Canada statesman. Being given to moralizing I was turning this contrast over in my mind when a hand touched me on the shoulder and turning I met the gaze of an elderly gentleman.

"Are you a Canadian?" he asked.

Now a cathedral is apt to overpower me, and I am never able to tell a good lie in one. Lying seems to me out of place in a cathedral, although I know a great many people do there profess Christianity and all that the word implies. On this occasion I had not the cour-

house by men who beg during the day. To detect imposture is very difficult for anyone but a regular officer who knows the characters of the city. Private charity is always liable to being deceived by the tale which often is not only plausible but true, only that it has been told a hundred times before. The difference is great in this as in other social respects between a village where everybody is known and a great city with a fluctuating population, in which people do not know their next-door neighbours. For the same purpose, and to prevent professional mendicants from going the round of the charities, registration of cases is requisite and this can be well done only in a central office. It is also well to have a labour bureau to guide labourers, especially those who are ignorant of the city, to employment. Such a creature as the genuine tramp does exist: he is perhaps a nomad surviving in a settled civilization where he is out of place, as perhaps the hunter, whom we see riding out in his scarlet coat, is a survival in a community which has left the hunter stage of its evolution far behind. But for one authentic tramp there are many who seek employment and cannot find it, especially where, as in our country, there is a long close season, and where labourers having been collected for city works the work comes to an end. There are also destitute wayfarers to be forwarded and fraudulent applications for passes to be exposed. The interests of the city require to be guarded against the dumping upon it of destitution from this country and against unsuitable immigration. Finally, in a great centre of population, with all its dens, and casual immigrants and cast-off emergencies of different kinds will sometimes arise with which you cannot absolutely trust voluntary agencies to deal.

We are now trying in this city the experiment of a Board, under the name of the Charities Commission, in which representatives of our charitable institutions are combined with representatives of the City Council, so that private benevolence and public authority act together. The Board is furnished with a paid secretary who is also the Relief Officer of the city. It does not distribute relief itself but acts as a medium of communication among the various above mentioned institutions, the maintenance of public authority, discusses special cases, and watches the general field. No interference with the internal management of any charitable institution has ever been contemplated, and no jealousy need be felt upon that score. The principle of the experiment is the combination of public authority with private benevolence. Upon this is based an attempt to solve the problem of city charity which now invites the attention and co-operation of such citizens as feel an interest in these matters.

The institution of such a Board has the incidental advantage of providing a little employment for a class of the unemployed not the least harmful perhaps to society. I mean the men of wealth and leisure who have no other object in life. Of these we have not so many here as they had in the Old World, but every community has some. We do not expect people of quiet and domestic tastes to go into politics or even to compete for municipal office, although by taking hold of municipal affairs they might do good service to the community. But to such a field as charity they may reasonably be expected to be active as well as liberal, as a little of the flavour of duty to life when it will otherwise be spent in luxury and show, which, indeed no happy or consoling retrospect as the life draws near its end.

There never was a day that did not bring an opportunity for doing good that never could have been done before, and never can be again. It must be improved then or never.  
 —W. H. Burleigh.

Kings are like stars,—they rise and set, they have the worship of the world, but no repose.  
 —Shelley.

age to lie, nor to admit that I am indigenous to Canada. So I hedged:

"I am thinking in all humility on my sins, Sir. I do not need to be reminded of them."

I don't think he fully comprehended the answer; with a ghastly attempt at a whisper he asked:

"Are you from Canada?"

"Yes, thank Heaven! and likely to stay too!"

"No! no! what I mean is, have you lived in Canada?"

"Never! never! I starved there, existed a moribund existence. People don't live in Canada. Postmasters, politicians, and other profanations and preachers do, of course. But honest people don't. They spend part of their time in electing the bigger rascal to office and the rest in scraping money together to pay the taxes he imposes."

I had only got thus fairly started when the gentleman folded his tent and like the Canuck politician quietly stole away. Now, gentle reader, you may think I was trying to be very clever with the old gentleman. I was not. The whole secret of the matter is this. There had stepped into the railed space a knot of great people, evidently Canadians. The last person on earth whom a Canadian knows by sight is a Canadian celebrity. The old gentleman realized that before him stood the greater part of all that is noble and good in his country and he wanted me to label them for him. Now I did not know one of them at the moment—they were pointed out to me afterwards by a London pressman—and I hate to air my ignorance. So I willfully misunderstood the gentleman, and hereby apologize to him for so doing.

As we waited, I was a witness to one pathetic incident. The Hon. Something Foster, to whom, I understand, is entrusted the management of the public debt of Canada—a big job I should think—was one of the group of great ones. He was pointed out to me, so I know. Well, those of you who know him as I do know what a very large man he is compared with the size providence created him. He was standing as only he can stand, fingertips in overcoat pocket and leaning forward on tip-toes, when an humble representative of the press of Great Britain and Ireland, realizing that whosoever stood within the charmed circle must be a very great man indeed, leaned over the rail and touching the Hon. Something Foster on the shoulder said in a audible whisper:

"Excuse me, sir, but who are you?"

We all saw the colossal figure drop quite an inch, and all felt sorry for him.

There was a tight jam of loyal Canadians around the rails when my Lord Rosebery condescended to grace us with his presence. He began by—for a lord—making a huge mistake. He tackled the crowd at the wrong corner. Now Lord Rosebery is also short and pompous—not so much so as Foster, but then it's the business of a minister of finance to be always short. The verger in charge of us had worked himself into a serious state of excitement trying to keep a gangway clear for the orator, and was busy "moving on" Canadian men and ladies when Lord Rosebery came tip-toeing along until opposite the industrious verger's gangway leading to the auction stool. Rosebery brought with him a modern St. John, pompous and obese, who with much puffing and jamming and shouldering worked his way to the rail, bringing Lord Rosebery in his wake. Finding his way barred, St. John began in a modest way to attract the attention of the valiant verger; to herald, in fact, the arrival of Lord Rosebery. This he did by a series of short "sisses" across the railed space. But the verger was busy and he heard not the warning but continued to request the Canadians to keep the gangway clear. Then St. John tried snapping his fingers, and finding that no good came of this, commenced in a bashful manner, being unused to public speaking, to call out the plebeian word "Hey." Twice the verger condescended to look over his shoulder and motion the fat gentleman to keep quiet and to remember that he was in a church. Rosebery by this time was getting very warm and began to mutter, doubtless repeating his oration to make sure he knew it well. Then the all-

seeing press caught sight of Lord Rosebery and next caught the tail of the verger's aforementioned flowing robe and nearly jerked the good old gentleman over on his back.

"Lord Rosebery," the press said, pointing in our direction. The verger looked amazed, but I imagine it was that a lord should make the mistake of approaching the auctioneer's stool from the wrong direction, for he said:

"You'll have to come round here," and immediately turned his attention to the all-important gangway.

St. John and Rosebery struggled out of the crowd again, fought their way like brave English-Scotchmen to the gangway, and were rewarded by finding themselves safely installed with the famous Canadians.

You have all read Lord Rosebery's oration, every one of you, and if you get a backwoods revivalist to repeat it, you will get a fair idea of the delivery. When he finished he stepped off the box and gently drew the sheet from its place. We all looked sympathetically and long at the face in clear white marble, a face with its towering brow surrounded by waving curly hair, its large blunt nose, broad, rather thick lips (almost parted in a cynical smile) and beardless, dimpled chin—the best known face of Canada. The bust is artistically executed and a good likeness. Underneath is recorded his statement that he was born a British subject and intended to die one. He did, and in Britain's heart is now honoured. May the good he did live, and the evil, if any he did, die.

Year by year the number of Canadians who visit this country increases. From the usual slavish round of shopping, visiting, play-going, race-seeing, let each one who hereafter crosses the Atlantic snatch an hour to visit the crypt of Saint Paul's, there to see for himself the bust of Canada's premier and the great spaces of blank wall which wait for the records of those who, whether in Canada, or India, or Africa, or the ends of the earth, make for themselves a name. There is room and to spare.

JAMES BARR.

Press Club, London, England.

## PARIS LETTER.

The Suez Canal cost 480,000,000 frs. to construct, and represents now a value amounting to 1,500,000,000 frs., which, by a curious coincidence equals almost the sum—1,450,000,000—swallowed up in the Panama swindle. The Court of Appeal, before which M. de Lesseps and his co-accused are to appear early in January next, is a special police court; there is no jury, and the bench is occupied by five judges. The direct and cross-examinations of the accused ought to elicit an explanation of all the dodges, tricks and corruptions. The Parliamentary Committee of thirty-three deputies has for aim to find out if any and who are the legislators that have sold their influence and honour to bladder by the sinking canal project. Serious people do not pay attention to rumours, beliefs, affirmations, etc.; they demand concrete proofs. Up to the present the winnowing has only produced chaff. But there is plenty of evidence in existence, only the authorities, it appears, oppose its production. As the Loubet Cabinet persisted in keeping the light under the bushel and threw all obstacles in the path of the Committee of Enquiry, it has been overthrown. Now there is a prospect that all the truth, and nothing but the truth, will be divulged.

The satirical press ought to cease their attacks against M. de Lesseps and his co-arraigned: they are in the dock awaiting trial; similarly the friends of the accused should remain silent, not beg for sympathy in advance, or try to whitewash what only the law can declare unblemishable. One skit exhibits M. de Lesseps running the gauntlet between a row of eighty-nine clenched fists, the number representing the departments of France. He faces the crowd unflinchingly, but his associates hang on to his skirts, heads down and covered by their coat collars. M. Kiffel brings up the rear, with his "tower" on his broken back. Now the worst victim of the

bubble does not even think, much less accuse, M. de Lesseps of having personally defrauded the Canal Company of a centime; it may be said of him "Among the faithful, faithful only he." True, he concealed and misrepresented material facts, but the financial "boom" was at its height, and the shareholders knowingly backed the jockey, not the horse; they were also fully aware that the old promoter was in difficulties with his scheme, and that the land sharks were extorting money from him on "shent per shent" terms; he held on not the less, despite the ebb which set in six years ago in the flowing tide of subscriptions; he was dominated by the idea that he would succeed in the enterprise, and once ships passed through from ocean to ocean, the reckless expenditure of some millions would be forgotten in the frenzy of the triumph.

The victims and the national honour do not intend to accord any extenuating circumstances to the black hand that exploited the 15,000,000,000 frs., and who are all to the manner born; there must be an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, no matter what reputations go under and regardless of heads now high that must soon hang with shame. The copy of the indictment and its voluminous annexes are in the hands of the accused's counsel and of the Committee of Enquiry. Legally the contents of these documents ought not to be divulged till the opening of the trial on the 10th January next. Rest assured some journal will publish the indictment even at the risk of fine and imprisonment. Odd that it was in defending the post mortem examination of a "Prussian Jew," the Baron de Reinach, that the Cabinet was reduced to a corpse. That baron, the fact is now official, received 10,000,000 frs. from the Panama Company; he accounted only for the expenditure of one-third of that sum, and, cited to explain about the big balance, the big baron committed, "it is alleged," suicide. The public does not believe in the suicide, and that the coffin so "mysteriously interred" contains, instead of a body, only logs of wood and stones. The Government opposed all exhumation of the remains, and avoided seizing the baron's papers, where the proofs against the corrupted lay. Naturally the Loubet Cabinet was ejected; it lived exactly twelve months, day for day, and how it existed for even that length of time will ever remain a puzzle for historical students.

M. Henri Brisson is the type of the "no surrender republican." As soon expect the Czar to disarm his legions on the eastern frontier of Europe, as for M. Brisson to hedge on the thirty-nine articles of his programme; expect as soon a smile from an undertaker at a funeral of the "upper suckles," as the ripple of a smiler from the possible coming premier, who has been chief of a ministry in 1885, and if no better was no worse than his long list of predecessors and successors. He was premier when the obsequies of Victor Hugo took place, and never for an instant, as I was close to him the whole time, did he lose his gravity at that "pauper funeral." France concludes that her immediate want is a sort of Hercules flusker for her Augean stable.

If General Dodds had difficulties to encounter in reaching Kana and Abomey, his work would appear to be far from complete. The maps already mark Dahomey as "French territory," though a serious guerilla war can be carried on still by King Behanzin from his Hinterland, about which few know anything, as is mostly the case with such lands. Perhaps the greatest of all surprises is the Custom House occupation of the river Adjarra by the English, notice of which had months ago been given to the French Government. This taking of possession of treaty rights means, that all the trade of Dahomey must still continue to pass through Lagos, unless the French construct a canal through the dismal swamps from Cotonou. Thus, say the French, as in the case of the Crimea, and of the Chinese expedition, we have pulled the chestnuts out of the fire for perfide Albion. If so, why did they? The French are not minors or imbeciles. But to propose digging a "canal"—this word now gives the fits—to transport ground nuts, India rubber, and bamboos to fill the English treasury at Lagos, is to add insult to injury.

A RONDEAU.

Beyond the clouds the sky is bright,  
The arch of Heaven is flushed with light,  
The shades, which dull our paths to-day,  
To-morrow will have passed away,  
As darkness passes with the night.

To-morrow's wind will put to flight  
All which to-day obscures from sight  
The glories, which the heavens display  
Beyond the clouds.

Be patient, brother; soon the flight  
Will end, and holy peace requite  
All suffering. Therefore watch and pray.  
Love ever holds a royal sway  
Through all the regions in the height  
Beyond the clouds.

A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

Swindon, Wilts., England.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

President Harrison has not carried into his retiring message the dignity wherein he wraps himself in personal intercourse. Though ostensibly meant for Congress, the message is really addressed to the country and is, as it was doubtless intended, a polemic. Could he have concealed the bitterness of his defeat he might have done his successor, or that successor's party, more harm.

For nearly four years President Harrison has been doing or conniving at things from which his average American propriety and his considerable sense of self-respect have recoiled, and this he has done or suffered because he desired to forward his re-election prospects. His predecessors, after Washington, were all subjected to the like sinister influence, and all yielded to it in greater or lesser measure, Lincoln not so much as the most and Grant in still smaller degree, owing to special circumstances in their cases, but still they all yielded. So will it be with the successors of Harrison, till a constitutional change is effected in that deplorable system that dooms a President in his first term to rig and pull for a second at any sacrifice of personal respect and public interest, and renders him ignoble in the popular eye and on the page of history should he fail of a re-election. The nature of man is not so ordered as to be capable of withstanding the temptation. That modern Aristides, Mr. Cleveland, proved no more capable than the rest when put to the extreme test during his former Presidency.

Hence General Harrison must not be judged too harshly for his spiteful, malicious and not over honest valedictory. He has made sacrifices, held cheap what is most dear, and has missed the paltry reward of his pains. That he is a sincere believer in the protective system is unquestionable, but that all he says upon the subject in his late message is sincere the dispassionate mind cannot believe. Nor is the message what he meant it originally to be in tone or temper, so far as the present writer can learn. His feelings apparently got the upper hand as he progressed with his work. He has doubtless been influenced too by his recent intercourse with some members of his party who refuse to accept the late election as other than an accident, the consequences of which can be overcome four years hence. Aggressiveness has grown much among Republican politicians the past fortnight; yet they bottom their courage not on the merits of their party or its stock of principles so much as upon the assumed discredit their enemies, the Democrats, are going to bring upon themselves within the next two years. That this result will follow is by no means sure. Mr. Cleveland holds a mandate from the people that is likely to make itself respected through all the ranks of his party, and, what is equally to the point, he knows how to use it wisely and bravely. Nor does the party lack able men to help while they follow him. However it has been in times past, there is no question now that the Democratic party is less under the influence and control of its baser elements than is the one-time "party of moral ideas." No doubt these baser elements will make themselves heard in

a disagreeable way, but they will not be felt in the outcome.

Mr. Cleveland comes back to the Presidency with an aggregate moral and intellectual force behind him such as no statesman has had since President Lincoln found himself similarly sustained in his honest attempt to serve the nation. Mr. Cleveland is neither unaware nor unappreciative of the sources or nature of his support, and, unless he should make a complete and astonishing reversion, he will not hesitate to grapple with foes in the rear as well as in front.

President Harrison, in his message, treats the factory artisan as a class segregated from the body of the people. This is an echo of the conviction that has been growing upon him, that it was the Homestead strike and not the McKinley Bill that defeated him. B.

OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

In an age in which scepticism is prevalent rather than credulity, when doubt is a more normal state of mind than confidence, when the gravest matters are felt to be open questions and so many of us have lost the energy of protest—at such a time one may not indeed hope, but one may not unnaturally consider the value of Hope—dispassionately, objectively. It is to be observed that this train of thought is in line with the genuine decadent, the man "who thinks about thinking rather than thinks," at the same time, as the "decadence" is not merely a phrase, it may be interesting to discuss its *raison d'être*.

To us—let us assume a virtue if we have it not—who are neither, there appears a difference between the pessimist and the decadent. The fact that the former is in earnest as to the futility of effort presupposes that he has had some experience of it; with the latter, however, effort is an unknown quantity. From the pessimist we expect a growl not without a certain rough manliness; from the decadent merely a wail. Admit that Hope is illusion, and that illusion is delusion, and you will become one or the other. Happily it takes, for the most part, a life-time to cover the first stage. What, then, is the value of Hope? The word "value," in passing, is not to be associated in this instance with the familiar "what you can get for it," in which case we should be nonplused at the very commencement!

Eternal hope! when yonder spheres sublime  
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time,  
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade—  
When all the sister planets have decay'd;

writes the poet Campbell, flushed with the fire of enthusiasm. They who can view it in this manner never grow old; with them the light of life still lingers on the threshold of the years, cheering, illuminating even to the end. With Hope dwells all the power of the impossible, all the charm of the unknowable, all the mystery of the infinite. Eternal hope! What though the rose-bleu is never quite reached; what though one sees through the vista of years pictures which have never been quite completed—surely the first flash of triumph is worth the after sigh of regret!

To some this will seem an altogether unbelieved for outpouring of platitudes, while others will be inclined to tone down this conception of Hope, in short, to compromise. "L'Espérance," they will exclaim in the words of the inimitable, untranslatable De La Rochefoucauld, "toute trompeuse qu'elle est, sert au moins à nous mener à la fin de la vie par un chemin agréable." Admirable conclusion! We are not going to disparage that which alone renders life tolerable. We look at it, indeed, without poetic fervour, but from the calm standpoint of those whose ideals belong entirely to the past. True, the exaltation of the poet and the dreamer is a little annoying, even troublesome, but on the other hand we will have nothing to do with those far more objectionable people who are so anxious to remind us of what we wish most of all to forget. On the whole, our preference is with those who cheat the strains of the roses of life rather than with those who would repeat the oft-told tale of Dead Sea apples.

The not unexpected death of Cardinal Lavignerie is not only a loss for France, but for the cause of civilization in Africa. He was a man of grit, made of the metal out of which the heroes of the Middle Ages were moulded. He was the son of an excise officer, and was only 67 years of age. What a Pope he would have made! Could His Holiness have named a successor to the tiara, his choice was soon made—the deceased came up to his ideal. The Cardinal was born in Bayonne, so had an inborn taste for adventures, for the unknown. He united the characteristics of the Gascon and the Norman; he had also a John Bull tenacity about him in the common sense he displayed in his plans; his courage was on a par with his resolution; his role was to lead men, to conduct enterprises, and while he combated for the greatness of his country, and the propagation of his creed, he was the faithful ally of all powers and projects that aimed at the suppression of the slave trade, and the resistance to Islamism. His "White Fathers," and "Armed Monks," in addition to the "Sword of the Spirit," relied on repetition rifles and sabre-bayonets. They were the advanced guard of France and of civilization in Southern Algeria. He was a man of broad church views; when the Archbishop of Paris refused to allow the Madeleine in which to celebrate the obsequies of Thiers, the "Liberator of the Country" from the grip of Germany, the great Cardinal in his cathedral at Algiers celebrated at once an in memoriam mass for the deceased statesman. Nor, royalist as he was, did he hesitate a few years ago to rally, like the Pope, to the Republic. But that conversion cost him his life; broke his heart; the royalists who were the chief supporters of his armed crusaders declined to contribute funds, and the "Fathers" and "Brothers" are now collapsed institutions.

Since Villemessant founded the Figaro, by holding out to subscribers the bait of premiums in the form of baskets of oysters, boxes of oranges, toys, money prizes for guessing all lines of solution puzzles, that kind of gambling, or industrial journalism, has made great strides. The latest novelty is that offered by a paper giving subscribers the right to a weekly free visit to a medical adviser. And, when graduated, gifts of cod-liver oil to quarterly, half-yearly and annual subscribers!

Senator Simon relates that Napoleon III., when a deputy under the Second Republic as Prince Louis, in taking his seat, opened his desk and took out a large eye-glass, and passed his time ogling the ladies in the tribunes, who paid him back in his own coin. He invariably wore lilac gloves, but never removed them. During the six months that he was deputy, he only ascended the rostrum twice, and on each occasion pronounced but two words. In the "lobby" he always pointed to the statue—Napoleon I.—on the summit of the column of Vendôme, remarking: "That's my election-eering agent."

A few days ago I was passing a grocer's shop, and stopped to look at a barrel of "Alsatian gherkins." Recently I noticed the consignment of the barrel had been rebaptized "Russian cucumbers." The colleges now have classes to teach Russian, and why not? Few shops now but sell articles whose name terminates in a sky, vitch, a koff, an off or popp. Already, shops display the "lei on parole Ruses."

"Marietta Alboni" has just issued invitations to assist at her "Artiste Golden Wedding." In the corner of the letter are the dates "1842-1892"—what a period of souvenirs the half-century covers!

Deibler, the executioner, has at last secured a house, but on wheels. A showman has sold him his van. Rest at last for the weary. Z.

When Death, the great Reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness we repent of, but our severity.—George Eliot.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies  
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.  
—James Russell Lowell.



There is no bitterness in this; it is merely the earthy wisdom of a world which has lost its youth. Such men will never become enthusiasts in a great cause, but they will also avoid becoming fanatics in a small one. They will not do much towards the general happiness of humanity, but they will add but little to its pain. Such people will play the game of blind-man's-buff in the world quite good humouredly, but knowing quite well that the bandage is a sine qua non. But there are others who will view these amiable conclusions with scorn.

"Of how many a man," writes the arch-pessimist Schopenhauer, "may it not be said that hope made a fool of him until he danced into the arms of death?" Here is the note of bitterness, the cry of one who acknowledges the facts he sees. Away with you pitiful philosophers of the salon! What comfort is there to us in your graceful phrases? gloss life as you will you can never blind the heart. Think you that when we have recognized the emptiness of every aspiration, every hope, we shall care to fashion a glamour of our own?

To these there is no answer, for the void which they see around them is in their own souls. Effort is indeed futile to those who have banished hope, and hope flies when effort has been acknowledged futile.

As for the decadent (we do not, of course, refer to a particular school of French novelists) his cry is *desperandum!* *desperandum!* and his triumph is a world's decay. Surfeited with the sweets of existence, toying with each fresh morbid fancy—what is there left? It is for death alone to answer.

And, now that we have compared the theories of these different types in regard to hope, which is the wisest and the best? Is it the poet whose immortality beyond foreshadowed in the longings of to-day? Is it the world-wise moqueur who knows that his roses will fade, but who breathes their perfume while he may? Is it the philosopher whose philosophy is the denial of life? For our own part, we think—but it is not for us to reply.

And life, bounteous life, goes on just the same. Its one great secret is Hope, and he who will have none of it, for him there is but one alternative. His moan of despair escapes unheeded, for the laughter of life is louder than its tears.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE CANADIAN NATIONAL VOICE.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—An article appeared the other day in the Toronto Mail with the above title. The writer seemed to acknowledge that the nasal twang, the flat, mean production of vowels, the unresonant tone, the ugly, insolent sound and tumbling utterance were characteristic of Canadian voices as of other American ones. The cause of this distressful national characteristic he seemed to find in visiting Canadians bringing back from the United States our southern neighbours' voices. How absurd! Why not frankly acknowledge that, as many Londoners naturally speak horrid thin English, and as many Parisians speak disgusting thick French, so many or most Canadians speak with a bad American accent. Not that one would destroy all local tones; but some things are absolutely bad. There is a want of this frank acknowledgment. Is it an example of a certain national falseness—itsself perhaps a result of our anomalous colonial existence—by which when America is praised we claim to be of the new world, and when America is blamed and mocked we fall back to citizenship in the old? But indeed there is also great ignorance—helped and fostered by that falseness. How ridiculous to hear an educated Canadian claim that "Canadians have no accent." Is that true of any people?

The same ignorance is often found, no doubt, in the United States. May one illustrate the general American ignorance (on both sides of the border) by what happened not long ago at a meeting of the Modern Language Association of America?

One professor of Johns Hopkins gets up and asks can anything be done in the schools

to get rid of the hideous "bray," characteristic, as the Mail says, of teachers and pupils in Canada, too. The professor suggested sending round people with decent mellow voices to teach the teachers. Whereupon a western professor wants to know—evidently naively—whether, indeed, Americans generally have the twang. "Certainly," said the president; "and you yourself, sir, have it in an extreme form." As, indeed, all unconsciously, he had. Then a southern professor said the south had not got it. But many of us must have heard southerners protesting against Yankee twang or twangs, in that other twang—or those other twangs—of the south.

The twangs blend into one another from Ontario to Florida; but nasal and lacking in mellowness and courteous restraint and open vowels and distinctness of utterance are the tongues of the vast majority of North Americans. Who will pass an hour in any hotel front hall—that home of the manners and voices of the ordinary products of our "civilization"—and then deny what has just been said?

Talking of modern languages suggests one remedy, or a partial one. Let the better educated youths and maids include the pronunciation of modern languages in their studies, learning thus the abnormal nature of English-English pronunciation and much more that of the pronunciation of American-English. Anyone here who has taught even German, but much more the Latin languages—with Italian "a" and French "an"—will know that young Canadians, or most of them, have never opened their jaws to make a full "a" sound in their lives. Mr. Gladstone protests against the barbarous recent English neglect of Italian. Would that Canadian-Americans would listen to him. And would that they would listen further back to Milton pleading for open Italian sounds, and so give up their indefensible and undefended English pronunciation of Latin. That would do much indirectly for their English. The English universities and schools have in theory given it up; and on this continent Harvard University, anyway, has put theory into practice.

Singing properly, by the way, is another remedy. No one could dare to sing before a cultivated audience until he had lost his Canadian accent, and ceased to pronounce "rider" as "raidur," "George" as "Joorge," and to flatten his "path," and all such words, and to flumble up syllables, as if to gain time on them. What do our colleges do for musical sounds? Mostly teach young men the "disgusting puerilities"—to quote your contemporary again—the disgusting puerilities of vulgar howling and yelling, fit to make us a laughing stock. N. C.

## AMERICANA.

### RECENT WORKS ON THE DISCOVERY.

Among the facts which show the deep interest that is now taken in American history is the value placed on rare books of old authors. It is only necessary to go through the catalogues of the famous antiquarian bookseller, Bernard Quaritch, and compare the present prices with those that were asked thirty years ago when Mr. Henry Stevens, the well known bibliophile, printed his "Historical Nuggets," in which he gave a descriptive account of the rare books relating to America in his possession. The very scarce edition of 1613 of Champlain's voyages, which was then priced at less than forty dollars, is now worth at least five hundred. Copies of Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries" (1589) have now increased a hundred per cent. in value. Mante's History of the War of 1758-60, in which Louisbourg and Quebec fell—a work remarkable for its excellent maps of the campaign—has gone up from twenty-five to a hundred and fifty dollars. (Only a thin duodecimo, with a worn calf cover, a history of Canada, written two hundred and thirty years ago, by M. Boucher, the Governor of Three Rivers, and an ancestor of the present Premier of Quebec, is so rare that it is valued at seventy-five dollars, and can be seen in only

three or four libraries in America. An equally scarce and still more expensive work is the "Histoire de l'Amérique Septentrionale," by Nicolas Denys, the first Governor of Cape Breton, more than two centuries ago. Indeed the copy in the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa is without the original map, and is otherwise imperfect.

The numerous catalogues, giving to Americana a prominent, and in many cases the principal place, are so much evidence of the avidity with which private collectors or public libraries buy up every book of value relating to the past history of this continent. In old times the editions of such books were for the most part limited, and now they have from various obvious causes become exceedingly rare and are constantly advancing in price. The growth of public and private libraries in the United States, together with the increase of wealth and the deeper interest in the past history of the country, has necessarily created a remarkable demand for books, autographs, maps and manuscripts, and given them in many cases a value far above their intrinsic worth. This demand has had its effect also on the price of Canadian books besides those I have already named, and now copies of the original editions of the "Jesuit Relations," "L'Escarbot," "Le Clercq," "Sagard," and others, are held at prices beyond the reach of the poor collector or student. Happily for the latter class, the increasing number of libraries in America, and the cheap editions that are now and then issued of valuable Americana, enable every one to search thoroughly the sources of the past history of the continent.

But this demand for Americana means something more than a desire to possess unique copies of old books. The mere bibliophile of course hoards such things for his own personal gratification; but as a rule this class of treasures find its way into the hands of those who give every possible facility to the student. It was in the rich library of S. L. M. Barlow, of New York, that Henry Harrisse, now a resident of Paris, although an American by birth, first fed that remarkable spirit of historical investigation which has made him so high an authority on the antiquities of American history and justly entitled him to receive the Legion of Honour at the time when the world was paying its tribute of honour to Columbus. The great libraries of Harvard at Cambridge, the John Carter at Providence, the Lenox and Astor in New York, and of Congress in Washington, now possess collections of Americana in many respects not surpassed in the world. That monumental work, invaluable to the student, the "Narrative and Critical History of America," could hardly have been edited elsewhere than amid those treasures of the past to which Dr. Justin Winsor, the learned librarian of Harvard, had access at Cambridge. In Canada the only institutions that have excellent and relatively full collections of Americana are the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa and Laval University in a lesser degree—the former showing an increasing importance from year to year. In England the Bodleian and the British Museum have now very complete Americana, but it is interesting to know that their collections owe their value in a good measure to the industry of that enthusiastic student, Mr. Henry Stevens, who took an eccentric pride in distinguishing himself as G.M.B., or the Green Mountain Boy, in recognition of his old home among the Vermont hills.

Another significant fact which goes to show the increasing interest in American history, is that spirit of research on the part of private individuals, societies, and governments which, not content with printed material, ransacks the public archives in Europe, and saves many valuable documents that are hidden in old garrets and libraries of America. The State of New York did an excellent work in assisting Mr. Brodhead and Dr. O'Callaghan in collecting and publishing a vast quantity of valuable documents relating to that great commonwealth, and the historical and antiquarian societies of New England and of other parts of the union—not excepting the west—have also done, and are still doing, a great deal in the same way. The Congress of the United States did some good when it bought the collection

of Mr. Peter Force, whose two series of "American Archives," despite their unsatisfactory arrangement and ignoring of the authorities cited, are a monumental evidence of his zeal and industry in attempting a great work never adequately rewarded. The Governments of the Dominion and of Quebec have also done much for Canada in collecting matter from the archives of England and France; and we may be sure that with so industrious a man as Dr. Douglas Brymner at the head of the archives in Ottawa we may expect most satisfactory results in the future. French Canada owes a great deal to men like Ferland, Laverdiere, Verreau, Casgrain, and many others famous for their sound scholarship. The transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, during the twelve years it has been in existence, testify to the industry of the best archaeological and historical students of the country, in delving deeply into the sources of Canadian history, including that of aboriginal Canada. As these transactions now go to every library and society of importance throughout the civilized world, scholars everywhere are enabled to obtain an amount of information respecting the history and archaeology as well as the scientific features of the Dominion that hardly any other country offers in a single volume.

Under these circumstances it is not strange that the study and writing of American history have been more thorough of recent years. Since the days of Bancroft and Prescott there has been developed a class of critical writers who, if they may not have as much attraction for the busy or superficial reader as the works of those authors, can be studied with greater confidence by the student who wishes to form a correct and just estimate of the past. In Canada works like Casgrain's "Montcalm and Lévis" have much value, from the fact that they are founded on original documentary evidence not before available. Hilliard, Fiske, H. B. Adams, Winsor, and the Johns Hopkins University publications, illustrate the conscientious study of original authorities, and the tracing of institutions to their humblest sources. Perhaps of all the works written now-a-days, none combine so much charm of style with remarkable research into all available authorities, printed and documentary, as the series of books by Dr. Francis Parkman on the French Regime in Canada, from the days of Jacques Cartier and Champlain to the death of Montcalm and Wolfe and the conquest of Canada—a series of books which have illumined the previously dull pages of Canadian history and led the way to a more thorough study, and to a wider knowledge of the annals of a past replete with features of the most graphic interest.

It was to be expected that this four hundredth anniversary of Columbus's famous voyage should be distinguished by a vast amount of literature relating to the discovery of this continent. That clever humorous journal, Puck, depicts an editor's head just peering above an avalanche of papers of this character. The latest effort in the way of oratorical gush was heard at Chicago a short while since when that genial public dinner-out, Dr. Chauncey Depew, indulged in pleasing platitudes and well turned rhetorical flourishes. But nearly all this display of lyceum oratory tribute to public sentiment, and very few books or papers of the past few months on the discovery of America are likely to make a permanent impress on the historical literature of the century. Some notable works—notable for their critical research, the elimination of historic doubts and errors, and the establishment of new facts—have appeared from the press of America and Europe within a year or so. Foremost among them is the stately work, printed in a style to charm the lover of books, Henry Harrisse's "Discovery of America."\* It is not a book for the hasty

\* The Discovery of North America. A critical, documentary and historic investigation, with an essay on the early cartography of the New World, including descriptions of two hundred and fifty maps or globes existing or lost, constructed before the year 1536, to which are added a chronology of one hundred voyages westward, projected, at-

tempted or accomplished between 1431 and 1504; biographical accounts of three hundred pilots who first crossed the Atlantic, and a copious list of the original names of American regions, cacique-ships, mountains, islands, capes, etc. By Henry Harrisse. London: Henry Stevens and Son; Paris: H. Wet-ter, 1892. 4to, pp. 12; 799.

reader, desirous of an hour's amusement, but one for the student of original documentary investigation. His process consists, to use his own language, "in determining with documentary proofs, by minute investigations duly set forth, the literal, precise and positive inferences to be drawn at the present day from every authentic statement without regard to commonly received notions, to sweeping generalities, or to possible consequences." In this scholarly and laborious work, the student of American history is able to obtain an insight into the documentary evidence respecting the Cabot, Portuguese and other early expeditions to America. The review of early cartography, illustrated by admirable reduced fac-similes, is most exhaustive and critical. He is, however, among those modern writers who have hardly a good word for Sebastian Cabot, and believe that "prima tierra vista, the new found land of John Cabot in 1497, must be sought not on the northern part of Cape Breton," but on the north-eastern coast of Labrador. In Harrisse's opinion it was an afterthought of Sebastian Cabot to place the landfall on the planisphere of 1544 on the southern part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, as a bid for the favour of the English king who wished to strengthen his claim to dominion over a wide region of America. The problem of that landfall is not likely to be ever satisfactorily solved; but as long as "prima tierra vista" is delineated on the northern coast of Cape Breton, on the map of 1544, the authenticity of which Harrisse himself does not deny, while he assails its correctness, no attacks on his character, and mere ingenious argument, based on pre-conceived prejudice, can fairly deprive that historic island of the Gulf of the honour of having been first seen by John Cabot, on a June day in 1497. Indiscreet biographers like Nichols, of Bristol, have done much to injure Sebastian Cabot by giving him honours which really belong to his father. It was certainly John Cabot who planned and made the discovery of 1497, though Sebastian was probably with him. No sufficient authority, however, exists to show that Sebastian wished to take all credit to himself for those memorable voyages of the latter part of the fifteenth century. As a recent writer in the London Athenæum says: "There is no good reason for this display of virtuous indignation, as we fear that after all the greatest sinners were Cabot's biographers, ancient and modern." Vespucci also\* was long severely criticised for wearing laurels which should crown the brow of Columbus, but now we recognize the fact that he was blameless. Sebastian Cabot, in all probability, may even be rehabilitated by Harrisse himself, as a result of still further investigation. That eminent critical scholar, we know, is not always strictly judicial when he has formed an opinion.

Another notable book is Justin Winsor's "Columbus,"\* which is distinguished by that conscientious spirit of research and that critical acumen which are characteristic of all his historic investigations. It is not likely any more than Harrisse's book to be popular—not because it lacks clearness of narrative and excellence of style, but because in many respects it dispels illusions that the popular mind have long formed since the days of Washington Irving with respect to the character of Columbus. Dr. Winsor is never a respecter of persons where history is in question, and does not hesitate to dispel what he believes to be mere imaginings of previous authors who have cast a glamour of nobility of purpose about the acts of this famous navigator. Though his book has not yet deposed Columbus as a "traditional idol," it is certainly the great historic effort of the time on the subjects of which it treats so learnedly.

\* Christopher Columbus, and how he received and imparted the spirit of discovery. By Justin Winsor. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co., 1892. 8vo, pp. 11; 674.

Without dwelling at present on the character of Columbus, I pass on to the recent work on America by Mr. John Fiske,\* who is also among those brilliant and scholarly historians who make New England famous. His works are always noted for patient investigation, judicial spirit and clearness of style. His chapter on Ancient America in this book is particularly valuable for its clear exposition of the distinction between savagery and barbarism, as illustrated by the conditions of the American tribes of Indians—a distinction first enunciated by the Mr. Lewis Morgan, of Rochester. "Aboriginal America," says Mr. Fiske, "is the richest field in the world for the study of barbarism. Its people present every gradation in social life during three ethnical periods—the upper period of savagery and the lower and middle periods of barbarism—so that the process of development may be most systematically and instructively studied." His conclusion is in accordance with that of the most recent scientific opinion, that the people and culture of ancient America were indigenous, "Ancient America," in his opinion, "was a much more archaic world than the world of Europe and Asia, and presented in the time of Columbus forms of society that on the shores of the Mediterranean had been outgrown before the city of Rome was built." His judgment on the pre-Columbian voyages of the Northmen is eminently judicious, for, unlike Mr. Eben Horsford, of Cambridge, he is no believer in the discovery of fabulous Norumbega, but is of opinion there was never a permanent colony or establishment in Vinland. No part of the book shows more clearly the fine analytical power possessed by this writer than his method of threading "the labyrinth of causes and effects through which the western hemisphere came slowly and gradually to be known by the name of America." Following Humboldt, Harrisse and Varnhagen, Mr. Fiske shows that there is not a particle of evidence to implicate Amerigo Vespucci in an attempt to fasten his name on the continent. The name was an evolution from the time of Columbus until the end of the sixteenth century, or later. The New World, or Novus Mundus, as it appeared on ancient maps, was given by Vespucci to a region which may be considered an equivalent for Brazil, and signified only "a part of the dry land beyond the Atlantic to which Columbus led the way." Waldseemüller's little treatise, the "Cosmographie Introductio," published at Saint-Die in 1507, was the first suggestion that "the fourth part" of the world, discovered by Vespucci—that is to say, his Novus Mundus—should be called America; and in the course of time, with the progress of discovery, this name extended from a mere region to the whole continent of North and South America. It was evident that the scientific world of Europe was beginning to apply the name in this way, when the most learned geographer of his age, Gerard Mercator, in his gores for a globe of 1541, divided the word into "Ame" and "Rica," and spread it over the Northern and Southern parts of the continent. But, as Mr. Fiske shows, "to bring out the correct outline and large continental mass of America, and indicate with entire precision its relations to Asia, was the work of two centuries."

The temptation is so great to dwell on this interesting subject—so interesting for its wealth of maps, original documents, and critical treatises—that a writer is apt to forget that The Week is not the Quarterly Review, but is forced to place a curb to one's literary gallop. At present I cannot dwell on the excellent history by a learned Frenchman, Mr. Paul Gaffarel, or on the very readable life of Columbus, by Mr. Clements R. Markham,† so well

\* The Discovery of America, with some account of Ancient America and the Spanish Conquest. By John Fiske. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1892. Sm. 8vo. pp. 36, 516; 631.

† Histoire de la Découverte de l'Amérique depuis les origines jusqu'à la mort de Christophe Colomb. Par Paul Gaffarel, professeur à la faculté des Lettres de Dijon. Paris: Arthur Rousseau. 1892. In two volumes. 8vo. 454; 427.

The World's Great Explorers. Christopher Columbus. By Clements R. Markham, C.B. London: Philip and Son. 1892.

A useful work for the study of the discovery of America in connection with the works mentioned in

known for his historical and geographical knowledge, which better fits him than any Englishman of this day to treat the subject intelligently. I pass on to another work, which is deserving of special mention on account of its ambitious scope. Mr. Payne, an Oxford scholar, purposes to write a series of volumes,—the first of which has just appeared—in which he undertakes to trace the social economy of the advanced aborigines of the New World—the Mexicans and Peruvians—to its physical conditions, and to explain the facts under investigation “by a theory of human advancement, not only not generally recognized, but not hitherto formally enunciated. The following digest, as nearly as possible in the author’s own language, will show the line of his argument in the two parts of the book:—

First Part.—The discovery of America is an episode in the history of geographical exploration, of slow birth, dependent on physical conditions and involved in three distinct historical processes: 1, the pursuit of the Greek idea that the east of Asia might be reached by sailing due west from Spain (the Hispano-Italian hypothesis); 2 the pursuit of northward marine exploration, and 3, that of southward maritime exploration, the former by the Northmen, the latter by the seamen of Spain and Portugal. Then comes, after a long interval, the trial of the Hispano-Italian hypothesis, formulated by Toscanelli, and the voyages of Columbus and Vespucci. Then follow the later stages of American discovery, in which Magellan takes the most conspicuous part, and the New World is revealed in all its prominent outlines.

Second Part.—The social condition of the Peruvian, Muyscan, and Maya-Mexican tribal groups is described, and their history traced up to and after the Spanish conquest. Aboriginal advancement in the intertropical mountain district on the Pacific side, it is argued, resulted from the same causes, followed the same lines, and had a strictly parallel course with advancement in various parts of the Old World, although in consequence of the absence in America of the principal animal species capable of domestication, it rested mainly upon agriculture, and, owing to this and other causes, the New World at the time of the discovery remained several thousand years behind the Old.

It is in the second part of the book that the author appears to the best advantage. Here he shows a thorough study of the subject, and presents his theory clearly and intelligently. He appears to possess that keenness of intellectual vision which enables him to appreciate fully the nature of the varied forces that affect the lives of peoples; but even in this well-studied section he could have learned much from the labours of the many American ethnologists and archaeologists, like Morgan, Ward and Bandelier, who before him engaged in a similar field of study. Even Mr. Fiske, in his first chapter, seems to have forestalled some of his arguments. A decided defect in the work is the absence of a citation of all the authorities that refer to a subject—such bibliographical notes, for instance, as appear in the books we have already been noticing. This defect is very obvious in the first section on the discovery of America. In his preface, Mr. Payne refers to the assistance he has had from that eminent constitutional scholar, Bishop Stubbs, and from some Cambridge and Oxford gentlemen whose names are not so familiar; but one must in all frankness say that there are dozens of historical scholars in the American Cambridge or in Boston who would have been of more use than the learned prelate when it was a question of American history. The name of Mr. Clements Markham would have had more weight under these circumstances if Mr. Payne was anxious

this paper is “America, its Geographical History, 1492 to the Present.” By Dr. W. B. Scaife. Johns Hopkins University Press, Baltimore, Md. It is illustrated by phototypes made from photographs of the famous Weimar and other ancient maps.

The same press also issues as a number of its excellent series of Historical and Political Science, “Columbus and His Discovery of America,” by Professors H. B. Adams and H. Wood, of the University. It contains two pithy orations delivered by those gentlemen at the celebration in Baltimore. Dr. Adams gives the weight of his authority also to Watling Island as the landfall. The appendix is most useful for historical students, since it contains a list of bibliographies of the discovery. The summary of the public monuments and other memorials raised in honour of Columbus is interesting.

\*History of the New World called America. By John Edward Payne, Fellow of University College, Oxford. Vol. I. Oxford: Clarendon Press. New York: Macmillan and Company. 1892. 8vo. pp. 36, 605.

to confine himself to English investigators. Yet he need have had no delicacy in this matter in view of the fact that another Oxford scholar, assuredly as distinguished as himself, now the Right Hon. Mr. Bryce, did not think it lowering to his pride as an author anxious for thorough accuracy, to consult men like Judge Cooley before he gave his great work on the American Commonwealth to the world. I am quite sure that an American scholar like Winsor would never positively give 1456 as the year of the birth of Columbus. Mr. Payne’s own footnote shows the absurdity of the date. In a letter from Columbus himself in 1501 he said he had been a seaman for forty years. Then he must, according to Mr. Payne, have gone to sea when he was five years of age. Mr. Fiske seems to favour 1436, but Mr. Markham shows almost beyond a question that it was 1447. We have Columbus’s own authority, for instance, that he went to sea at fourteen years of age, and that he had been by 1501 forty years at sea since that age. Accordingly he must have been fifty-four years of age in 1501 and born in 1447. Mr. Payne also ignores the place of his birth, although it is now pretty generally admitted that it was Genoa, probably at No. 37 Vico Dritto de Ponticelli. Mr. Payne might have at least told us something more about it, and of the eminent writers who have opinions on the place and year of birth.

It is also rather amusing in this year of historical intelligence to find a grave reference to the old mill at Newport, and the inscription on the Dighton Rock, as connected with the visits of the Northmen. Mr. Payne sees a resemblance to ancient Norse buildings in Governor Arnold’s old grist mill, but in a note condescends to denote the Norse origin of the Taunton stone after he had given it undue importance in the text. Mr. Payne also sententiously makes the island of Mariguana or Mayaguana, in the Bahama group, the Guanahani or San Salvador of Columbus, entirely ignoring all the eminent authorities that point to other places with better proof than Varnhagen brought to support the island in question. Mr. Markham, sailor as well as scholar, shows that it is a “sailor’s question,” and that any midshipman in Her Majesty’s navy would place the landfall at the eastern end of the south side of Watling Island. That eminent scholar, R. H. Major, long ago established that fact. Mariguana does not in any particular answer to the description of the Guanahani of Columbus, while Watling has a reef around it, a lagoon in the centre; in fact, as Mr. Markham says, “it answers to every requirement and every test, whether based on the admiral’s description of the island itself, or the courses and distances thence to Cuba, or on the evidence of early maps.” But Mr. Payne, having consulted Bishop Stubbs, did not think it necessary to study or attach any importance to the results of the labours of such sailors and scholars as Munoz, Peschel, Becher, Major Cronan or Markham. Yet none of these were American scholars.

I may only say in conclusion, that Mr. Payne in his very readable book, is no ardent admirer of Columbus, but like Dr. Winsor, is painfully alive to his weaknesses of character. No doubt the majority of his biographers have allowed the greatness of the results of his adventurous voyages to overthrow all considerations of personal weakness, and to make a hero of a man who, after all, was no better than his age. He himself had no compassion for the poor Indian whom he was the first to consign to slavery, and those who followed him in America proved how many heinous crimes could be committed by men with the name of Christ on their lips and the sword in their hand. Gold was ever the object of the quest of the Spanish adventurers, that they might satisfy their own greed, and at the same time the demands of Spain, then entering on a crusade against freedom of thought and conscience. Well might the poor natives say, when shown a lump of gold, “Behold the Christians’ god.” The discovery of America was an evolution, and, in Mr. Fiske’s words, “the voyage of 1492 was simply the most decisive and epoch-making incident in that evolu-

tion.” When Columbus set sail from Palos, the hour and the man had come for lifting the deep, impenetrable clouds that had so long hung over the unknown sea beyond the Canaries and the Azores, and was partly lifted, only for a moment, when the adventurous Norsemen found themselves brought by favourable winds and currents to the shores of north-eastern America. “The Admiral,” says that great and good man, Las Casas, who, to repeat Mr. Fiske, could hardly have spoken of Columbus always with respect had he been the poor, feeble creature portrayed by Winsor and even Payne, “was the first to open the gates of that ocean which had been closed for so many thousands of years before. He it was who gave the light by which all others might see how to discover. It cannot be denied to the Admiral, except with great injustice, that as he was the first discoverer of those Indies, so he was really of all the mainland, and to him the credit is due. For it was he who put the thread into the hands of the rest by which they found the clue to the more distant parts.”

J. G. BOURINOT.

## ART NOTES.

It is a significant fact that the criticism of the art of painting and the appreciation of the works of the old Italian masters have undergone a complete revolution in the present century. Many causes have contributed to this result; our knowledge of the works themselves has increased with greater facilities of travel and research; our taste has been refined, and in art, as in every other branch of criticism, we have learned to distrust the authority of tradition. We require now something more than the testimony of the unlearned connoisseur of the past before we can accept as final the assignment of any particular work to any particular hand. As in science so in art, we now demand of our guides knowledge from within as well as without, and while availing ourselves of collateral evidence as an aid to the formation of our opinion, we accept nothing as final but the evidence of the work itself as interpreted by a competent critic who has been able closely to examine it. The nearer acquaintance with the great masters of the Italian schools and their pupils resulting from this searching method of enquiry has brought to light a multitude of able artists whose works can now be identified, although their very names, except in the pages of Vasari, Lanzi and Baldinucci, were scarcely known some fifty years ago. Hence, to take but one or two typical instances, the Bolognese school and the painters of the seventeenth century—Guido Reni, the Caracci, the Poussins, and even Domenichino and Guercino—have lost the pre-eminence they so long enjoyed, while the attention of artist and art critic is concentrated on the brilliant galaxy of painters who flourished between 1450 and 1550, the golden age in painting, not only in Italy, but elsewhere in Europe. Now, everyone with the slightest claim to culture is familiar with the names of Ghiberti, the sculptor, in whose school worked the leading painters of the day, Paolo di Dono, who first introduced the principle of perspective, Piero della Francesca, Masolino da Panicale, Masaccio, Fra Angelico, Filippo Lippi, Benozzo Gozzoli, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, Signorelli, Verrocchio, Squarcione, Mantegna, Antonello da Messina, the Bellinis, Cima da Conegliano, Carpaccio, Marziale, Basaiti and other immediate forerunners of the mighty masters, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian and Correggio, who, one and all, inspired with the same love of beauty and imbued with the same incomparable gifts, finally raised the art of painting to the highest rank. But it is one thing to have an historical knowledge of art, quite another to be in personal rapport with its opponents. We may enter a picture gallery primed to the fingertips with historical lore, our art education already advanced enough to have abandoned belief in the pathetic first meeting of Giotto and Cimabue, we may know that Ghirlandajo’s real name was Domenico Bigordi, and that his skill in making garlands: that, Paolo di Dono was surnamed Ucelli on account of his love of

## THE HOLY CITY.

The Choir of Jarvis St. Baptist Church has long since been regarded as one of the best, if not the best, in Toronto, and the concert given under its auspices, on the evening of the 8th December, in Association Hall, only justifies that belief. Mr. A. S. Vogt, the clever and enterprising organist and conductor, is to be congratulated on the success of the above concert, for it was artistic to a high degree and most unique in its arrangement. The chorus consisted of eighty voices, carefully chosen for good quality, and an effective though small orchestra of some thirty-five pieces. The first part of the programme consisted of miscellaneous selections, viz., Meyerbeer's Coronation March (from *Le Prophete*), two movements for string orchestra; "Asa's Death" and "Anitra's Dance," from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite; Aria, "With Verdure Clad," from Haydn's "Creation"; and a "Romance," for violoncello and orchestra, by G. Dinelli. The orchestral selections were very well rendered, Mr. Vogt's reading being sympathetic and full of the spirit of the music, the Coronation March being most effective when one takes into consideration the size of the orchestra. Miss Jardine-Thompson has a voice of good quality, which she manages very well, her phrasing being rounded and expressive. Her rendering of the Aria was in all respects satisfactory, and her style pleasant and refined. Mr. Dinelli's "Romance" is a pretty, clever little piece, well orchestrated, the melody admirably adapted to the character of the instrument. Mr. Dinelli played his own composition carefully, and once more proved himself a musician of versatile gifts, he, as is well known, being a good organist, an excellent piano accompanist and cello player, and has now shown himself to be a composer of merit as well. The second part of the programme consisted of the production for the first time in Toronto of Gaul's cantata, "The Holy City," first performed in Birmingham ten years ago. The cantata as a whole is pleasing, having strong points as well as weak ones. The music is often Mendelssohnian in spirit, and sometimes phrases of Handelian birth are noticeable: for instance, the aria for alto, "Come, Ye Blessed," reminds one very forcibly in places of Handel's "He Shall Lead His Flock like a Shepherd," from the *Messiah*; and other no less familiar strains could be readily pointed out. Composers in England have heard the oratorios of Mendelssohn and Handel so much, being so often given there, and have copied their style of expression so persistently, that it is not to be wondered at that they frequently betray their origin and the influences of the above composers. The principal vocalists in the cantata were Miss Lillie Kleiser, Miss Thompson, Miss Morell, Miss Saueremann, sopranos; Miss Lugadin and Miss Hurrock, altos; Mr. Lye, tenor; Mr. H. M. Blight, baritone; and Messrs. Davies and Fletcher, basses. The soloists all made a very good impression, and did their work carefully and well. Miss Hurrock has a voice of phenomenal power and richness, but lacks cultivation. When her voice is more matured and properly developed she should become a most valued singer, as she has undoubted talent. Mr. Blight's singing, as well as Mr. Lye's, was characterized by good judgment, careful phrasing, and, what is always praiseworthy, distinct pronunciation. The choruses, "Thine is the Kingdom," "Let the Heavens Rejoice," and "Great and Marvellous are Thy Works," were magnificently rendered, precision and certainty of attack, good intonation and light and shade being always present, so that the effect was certainly very fine. The unaccompanied choruses were likewise beautifully sung, the piano effects being particularly fine.

## LIBRARY TABLE.

**MONEY.** By Emile Zola. Translated by Benj. R. Tucker; with photogravure illustrations. New York: Worthington Company.

"From the French of Emile Zola!" What various feelings this phrase, and it is a common one, arouses! On the whole we are prejudiced against translations of books such

as "Money." Zola possesses as a novelist undoubtedly great qualities, qualities which we feel sure will be recognized sooner or later by those who would grant him nothing but passionless obscenity. At the same time it is in his own language that these are seen at their best, while a translation, possessing neither the literary style nor the inimitable touch of a master-hand, retains merely, with very little by way of compensation, a most objectionable story. The volume before us is perfectly readable and is written in idiomatic English. It is solely upon general grounds that our observations have been made and not in reference to this particular translation.

**THE END OF A RAINBOW: An American Story.** By Rossiter Johnson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs. 1892.

This is decidedly a book for boys, but there is much in it that is worthy of the attention of older people. It is curious that while money in the English, "boy's book" is altogether subordinate to the love of adventure, in American stories of the same kind dollars and cents are a recognized and appreciated factor. The author of this volume presents to us three boys searching for treasure in a "race"; a dead Newfoundland is discovered and one of them seizes its collar and chain. As a matter of fact the dead dog's property was exceedingly useful—a regular *deus ex cane*—but the picture would never have presented itself to Ballantyne or to Kingston. For all that the story from first to last is full of a certain dry humour and the rising generation will follow the adventures of "Fred Crawford," "Sammy," and "Millicent," if not to the end of the rainbow, at least to the end of the book.

**WRECKED ON THE BERMUDAS: The Thrilling Adventures of Three Boys: A True Story of the Present Age.** By Captain W. E. Meyer. New York: C. T. Dillingham and Company. 1892.

Yes! These adventures are "thrilling," there can be no other word for them, and yet, as the author shrewdly reminds us in his preface, truth really is stranger than fiction. What those boys went through only they who read the book can learn; no words of ours can convey, however feebly, the slightest conception of their remarkable performances. "They were brothers, Eugene, a practical, strong lad of fourteen years, Ivan, self-assured, aged twelve, and Edgar, the youngest, slender and fair," these are the three heroes—they and "Toss," the dog; a casual "live lord," "old Israel," a captain in the R.N., and several others play minor parts. Everything turns out all right in the end—we have met with somewhat similar "finishes"—the boys find buried treasure, and return triumphant as Odysseus of old. All boys should read this story; their fathers also will find it stimulating.

**THE GREEN FAIRY BOOK.** Edited by Andrew Lang. London and New York: Longmans, Green and Company; New York: 15 East 16th Street. 1892.

"There are not many people now," writes Andrew Lang, in his charming introduction to this volume, "perhaps there are none, who can write really good fairy tales, because they do not believe enough in their own stories, and because they want to be wittier than it has pleased heaven to make them." Some old favourites are contained in the book before us, including the "Heart of Ice," by the Count de Caylus, "The Enchanted Ring," by Fenelon, and "The Golden Mermaid" of Grimm. "The Three Little Pigs" is reproduced, and in this version it is the fox and not the wolf who plays the part of the heavy villain; this—if our memory serves us rightly—is contrary to La Fontaine's ideas upon the subject. There are stories for very young children in this book, and also others which the wisest might snatch an hour to read. "The Green Fairy Book" should find its way into the voluminous pockets of Santa Claus, whose visits the little ones are already beginning to look forward to.

birds; we may have deplored Raphael's early death and studied the grand career of Michael Angelo, yet be unable to distinguish between the work of Perugino and Raphael, or that of Sebastian del Piombo and Giorgione, Verrocchio and Solario. And although to a very great extent it is true that the art critic as well as the artist is born, not made, yet the help of the experience of a veteran in criticism is of infinite value to the student, however great the acumen with which Nature has originally endowed him. To whom, then, should the embryo critic turn in his first introduction to the works of the masters of the past? Surely to some member of the new school of criticism, a school which, with due reverence for true and authenticated tradition, yet sifts with scientific remorselessness every atom of evidence which bears upon the matter in hand. Of this new school one of the most active of the promoters, or we might almost say creators, is without doubt Signor Morelli, the father of what must be termed the analytical or scientific criticism of the arts of design. Disregarding, perhaps, a little too much that intuitive faculty by which the elder cognoscenti were supposed to trace the hand of a master and assign a given work to its real author or authors, and attaching small importance to collateral literary evidence, Morelli's system of criticism is based on a scientific analysis of the picture itself, as minute as that of a naturalist who examines an insect or a plant. To him the smallest peculiarities of form and technic afford a clue as significant as the minutes which distinguish the lowest germs of animal or vegetable life, or as the unconscious idiosyncrasies which stamp the handwriting with the inalienable personality of the calligraphist. He follows those indications with the skill of an anatomist, with the result that he frequently opposes some stubborn fact to reputations based on less demonstrative evidence, and, alas! fatal to the authenticity of many well-known works of arts, dispelling a cherished illusion and forcing us to own with the reason, if not with the heart, the claims of men unendeared to us by early associations. The effect of the application of this vigorous system of observation, impregnated as it was in his case by keen critical acumen, was in the first place, to dethrone many old reputations, to show that the arrangement and nomenclature of pictures in most of the older galleries of Europe was absurdly faulty and inaccurate, and to compel many of the most practical connoisseurs to reconsider their judgments. As a matter of course, the first production of the new theory drew down upon the audacious critics all the thunders of professional judgment, and from every side abuse was showered upon the "quack doctor," as he was contemptuously called by the irate curator of the Berlin Gallery. But he survived the shock. In the Dresden Gallery, out of fifty-six changes suggested by Morelli, forty-six have been adopted, and elsewhere many important alterations have been made.—Edinburgh Review.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

## THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. Wilson Barrett will prove the attraction next week at the Grand Opera House, in his new Egyptian play, "Pharaoh." Torontonians will be anxious to see this production, according as it does plenty of opportunity for scenic display as well as strong acting on the part of Mr. Barrett, who will be supported by an admirable company.

Christmas week Robert Mantell will hold the boards of this theatre.

## TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The *Conversazione* given at the College, on the evening of Thursday, Dec. 8th, was a pronounced success. A very large number of excellent invitations and thoroughly enjoyed the excellent musical programme and genial hospitality. The music hall and suite of rooms adjoining were beautifully decorated for the occasion. The programme, it is needless to say, was most artistically rendered throughout.

**POEMS OF GUN AND ROD.** By Ernest McGaffey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs. 1892.

The outdoor man, after all, is the one with heart.

This line taken from the "Vale" of "Poems of Gun and Rod" would have been equally in place—except for the rhythm—in the "Greeting." There is an out-of-door atmosphere about the whole book, a freshness and joyousness which do much towards making amends for the absence of any great depth of thought or feeling. "The Yellow-Hammer" is pretty, and amongst the best poems in the book may be mentioned "Summer," from which we quote the following four lines;—

Naught but the stillness of the amber air  
No song of bird, no echo of a song,  
The slothful river slowly dreams along,  
Where lily-cups are floating lily fair.

There is a fine swing about "The Wind in the Trees," while "The Last Buffalo" has a wildness and vigour about it worthy of the picture it presents. Taking this volume in toto we feel sure that no reader with any love for gun or rod will feel disappointed at its contents, while the author's love and intimate knowledge of nature in all her aspects will be observed by the most casual reader in every page.

**AFTER TWENTY YEARS.** By Julian Sturgis. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1892.

These short stories are mainly reprints from Longmans', Blackwoods and Macmillan's, and very good they are. In humour, genuine humour, and in a certain blending together of the cynical and the pathetic, the author of "After Twenty Years" is amongst the foremost writers of short stories of this kind. In the volume before us there are several pithy sentences which seem to sum up in a few words what it must have taken years to discover and hours to describe, that is, in the words of the casual observer; for example, "In short, though he is a true friend, he is an uncomfortable acquaintance"; and better still: "Prim but pretty, shy but confident in herself, a little angel of Fra Angelico made woman by the pencil of Raphael, a kitten who would wet her feet on a charitable errand, she was careful to keep her petticoats from mud and her soul from sin." "Smart writing," you say distrustfully, with unnecessary emphasis upon the first word; perhaps so, but writing which depicts a living, breathing human figure of a man or woman so vividly that the picture lingers after the "smartness" has been forgotten. Amongst these excellent studies of life we would call particular attention to "The Philosopher's Baby" and to "A Disappointing Boy." The "Romance of an Old Don" is particularly good, but it is unnecessary to discriminate further. We cordially recommend this book to our readers.

**ALFRED LORD TENNYSON: A Study of his Life and Work.** By Arthur Waugh, B.A., Oxon. Price \$3.00. New York: United States Book Company; Toronto: The Williamson Company. 1892.

We must expect something like a shower of books on the late Poet Laureate; but we are not the least likely to get anything better than the volume before us for some time to come. It is not that there is such a great deal that is absolutely new in the book, nor that we are always able to agree with the author in every detail of his critical judgment. Perhaps we like him all the better for this. He gives us a feeling of his independence and fosters our sense of our own.

We have a notion that Mr. Waugh is the author of a recent Newdigate prize poem at Oxford, in which case he may claim to have special gifts for the kind of work which he has undertaken. But whether this be so or not he gives evidence of a thoroughly familiar acquaintance with the writings of Lord Tennyson and a sufficient knowledge of the circumstances in which they appeared. The book is not properly a life or hardly more than a memoir of the Poet; but gives all the incidents which a student of his works needs to know. A lawful curiosity might desire more; and such a curiosity will doubtless be gratified when the promised Life comes out "based

upon material which at the present moment is in the possession of the family." We have no doubt that such material will be used with greater taste and discretion than has sometimes been displayed in dealing with dead writers.

Mr. Waugh tells us that his volume was completed all but the last page of biography when the sudden illness and subsequent death of Lord Tennyson hastened its revision and publication. The book is constructed of material known to the public, but use has been made of Mr. Jennings' very excellent "biographical sketch," which has the advantage of being revised by one of the family. Moreover the author thinks he may claim to have searched more patiently and widely than any of his predecessors for every available record of the great poet, and to have left no important source of likely information untested.

We think that these claims are fully substantiated in the book. Those who are best acquainted with Lord Tennyson's "Life and Work" will find something here which they did not know before; and those who, for the first time, enter upon the study of his writings will find useful guidance. We can declare with perfect confidence that we have read the volume from beginning to end, and did not find a dull line in it. It is hardly necessary to say that in the examination of the poems Mr. Waugh follows the order of their production and publication.

In general we have no quarrel to make with Mr. Waugh's critical judgments. What he says of "In Memoriam" will hardly be satisfactory to those who regard that poem as Tennyson's high water mark. Yet his words are well weighed. "The result is a poem of unusual beauty, of a sustained literary excellence of the first class, which fails but on one note—the note of emotion. No poem of Tennyson's is so apt for quotation, none is so rich in phrases that have long since become household words. But it will probably be always read and remembered for special passages rather than for the strength and unity of its argument." This will not be quite satisfactory to many; and worse follows! But so far, we think, it expresses very nearly the final judgment on this great poem. On the other hand the admirers of "Maud" will have no fault to find with Mr. Waugh's enthusiastic appreciation of that wonderful poem. He points out with great insight the blunders of some of the critics in writing off hand without having a clear conception of the purpose and plan of the poem.

To a certain extent we agree with his remarks on the "Idylls," although there is a touch of exaggeration here. Undoubtedly the completed poem is wonderfully rich and complete in comparison with the four Idylls first given to the public. But we can hardly agree with the author that these did not reveal the design of the whole. In the splendid poem "Guinevere" the king brings out clearly his own great purpose and the evils by which it was frustrated. It is the development of the evil consequences of the sin of the Queen and Sir Lancelot which is brought out with full detail in the completed work; the general idea was plain enough before.

We cannot quite agree with the critic's remarks on the "Charge of the Heavy Brigade." Granted that it has not the lightness and brilliancy of the earlier poem on the "Light Brigade"; we should note this as a merit rather than a fault. In each case the movement of the verses is perfectly adapted to the subject. We come to the reading of the later poem with the music of the earlier ringing in our ears; and so we are disappointed. If we came from reading Kinglake's history our emotions would be different.

But these are slight matters. The book is an admirable one—in taste, in tone, in composition. It is also a handsome one, and it contains some interesting illustrations two portraits of Lord Tennyson, one of Lady Tennyson, and one of their two sons, views of all the places connected with the poet's history, all the spots in Lincolnshire and at Cambridge, the church at Clevedon, the homes in the Isle of Wight and in Surrey. Not least interesting is the copy of the registration of the poet's marriage from the Parish Register of Shipplake.

## PERIODICALS.

We have before us a calendar for Ninety-three designed and published by the Toronto Art Students' League. The calendar is prettily designed; the engravings are from pictures by members of the Toronto Students' League, and the verses in connection with the different seasons are from the pens of Canadian poets. Altogether there is something distinctly national about the booklet, and we feel sure that it will secure a well-merited success.

"Philanthropists in Parliament" is the name of the opening paper in the December Quiver. Mr. Payne-Smith writes upon "Looking Outside." The Rev. P. B. Power contributes an earnest paper entitled "The Four Carpenters." "Good Cheer for the Sick" is the name of a "hospital address" by A. L. Somerville. "That Awkward Youth," by M. C., is a pretty little story of a South African republic. The Rev. J. Thain Davidson preaches a sermon on "Playing the Fool." A new serial entitled "The Wilful Willoughbys" is commenced in this number. "Some Recollections of John Wesley" is the name of an interesting paper by J. C. Tildesley. The usual "Literary Notes" bring a good number to a close.

"A Rogue Elephant; or, a Chapter of Wild Sport in Ceylon" is the title to the opening contribution to the December number of Outing, from the pen of F. Fitz Roy Dixon. J. N. Hall, M.D., contributes a paper on "Goose Shooting in the South Platte Valley," which is followed by some vigorous verses of James Buckham, entitled "The Music of the Hounds." John A. MacPhail writes upon "Athletics in Japan," while "Canadian Winter Pastimes" is the subject of an article by Ed. W. Sandys; the last named is a most interesting paper. "Through Darkest America," by Trumbull White, is continued in this number, which is, on the whole, a favourable specimen of Outing.

"Declaration of Independence by a Colonial Church" is the name of the opening contribution to the December Magazine of American History. "The first man to help people to know more about the world, and to make them wish to know still more was a Venetian gentleman named Marco Polo, who lived two hundred years before Columbus." This statement appears in an interesting paper entitled "The Story of Marco Polo," which is taken from Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye's "Story of Columbus." "General William Richardson Davis" is the title of a paper from the pen of Walter Clarke; John Meredith Read writes a eulogy upon "The Hon. Francis Aquila Scout"; Thomas W. Hotchkiss contributes an interesting paper entitled "Glimpses of the College of New Jersey." Emanuel Spencer continues "The Successful Novel of 1836."

"The Restaurants of San Francisco" is the name of the opening paper in the December issue of the Overland Monthly, from the pen of Charles S. Greene. "The Sacking of Grubville" is the name of a short story by Adah Fairbanks Batelle. William E. Read contributes a good paper on "Indian Traditions of Their Origin." Millicent W. Shinn writes another long paper full of information upon "The University of California." "A Peninsular Centennial" is the name of a contribution to this number from William H. McDougal. Neith Boyce contributes a poem on "A Last Walk in Autumn," which contains real beauty of expression. E. P. Bancroft discusses "Mexican Art in Clay." "A Mexican Ferry" is the subject of an interesting descriptive paper by A. D. Stewart. Marshall Graham writes some powerful verses on "Helen," and Marcia Davies tells a good story of "The Illuminated Certificate."

"God's Fool" is concluded in the December number of Temple Bar. "Vale" is the title of some forcible but pessimistic lines by A. E. Mackintosh. "Constable and Sir Walter Scott" is the name of an unusually interesting paper signed E. R. "Jottings from a Moorland Parish" is the title of a good sketch in this number. "The Juan Roseden's Story" is a romance of India which should not be passed over. Alice M. Christie writes some

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

pathetic lines "suggested by Mrs. W. K. Clifford's 'Aunt Anne,'" and bearing the same title. "In the Streets of St. Petersburg" is a delightful paper, and one can only regret its shortness. "The Professor of Theology" is the name of an idyll from the pen of E. Fairfax Byrne. "Will's Coffee-house" is the title of a most readable contribution on that famous coffee-house, the resort of Dryden, Pope, Wycherly, Congreve and many another luminous loiterer of the Restoration. "Mrs. Bligh," Rhoda Broughton's novel, is concluded in this excellent issue of Temple Bar.

The December number of the New England Magazine opens with a most interesting paper on "The Builders of the Cathedrals" by Marshall S. Snow. "At the foot of the towers of the great mediæval church," says Mr. Snow in conclusion, "we moderns may learn many a lesson of æsthetic taste, of lofty devotion to the noblest ideal, of singleness of purpose, and of unselfish labour expended for coming generations by the builders of the cathedrals." "One of a Thousand," Eben E. Rexford's serial, is brought to a close in this number. Robert Loveman contributes some sprightly verses "In Lighter Vein." Major F. Sears writes a long and carefully-studied paper on "The Republic of Peru," which is followed by "A Bird's-Eye View of the Sahara" from the pen of Hilarion Michel. "How Civil Government is Taught in a New England High School" is the subject of an article by Arthur May Mowry. Amongst other articles which want of space will not permit us to mention is "The Outlook for Sculpture in America," by William Ordway Partridge.

"Chatterton" is the subject of an interesting paper in Poet Lore by Arthur L. Salmon. Charlotte Newell says in an able paper on "The Poets-Laureate"—we need not say in reference to whom—"Among his country's honoured dead he sleeps, in her vast funeral pile, his countrymen, from the sovereign upon the throne to the tradesman in the shop, nothing to do him reverence. While the choir chanted the last melody framed by his mortal lips, he was borne to the Poet's Corner, where his place, in death as in life, is by the side of his cherished fellow-singer. Within the casket was placed a copy of Shakespeare, the last volume held by his trembling fingers. There

In the vast cathedral leave him;  
God accept him, Christ receive him."

The Antigone of Sophocles and Shakespeare's Isabel" is the name of a study by William L. Sheldon. "The Brotherhood of Mankind," says he at the conclusion of his excellent article, "comes home to us as we recognize the brotherhood of Sophocles and Shakespeare." "The Poetic Limitations of Cordello" is the subject of a critical paper from George Willis Cooke. "Newton's Brain," by Yakub Arbes, is concluded in this most interesting issue of Poet Lore.

Charles W. Eliot opens the December Forum with a paper entitled "Wherein Popular Education has Failed," which is followed by "The Public Schools of St. Louis and Indianapolis," from the pen of Dr. J. M. Rice. George F. Edmunds, ex-Senator, contributes an interesting paper on "Politics as a Career." William Garrett Fawcett writes upon "Women in English politics." "The women of England," says the writer, at the conclusion of her able paper, "have had political arms put in their hands, and are eagerly urged by the great political parties to use them. They are to promote the triumph of this or that party, not to secure their own emancipation." James Whitcomb Riley sends forth a plea for the "small child" in reference to the "so-called child literature" of to-day in a paper on "Dialect in Literature." The question of "How Should a City Care for its Poor" is discussed in a careful paper from the pen of Francis G. Peabody. W. H. Mallock writes a most interesting paper in this number entitled "Are Scott, Dickens and Thackeray Obsolete?" The December number is well up to the general standard of The Forum.

Amongst the topics discussed under the heading "The Progress of the World," in the December Review of Reviews, may be men-

tioned the "Difficulties of the Tariff Question," and "The Labour Movement in England." Mr. Albert Shaw contributes a paper upon the "Physical Culture at Wellesley," which he concludes by saying: "It is in fact a disgrace and an outrage that all the students of all the classes at Wellesley College and all the other colleges are not required from the date of their entrance to the date of their graduation to do some regular work under the direction of the department of physical training, with adequate appliances and facilities provided." This number contain "Tennyson, the Man; and Character Sketch," by William T. Stead. Amongst the "Leading Articles of the Month" our attention is called to several papers on M. Renan. "Madame Modjeska's Opinion of the American Stage," "The Church and the Bible," "Woman as a Serial Worker," and "A Universal Language," are all touched upon in this number. Our attention is also drawn to a paper in the current number of the "Asiatic Quarterly" from the pen of Mr. Lawrence Irwell, of Toronto, upon "The Present Position of Canada."

The December issue of The New World commences with "The Brahmā Somaj," from the pen of Protap Chunder Mozoomdar. "There are two ways," says the writer, "in which religious reform has been lost in India: it has either been absorbed and reconverted, or it has died the death of isolation. Buddhism has been lost to us by the latter process; Sikhism and the minor reforms, by the former. But there must be some higher ground on which the national and universal tendencies may harmonize. . . . To my mind, the way to reach this higher ground is the way of the Spirit—apostolic purity of life on the one hand, absorption in communion with the Spirit of God on the other." "The Future of Christianity" is the subject of an earnest paper by William M. Salter. "May liberation be given to the mind," says the writer, "and once more may the conscience be touched! Happily, then, the dividing line between Christianity and much of what is earnest and good in the world outside it will be broken down." Egbert C. Smyth writes on "Progressive Orthodoxy," and Joseph Henry Allen on "Michael Servetus." "The Present Position of the Roman Catholic Church" is discussed by G. Santayana, while John Graham Brooks writes upon "The Church in Germany." "A World outside of Science" is the title of a paper by Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

The Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour commences the North American Review of this month with a paper on "The New House of Commons and the Irish Question." Speaking of the "Question," Mr. Balfour observes: "In my view, the remedy proposed by Mr. Gladstone must aggravate the disease it is intended to cure; for it is based upon a wrong diagnosis and conceived under a complete misapprehension of the life-history of the patient." The Rev. S. M. Brandt discusses the infallibility of the Pope in a paper entitled "When is the Pope Infallible?" "Opportunities for Young Men in Jamaica" is the title of an encouraging paper from the pen of His Excellency, Sir Henry A. Blake, Governor of Jamaica. Theodore Aryault Dodge writes a long and interesting paper on "The Horse in America." The Hon. E. Burd Grubb contributes "A Campaign for Ballot Reform," which is followed by "A Blow at the Freedom of the Press," from the pen of Hannis Taylor. Lord Dunraven gives his "general ideas" upon "International Yachting." M. Alfred Naquet contributes to this December number a valuable paper entitled "Divorce: From a French Point of View." "The City of the Sultan" is continued by the editor in the Methodist Magazine. "Paris the Beautiful" is a reprint from the New Connexion Magazine. Miss Mary S. Daniels writes an interesting paper on "Alfred Tennyson." The same lady is the author of a paper on "The Mutineers of the 'Bounty.'" "The Less Known Poems of Tennyson" is the subject of an able paper by the editor. "Our Christmas Song," by Mary Lowe Dickinson, is rather pretty, and the December number is in all respects a fair issue.

The Duke of Hamilton's copy of the Boticelli "Dante," was sold for £380.

George Moore is completing a novel dealing with the life of betting men in London.

London Truth states that Lord Lorne has been recommended for the laureateship "by no less eminent an authority than Mr. William Morris."

In the poem entitled "Imperial Federation" which appeared in our last issue on the 3rd line 5th stanza, the word "When" should have been "Where."

"The Potted Princess" is the title of Rudyard Kipling's East Indian fairy story which will appear in the January St. Nicholas with Birch's illustrations.

Fitzmaurice Kelly has written a life of Cervantes which is the largest and most ambitious that has ever been undertaken. It will be issued in London soon.

A revised and annotated version of Mr. Gladstone's recent lecture at Oxford, will be published by the Clarendon Press, with the title, "An Academic Sketch."

The American Baptist Publication Society has accepted of Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, a well-known Canadian author, and will at once publish, a story for boys, entitled "On the Right Track."

A copy of Captain Burton's translation of the "Arabian Nights" brought the sum of \$127 at auction recently in London. Four years ago, when first published, the price of the work was \$52.

Madame Adelaide Ristori, the famous tragedienne, has written, for the Ladies' Home Journal, two important autobiographical papers, in which she will tell "How I Became an Actress" and describe "The Methods of my Art."

The successor to Lord Tennyson in the Presidency of the Society of Authors is Mr. George Meredith, who has thus received, according to Black and White, the greatest honour that English literature can now bestow upon an author.

"A Short History of the Prayer Book," by the Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington (rector of Grace Church, New York) is announced for publication by Thomas Whittaker, New York. It will contain also an account of the rise, progress and completion of Liturgical Revision.

"Eighteenth Century Vignettes," by Austin Dobson, is a collection of papers by that elegant writer which have appeared in various periodicals, chiefly American. They are on such subjects as "Old Vauxhall Gardens," "Bowick's Tail-pieces," "Steel's Letters," etc., and are printed in antique but very readable type.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company have published "The Old English Dramatists," by James Russell Lowell; "The Song of the Ancient People," by Edna Dean Proctor; "A Tragedy of the Sea," and "The Mother, and other Poems," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell; "The Creation of the Bible," by Myron Adams; and the Salem edition of "The House of the Seven Gables."

It may be regarded as somewhat singular, says the New York World, that Sir Walter Scott's novels are almost as popular in Paris as are the novels of the eminent French novelists. Translations of his romances are found in every bookstall in numbers, and the Paris Municipal Council has recently shown its appreciation of the author himself by naming a short street after him.

The National Observer makes some interesting comments upon the spread and decline of poetry. Poetry, it says, has usurped the place of the prize ring. The people were debarred from professing a legitimate interest in the Tipton Slasher, and listened to the eavesdropping of the halfpenny journals. The cheap pretence of education which is extended everywhere "in the name of the universities" engrosses the popular mind. The ring is dead, and Toynbee Hall rules in its stead, and the British 'Arry affects an interest in letters which he cannot feel.

Harper and Brothers have just published Mary E. Wilkins' new novel, "Jane Field," illustrated by W. T. Smedley; a collection of short stories, "Christmas Every Day," by William Dean Howells, handsomely illustrated; "The Midnight Warning, and Other Stories," by E. H. House; and "The Moon Prince, and Other Stories," by R. K. Munkittrick, with illustrations by F. Ver Beck. The three books last named are designed for young readers.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is said to be in Dublin endeavouring to establish there a society for the encouragement of Irish literature. He contemplates the formation of a company for the publication of books dealing with Irish literature, art, and history—a company of which he is to be the literary editor, with control over the selection of the works to be issued. He wishes the printing and publishing to be done simultaneously in Dublin, London, New York and Melbourne.

We learn from the New York Critic that preparations were being made to sell the library of Ernest Renan at auction and Mme. Renan was preparing the catalogue, when the work was delayed in consequence of an offer having been received from America to buy the library in its entirety. The collection comprises 10,000 volumes, and is very rich in books bearing on religion. M. Renan left a number of manuscripts which will be published in the course of the coming year.

Ary Renan announces that the two volumes of his father's "History of Israel," which remained to be issued, are now almost ready for the printers. One will appear in March, and the other near the end of the coming year. He announces further that the family and executors will collect the stray and scattered writings which have appeared in official reports or special periodicals, and publish them. Several historical documents will be united under the title of the "Reign of Philippe le Bel."

Though Dr. Francis Parkman has in his half-century of conflict completed the great historic labour of his life, his pen is not yet idle. He is about to publish in the Atlantic Monthly a historical narrative of the strife between La Tour and D'Aulnay Charnisay, the feudal chiefs of Acadia, one of the most interesting episodes of which formed the subject of Mrs. Catherwood's last romance. In this connection it is interesting to note that the last volume of the transactions of the Royal Society of Canada contains a valuable paper on the site of Fort La Tour, with sketches of old maps, by Professor Ganong of Harvard University, who is a native of New Brunswick.

The tenth and last volume of "Chambers' Encyclopaedia," published on this continent by the Lippincotts, will probably be ready before this year closes, or early in the new year. Stanley Lane-Poole writes on Swift and Turkey, F. T. Palgrave on Tennyson and Wordsworth, Richmond Ritchie on Thackeray, Mr. Hamerton on Titian and Turner, Professor Shaler on the geology of the United States, Austin Dobson on Horace Walpole, and George Saintsbury on Zola. Over 30,000 articles have been written for this work by nearly 1,000 different writers. The first volume appeared in March 1888, or less than five years ago.

Some figures relating to Russian book-lore, gathered from the report of M. Powlenkow, the librarian, are cited in The Speaker. During last year, it appears, there were published in Russia 9,053 books and pamphlets, the aggregate number of copies being about 29,000,000. Of this number, 6,588 books, representing 28,000,000 copies, were in the Russian language, 840 in Polish, 393 in German, 390 in Hebrew, and 219 in Lettic. Books were, for the first time, published in the Goldenian and the Ersian languages. The novels numbered 509; of Lermontoff's works, for which the publisher's right expired last year, there were 92 editions, comprising more than a million copies. Books of instruction, etc., numbered 574; medicinal works, 476; dramatic, 272; historic, 254; legal, 224; books bearing upon natural science, 194; etc. Of the above books, 3,198 were published at St. Petersburg, 1,848 in Moscow, 1,091 at Warsaw, and a few hundreds at Kieff, Kasan, Riga, and Odessa.

When a man publishes his own reminiscences, of course The Speaker, he deems some kind of excuse or example necessary. Dean Hole introduces his "Memories" under the wing of Bishop Wordsworth. Just as the Bishop amused himself by translating Theocritus when he was weary, so Dean Hole undertook this "holiday task of an old boy," being "too fond of work to be quite idle." Mr. Santley takes heart to publish his "Reminiscences" by remembering about Benvenuto Cellini. Cellini states plain facts concerning his artistic skill, adventures, and exploits, and so Mr. Santley thinks may he. Both of these autobiographic works are published by Mr. Edward Arnold, and both authors communicate from a varied experience among all sorts and conditions of men much interesting and suggestive information.

The following personal note, says the New York Critic, comes from Holland: Maarten Maartens is a Dutch country gentleman living in an old chateau in the wilds of Holland. His neighbours know nothing of his English literary career. To them he is merely one of themselves, only a little more indolent and indifferent to local topics. They cannot understand what he does with his time all day (as he does not shoot), and occasionally, at some social function, a young lady will ask him whether he reads English. He has travelled a good deal, and has lived in France and Germany. It was mere dogged resolve which forced his books into print in English. He chose to write in English so as to have an audience. He sent "Joost Aveling" to England from Holland, and all the big houses it was sent to refused it. Then he published it at his own expense.

An interesting computation of novel-writing statistics has been made by The Author, says The Speaker, always zealous as that organ is about the affairs of the craft. It appears that some 1,600 novels were published during the past six years, or 270 novels a year. These 1,600 novels were written by 792 authors who signed their names and 130 who did not. Only 240 of these authors met with success enough to encourage them to write a second time. Of these 240, fifty are men of the front rank, who command great popularity and an income "which even in the profession of law would be called considerable"; seventy are men enjoying popularity enough to make their books "go off" in large numbers; and the remaining hundred and twenty are men who have achieved such a measure of success that they are encouraged to persevere. In all, 2,600 persons have failed as writers of fiction during the last eighteen years, as against about eighty who have succeeded well, and a hundred and twenty who have succeeded tolerably.

In his "Descriptive List of Novels and Tales dealing with Life in Russia," says the New York Nation, Mr. W. M. Griswold can enumerate only about one hundred; and these, with the selected notices of critical journals fill only twenty-one pages. What is striking is the fact, now readily discernible, that Russian fiction began to be presented to English readers a great many years ago. There was, as early as 1831, a translation of Thaddeus Bulgarin's "Ivan Vejeeghan" put on the London market, and pirated here the next year. In 1850 two attempts are recorded; in 1853 Turgeneff's "Annals of a Sportsman" appeared in Edinburgh, and an abridgement was borrowed by "Graham's Magazine" in 1854. Even Tolstoi's "Childhood and Youth" found a London publisher as far back as 1862. With Eugene Schuyler's version of "Fathers and Sons," in 1867, the tide began to rise steadily. The Nation has also this interesting note: The Russian bibliographer, Pavlenkoff, in a review of the book production in his native country for 1891, gives, among others, the following figures: During the past year there appeared in Russia, excluding Finland, 9,053 books and pamphlets in about 29,000,000 copies; of these, 6,588, in 23,000,000 copies, were in the Russian language, 840 in Polish, 393 in German, 380 in Hebrew, and 219 in Lettisch. One of the most popular forms of literature in the Czar's land seems to be calendars, of which 229 were published, many of them in editions of over half a million. The most notable

event in the Russian book world during this period was the expiration of the copyright of Lermontoff's works, in consequence of which ninety-two editions of them appeared in over a million copies. It is perhaps not wholly without significance that the largest class of publications was that of educational works, to the number of 574, exceeding belles-lettres by sixty-five. The third largest number was medical. More than a third of the total number of publications appeared in St. Petersburg.

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Albee, John. Prose Idylls. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson Book Co.
- Browning, Elizabeth B. Poems. \$1.50. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.; Toronto: Presbyterian News Co.
- Bynner, Edwin Lassetter. Zachary Phips. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Williamson Book Co.
- Brownell, W. C. French Art. \$1.25. New York; Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Brown, John Henry. Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic. Ottawa: J. Durie & Son.
- Crawford, F. Marion. Don Orsino. \$1.00. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Copp Clark & Co.
- Deland, Margaret. The Story of a Child. \$1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Williamson Book Co.
- Foote, Mary Hallock. The Chosen Valley. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Williamson Book Co.
- Grossmith, Geo. and Weedon. The Diary of a Nobody. New York: Tait, Sons & Co.
- Hawthorne, Nathaniel. Wonder Book for Girls and Boys. \$3.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson Book Co.
- Humphrey, Maud. Jack and the Fairy. 50c. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co. Toronto: Presbyterian News Co.
- Holmes, Oliver Wendell. Dorothy Q. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson Book Co.
- Harlow, Louis K. The World's Best Hymns. \$1.50. Boston: Little Brown & Co.
- Hatch, Mary R. P. The Missing Man. 50c. Boston: Lee & Sheppard.
- Jewett, John Howard. The Bunny Stories. \$1.75. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co.; Toronto: Presbyterian News Co.
- Repplier, Agnes. A Book of Famous Verses. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson Book Co.
- Stedman, Edmund Clarence. The Nature of Poetry. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson Book Co.
- Stoddard, Richard Henry. Under the Evening Lamp. \$1.25. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Swan, Annie S. The Guinea Stamp. \$1.00. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Terrier; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Storrs, Richard S. Bernard of Clairvaux. \$2.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Taylor, Mrs. Bayard. Letters to a Young Housekeeper. \$1.25. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Torrey, Bradford. The Foot-Path Way. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson Book Co.
- Tait, James Selwin. My Friend Pasquale. \$1.00. New York: Tait Sons & Co.
- Warner, Chas. Dudley. In the Levant. \$5.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Williamson Book Co.
- Whittier, John Greenleaf. At Sundown. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Williamson Book Co.
- The Memoirs of Dean Hole. \$4.00. New York: Macmillan & Co.; London: Ed. Arnold; Toronto: Williamson Book Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

COMMAND OF TEMPER.

If from no higher motive than to obtain an advantage over other people, it would be worth while to cultivate command of temper. When a controversy arises, particularly one that is public, the man who commands his temper is always esteemed more highly than the one who resorts to vituperation and abuse, and this without regard to the merits of the issue. Strong language amuses, but does not convince the crowd. They will throng about the orator who "handles his opponent without gloves" and encourage him to say abusive things, just as they will encourage a dog fight and be amused by it, but their reason is not moved by his strong language so much as by a calm, temperate statement of fact. Where the hot-headed man happens to be right on the main question he is likely when he loses his temper to do and say things which weaken him in the estimation of disinterested observers. Very frequently he gives his opponent opportunities to change the issue and put him in the wrong or make him appear to be in the wrong. On the contrary, the man who keeps his temper is cool, collected and watchful of the weak points in his adversary's case. He is, moreover, convincing to third parties. With a good cause, he is invincible, and even with a bad cause he may win through his calmness and mastery of himself. In every political campaign examples are given of the advantage to be derived from keeping one's temper. It is then that abuse is most common and least effective. It may, indeed, be affirmed that as a rule abuse in a political canvass is taken by everybody as a sign of weakness and fails of its purpose. On the other hand, a temperate statement of facts or alleged facts adroitly made so as to attract attention, especially when it can be put in sharp contrast with vituperation, is the most effective kind of argument. There are relatively few people with judicial minds able to sift and weigh evidence, and fewer yet who care to go minutely into an examination of evidence. The greater number of readers of campaign literature and campaign speeches skim lightly over the controversial matter, getting only a surface impression of the merits of the question in dispute. Abuse makes little impression on their minds. It is too cheap and common and has too little to do usually with the main point at issue, but whatever impression it may make is easily effaced by a good-natured, pointed reply, free from all traces of passion and confined to a simple statement of fact or argument. It is sometimes exceedingly difficult to maintain one's temper under a succession of wrong, but the discipline is excellent and the results usually compensate for the pain of repression. Men who would control others must first learn to control themselves. Actual control is required, not merely the outward show. Of the influential men in history there are two conspicuous types—strong, passionate men, who kept a curb upon their passions, though giving vent to their rage when occasion served, and malignant hypocrites, who only appeared to control their evil passions as a matter of policy. The latter are not to be imitated, for they do not in fact keep their tempers, but only have the appearance of doing so. When one has real control of himself he can suffer many aggravations without being roused, calmly consider the wrongs done him, and when the proper time comes reply with just the force required, but no more. His reputation then makes him convincing, whereas the passionate man, who is always losing his temper, is discredited in advance. There are many unthinking orators brought out in a political campaign who, being misled by the applause that greets their violent utterances, mistakenly suppose that they are making strong speeches, when in fact they are doing more harm than good. He who maintains his temper makes his statement clear and forcible by avoiding the use of the strong words suggested by passion, and it becomes convincing by this apparent absence of a biased feeling, for which allowance would have to be made if it were present.—Baltimore Sun.

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PEN PICTURES OF MOLTKE AND  
BISMARCK.

Who is this senior for whom the throng makes way reverentially—he with lean, wrinkled face, set mouth, yet with something of a half smile on it, ever with downcast abstracted eye and stooping shoulder, with hands clasped behind his back and with listless gait—this fleshless, tough-looking man with the bushy eyebrows and the long, lean throat? He is worth looking at, for he is the greatest strategist of the age, and has been the ruling soul of the victorious campaign. Moltke, for it is he, has been with the Emperor, and is probably on his way home to finish Miss Braddon's last novel: for when he is not devising strategy he is reading sensational novels; and his abstraction, as like as not, is caused by speculation as to which of the two aspirants to her hand the heroine is ultimately to marry. A tall, burly man swings round the corner of the Friedrich Strasse, his loud, "Ha! ha!" ringing out above the noise of the street as he strides down the Linden. The crowd makes way for him when it will for few others, and in truth he is the stamp of man to drive a path for himself even through an obstructive crowd. His step is firm and massive, his shoulders are broad and square; the undress cuirassier cap sets off well the strong face with the heavy snow-white mustache and the terrible under-jaw, massive yet not fleshy, full but not exuberant, which one never looks at without thinking how symbolical it is of the "blood and iron" dogma which the stern but hearty man once so frankly enunciated. When last I had seen Bismarck he was sitting on his big horse under the statue of Strasbourg, in the Place de la Concorde, on the day the German troops marched into Paris, glowering down scornfully from under the peak of his metal helmet on a group of Frenchmen who had identified him, and were shrinking as they spat hissings up at him.—From "Historic Moments: The Triumphal Entry into Berlin," by Archibald Forbes, in the *Christmas* (December) number of Scribner's Magazine.

There are now current about four hundred titles of electrical books. A few years ago an electrical library of ten volumes embraced all the available literature on the subject.—*New York World*.

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NOVEMBER.

Hail, soft November, though thy pale,  
Sad smile rebuke the words that hail

Thy sorrow with no sorrowing words  
Or gratulate thy grief with song  
Less bitter than the winds that wrong

Thy withering woodlands, where the birds  
Keep hardly heart to sing or see  
How fair thy faint, wan face may be.  
—Algernon Charles Swinburne, in the *Magazine of Art* for December.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE SUPER-  
NATURAL.

The spirit of the age is very dubious in regard to stories involving the supernatural. It is disposed to take with a great many grains of allowance any assertions that involve the knowledge of invisible personal agencies. It has settled down into a chronic state of scepticism so far as it involves an experimental knowledge of unseen personal beings. It is the pride of this age that the ideas we receive as valid are the product of definite and positive experience. We relegate to the region of superstition notions and ideas that cannot be subjected to the test of a clear and positive verification. We believe only the things we see. And the things we see are chiefly only the things concerned with the material side of life. This is an intensely practical age. We do not waste thought or energy on the illimitable or unattainable. Definite results measure our endeavour. We have no patience with nebulousities and shadowy infinities. We prefer to stand upon the solid ground of well-defined fact, and verifiable proposition. But at the same time we are obliged to recognize the fact that the Bible and Christianity run counter to this spirit of the age. Religion requires belief in the supernatural as its foundation. Christianity stands or falls with the truth or falsity of this assertion.

If there is no possible relation of human life to a higher unseen personal life, by contact with which human life may be uplifted and regenerated, then the message of Christianity has no meaning for men. If we reject belief in the supernatural because of its inherent improbability, then we must also reject the Bible, for they are essentially the same. If enlightened intelligence and the illumination of science compel us to place the belief in communion with supernatural life among the superstitions and the myths of semi-civilized ages, then we must discard the religious convictions that have come down to us from the past. If we are shut up in this life to communion with visible outward things alone; if the human heart can be touched by none except human companionships; if there is no hope from a superhuman source for the heart that is exhausted of its better impulses—for the spirit that is broken through the defeats of life; if there is no God, to whom the bruised and baffled life may go for sympathy, for renewal, for enlightenment, then the stay and solace of religion must be taken away from humanity, and the teaching of Christian philosophy must go down in a common wreck with the superstitions and traditions of a credulous past.—*Methodist Recorder*.

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WHY IS SEA-WATER SALT?

This question has been regarded as a mystery, and has given rise to some curious speculations, but a little consideration of the subject must, I think, satisfy us all that it would be very wonderful, quite incomprehensible, if the waters of the ocean were otherwise than salt as they are.

The following explanation was first suggested to myself many years ago, when receiving my first lessons in practical chemical analysis. The problem then to be solved was the separation of the bases dissolved in water by precipitating them, one by one, in a solid condition; filtering away the water from the first, then from this filtrate precipitating the second, and so on, until all were separated or accounted for.

But in doing this there was one base that was always left to the last, on account of the difficulty of combining it with any acid that would form a solid compound, a difficulty so great that its presence was determined by a different method. This base is soda, the predominant base of sea-salt, where it is combined with hydrochloric acid. Not only is soda the most soluble of all the mineral bases, but the mineral acid with which it is combined forms a remarkably soluble series of salts, the chlorides. Thus the primary fact concerning the salinity of sea-water is that it has selected from among the stable chemical elements the two which form the most soluble compounds. Among the earthy bases is one which is exceptionally soluble—that is, magnesia,—and this stands next to soda in its abundance in sea-water.

Modern research has shown that the ocean contains in solution nearly every element that exists upon the earth, and that these elements exist in the water in proportion nearly corresponding to the mean solubility of their various compounds. Thus gold and silver and most of the other heavy metals are found to exist there. Somewhat found about 14 grains of gold to the ton of sea-water, or a dollar's worth in less than two tons.

As the ocean covers all the lower valleys of the earth, it receives all the drainage from the whole of the exposed land. This drainage is the rain-water that has fallen upon this exposed surface, has flowed down its superficial slopes, or has sunk into porous land, and descended under-ground. In either case the water must dissolve and carry with it any soluble matter that it meets, the quantity of solid matter which is thus appropriated being proportionate to its solubility and the extent of its exposure to the solvent. Rain when it falls upon the earth is distilled water nearly pure (its small impurities being what it obtains from the air), but river-water when it reaches the ocean contains measurable quantities of dissolved mineral and vegetable matter. These small contributions are ever pouring in and ever accumulating. This continual addition of dissolved mineral salts, without any corresponding abstraction by evaporation, has been going on ever since the surface of the earth has consisted of land and water.

An examination of the composition of other bodies of water, which, like the ocean, receive rivers or rivulets and have no other outlet than that afforded by evaporation, confirms this view. All of these are more or less saline. On the great Table Land of Asia, "the roof of the world," there is a multitude of small lakes which receive the waters of the rivers and rivulets of that region and have no outlet to the ocean. On a map they appear like bags with a string attached, the bag being the lake and the string the river. All these lakes are because they are ever receiving river-water of slight salinity, and ever giving off vapour which has no salinity at all. There is no wash through these lakes as in the great American lakes or the Sea of Constance, Geneva, etc.

The Sea of Aral and the Caspian are lakes without any other outlet than evaporation, and

they are saline accordingly. The Dead Sea, which receives the Jordan at one end and a multitude of minor rivers and rivulets at its other end and sides, is a noted example of extreme salinity. It is, as everybody knows, a sea or lake of brine. The total area of land draining into the great ocean does not exceed one-fourth of its own area, while the Dead Sea receives the drainage and soluble matter of an area above twenty times greater than its own, and thus it fulfils the demand of the above-stated theory by having far greater salinity than has the great ocean.

According to this view the salinity of the ocean must be steadily, though very slowly, increasing, and there must be slowly proceeding a corresponding adaptation or evolution among its inhabitants, both animal and vegetable. The study of this subject and the effect which the increasing salinity of the past must have had upon the progressive modifications of organic life displayed by fossils is, I think, worthy of more attention than it has hitherto received from paleontologists. —W. Matthew Williams, F.R.A.S., F.R.S., in Science.

At the recent International Congress of Physiology at Liege, Professor Herman demonstrated his method of photographing the sound of vowels. The vowels were sung out before one of Edison's phonographs. Immediately afterwards they were reproduced very slowly, and the vibrations recorded by a microphone. The latter was furnished with a mirror, which reflected the light of an electric lamp upon a registering cylinder, covered with sensitized paper and protected by another cylinder with a small opening which gave passage to the rays of light from the reflector. By this means was obtained very distinct photographic traces, and the constancy was remarkable for the different letters. —Scientific American.

The attempt has been made by sundry champions of the Church to show that some of Bacon's utterances against ecclesiastical and other corruptions in his time were the main cause of the severity which the Church authorities exercised against him. This helps the Church but little, even if it be well based, but it is not well based. That some of his utterances of this sort made him enemies is doubtless true, but the charges on which St. Bonaventura silenced him, and Jerome of Ascoli imprisoned him, and successive popes kept him in prison for fourteen years, were "dangerous novelties" and suspected sorcery. Sad is it to think of what this great man might have given to the world had ecclesiasticism allowed the gift. He held the key of treasures which would have freed mankind from ages of error and misery. With his discoveries as a basis, with his method as a guide, what might not the world have gained! Nor was the wrong done to that age alone; it was done to this age also. The nineteenth century was robbed at the same time with the thirteenth. But for that interference with science the nineteenth century would be enjoying discoveries which will not be reached before the twentieth century. Thousands of precious lives shall be lost in this century, tens of thousands shall suffer discomfort, privation, sickness, poverty, ignorance, for lack of discoveries and methods which, but for this mistaken dealing with Roger Bacon and his co-conspirators, would now be blessing the earth. In two recent years sixty thousand children died in England and in Wales of scarlet fever; probably quite as many died in the United States. Had not Bacon been hindered, we should have had in our hands, by this time, the means to save two-thirds of these victims; and the same is true of typhoid, typhus, cholera, and that great class of diseases of whose physical causes science is just beginning to get an inkling. Put together all the efforts of all the atheists who have lived, and they have not done so much harm to Christianity and the world as has been done by the narrow-minded, conscientious men who persecuted Roger Bacon, and closed the path which he gave his life to open.—From Magic to Chemistry and Physics, by Dr. Andrew D. White, in the Popular Science Monthly.



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## Ducking Scenes.

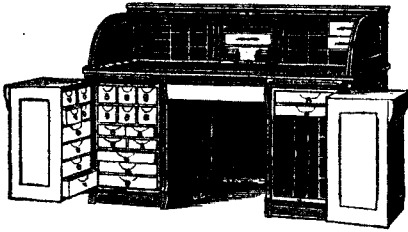
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It is said that a larger cave than the Mammoth Cave, situated in the Ozark Mountains, near Galena, Mo., has been explored for a distance of more than thirty miles. In it have been found bones of recent and prehistoric animals, including the hyena and cave bear, and flint arrow-heads, but no bones of man. A few animals of the usual forms found in caves are still living there, including a white newt.—Popular Science Monthly.

The coldest known spot on the earth's surface is on the Eastern Slope, a shelving mountain that runs down to near the water's edge, on the eastern bank of the Lena River, in Northeast Siberia. The spot in question is nine and a fourth miles from Serkerchoof, about latitude 67 north, and longitude 134 east. Dr. Woikoff, director of the Russian Meteorological Service, gives the minimum temperature of the plan as being 88 below zero. It is a place of almost perpetual calm. In the mountains near by, where windy weather is the rule, it is not nearly so cold.—St. Louis Republic.

Everybody Suffers Pain.—It is the result of violation of nature's laws. Perry Davis has done much to allay the suffering of the people by giving them out of nature's store-house a "balm for every wound." Such is the Pain-Killer; it stops pains almost instantly, is used both internally and externally, and is of all other pain remedies the oldest and best. New size Big Bottle, 25c.

Professor Pickering, of Harvard, is moving vigorously to procure a great telescope to be sent to the southern hemisphere to Arequipa, where his brother, Professor William Pickering, has been meeting with such excellent success. The atmospheric conditions at Arequipa seem to be simply wonderful as compared even with those which prevail in California, so that a great telescope there would have an immense advantage over all its rivals, and would be able to accomplish twice as much as it would if mounted in any of our existing observatories. The fact that at present there is not a single telescope of more than thirteen inches aperture in the southern hemisphere (excepting the four-foot reflector at Melbourne, which is generally regarded as a failure) adds greatly to the force of the appeal.—New York Independent.

"I am convinced of the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, after having taken but a few doses"—this is what many people say.

The study of the hair on man offers a most extensive field of enquiry, and one which presents many unsolved problems of the first order of importance. Why man as a species should present the amount and kind of hair that he does is variously explained, and the differences between the varieties of the human race are so great in this respect that, as is well known, one of the most popular subdivisions of the species is founded upon it. Most animals have more hair than man, but some less, as the Cetaceæ and the Sirenidæ. The anthropoid apes have, as a rule, much hair where man has little, as in the arm-pits and around the sex organs. In some localities, as the ears and nose, the hairs are clearly protective organs, while around the genitals they appear to be merely ornamental. In monkeys, the females are bearded, but such examples are rare in the human species. Bearded women, however, are not otherwise masculine, but have the sentiments and the capacity for motherhood. Bartels describes a very hairy gypsy girl, only seventeen years old, but already the mother of three children. With her the hairiness was from a nevus pigmentosus of extraordinary extent; and why these nevi should develop hairs is worthy enquiry. Man has the longest hair of any animal, and why he lost it over most of his body is the subject of much curious speculation. The loss led him to the inventions of painting and tattooing his body, of covering it with clay or clothes, to depilation, to the sense of modesty, and to many other unexpected results. The history of hair in man is thus an extraordinary one for the evolution of the species.—Prof. D. G. Brinton, in Science.

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The burning mine at Summit Hill, near Mauch Chunk, Pa., has been on fire since 1858.—Scientific American.

Father Hennepin, the missionary, discovered coal in 1669 in what is now Ottawa, Ill. This appears to be the first record of the finding of coal in America, but it was not mined until nearly a century and a half later. In 1813 five ark-loads of flinty coal were floated down the Lehigh River and sold for \$21 per ton.—Pittsburg Catholic.

To prevent the grip or any other similar epidemic, the blood and the whole system should be kept in healthy condition. If you feel worn out or have "that tired feeling" in the morning, do not be guilty of neglect. Give immediate attention to yourself. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to give strength, purify the blood and prevent disease.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

A prize of 3,000 francs has been offered by Baron Leon de Lerval, of Nice, to the inventor who shall produce the best portable apparatus for the use of deaf persons, constructed on the principle of the microphone. Competitors must send their instruments to Prof. Adam Politzer or Prof. Victor Von Lane, Vienna, before December 31, 1892. The prize will be awarded at the Fifth International Otological Congress, at Florence, in December, 1893.

Mr. John Jacob Astor is operating the first electric launch ever floated in the country, and is greatly delighted with his new toy, which works like a charm. This boat, some thirty-seven feet long, is operated by a current from storage batteries placed under the seats. By touching a button, off she goes, and he finds no trouble in making a seventy-mile run in her at eleven knots. A similar launch is to be operated at the World's Fair, and it is not unlikely that electricity may soon become the ordinary motive power for this kind of craft.—Boston Globe.

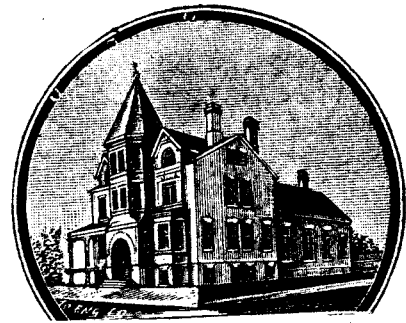
### A BEAU OF 1829.

When grandpa went a-wooing,  
He wore a satin vest,  
A trail of running roses  
Embroidered on the breast.  
The pattern of his trousers,  
His linen, white and fine,  
Were all the latest fashion  
In eighteen twenty-nine.

Grandpa was a fine-looking young fellow then, so the old ladies say, and he is a fine-looking old gentlemen now. For the past score of years he has been a firm believer in the merits of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. "It renewed my youth," he frequently says. It is the only blood-purifier and liver invigorator guaranteed to benefit or cure, or money promptly refunded. It cures liver disease, dyspepsia, scrofulous sores, skin eruptions, and all diseases of the blood. For lingering coughs and consumption (which is lung-scrofula in its early stages) it is an unparalleled remedy.

The much-talked-of bee-line, 100-miles-an-hour electric railway between St. Louis and Chicago is said to be actually under construction, with the prospect that it will be in use during a part of the World's Fair season. Commenting upon the scheme the London Electrical Engineer says: To reside some sixty to 100 miles away from one's place of business would seem to be an easy probability for the future citizen if the electric high-speed railways do all they are expected to accomplish. Instead of a town being a centralized aggregation of houses, we may return to the old, long straggling high street of a century ago, but on an extended scale. Boulevards are to stretch away from the so called towns, lined with trees and secluded houses. The resident will take his tram, run to the nearest station, go by train to the express stopping place, and from there be whisked to his destination, the whole distance, up to 60 or 100 miles, being done within an hour. Our towns will approximate to the geometrical notion of a line—length without breadth.

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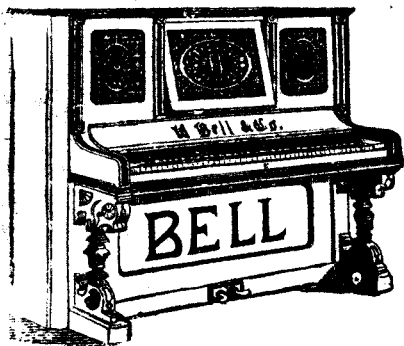
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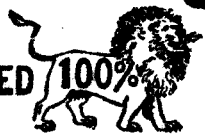
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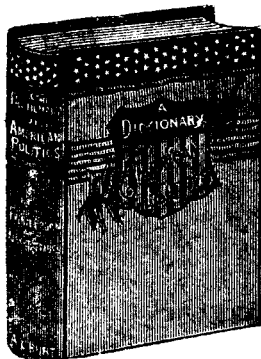
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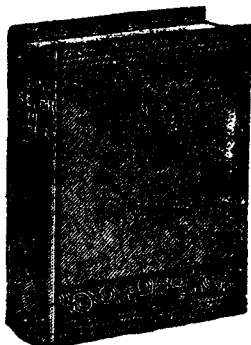
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