

THE WEEK:

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

Eighth Year.
Vol. VIII., No. 19.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, APRIL 10th, 1891.

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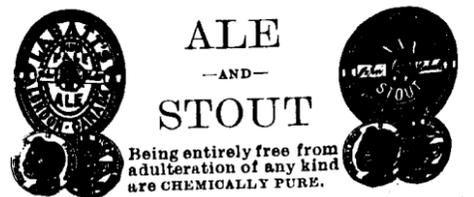
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

COULD we but wield the brush of an artist we would paint a picture for our city readers. A wealthy, prosperous city. Its two hundred thousand inhabitants, more or less, are proud of it. They are proud of its population, too. They consider themselves fully up to the average in education, intelligence, enterprise, energy, and whatever other qualities go to make up progressive citizenship. They have railroads, telegraphs, manufactures, all the appliances of progress. They are in the midst of a rich agricultural district. On every hand are evidences of their ability to turn to account the resources, the facilities, the forces with which nature has bountifully supplied them. In one respect only do they give evidence of falling below the ordinary level in intelligence and self-governing capacity. But alas! in that one regard their condition is one of chronic helplessness, alternating between apparent imbecility and genuine despair. Their city lies on the shores of a vast lake of pure, fresh water, but its wretched inhabitants seem fated, whether through some special judicial incapacity sent as a punishment for their sins, or for some other cause, to choose between drinking a liquid foul with poisonous impurities, and perishing with thirst. The great problem which has hitherto bewildered and overmastered them is how, with an ocean of pure water before their eyes, to get a drop to drink. Year after year, all their science and skill and wealth and energy have failed at this point. And now they seem to have about given up the attempt. They have managed to defile the waters all along the shores of their beautiful bay by pouring all the sewage of the city into it. Still they know, tantalizing thought! that there are oceans of pure water a little way, out. But how to get it? That is the question. They entrust the matter year after year to a council of wise men, chosen out of the whole body of citizens. These undertake to run a pipe through the polluted liquid on the shore to the limpid waters of the lake, and by means of pumps to draw in a supply of the pure article. The thing seems simple enough, but they simply fail to do it. At one time the pipe proves too short and they seem utterly unequal to the task of lengthening it. At another time it springs a leak, or is put down with a hole in it, in the vicinity of the unutterable foulness the sewage has

created, and they, being either unable to find the leak or not knowing how to stop it, continue month after month to pump the fluid abomination into the reservoirs and distribute it into the homes of the citizens. That is what the civic wisecracs of that great city are giving the people to drink to-day. And this is the nineteenth century, and the last decade of it! Surely Toronto is the city, and we, its citizens, are the people, and wisdom will die with us, and that right soon if we continue to concoct and drink the liquid poison that now flows through every pipe and tap in the city. A happy thought strikes us. Cannot our city fathers set their brains and energies at work and organize a service for bringing in the pure waters of the lake in water-boats and distributing it over the city in water carts, the citizens purchasing it as they now do milk at so much a quart? This would be at least doing something. And what a comfort it would be to the thirsty citizen to have even an occasional glass of water which he might actually dare to drink, without either boiling and filtering it or challenging an attack of typhoid.

IT is not easy to know what interpretation to put upon the unexpected turn of affairs in connection with the proposed informal conference at Washington, or whether it augurs well or ill for the prospects of reciprocity. It seems passing strange that Secretary Blaine should have gone so far in the matter without having ascertained the wish of the President to be present at the conference, or without having consulted his convenience in the matter. It certainly does not altogether comport with the dignity of the Canadian High Commissioner and the members of the Cabinet, that they should have been led to Washington on a bootless errand, or only to be somewhat curtly told that the unofficial interview they sought must be indefinitely postponed. Evidently some one had blundered, and a rigid enquiry into the history and fate of Sir Julian Pauncefote's telegram should be in order. If the event should prove that the ostensible reason for the postponement was its real cause and that President Harrison has become so far interested in the subject of reciprocal trade relations as to wish to make it a matter of close personal study, the change may prove for the better, notwithstanding the temporary chagrin its sudden announcement was adapted to produce. As everyone knows, the powers of the President under the United States' Constitution are really very large, and his personal interest and influence would go very far towards making or marring the success of such negotiations as those proposed. On the other hand the benefits that would accrue to both nations from freer interchange of such commodities as each could procure to better advantage from the other are so obvious that it is hard to believe that the President could acquaint himself with the facts without becoming favourable to a fair measure of reciprocity. At present it is by no means improbable that, like many even of the most intelligent of his countrymen, he may have very hazy ideas as to the real character and extent of Canadian resources. At any rate Canadians can desire nothing better than that the President of the United States should make a study of the products and resources of their country. As for the rest we can only await further developments, hoping that the delayed conference may take place at some early day, and that the movements of the Canadian delegates may be conducted with such deliberation as to prevent the possibility of another such *contre-temps*.

WE have certainly no wish to appear as if in persistent opposition to any project which aims at bringing into closer relations the different parts of the British Empire. Hence, we have taken no pleasure in presenting, from time to time, even in their mildest form, some of the difficulties—well-nigh insuperable as they seem to us—which stand in the way of the consummation so ardently desired by the champions of Imperial Federation. We do so only as in a manner compelled in self-defence, when challenged to give a reason for our lack of faith in the cure for our commercial ills and those of the Mother Country, which is so full of promise in the eyes of our sanguine correspondent, Mr. J. Castell Hopkins. Mr. Hopkins returns to the charge with renewed vigour this week. We

need not grudge him all the support he can extract from certain utterances of Lord Salisbury in 1887, especially since we have already seen how those quotations are more than discounted by the unequivocal words of Lord Salisbury in 1890. Nor shall we stay to set over against the somewhat non-committal opinions of other men and of newspapers of the same or earlier date, the later and stronger *dicta* of such men as Mr. Goschen and Mr. Gladstone. The enthusiasm that can build so much and so confidently upon such deliverances as, for instance, those of Lord Carnarvon, or even Lord Roseberry himself, the leading advocate of Imperial Federation in the Mother Country, deserves a better encouragement than is to be found in the chilling criticisms of hard-headed British statesmen and political economists. For our own part, we are willing not only to wait for, but even to be convinced by the logic of events. If the question is one of immediate practical politics, or one that "must very soon be faced," we shall not have long to wait.

LET us glance—and we can but glance—at the statistical argument. We take the figures furnished by our correspondent. British trade with Europe and the United States amounted in 1889 to, in round numbers, four hundred and forty-four millions of pounds sterling. Over one hundred and seven millions of this total was the price of British manufactured goods exported to these countries. These last were all, Mr. Hopkins tells us, that gave employment to British labour or remuneration to British industry. Let us see. What about all the millions of pounds worth which were sold in other parts of the world, outside the colonies, as the result of the superior cheapness and excellence which are the result of British free trade, and which enable British products to defy competition from those of protectionist countries? And what, too, of all the millions of citizens to whom employment is given by the vast commerce which is fed by means of these products, to say nothing of the stimulus given to ship-building and a thousand connected industries? But in the same year Britain did one hundred and eighty-seven millions of trade with the colonies and other parts of the Empire—what part of it was done with the colonies which would profit by the proposed commercial federation, we are not told. Of this, nearly a hundred millions consisted of imports, largely of raw material and food, which were met by no hostile tariff, and so cannot be admitted more freely; while over eighty-two and a-quarter millions of manufactured products were bought by the colonists, in spite of their hostile tariffs. These are the figures adduced to prove—what? That Great Britain would profit immensely by imposing taxes on foreign importations, thus hampering and reducing her trade with foreign nations. Is not that strange logic? We need not take space to analyze it fully. The unprejudiced reader can do that for himself. Trade follows the flag—the trade within the Empire Britain already has and is sure to retain. The protectionist colonies might, it is true, stimulate it somewhat by lowering or removing their taxes on British goods, thus letting Britain do their manufacturing for them, seeing that she can do it cheaper than they, and sending her more food products and raw material in return. The Mother Country would welcome that arrangement, no doubt. That would bring us back to the old idea of colonial relations. Would Mr. Hopkins approve of that? But, so far as the Mother Country herself is concerned, she has already done her part to promote closer relations. She cannot make her markets for colonial products freer than they are. "But she can shut out those of other nations." That is to say, seeing that the colonies meet her free admission of their products with a stiff tax upon hers, she should reward their filial consideration by imposing a preferential tariff in their favour! And, by the way, we must be very dull, we suppose; but Mr. Hopkins has not yet enabled us to see in the least how this preferential tariff is going to work "to encourage production and demand in the colonies" without increasing the price of colonial products in the British market. If Great Britain had a hostile tariff on these productions to remove, or if the market for these productions were perpetually becoming glutted, the case would be different. As it is, we simply cannot see in what way the stimulus is to be applied. If Mr. Laurier

and Sir Richard Cartwright have admitted that such a policy would be beneficial to the Dominion, and if they reasoned soundly, they must have assumed, we venture to say, that prices would be increased in Britain. But that would mean, as Lord Salisbury has told us, a state of things scarcely distinguishable from civil war. Otherwise "the advantage of ten or twelve per cent. in the British market," of which Mr. Hopkins speaks, must mean simply that foreigners are to get ten or twelve per cent. less for their products, not colonists ten or twelve per cent. more. Or it must mean that the British people would have to pay the colonists ten or twelve per cent. more for their products than they would have to pay but for the tariff, an idea which would be abhorrent to the British soul. Hence, we are still in the dark, and in the dark we fear we must remain.

WE are glad to learn that, as we anticipated, the Minister of Education is to introduce an Act for the prevention of truancy and the securing of universal elementary education, by compulsory measures when necessary. That such compulsion is necessary is sufficiently proved by the fact we have quoted in a former number, that more than 86,000 children in Ontario, between the ages of seven and thirteen, attended school in 1889 less than 100 days in the year. Eighty-six thousand children, out of a total population of perhaps two hundred and fifty or three hundred thousand between the ages named, is an appallingly large percentage to be permitted to grow up in almost total illiteracy. We are sure that every intelligent member of the House will be interested in making the proposed legislation as thorough and effective as possible. The principle of free elementary education once admitted—and the Canadian legislator who should now refuse to admit that principle would be a curiosity—there is absolutely no logical stopping-place short of enforced attendance at schools, and free text-books and apparatus. On what ground can universal taxation for the support of free schools be defended? Evidently only on the ground of the necessity of these schools for the safety and well-being of the State. The State has not only an inherent right, but it is its bounden duty to protect itself against the dangers arising from the ignorance of its citizens. But it is manifestly unjust as well as futile to compel intelligent citizens to pay taxes for this purpose without taking the measures necessary to ensure that those taxes shall be so applied as to effect the purpose for which they are imposed and paid. Here is the whole argument in a nutshell, and it is simply a marvel, when we come to think of it, that we have been so long content with such a state of things as that disclosed in the statistics referred to. Need we go on to show that, as it would be useless to crowd these sixty thousand odd children into the schools without the necessary books and other appliances for doing the work of the schools; as, moreover, it is reasonable to infer that most of them are children of indigent parents, if not actual orphans or waifs, it would be useless to expect them to come supplied with these appliances, it logically follows that provision should be made for supplying these essentials without charge? We suppose all that can be done at present is to clothe the school boards with the necessary powers, and leave to them the option of furnishing free school supplies, but we are sure that a trial of the plan in Ontario will result, as it has in many parts of the United States, in so demonstrating its utility that it will soon become popular. Another point should not be lost sight of by the Minister and the Legislature in this connection. This compulsory education, in order to produce the best results, should be in a large measure manual or industrial. This suggests a still larger and more difficult problem, but it is one to the solution of which statesmen and educators cannot too soon apply themselves in all seriousness. The idea of universal, free, compulsory education, as essential to the safety and well-being of the State, will have found its full logical development only when it has been provided, not only that no child shall grow up in illiteracy, but that none shall grow up without having been so far given the mastery of his bodily organs and perceptive faculties as to have within his reach the means of earning an honest livelihood by manual industry.

THE citizens of Montreal are to be congratulated on the enterprise and public spirit of Mr. Lovell, in having supplied them with a reliable census of the city's population, as well as with many other statistical facts relating to the property and progress of their city, which must be of great interest and importance to all concerned in its welfare. The very respectable number of 211,302

citizens gives the city, we believe, the tenth place in point of size among the great cities of the continent. The fact that over twenty millions, or nearly one-sixth of the whole one hundred and twenty-five millions' worth of property in the city is exempt from taxation, and so bears no share of the burden of civic expenses, is one which should give the thoughtful pause, though possibly Montreal is not much worse off than her sister cities in this respect. The number of hands employed in factories of various kinds speaks well for the industrial activity of the city, while the fact that during navigation 624 ocean steamships arrived, to say nothing of the 252 gulf, lake and river steamboats and the very large number of vessels of other descriptions, shows the position which the city has reached as a centre of commerce, and suggests the still larger possibilities of the future. We shall probably have to wait for the Dominion census in order to learn how closely Toronto is pushing her flourishing rival in the matter of trade and population. Happily each is pretty sure to profit by whatever adds to the real prosperity of the other.

THE announcement that the Dominion Government has decided not to veto the Manitoba School Bill, but to await the decision of the Supreme Court as to its validity, would be reassuring, were it not coupled with the intimation that, in case of the constitutionality of the Act being established, the Government will proceed to deal with it, as a Court of Appeal, in response to the petition of the Roman Catholic prelates, and by virtue of the authority vested in it by that clause of the Manitoba Act which provides that "an appeal shall be to the Governor in council from any Act of the Legislature affecting any right or privilege of the minority in relation to education." Referring to the ground on which such an appeal may be based we find it in the preceding clause of the Act which declares that "no provincial legislation shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege which any class have by law or practice in the Province at the union." The announcement in question has, it must be confessed, an ominous look. Should the Supreme Court pronounce the Act *intra vires* of the Manitoba Legislature, and the Dominion Government proceed, as intimated, to take up the question on the petition of the prelates, the situation will surely be a curious one. If the question which the Government would thus undertake to decide would not be precisely the same question upon which the Supreme Court would just have pronounced, the distinction would be exceedingly fine. In the Ottawa despatch we are told that the question now before the courts is: "Do they (the Manitoba Acts), as a matter of fact, prejudicially affect any right or privilege in regard to education which Roman Catholics had by law or practice when Manitoba became part of the union?" That being decided in the negative by the highest judicial authority in the Dominion, the Governor in council is then, we are told, to entertain an appeal from the Acts, the basis of appeal being the question whether the Acts affect any right or privilege of the minority in relation to education. That is to say, the Dominion Government is to sit in judgment on an appeal from the decision of the Supreme Court. At least that is how the thing presents itself to the lay mind. Of one thing we may be sure. Should the Dominion Government attempt to interfere with the working of the Act, after it had been pronounced constitutional by the courts, the cry of Provincial Rights would be raised with greater vehemence than ever before. Would it not be raised with stronger provocation, not to say justification?

NOTWITHSTANDING the contradictions and conflicts of party politics in Canada there remain, happily, a few facts and a few lines of policy upon which all must agree. Among the most important of these is the fact that the country affords ample scope and inducement for agricultural settlers, and that, seeing that a large increase in the number of such settlers is one of its most obvious and pressing needs, no reasonable expense or effort should be spared in making known its advantages in these respects abroad, and especially in the agricultural districts of the Mother Country. One of the most sensible plans that has yet been adopted for the furtherance of this object was the Government's action in inviting a number of gentlemen connected with the agricultural industry in the different parts of the United Kingdom, to visit in order the Provinces of the Dominion, and report freely and fully the results of their personal observations. The visits were, as we all know, duly made; every reasonable facility for

gaining correct information and reaching just conclusions was afforded, and the result has now been for a little time before the British public in the shape of four comprehensive Reports, prepared respectively by the representatives of different localities in the United Kingdom. Needless to say, these reports furnish to all interested in the Mother Country a mass of information of the most practical and reliable character, doubly valuable because prepared as the result of personal study on the spot, by men who know the condition and needs of those for whose benefit the information is intended and who have no personal or provincial ends to serve by any colouring of the simple facts. As a leading English newspaper observes, "they afford the reliable means of obtaining information concerning Canada which is free from the slightest suspicion of exaggeration such as might attach in the minds of many desiring emigrants to reports emanating from those who are avowedly anxious to draw population into the Dominion." After saying so much it is unnecessary to dwell, for Canadian readers, who need no information on the subject, upon the generally favourable character of the reports. Being truthful, they could not have been other than generally favourable, though, of course, at the same time discriminating. The results of the free distribution of these reports throughout the agricultural districts of Great Britain and Ireland will not be exhausted in a single season, or in many seasons, and we venture to say that these visiting tenant farmers will prove eventually to have been the most effective immigration agents ever employed by any Canadian Government. Whether the present Minister of Agriculture is continued in his official position or not, it must be admitted that the conception and carrying out of the plan of which these reports are the outcome and the establishment of the Ottawa Experimental Farm, will entitle him to remembrance as the originator of two of the most important movements that have yet been devised at Ottawa in the interests of Canadian agriculture.

THOUGHTFUL observers of the perpetual and disastrous struggles between capital and labour must often have wondered why a proximate solution of the whole problem has not long since been found in the principle of profit-sharing. The wonder still grows, for this system, in some of the many forms in which it has been and is now being successfully applied, must have in it the essential qualities of the remedy so sadly needed. Carried to its logical results the principle of profit-sharing should develop such potency for the correction of whatever is unjust in the ordinary distribution of the fruits of industry as would make it a veritable panacea for all troubles arising on this score between employers and employed. A Parliamentary return which has been recently published in England gives much interesting information with regard to the extent to which profit-sharing has already been carried in different countries. The chief forms in which the system is adopted may be briefly characterized as the bonus, the provident fund, the joint ownership system and the cash payment out of net profits. The bonus system, which consists simply of the distribution of a yearly gift or thank-offering to the workers, is fitly described as the "chrysalis stage of profit-sharing," and we shall not probably be far astray if we regard the order in which other methods are named above as indicating successive stages of its development. The cash-payment system, under which a percentage of the profits is added to wages, is said to be probably the most popular among workingmen. A good many firms combine different systems. For example the great undertaking of M. Leclaire, house painter and decorator, of Paris, combines, in its present development, the cash system, the stock system and the provident fund. According to the present organization of the Leclaire firm, 5 per cent. of the capital of 400,000 francs is deducted, like wages, to find the net profit, and of the net sum 50 per cent. goes to reward labour in cash, 25 per cent. goes to the management, and 25 per cent. to a great provident society, which, by the liberality of M. Leclaire, has become half owner of the capital of the firm. M. Leclaire's business, like that of some other eminent firms which have adopted the principle of profit-sharing, has been a splendid success. It is easily understood why this should be so when we consider some of the sources of the advantages to be derived from the system. These are classified as follows: 1. Reduction of waste of material. 2. Superior excellence in the work done. 3. Diminished expense of superintendence. 4. Greater stability in the staff, and consequent reduction of risk in commercial enterprise. 5. Increase of practical information connected with the

business, the workers being stimulated to aid the managing staff with suggestions as to improvements and information as to new processes. Mr. William E. Bear, of London, to whose article in *Bradstreet's* we are indebted for the foregoing particulars, says that some strong evidence as to the success of the profit-sharing system is given in the report. Fifty-two English, seventy-nine French and twenty-three American firms are named as profit-sharers. As the system first came into operation more than forty years ago in France and about twenty years ago in England, it must be confessed that its evolution has not been so rapid as the sanguine might have hoped and expected. Still, the fact that it has made so much progress, and has proved undeniably successful in so many instances, affords good ground for hoping for far greater results in the future. Profit-sharing is next of kin to coöperation, but combines with it the advantages of capital and business ability—the want of which have so often proved fatal to coöperative enterprises.

A QUESTION of radical importance in connection with the diplomatic dispute between the United States and Italy is that of the exact nature of the demand made by the latter. Secretary Blaine, in his letter to the Marquis Imperiali, Italian Charge d'Affaires at Washington, after the abrupt departure of Baron Fava, says: "Even if the National Government had the entire jurisdiction over the alleged murderers, it could not give assurance to any foreign power that they should be punished." The Washington Government has distinctly recognized the principle of indemnity involved in the second of the two demands made by Italy, so that the whole difficulty seems to hinge upon the first. As above stated Mr. Blaine's position is so obviously sound that it is not easy to conceive of Premier Rudini as actually formulating or adhering to such a demand as that indicated. No Constitutional Government would or could give a pledge in advance of trial that the perpetrators of a given offence or crime should be punished. As elsewhere stated the gist of the first demand of the Italian Government was that the Government at Washington should give an assurance that the instigators of the massacre should be brought to justice. This is indefinite, if not ambiguous. An Associated Press correspondent, who is said to have perused all the despatches exchanged from the outset between the two Governments, is represented as saying that in substance Italy asked only that a fair legal process should be instituted against the culprits, regarding them as common assassins; in other words, that they should be criminally prosecuted. This sounds fair and reasonable. Assuming this to be the true purport of the Italian demand, the question then arises: is Italy's course wholly unjustifiable in refusing to accept the peculiar division of authority between the National and State Governments under the Constitution of the United States, as a sufficient excuse for failure to comply with this demand? Is it unreasonable for one nation to maintain that another nation is responsible for the fulfilment of its treaty obligations to the extent of bringing to trial the known instigators of a massacre of citizens of the former, irrespective of any peculiarities in its Constitution; or, if not, that the nation whose subjects are denied such protection by the National Government should be entitled to deal directly with that of the State immediately concerned? There seems to be a general consensus in the English and Canadian press comments to the effect that the United States cannot be expected to "alter its Constitution at the bidding of a foreign power." It is instructive at such a moment to remember how the United States on a former memorable occasion met the somewhat similar plea that the provisions of British law had rendered it impossible for the British Government to prevent the sailing of a certain famous privateer from one of the ports of the Kingdom. It may be true, as the London *Economist* says, that "if the United States continues to claim exemption from pressing international obligations, its position will not be supported without new international laws or a recourse to war to obtain modification." But it by no means follows, as other journals contend, that "federal institutions cannot be worked by nations having wide external interests." Everything depends, obviously, on the character of the federal institutions. While we can but think that Italy has reason to be dissatisfied with Secretary Blaine's assurance that the fullest investigation of all the facts will be made, seeing that such information without corresponding action would be but an aggravation of the injury, we are far from supposing that Italy will be unwise enough to carry the dispute to the point of war

with a nation whose immense resources would render the contest an absurdly unequal one in the end, whatever advantage the weaker might derive from its fleet at the outset. But the President and Mr. Blaine will do themselves and their nation the greatest honour by taking some measures to ensure that Italy's just demand shall be granted in substance, if not in form.

THE ETHICS OF OPPOSITION.

A CONTRIBUTOR in commenting on Mr. Blake's letter recites the clearly defined views of Sir Robert Peel, a famous English statesman of great ability and noble character, upon the true function of Parliamentary Opposition. At this juncture these views are well worthy of earnest consideration by the Canadian people. It may well be questioned whether an Opposition which aims by ridicule, invective and obstruction, to defeat the purpose of a Government which is endeavouring to carry out its pledge made to the people before election, and on which it was sustained by the people at the polls, can be deemed either dignified or worthy of the traditions of the English-speaking race. Honest opposition, in a just cause, from a party standpoint, cannot reasonably be objected to. Nor can it be expected that the Canadian Reformers would be fully contented with a measure of reciprocity with the United States if obtained by Sir John Macdonald's Government—when they demand unrestricted reciprocity. But is the good of the country to be deemed inferior to the success of a party? Surely not. The serious consideration for Canadians is this: Is it dignified? Is it fair to the honour and character of the Canadian people? that a Government which represents in its negotiations for a reciprocity treaty not merely a party, but the Canadian people, who have made it their authoritative agent to secure a favourable measure of reciprocity with the United States Government, should by the Opposition journals be persistently hindered and obstructed, and treated with ridicule and contempt, in its effort to do its duty to the electorate of Canada.

We mistake the temper of the Canadian people if we think that such a course of opposition can have any other effect than that of causing them to disapprove of such conduct on the part of the Opposition press. Would not the fair, the dignified, the patriotic course, be like that of the great British statesman referred to by our contributor, —to place no obstacle in the way of the Government in its effort from its own standpoint to negotiate an advantageous trade treaty for Canada, and then, when the Government has either failed through its own inability to obtain such a treaty, or has obtained one that is objectionable and defective, to visit it with the criticism, which it is an Opposition's function to provide? We think the latter course is far better adapted than the former to make a Government out of an Opposition, and to maintain the dignity and advance the true interests of our common country.

MR. BLAKE'S LETTER, AND THE ETHICS OF OPPOSITION.

TWENTY-FOUR years since, when Federal union of the Canadian Provinces had been accomplished, the late Dr. Ryerson issued an address to the people of Ontario replete throughout with apprehensions for the future of the new nation. Approaching the close of a public life of more than forty years his "Prayer to God" was "that the new Dominion of Canada might become prosperous and happy by avoiding those errors which had in times past been injurious, by adopting those maxims of both feeling and conduct which the best and most experienced men of Europe and America have enjoyed as essential to the strength and happiness, the advancement and grandeur of a nation. . . . That personal hostilities and party strife had been the most fatal obstacles to our happiness and progress as a people—a most fruitful source of partiality and corruption in legislation and government, a prolific cause of moral degeneracy in public men, and a melancholy perversion of the very purposes of government, the true office of which is to be 'a minister of God for good,' and not a game of party favouritism and proscriptio."

The writings of Hume, the Rev. Robert Hall, Lord Brougham and others are quoted, and show that a systematic opposition is a most corrupt and unprincipled maxim.

Sir Robert Peel, in his last speech made in the British House of Commons, June 28, 1850, while opposing the Government, said:—

"Sir, I will not forget, and I need not remind the House, that I have given or attempted to give, to Her Majesty's Government, my support—during the last four years (cheers). In utter oblivion of the circumstances under which they succeeded to power (a laugh) I have felt it my

duty to give them not an ostentatious, but because it was not ostentatious a not less effective, support (loud cheers). I have not the honour or advantage of possessing their personal friendship; I have never been in political connection with them; I have held no communication with them during the last four years which may not be held by any member of this House, who may be most independent and most unconnected with their policy; I have given them my support because I cordially approved of the policy which they carried into domestic affairs."

Dr. Wayland, the late distinguished President of the Brown University, the brightest ornament of the American Baptist Church, whose work on moral science is used as a text-book in Toronto University College, says:—

"Political corruption is no less wicked because it is so common. Dishonesty is no better policy in the affairs of State than in other affairs; though men may persuade themselves and others to the contrary, an executive officer is not the organ of a section or of a district, much less of a party, but of society at large; and he who uses his power for the benefit of a section, or of a party, is false to his duty, to his country, and to his God. He is engraving his name on the adamant pillar of his country's history, to be gazed upon for ever as an object of universal detestation."

The late Mr. Fenimore Cooper, whose fame as a scholar and writer is European as well as American, thus speaks in his *American Democrat* on the effects as well as the cause of this abominable system of partyism in Government:—

"Anyone who has lived long enough to note the changes of the sort must have perceived how fast men of probity and virtue are losing their influence in the country, to be superseded by those who scarcely deem an affectation of higher qualities necessary to their success."

The late celebrated Dr. Channing, of Boston, thus speaks: "Politics in its common sense, or considered as the invention of temporary shifts, as the playing of a subtle game, as the tactics of a party for gaining power, is a paltry and debasing concern. The intellect in becoming a pander to vice, a tool of the passions, an advocate of lies, becomes not only wholly degraded but diseased. It loses the capacity of distinguishing truth from wrong. The faith of man in the capacity of men for Government is shaken."

Judge Story, in his commentaries on the constitution of the United States, says: "The best talents and the best virtues are driven from office by intrigue and corruption or by the violence of the press or of party."

In Britain the habit of independent thought and of action has resulted in a succession of great men, capable and brave in every emergency for service to the State. In Canada criticism of the past or sagacious reasoning as to the future, anything but "Partyism" which means the "present hour" has hitherto been the unpardonable sin, our autonomy will never be secure until a higher standard of political ethics is adopted, unless we keep in advance the great English-speaking nation to the south of us in all that adds dignity to our public men and until constituencies are represented by men worthy of their trust.

Mr. Cobden entered Parliament not to support a party, to play for office, or educate himself for professional statesmanship, still less to gratify personal vanity or to acquire social importance, but as the representative of distinct principles and the champion of a great cause (free trade).

Under party government "Annexation" has ever been in view as a refuge for the "outs." On this topic open manifestos, platform oratory, muttered threats or secret or embarrassing negotiations are now matters of history.

Canada under Confederation has had twenty-three years of virulent party government culminating in an electoral contest in which the only existence of the Dominion was the subject for decision by the electors. The most noticeable feature in that contest was the painful event closing "the political life" of Mr. Blake. He says:

"By your extraordinary favour I have been permitted to serve you for the greater part of four and twenty years, during which long interval public affairs have mainly occupied my time and thoughts.

"There is much to be done and much to be prevented at Ottawa, and while deeply sensible of many shortcomings it yet seems reasonable to suppose that the experience of all these years has made me less unfit than formerly for your service. This is the sphere which offers the best prospect of usefulness to my country.

"Therefore I pray you not to suppose that it is despondency at the failure of past efforts, or preference for ignoble ease or sordid toil, or indifference to your warm friendship and generous constancy that leads me to ask the withdrawal of my name. But I do not find myself free today to speak my mind."

Clean hands and power, or to sail with "a party" in a fog without rudder or compass are disclosed in this letter as equally distasteful to Mr. Blake. But a desire and willingness to give his magnificent intellect, fully trained, but untrammelled by party, to the service of his country in her present crisis is equally apparent.

The manner of Mr. Blake's retirement and the close of "the political life" when never more fit for service, with much to be done and much to be prevented at Ottawa, followed by a brilliant exposition of fiscal, financial and political difficulties to be encountered and discussed is clearly an event in Canadian history.

If the full significance of this act is grasped by the people of Canada a new era may have begun, tending to make perpetual the great northern nation on this conti-

ment. Despondency, ignoble ease or sordid toil are not factors in Mr. Blake's present retirement.

It has been said and with truth that the future of a country is in her young men. The youth of Canada are addicted largely to party parades and grow up "bound hand and foot to party."

The perfect man is not so made. The firm will to persist in a reasonable course of action once chosen, and a manly courage to assert the right in the face of dominant wrong, conduct, pure, noble and just, with no desire to be relieved from labour, are the constituents of the best specimens of modern civilization.

EDWARD HARRIS.

PARIS LETTER.

SOCIALISM having emigrated to Germany, as Thiers and Gambetta boasted, has unquestionably returned to France but stripped of much Utopianism, hence the reason why the largest school of French socialists have baptized themselves "Possibilists." They follow the lead of Germany while marching arm and arm with their companions in Austria and Italy. They will hold a demonstration on the first of May next—they abstained last year. The chief planks in their platform are: eight hours a day work; augmentation of wages and for municipalities, either singly or collectively; to undertake the storing of grain, grinding it into flour and baking it into bread. The one-pound loaf would thus cost six instead of eight sous. The Possibilists are facing social difficulties; this is an advance on windbagism and cloudiness. They will have no medicine-men—save themselves; the municipalities must be their backbone, by providing free workshops and capital for co-operative labour. Obligatory education is affirmed to be a delusion so long as the State does not support the children. The working classes are the majority, and ought to unite to vote solid and straight for the candidates of their order, pay less attention to strikes and more to securing a controlling majority in Parliament.

After being permanently exiled in 1886 with the Orleanist pretenders, Prince Napoleon retired to his exile home at Prangins, near Nyon, in Switzerland. There he passed his day in his study or in feeding, playing and walking with his three Newfoundland dogs, maintaining his correspondence with numerous European celebrities, and, above all, conversing and smoking with visitors. In summer he rose at five o'clock and took his bath in the river close by, in winter his tub must be iced. His favourite, and indeed only drink since the doctors placed him on a special régime, was iced water. Like Napoleon I., he eats rapidly and quits the dinner-table precipitately. He likes to spend much of his time in his museum, composed of relics of Napoleon I., some of which include the sword he wore at Austerlitz—destined for Boulanger in case he won Alsace for France. There are coronation dress articles of Napoleon, some of his hair and a portion of the coffin in which he was interred at St. Helena.

Prince Napoleon's eldest son, Victor, resembles his uncle the King of Italy in appearance, but he has no distinct individualism. His father disowns him and has concentrated all his affections and care on the second son, Prince Louis, who has some of the physical and mental traits of the Bonapartes. That the Prince has inflexibility of will is shown in his attitude not to pardon his eldest son, but when his sister-in-law, Maria Pia, married the King of Portugal, he wrote her: "I like you very much, but, since you have married an Orleanist, I like you no more." Similar to Napoleon I., the Prince is a good chess-player; he has no taste for billiards. He cares little for dispaty, his pocket-book, that he never quits, costs only two sous, and everyday he notes in it the changes and strength of the French army and the sums voted for its maintenance.

The French are born to trouble in Tonkin as the sparks to fly upwards. One of the resident Governors and his body guard have been assassinated by the Black Flags, another Rivière affair and which must be avenged, as withdrawing from the colony is impossible. It is said an expeditionary corps of 10,000 men will be necessary to keep the inhabitants quiet, and a good punishment column must be sent into the disaster district to repair the check. In case France was involved in European complications, the Black Flags would likely become tragically lively. The population of Tonkin is 9,000,000, and of Algeria 3,250,000, and it takes an entire army corps to watch the latter.

Spain is the only country in Europe that has a distinct Chinese Legation; this is due to the thousands of coolies resident in her colonies. The great powers are honoured with a Minister Plenipotentiary, who drops in on them from time to time. The Chinese Legation here has had for secretary the popular General Tchong-ki-Tong, a veritable Boulevardier, who writes and speaks French like a native, and is as well known in Paris as the Pont-Neuf, for he has resided over a quarter of a century in the capital. His return to China is deservedly regretted. His successor is M. Tchong-Tchang, a diplomatist and a distinguished linguist, and what is singular a Catholic, a religion to which also his Tartar wife belongs. That will be a rebuff for the Western "Buddhas." The few Chinese living in Paris sell tea; one wide-awake John Chinaman boasts of the specialty of vending only "tea from the French colonists," which do not produce a leaf or a tip of that shrub. Patriots give him their custom. Other Chinese are employed by big grocers to make up coffee and

rice in paper bags. One Chinese has opened an "Opium Paradise" for the delectation of Europeans who have lived in Tonkin or the Flowery Land, and he has several on his "pipe roll."

Despite the famous "Decrees," there are fifty-five convents and fifteen monasteries in Paris; of the total 70, three are due to British endowments. Parisians have sixty-nine churches to meet their religious wants, and thirty-one of these are dedicated to saints. It has been said that Spain is the land to die in because of its devotion; Voltarian Paris beats Madrid in facilities for piety.

It is contemplated to raise the wind for the poor, by having a carted stag hunted in the Bois de Boulogne, early in May. A splendid pack of thirty-five hounds is promised and the Duc d'Aumale will supply the stag. The hunting party, ladies and gentlemen, are to be dressed in the hunting costumes of Louis V., and will pay 100 frs. for their *permis de chasse*. A corps of trumpeters will assist. Spectators will be charged five to fifty frs., following standpoint. The idea bites.

Although May Day be a good six weeks distant, the working classes are actively organizing to have an imposing but pacific demonstration. Home Minister Constans will assist them in the latter by his manifestations. Last year the turnout was a fiasco because the workmen were disunited. On the present occasion they are unanimous to show capitalists and employers—their strength. The orators charged with the arrangements hold advanced ideas. One speaker laid down that Governments would and could do nothing for labour; another aims to turn society inside out like a glove; a third repudiates patriotism and believes only in the universal brotherhood of toilers, united to suppress militarism. The labour deputies were accused of allowing themselves to be "fattened at the grub tables of capitalists" and with having their "nails rounded by employers' ladies." Stung at this heretical charge one deputy retorted that he expended his official salary of twenty-five frs. a day in bringing out socialist pamphlets, and utilized his free pass over the railways to preach the sacred cause of revolution throughout the country.

AMONG THE MILLET—BY LAMPMAN.

Yes, Nature's hand is 'gainst his lips,
The secrets of her finger tips
Are his! his ear is near her heart,
He hears the buds and blossoms start,
The streams awake, the loving wind,
Which stoops to coax the grass unbind
Its old, worn clasp! the Robin, too,
Who flings his songs athwart the blue,
And taunts the echoes far and near.
In reckless gladness! These appear
And take fine form in his rich soul,
He feels and knows, and scans the whole,
And gathers in his dewy rhyme
The glamour of the whole spring time.

C. M. HOLMES.

Pictou, Ont., April, 1891.

PROMINENT CANADIANS—XXXV.

SKETCHES of the following Prominent Canadians have already appeared in THE WEEK: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sir Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Louis Honoré Fréchette, LL.D., Sir J. William Dawson, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Hon. William Stevens Fielding, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G., Alexander McLaughlan, Hon. J. A. Chapeau, Sir Richard Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Sandford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G., Hon. H. G. Joly, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sir William Buell Richards, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P., Hon. Honoré Mercier, Q.C., Hon. William Macdougall, C.B., Rev. Principal MacVicar, D.D., LL.D., Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., George Paxton Young, M.A., Hon. Auguste Real Angers, Principal Caven, D.D., William Ralph Meredith, LL.D., Q.C., M.P.P., Sir William Pearce Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., Senator the Hon. John Macdonald, the Hon. John Hawkins Hagarty, D.C.L., Chief Justice of Ontario, Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison, Sir Antoine Aime Dorion, His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, Charles Mair, F.R.S.C., Chief Justice Allen, and Sir John Thompson, K.C.M.G.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

IN countries like the Motherland, ripe with honourable years, rich in illustrious ancestry, and still rapidly productive of individual types of greatness, a man must indeed be essentially a heroic figure—using the attribute in the sense which Carlyle attaches to it, in order to capture the attention and compel the admiration of a people long used to appraise merit in every form.

But in this young Canada of ours, we have less reason to view with indifference or apathy the efforts of a son of the soil to carve out for himself a noble career, the success of which must be of inappreciable value to his country, helping to invest her with a dignity which all her achievements hitherto, in the political, agricultural or commercial orders, have been powerless to obtain for her.

For a nation's patent of nobility is her poets' list. Not Alexander, but Homer, immortalized his country, Virgil is greater than Caesar; the land of Shakespeare takes precedence of the land of Wellington; the pen of Longfellow is mightier than the sword of Washington. It remains for Canada, or to be just, we should say English Canada, to produce her singers, before she can hope to be admitted into the aristocracy of nations.

Viewing her destiny in this light, it becomes apparent that any evidences of extraordinary talent, or to be

bold, let us say any promise of genius, on the part of her sons, must be eagerly looked upon, by men imbued with national spirit, as the possible germ of that intellectual greatness, without which mere material prosperity would be but a vain and barren result.

Though it might be rash and even dangerous to forecast the future of a man as young as Mr. Lampman, yet there are, in the work he has already produced, suggestions of power, insight, wisdom, pathos, courage, and truth, which, in the mind of an attentive reader, breed hopes of a very high order indeed, and are, we think, a sufficient justification for the assumption that his success is a matter of national importance.

Granting this fact, no excuse need be offered for making his character and work a theme for serious study and public discussion, though a perfectly fair and frank treatment of the subject is as yet, for obvious reasons, a task of more than ordinary difficulty and delicacy.

Thirty years ago, namely, on the seventeenth of November, 1861, at the little post-village of Morpeth, in the county of Kent, and on the shore of Lake Erie, our poet, Archibald Lampman, was born. His parents though both Canadians by birth are descended from German families, and people who love to ascribe the credit of a man's attributes to his ancestors will doubtless recognize, in our poet's contemplative disposition, a tendency inherited from his Teutonic forefathers, who flourished in the middle of the last century.

But during the hundred and fifty years or thereabouts which have elapsed since the old German stock struck root in transatlantic soil, it is more than probable that the radical change of conditions resulted in an entirely new variation of type, so that the poet of to-day may legitimately be regarded as a genuine Canadian product. A few years after the birth of his son Archibald, Mr. Lampman, who is a clergyman of the Church of England, was removed from Morpeth and appointed to the Parish of Perrytown, a small village in the county of Durham, about nine miles from Port Hope. The change proved disadvantageous in many respects. The place was thinly populated, and its surroundings bare of beauty or interest. After about a year of residence, Mr. Lampman gave up his pastorate, and brought his family, now consisting of a boy and three girls, to Gore's Landing, on the shore of Rice Lake.

Here, at least, if other things were lacking, there was compensation of a kind likely to be appreciated by the dawning enthusiasm of an ardent lover of nature. It was far from being a misfortune that the lad's fast developing powers had no larger scope for exercise than the narrow limits of this country village with its peaceful environs. No doubt this circumstance did much to foster the habit of patient and minute observation, which made the future poet so fine a master in the art of description.

Concentration of his forces was more judicious than expenditure as a preparation for the future. His range of vision being narrow, his perception grew keen, his tastes pure, his knowledge of things exhaustive. He came out of this primitive school better equipped for intellectual achievement than many a youth bred in the classic atmosphere of the university and subject to the stimulating processes of foreign travel.

But though circumstances may have been in many respects unfavourable to the advancement of the young and earnest student, he was at least highly fortunate in this that he found a large share of sympathy and encouragement under his own roof. Thus he enjoyed a happy immunity from the sufferings which are the inevitable fate of a sensitive nature, unsupported by watchful affection and intelligent sympathy. His mother, herself a woman of talent and taste, was eminently qualified to understand the bent of her son's mind, and to assist him in developing the spiritual forces latent within him. Her indomitable courage and perseverance succeeded in overcoming every obstacle that lay in the way of her son's education. The best tuition available in the country was secured to him, and happily it was not long before the fruit of her noble endeavours began to appear.

In 1876, the young Archibald was sent to Trinity College School, Port Hope, where he rapidly distinguished himself, and ended by outstripping all his comrades. He then entered Trinity College, Toronto, where he won several scholarships and finally took his bachelor's degree in arts with honours.

During his three years' sojourn there, he may be said to have been initiated into the secrets of the Literary Guild by assuming the editorship of the college paper. Many of his first published efforts, both in prose and verse, appeared in its modest columns, and his reputation as a poet soon became firmly established among his immediate friends and acquaintances.

Upon leaving college, Mr. Lampman went to Orangeville, where he accepted the post of Assistant Master of the High School. His duties there proving uncongenial, they were given up in the course of a year, and Mr. Lampman removed to Ottawa, where he received an appointment in the Post Office Department which he still continues to hold.

It is scarcely to be supposed that it is in the nature of a poet to take kindly to the daily routine of office drudgery. Indeed, one could well imagine the writer of such lines as:

Oh for a life of leisure and broad hours
To think and dream, to put away small things.

and,

For life, this joyous, busy, ever-changing life
Is only dear to me with liberty,
With space of earth for feet to travel in
And space of mind for thought,

throwing down his misused pen in despair at the end of a day's prosaic official duties, with the heart-wrung apostrophe to Fate: "Let me make the songs of my country, and I care not who makes her postal regulations."

Yet it is by no means to be feared that the interests of the Department suffer at the hands of Mr. Lampman, for he is a thoroughly conscientious worker at any task.

Only we can not but hope for a future happy condition of things which shall raise him above the necessity of common labour, and give him free scope to exercise the nobler faculties with which he can best serve his own and his country's interests.

Mr. Lampman's marriage to Miss Maud Playter took place in 1887, and has proved, in the truest sense of the usually conventional phrase, a "happy event." But into his domestic life we may not look too curiously. It is enough to know that the same kind Fate which surrounded his earlier years with a woman's devotion and sympathy has made similar provision for the larger needs of his later life. The dedication lines of his book, "Among the Millet," would alone convey to the world a strong enough hint of the harmonious influences at work in the poet's home. The epigram of compliment does not often cover such a subtle, tender feeling, as has inspired those two exquisite little stanzas.

Previous to the publication of his first collection of poems, Mr. Lampman's frequent contributions to THE WEEK, and to several American magazines of high standing, had secured for him an attentive and appreciative circle of readers. But it was not until the appearance of his book "Among the Millet" that he reached the dignity of a recognized master of his art. Favourable notices of the work appeared in the best reviews. Distinguished pens put forth their *dicta* on the excellence of his performances, and people who had hitherto never heard of the young poet became curious and looked first idly then eagerly into his poems. The book had a good sale and gained a wide reputation for its author.

Upon him, now, the eyes of many are turned in hopeful expectation of still greater things than he has yet accomplished. Shall he be one of the select few whose work already points strongly towards our literary independence, and promises to create for us a Supreme Court of Appeal in the order of letters. It may not be, yet we are inclined to believe that whether or not he accomplish his part of this great work is only a question of his enduring fidelity to the mission upon which he has embarked.

Possibly, too, the reception he meets with may have a determinative influence on his success. We, being comparatively a young people, are not yet so perfectly attuned to the divine harmonies of poetry that we can catch their strains and intercept the beauty of them as they float by us half drowned in the busy hum and roar of the homelier arts. We think we would like to have poets; indeed, we know that we must have them, and yet we do not rightly understand the nature of our duty to them once we have got them.

We are as children into whose hands a beautiful and complicated piece of mechanism is placed as a gift. Obviously our first duty is one of study. If we are willing to accept a man as a teacher, we must place ourselves on a footing of affectionate familiarity with his works. To begin with, his books must be our own. A hasty perusal of a borrowed volume counts for absolutely nothing in the province of study. We must possess a book to know it; we must suffer it to lie near our hand, and acquire a habit of looking into it at odd moments, comparing our impressions with the author's, correcting our own if necessary, turning his wise words well over in our mind, until their meaning becomes perfectly mirrored in our intelligence, until we can apply his maxims to the test of our every day experience. Then, and only then, our duty to the man who wrote it has been fulfilled. The reward of such calm and patient study will follow in due order and become abundantly manifest to our consciousness in various ways.

One's first impression of Mr. Lampman's poetry is a delightful sense of its freshness. The turn of thought is original, the phrase choice and unhackneyed, its burden a continuous revelation of beauty, peace, order and undisguised beneficence.

The simplest theme tempts his facile pen as well as the noblest. He skillfully assimilates the most trivial-seeming details of a landscape into his finest descriptions, transforming them by his treatment into valuable bits of local colour. Here are a few instances from the poem on "Heat." The italics are mine.

By his cart's side the waggoner
Is slouching slowly at his ease
Half-hidden in the windless blur
Of white dust puffing to his knees.

From somewhere on the slope near by
Into the pale depth of the noon
A wandering thrush slides leisurely
His thin revolving tune.

The grasshoppers spin into mine ear
A small innumerable sound.

In the sloped shadow of my hat
I lean at rest and drain the heat.

Here are vivid pictures drawn with a single stroke from material which, to the average writer, would seem

utterly void of inspiration. Familiar sounds, too, are reproduced with startling accuracy:—

The restless hobolink loiters and woos
Down in the hollows and over the swells,
Dropping in and out of the shadows,
Sprinkling his music about the meadows,
Whistles and little checks and coos
And the tinkle of glassy bells.

The book teems with similar instances of Mr. Lampman's happy descriptive power. From the seen to the unseen he passes with facility, forging the fetters of his verse for both with equal success:—

Weary of hope that like a shape of stone
Sat near at hand without a smile or moan.
That aching dim discomfort of the brain
Fades off unseen, and shadowy-footed care
Into some hidden corner creeps at last
To slumber deep and fast.

His secret of discovering the most charming resemblances and analogies lends another charm to Mr. Lampman's descriptions. Here is an exquisite example:—

The daisies that, endowed
With stems so short they cannot see, up-bear
Their innocent sweet eyes distressed, and stare
Like children in a crowd.

And again:—

Across the unfenced wide marsh levels where the dry
Brown ferns sigh out and last year's sedges scold
In some drear language rustling haggardly
Their thin dead leaves and dusky hoods of gold
Across grey beechwoods where the pallid leaves unfalling
In the blind gusts like homeless ghosts are calling
With voices cracked and old.

The use of such strong imagery produces a powerful effect on the mind of the reader. It peoples the woods and meadows for him with a life that is almost human, and interests him to fascination. It compels him to habits of close observation and awakens within him something of the ardour which stimulates the poet in his constant quest of beauty.

Away from nature's own haunts, Mr. Lampman's talent does not desert him. He turns to the haunts of men and finds:—

The bell-tongued city with its glorious towers,
The city that:—

Strains with its eternal cry
The railway station where

"Ever on" my blinded brain

The flare of lights, the rush, and cry, and strain,
The engine's scream, the hiss and thunder snite
I see the hurrying crowds, the clasp, the blight
Faces that touch, eyes that are dim with pain:
I see the hoarse wheels turn, and the great train
Move labouring out into the browless night.

Passing from the descriptive to the more purely didactic poems, Mr. Lampman reveals to us another facet of his diamond-cut intellectuality. For a man so young in years, the maturity of his thought, the calm wisdom of his utterances, the austere morality of his principles, fill us with astonishment, nay we might even say disappointment, in a measure. We naturally expect to find symptoms of the hot blood of youth, with traces of its generous errors, its unconscious foolish pride, its naive self-complacency, its airy miscalculations, its oblique judgments, in the written sentiments of a man under thirty.

But in all these respects Mr. Lampman has kept himself above reproach. He has given us no confession of weakness, direct or tacit. If at times he, like his fellows, becomes conquered by a mood that is not lofty or a sentiment that is not noble, he wisely refrains from yoking such lapses to the working of his muse which he reserves for the highest service only.

His poems, on the whole, though strongly marked with his individuality, are decidedly impersonal. His soul is of the convex order. It loves to diffuse its own light and is careless about concentrating upon itself every visual ray within its focus. The humility of true greatness is amply revealed by this self-elimination and contrasts favourably with the tone of complaint and revolt common to young writers.

Assuredly there is at times in some of the poems an unmistakable undertone of wistful regret for the prisoned fate of the liberty-loving spirit, but this is by no means akin to the pensive ravings of shallower minds against the unpropitious environment of circumstances, and is far from vexing the general serenity of the poet's even temperament. He accepts life as he finds it, and leaves the madness of attempting to re-make the world to fools who have no better task in hand.

Between the rocks of passion and pride Mr. Lampman steers his poetic bark with unceasing vigilance, keeping equally wide of the heat of the one and the blindness of the other.

The poems that treat of love are delicately pure. It is a tender, brooding, protecting love they describe, a love that hallows its object, which could never under any circumstances defile it. Thus:—

Yearning upon the faint rose-curves that fit
About her child-sweet mouth and innocent cheek,
And in her eyes watching with eyes all meek
The light and shadow of laughter, I would sit
Mute, knowing our two souls might never knit;
As if a pale proud lily-flower should seek
The love of some red rose, but could not speak
One word of her blithe tongue to tell of it.

If it were not too long, I should like to quote the whole of the lovely poem "Before Sleep," as a further illustration of this exquisite trait. The *embarras du choix* prevents one from selecting any particular passage out of the perfectly charming whole. Let the reader look for it in the text; it more than repays perusal.

As there is no coarseness of sentiment, neither is there any undue haughtiness of judgment in Mr. Lampman's

strongest expression. There is observable in poems of a certain cast a degree of just indignation, excited by the consideration of error, of vileness, of what in a sense is still worse, the blind stupidity of unthoughtful men:—

Grey children who have madly eat and drunk
Won the high seats or filled their chests with gold
And yet for all their years have never seen
The picture of their lives, etc.

But there are no displays of impotent anger, no wholesale denunciations of life and society, intellectual fireworks which splutter and go out leaving the last darkness worse than the first. Mr. Lampman is not alone a man of acute sensibility; he is supereminently a man of sense. He affects no lofty superiority to the rest of mankind. He has a sense of brotherhood for all, of which the law is one of love, not cold disdain. Of the poet he says:—

He must walk with men that reel
On the rugged path, and feel
Every sacred soul that is
Beating very near to his.
Simple, human, careless, free,
As God made him, he must be.

And here is a passage, which methinks recalls a master, whom to name with Mr. Lampman would only do violence to the modesty of the latter. Perhaps the reader may surmise who I mean:—

How beautiful is gentleness, whose face
Like April sunshine, or the summer rain
Swells everywhere the buds of generous thought
So easy, and so sweet it is; its grace
Smooths out so soon the tangled knots of pain.
Can ye not learn it? Will ye not be taught?

Of the five or six narrative poems which the book contains, the simplicity and pathos of "The Organist" will no doubt please the greater number of Mr. Lampman's readers, and make them wish there were more of the kind. Indeed, if we had a reproach to make to Mr. Lampman, it would be his fondness for the same class of subjects, the same moods and grooves of thought. We are convinced it is by no means from poverty of resource that his poems are chiefly the result of long and lonely contemplations, and in consequence uniformly serious, meditative, austere. We would like to see more of the exuberance of youth, with its extremes of joy and pain, its laughter and its tears. We want to be stirred up with stories of strong effort, high hopes, and their attendant excitement, and above all we clamour for pictures from the humorous side of life. A man is never wholly our friend until we have laughed with him. He cannot be considered wholly a genius until he has found his way to our hearts through all the avenues of sensibility.

I am far from implying that Mr. Lampman is lacking in a sense of humour, but I believe if he would indulge it more frequently, he would appreciably shorten the distance between himself and his readers. Now such passages as this we would gladly see multiplied:—

Like a flight of silvery arrows
Shows the sweet gossip of the British sparrows,
Gathered in noisy knots of one or two,
To joke and chatter just as mortals do
Over the day's long tale of joys and sorrows:
Talk before bed-time of bold deeds together,
Of thefts and fights, of hard-times and the weather,
Till sleep disarm them, to each little brain
Bringing tucked wings and many a blissful dream,
Visions of wind and sun, of field and stream,
And busy barn-yards with their scattered grain.

This is perfectly charming. A physiognomy of cast-iron should smile at this irresistible picture of the private life of these little winged scavengers reviewing the incidents of their day's "fights" and "thefts," "hard-times and the weather."

To many readers the "Sonnets" will prove the most attractive portion of Mr. Lampman's book. They are like beautifully moulded crystals, through which the living though imprisoned thought shines radiantly forth. There is a completeness and *raison d'être* about each one which efface all marks of the care and industry which must have gone to the making of it. Mr. Lampman will not be over-ridden by Pegasus in the field of sonnet-writing; he has caught the bride and mastered the steed, and now leads him hither and thither as his fancy wills.

The wealth of the universe, the beauty of life, the largeness of knowledge, the joy of love, the pain of doubt, the darkness of despondency, the sweetness of sympathy: these are among the fruitful themes his muse has dealt with and sweetly discoursed upon. And the burden of it all is one of good cheer, of noble consolation. There is no word or suggestion of despair in the whole book; not a drop of spleen, not a breath of sin. And yet, it is quite as happily free from virtuous cant or commonplace morality. It is, in a word, the product and exponent of a great soul, a gentle heart, a refined taste and a pure life. It is a book of much meaning, merit and dignity, and takes its place, as a matter of course, among the best works of our best writers.

Since the publication of his first collection of poems Mr. Lampman's literary activity has by no means diminished. Contributions from his pen are being constantly solicited by the best magazines in the country, and the supply seems equal to the demand.

Doubtless, too, Mr. Lampman is reserving his best efforts for a second volume; considering the ease with which he writes, it ought to be forthcoming in a year or two. Its evidence will be required to shape the general verdict concerning the value of his influence. If it fulfil the promise of the first, his fame will be firmly established not only as a poet but equally as a patriot. His gallery of Canadian landscapes can do more for the popularization of our land than any merely political or commercial agitation. His accession to the dignity of a master would

stimulate national sentiment in proportion as it lessened our obligation to go abroad for a respectable authority in matters of literary taste and judgment.

The high state of finish which characterizes all Mr. Lampman's compositions, and the purity of his English, free from provincialisms or mannerisms, amply justify the hope that he may eventually challenge comparison with some of our best English writers. This is the

Consummation devoutly to be wish'd

by all true Canadians. Nothing less can wholly satisfy us at the present stage of our history.

I trust that in confining myself to the limits of my subject, I shall not seem to have wilfully ignored other writers of consequence who have already gained distinction as poets of no mean order. Their names come readily enough to the lips of Canadians whenever there is question of the growth of national literature, and to me, as well as others, represent a high order of talent, and are associated with many delightful hours of private study. There has been no attempt in the foregoing lines to make invidious comparisons. To assert the pre-eminence of one over the many who have already become famous, or who are fast making for celebrity, would perhaps be a rash and even unjust proceeding. Individually, thoughtful readers have no doubt formed their own conclusions regarding the matter. Time alone can settle the verdict for all.

Ottawa.

LILLY E. F. BARRY.

CABINET MAKING.

WE see that deputations are going to Ottawa to induce Sir John Macdonald to take one man or another into his cabinet. It is not necessary to discuss the mendicants of ambition who would fain be blown aloft by the wind of deputation. We only care to look at the proceeding as it affects the public interests. Nor need we dwell on its illogical character. The men who compose such deputations have just voted in a general election for Sir John Macdonald as Premier. They must, therefore, think him fit for the position. If so, is he not equal without the aid of their local prejudice to choose suitable colleagues?

There are three considerations which, in a Government such as ours, should alone weigh with a Minister in forming or recruiting his Cabinet—capacity for administration, capacity for statesmanship and influence in the House of Commons. A member of an administration should, *ex vi termini*, be able to administer; he should be able to devise good measures; he ought to be able to explain these and defend his department. There have been great ministers who were governed by more depraved conditions of choice, but this is considered a grave defect in their character, and forms a bar sinister in the blazon of their renown. If a Premier was, for some reason not easily seen, about to make an apparently unfit man a Minister of the Crown, it would not be improper for influential members of his party to remonstrate, because the leader might not be acquainted with the objections they had to urge. Even then, though these objections should be of a serious character, he might properly feel it his duty to disregard them, and would be within his right in so doing; the responsibility of choice lies with him, and he cannot share it with another. But to seek to force a man on him is illogical and impertinent. He has had an opportunity no outsiders can have had of learning whether the would-be Minister has the necessary qualifications. It would not be quite proper for a number of members of Parliament even to try and force a man on him, though obviously such would stand in quite another position from that of an outside deputation.

If ever there was a time when just and sound principles should prevail in the choice of Ministers, that time has come. To regard the position of a Minister, where so many and so grave sins of omission and commission may be perpetrated, where the opportunity is so wide for serving one's country, as a mere office-holding that some poorly-endowed creature may enjoy \$7,000 a year and his wife play the part of a fashionable political lady, is to take a low view of the portfolio and a high view of the patience of the people of Canada. The greatest misdemeanour, the highest treason which could be committed against Canada at this hour, would be to place unfit men among the officers where there are traitors in the crew and scuttlers in the hold.

We hate to think of sectionalism governing the choice of Ministers; the great thing would be to get fit men. If sectionalism must prevail, then Manitoba and British Columbia and the North-West are entitled to more than one Minister in the Cabinet. There is no man in Canada who thoroughly understands Manitoba and the North-West, and who does not combine with this, knowledge, capacity and energy, who is fit to deal with the Western problems. Immigration is the huge need of Manitoba and the North-West. Immigration is what will make the North-West all it is capable of being to Canada. The Provinces by the sea have four Ministers. Manitoba and the North-West are at least of equal importance to Canada. If sectionalism is to be made as beneficent, or as little malicious as possible, the true course is to do justice to all parts—especially when this will also be just to interests vital to the Dominion. Talk of foes to Canada! Talk of annexation! There is no such foe to Canada, no such annexationists as those men who would convince the people of this country that we have fallen so low, that our rulers are so lost to

all sense of responsibility, that common sense, judgment, justice, regard for fitness, everything good and generous must, in selecting a Cabinet Minister, be thrust aside, and the Premier of the hour hunted by deputations, barked at by the lap-dog whiners for sops, besieged by the beggars of gilded place, is to forget the claims of his high position and bury his responsibility in the mutable sands of the opinion of interested deputations. We have a different idea of Sir John Macdonald than to allow ourselves to think that at this hour he will be false to the great demands of his high position and cynically oblivious of that voice which categories the public man forever.

Winnipeg, March 26.

RES PUBLICA.

THE VOLCANO OF MOUNT ROYAL: A LEGEND.

MOUNT ROYAL, the pride of the Parish City, might pass for an emblem of calm and peace. Maples, birches, oaks, and magnificent pines adorn it; clear views and gentle breezes make its nooks delightful for rest, and observatories, carriage roads and park seats mark the confidence of man in its solidity. Only those acquainted more or less with geology recognize in the brittle black crystals, of which the rocks towards its summit are composed, the remains of ancient flows of lava, and, tracing out a crater, inform us that this sylvan park was once an active and terrible workshop of Vulcan—the Aetna of a vanished age.

I was duck-shooting along the low-wooded shore of the Reservation of Sault St. Louis, some twelve miles away from the Mountain, which lay in the distance reduced to the outline of a small hazy hill. Kaiho-hage, my guide, stopped the flat boat in the rushes and lit his short red-and-black pipe.

He was the last of the pure Mohawk race. His brown ancient face was covered with the most wrinkled and smoke-dried of hardy skins. It was thatched with coarse greyish-white hair, tied back over his face like a woman's, and caught up in a scalp-lock knot on the top of his head, the only scalp-lock I ever saw. Behind his narrow dark-brown eyes lay hidden, in aboriginal reticence, traditions and memories which now live there alone and soon will be buried with himself. I thought of this as I looked at him, and, as the thought passed across my mind, I said, nonchalantly:—

"Kaiho-hage, will you tell me a story?"

The old man was settling into his smoke. The request was not a new one between us. He looked across the water. It was noonday and the sun upon the river made its reaches shine and sparkle. Behind us were the cool leafy poplars of the bank. Far away and quiet on the other shore lay the string of farmhouses, the islands of Dorval and the villas towards Lachine—in short the whole head of the Island of Montreal, with the Mountain in the distance behind them, and a slight haze adjoining it showing where the city lay. The beauty of that noble Island, twenty miles by seven, surrounded on every side by great streams of clear rushing waters, girdled by happy villages with smiling green farms and orchards of *jambuses* and other fruits, than which none anywhere better deserve fame, would assuredly have stirred up the song bird in the soul of Euripides himself, him who sang:—

The Athenians of old were happy,

Ever delicately moving
Through most pellucid air.

But even as I looked across the lake, Kaiho-hage began:—

"You white men have almost eaten us up. But I will tell you the end of the story. I have it from the old, old men, who are all dead, that you are a new people. Once there was a great lake below Lake St. Louis, just where now the Island of Montreal lies. The waters ran over it, and our fathers caught sturgeon there so big that one of them would fill a canoe. The duck were of all kinds and very many, and the loons could be killed with arrows. The Indians then were happy—they were Mohawks. They lived this side the lake that then was. The Lachine Rapids were only bare rocks.

"Then another people came and made trouble. They were bad men; they were so many that our people were afraid of them, and they killed nearly all our men and drove us into the water. The Great Spirit saw that the Mohawks were badly treated, and then he raised up a country for them out of that lake and made it the Island of Montreal and stocked it with fruits, maize, beaver, stag and every kind of game, so that our people had a beautiful country, where they built a village. But it was all flat at that time; there was no Mountain.

"But the other people when they saw our Island said 'we will go over and take that Island.' They came over all at once, very many, and we retired before them to Isle Jesus, across the Back River, for we were then few. They said 'this is now our hunting country.' So they ran about and began to enjoy the game and began feasting in the village, and cutting down all our maize fields.

"And, behold, as we retired and stood on the shore of Isle Jesus, drawing up our canoes into the bushes, we saw a great fire leap up on the Island, and we heard the thunder so loud that we could not believe ourselves alive, and the smoke rise like an elm tree over the country, so great and black that our squaws did nothing but scream. Lightnings ran everywhere through the smoke. All on that Island were killed and driven away. After a time,

when the smoke cleared off, we saw the *Mountain* which had not been there before, and, as it became very quiet, we took heart and knew at last that the Great Spirit had made that Island for our country and not for any other men. So a brave went over, and getting up on the Mountain saw all over the country, and when he came back we went and hunted there for many years. There were spirits there from that time forward, as used to be well known.

"Then the Algonquins came and we fought them, and the Wyandots, our brothers, fought us, and so we were driven away; but we were getting the better of them at last.

"But then the white men came and they were the worst of all, for they took all our country and left us only this Reservation and four or five other Reservations. They have taken the Island that was made for the Mohawks.

"Now this is a great sin and the Great Spirit is going to give us that hunting ground back again.

"Therefore I heard it from the old men, when I was young, that some day, when we shall be sitting on the shore of this Reservation in the eveningtime, looking at the river, we shall see a fire spring up from Montreal Mountain. That Mountain will burn very red, and the smoke will grow once more into a great elm tree, hiding the beautiful evening stars, and the thunder will deafen us. Then a storm will rise on the lake, and the waves will rush up over Lachine and Pointe Claire. The city will burn up at once, the Island will sink down under the waves, and in the morning we shall take our canoes and go out over the place."

Such was the Indian's version of a prophecy which lingers about the neighbourhood. It may not be scientific, but a legend is its own justification.

Montreal.

ALCHEMIST.

EASTER HYMN.

CHRIST is risen! Lo the wonder!
Mute the scoffers stand.
Who but God could burst asunder
Death's unyielding band?
Son of God? Will not His thunder
Smite the blood-stained land?

Ere the flush of morning breaking
On Judean hills
Silently the great awaking
Nature's pulses thrills;
Christ again His Godhead taking
Prophecy fulfils.

Not as when the cross slow-bearing
Bowed by sorrow's weight,
Stripes His sacred body tearing,
Bruised by fiendish hate;
Perfect now beyond comparing,
Whole, immaculate.

Christ, our Lord, in adoration
Bow we at Thy feet;
Changed our piteous supplication
Into joy complete;
Let our glad ejaculation
Pierce Thy mercy-seat.

EMILY McMANUS.

LETTER FROM ROME.

THERE are many signs that, in spite of sharp tramontana winds, spring has already come to Rome. Driving in the suburbs one sees the soft white flurry of fruit blossoms all over the branches of some twisted old trunk, or marks the vivid hue of almond blossom standing out against some softly-tinted old brown wall. Day by day the white slopes on the Alban mountains are merging more and more into the clear, faint blue of the lower hills, and even the Sabines are losing somewhat of their white crowns.

The shady corners of the Piazza di Spagna are all aglow with great flat baskets of deep-tinted violets, yellow narcissus, and pink blossom, while in the centre of the Piazza, at Bernieri's quaint boat-shaped fountain—La Barracia, as it is called—a group of boys are always busy wetting and freshening their floral loads in its spray.

In these bright lengthening afternoons even the most indefatigable of sight-seers are apt to turn from dark, cold churches and galleries out to drives in the open country and in the grounds of the great villas which are such haunts of the Romans.

Of all these the villa Borghese, lying just outside the Porta del Popolo and open to the public four days of the week, is the favourite and is most frequented. A fine Sunday afternoon there shows one all sorts and conditions of men, from the king and queen down to the old woman digging a few herbs for a salad. It is no wonder that the Romans love it, for it is a wondrous place, full of changes and surprises. There one comes on a bank of gnarled old oak trees that might grow in an Apennine gorge, while a little beyond one finds long alleys of velvety dark ilex, through whose shade the rare bits of sunshine pierce to lie like golden mosaic.

AN OPEN GATE.

But my favourite haunt is an open place where lies a long, narrow, grassy amphitheatre, shaped by mossy stone steps, above which slope up the grassy banks crowned by umbrella pines and the stiff black cypress obelisks. I never pass there but I see it as a background to some scene of the gorgeous, wicked Renaissance days, whose very spirit it seems to embody. Here, after creating this paradise Cardinal Borghese may have made great feasts and festivals, to which the Roman world came to take its pleasure in the scornful, reckless fashion of the time. Now, on this fine Sunday afternoon it is bright with family groups—boys playing ball, children and parents busy picking the pale little crocus, the pink anemones, the hidden violets. Everywhere is life and movement and sunshine, and the phantoms of dead and gone cardinals and noble ladies retire to shadowland to await the solitude of some moonlight night to repeople their old haunts.

There has not been much stirring in Rome since the excitements of the carnival and of the ministerial crisis passed away together. There was great emulation and striving for tickets of admission to the Sistine Chapel for the 5th of March, when the double anniversary of the Pope's coronation, and of his eighty-first birthday, were celebrated there by a Pontifical High Mass.

Leo XIII. is no friend to the system of liberal admittance of heretic tourists to church functions that distinguished the days of his predecessor, and it was said that never than usual would gain admittance to this ceremony. Nevertheless, there they were in numbers, English and American, even inside the Sistine, while there were many more standing outside in the Regia, through which the procession had to pass. Great influence was needed to get the tickets for the Sistine, and yet—there is always something going on behind the scenes in Rome—I know of a hotel porter who offered one for sale for twenty francs.

The Pope was carried in a gilded chair by the Swiss Guards, shining in their full splendour of silver helmets, along the Loggia of Raffaele to the chapel. He was very pale, and at the sound of the subdued applause from the crowds that lined his passage through the Reggia, a tremour of emotion was visible in his face, and the hand that he raised to bless the people trembled visibly. Frail and worn as he is, there is around him that calm and serenity of goodness of one who, life's combat nearly ended, pauses for a while on the border land of eternity. The heavy white silk robes, blazing with gold and jewels, and the shining tiara which he wore, seemed by their brightness to add to the pallour and frailty of his face.

When his chair had been lowered and he had taken his seat upon his throne, the Cardinals came, one by one, to kiss his ring, one of them being so old and infirm that he had to be helped up the steps by two attendants. After these came the bishops and priests, who kissed his hand as well. The Pontifical Mass was then celebrated by a Cardinal, the Papal choir singing, but with no instrumental music, and afterwards the Pope gave the benediction. In his address to the Cardinals, on receiving their congratulations the day before, he compared himself to St. Gregory, who, surrounded by the foes of the church, stood firm in his faith that it would ultimately conquer.

Rome has for generations been the spot where many a dethroned king or queen, or discarded branch of royalty, have come to end their days.

When in St. Peter's, one pauses before the ornate monument to the last of the Stuarts, and, not very far off from it, that to Queen Christina of Sweden, one cannot but recall, beside the former, Horace Mann's pitiful description of the degraded feeble ending of that fated line; and beside the latter, Pasquin's biting words:—

A Queen without a kingdom;
A Christian without virtues;
A woman without modesty.

Perhaps it would hardly be fair to class poor Prince Jerome Buonaparte as he lies a-dying in such a category, and yet the name of Plon Plon must arouse a thought of the faint-hearted soldier, the cruel husband, the sneering sceptic.

In these bright afternoons, as one passes along the Via Babuino, one loiters a bit to see the carriages of the numerous royalties and dignitaries as they pass to and fro to the Hotel de Russie, where he lies, and where two or three carbonari stand about the door on guard.

His family are all here, reunited at last at the prospect of death. It would take nothing less than such a cause to bring his wife, Princess Clothilde, to Rome, which she has never entered since the Italian troops marched in at the Porta Pia, and Victor Emmanuel, her father, took what she considers wrongful possession of the Papal patrimony. Even now she refuses to stay in the palace which she considers his, and so, instead of being at the Quirinal, is at the Hotel de Londres.

Poor woman, what a life time of disappointments she has lived through. A husband who not only outraged her affections as a woman, but her faith as a Christian. Herself a most devout Romanist, she has had to watch her father and brother drawn into their long antagonism with the Pope; her family affection and her religion thus set against each other. Her children are here, too. Young Prince Victor, heir to that slim portion of what remains of the Buonaparte hopes, and Princess Letitia, the young widow, whose uncle husband having died last year, it is now currently reported that her step-son and cousin, the Duc d'Aosta, is anxious to marry.

ALICE JONES.

AN unlatched gate has swung outwards and no one has cared to shut it,—why should it be a melancholy sight? It is not like a ruin, bespeaking vain endeavour and the weakness of man's best work; nor is it like the empty house, no matter how mean, which once had a human tenant, for that suggests the tragedy of life. They are both grandiose, elaborate; but this is a small, simple, commonplace object. There is nothing in its make or shape to provoke sad thoughts: it is merely five upright slats on two crosspieces, swung from hinges. It stands ajar, and the level sunbeams make the double of it on the smooth, well-kept walk, in bars of shadow for bars of wood. That is all and yet I can never look at it without a touch of strange, nameless, haunting despair, like that called up in the poet's heart by the sight of rich harvest fields and the thought of days gone by.

The feeling remains unaccountable. No theory of metaphysics can explain it, for the gate does not represent a gap in my life. If I had seen any one I loved pass through some gate on a long journey, from which he never returned, from which there was no return, all would be clear. But I have never known such sorrow. Perhaps it is because the unclosed gate suggests the human actor; for it did not move of itself. The swinging barrier has been pushed open in haste by hands that could not wait; feet that might not stay have hurried through. What was the errand, I wonder, of the latest passer by? Was it sad or sweet? Was it my lady fluttering forth to keep her tryst? Was it a son parting from a loving father in anger, and flinging out to take the world for his pillow? Did two friends stroll through, lost in such close sweet converse that the gate was forgotten, with all other earthly things? Or has some one gone out but a moment ago, thinking to return at once?—The gate stands open and I ask myself these questions in vain.

But apart altogether from any thought of man's doing or undoing, the unclosed gate has a meaning of its own. There is something pathetic in the lack of completeness that it betokens. The little home garth had been so carefully hedged in round about. Once, ages ago, the merely ornamental fence was a stockade and the homestead a fortification. It still carries with it the idea of protection; it is still a symbolic safe-guard. Within the pale are the well tilled gardens, full of flowers and herbs good for food: within, the grass-plots, the shrubberies, the orchards. Without is the vast wilderness of the world, all briars and thorns. The gate seen against the sky seems to open directly into this outer world; the way may lead any whither or no whither, and this enforces the contrast between the greatness of the one and littleness of the other. Now a breach has been made, the enclosure impaired; the gate has been opened and through this neglected sallyport the joys of the sheltered home can flock out and all evils stream in. The little croft had been so heedfully guarded, so straitly shut in on every side. From every quarter it presented an unbroken front; now there is a gap in the barricade. Something has gone amiss; some harm will befall, you cannot tell what. It is as when you awake in the morning wondering dumbly what is it that has gone wrong, before with a sob and a cry,—Ah!—now I remember!—the familiar pain returns to its old place in the heart.

This is the reason, if reason it can be called, why such a commonplace thing has always in it the power to make me grave.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S.

THE RAMBLER.

QUITE a controversy has been going on over John Wesley. The main point—as to whether he died in the Anglican Communion—need not be discussed here. But a few varying remarks may be culled with profit.

Archdeacon Farrar made the chief address at the unveiling of Wesley's statue, March 2, the 100th anniversary of his death. One sentence is hardly intelligible where he says: "Deeply, too, is it to be deplored that the bishops of Wesley's time had not the sense and unanimity to accept his mighty self-sacrifice and make him a bishop in *partibus infidelium*. How infinitely stronger this day both the Wesleyan connection and the Church of England would be had they done so?"

The *Church Review* remarks:—

"We yield to none in our admiration of John Wesley, and are perfectly willing to give credit to the Salvationists for what good they have done, but we object *in toto* to this going out of the way to drag them in as a contrast to the apathy of the Church. After all, that really despised institution has no need to be ashamed of the work of the last half century, though it must be admitted that it has not been done by members of Archdeacon Farrar's school."—*Church Eclectic*.

The *Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette* says:—

"It is a strange thing that such a man as this John Wesley should ever have been credited with having founded the largest schism on record in the Church of England. According to his own statement he remained a faithful son of the Church to the last, and warned the Methodists that if ever they forsook the Church of England God would forsake them. It is not difficult, however, to see how Wesley himself by his strange action in ordain-

ing Dr. Coke a pseudo Bishop, and afterwards laying his hands on some of his preachers, prepared the way for the inevitable schism that followed in his death. He did this contrary to the advice of his brother, Charles Wesley, and he lived to repent of it with tears. There is no evidence that he laid hands on any after the year 1788. It was the restless ambition of Coke that prevailed on Wesley to set him apart as a 'superintendent' in his bedroom in Bristol in 1874, so little did Coke believe in the reality of the Episcopal office thus pretended to be conferred on him, that he subsequently sought consecration without avail from Bishop Seabury, of Connecticut, and Bishop White, of Pennsylvania. Charles Wesley saw the ridiculous side of his brother's action when he penned the well-known epigram:—

How easily are bishops made
By man or woman's whim;
Wesley his hands on Coke hath laid,
But who laid hands on him?

"The act was far from agreeable to the minds of many of Wesley's most trusted friends. Whitehead pointed out that Coke had as much right to lay his hands on Wesley as Wesley on Coke. Another wrote, 'I wish they had been asleep when they began this business of ordination; it is neither Episcopal nor Presbyterian, but a mere hodge-podge of inconsistencies.'—[Tyerman's Life, vol. iii, p. 439.]"

The musical lectures last week at Trinity College do not appear to have been particularly enlivening. Dr. Lott had to speak, it is true, before a critical audience, accustomed to Profs. Clark and Symonds and other distinguished residents of Toronto. Our standard here is perhaps higher than people in England care to recognize, and, although we are loyal to principles, we are discriminating in our enthusiasms over individuals. Our tastes are sharpened by conflicting colonial exigencies which make for high standards in certain accomplishments.

Dr. Lott is quite the typical Englishman as regards his ignorance of the colonies, or rather Canada, for India and Australia have always been, and for very patent reasons, more intelligible to the people at "home." He asked an acquaintance here if we had a theatre in Toronto and appeared bewildered—not at the size and number of our theatres—but at the importance and wealth of the Queen City taken as a whole.

Anything and everything good we will cheerfully take in, no matter what its source. Anything and everything merely English we have no desire to vacantly seize and assimilate. As many things which are good are likewise English, we are not often compelled to discriminate, but choice has occasionally to be ours and we affirm our right to make a choice and declare in favour of our preferences, quite aside from national proclivities and prejudices.

The American exchanges are full of reminiscences and tales about the late Lawrence Barrett. His name is supposed to have been Brannigan; by the way—an uncharitable bit of resurrectionary lore. What if it were—he lived to make it a splendid name! Most critics agree in saying that his Cassius was his finest impersonation, and I imagine it may have been. He was thin and nervous-looking some years back and required little making up for the part which is "lean and hungry," you know. His voice had the hollow Irish ring to it which made his declamation rich and forcible to a degree, particularly when listened to in the neighbourhood of many American actors.

One reflection forced upon us in this stage of the world's progress is the dearth of new musical and theatrical geniuses. Soon the names of Reeves, Santley, Irving and Booth will belong to the gracious Past. Who will succeed them? Is there a single great Shakespearian actor now anywhere, emerging from obscurity into the light of fame? Shakespeare, it may be remarked, is an unknown quantity. He might "hold the stage," perhaps, if the experiment were tried, but nobody arises, worth the mention, who cares to try the experiment. And yet there was never such a theatre-going age as the present. A look at a London paper reveals the fact that there were quite recently twenty-five first-class theatres doing enormous business. These are: the Royal English Opera, the Haymarket, Adelphi, Globe, Strand, Lyceum, Royal Princess, Drury Lane, New Olympic, St. James', Vaudeville Savoy, Toole's, Opera Comique, Court, Comedy, Criterion, Avenue, Prince of Wales, Terry's, Garrick, Shaftesbury and the Crystal Palace, Lyric and Lyric Opera House. Of these, two or three are light opera and two or three were—a few weeks ago—pantomime. The rest are mostly comedy performances. Wilson Barrett is still at "The Silver King"; nothing more original than "Our Regiment" is at "Toole's," and "Monte Christo" holds its own at the "Avenue."

There appears to be a steadily increasing demand on the part of an over-strained and "high pressure" public for light, wholesome, natural, and mostly amusing plays. The grand, tragic, and serious elements are no longer as popular as they once were, and melodrama is, more than ever, confined to the Surrey side. The people who go to see "Hedda Gabler" are mostly "followers," and it is only hoped that they do not feel nearly as miserable as they look.

I have received a Theosophical Society's circular. It is concisely and intelligently put, and is certainly not ridicu-

lous, whatever else it may be. But I fail to see that it teaches me anything new. I have pleasure, however, in appending the following:—

"The Wilkesbarre Letters on Theosophy," a concise exposition, the doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma being specially explained and objections thereto answered, can be had by enclosing ten cents in stamps to *The Path*, Box 2659, New York. Enquiries as to the Theosophical Society may be addressed to Wm. Q. Judge, General Secretary, Box 2659, New York.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR COMMERCIAL RELATIONS WITH THE EMPIRE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Allow me to once more refer briefly to your position upon the above question, as re-stated in your last issue, in reply to my letter therein. As I understand it, your consideration of the proposition for closer trade relations with the Empire resolves itself into three divisions, consisting of certain statements, admissions, and queries.

I. You state that a system of differential duties is "not a question of practical politics," and is not likely to become such; also that there are no prominent statesmen in favour of it. Waiving for the moment my numerous quotations proving the readiness of English public men and newspapers to consider the question; the general feeling that trade with foreign countries is decreasing, while that with the Colonies is becoming increasingly valuable; the fact that free trade is everywhere losing ground; and that external competition in the British home market is injuring both manufacturers and farmers alike, I would draw your attention to one or two facts in connection with your proposition.

Now we do not by any means pin our hopes for success upon the sole dictum of Lord Salisbury, but as you and others seem particularly fond of quoting a celebrated phrase of his, which I might add does not mean quite as much when taken with its context, let me refer to his views once more, and in the first place permit me to draw attention again to his letter dated April 5, 1887: "I am to reply that Lord Salisbury does not imagine that differential duties in favour of our Colonies, whatever may be said for or against them, can properly be described under the term Protection." That I think disposes of your claim that the phrase differential duties is synonymous with that of protection. Then again Lord Salisbury, as though he anticipated the time approaching when such papers as the *Times*, *Morning Post* and *St. James Gazette* should boldly call free trade a "fetish," spoke in October, 1884, as follows:—

"Politics are not an exact science, and if these formulas of free trade on which we trust are not producing results which they promised us, we, at least, may press for an enquiry to examine where is the defect to which our misfortunes are to be attributed." Again, take Lord Carnarvon (Mansion House, May 10, 1887): "He looked to closer union, commercially, of this country and her Colonies, because he was convinced that the closer the Commercial Union was, the more they would be disposed to act in legitimate self-defence." Lastly, listen to Lord Rosebury (Leeds, Oct. 11, 1888): "I wish to say that on the ground of commercial interest alone Imperial Federation is worthy of the consideration of our great commercial communities."

Now, Sir, I venture to say that if not a question of immediate practical politics, this is a problem that must very soon be faced, and if we may judge by the signs of the times; the Report of the Royal Commission on Trade and Industry, which depicted the deplorable condition of affairs, owing to hostile tariffs and competition; the Minority Report of the same Commission, which recommended the very policy we are now discussing; the vote of 1000 to 4 at the meeting of the Union of Conservative Associations in 1886 in favour of fair trade; the large majority vote in favour of Imperial Commercial Union cast by the Associated Chambers of Commerce in 1887; the organization of the United Empire Trade League, coupled with the increasing activity of the Fair Trade League and of the British Union, with its 26 members of Parliament upon the Executive—all three societies having the same end in view—if, I repeat, we may judge by these signs and tokens, your proposition is completely answered.

Now very briefly as to "the inadequacy of the Colonies to afford a market for more than a fraction of British goods." Let me illustrate the respective values of foreign and Colonial trade. In 1889 British trade with the United States and European countries amounted to £443,772,498, all these countries excluding British goods by hostile tariffs and competing on more than equal terms in the British home market. Of the above amount the imports consisted of £281,591,531, while the re-exports of foreign and Colonial produce amounted to £54,984,928, and the import of manufactured goods, competing, of course, in the home market, amounted to £63,218,167. Of the whole enormous sum mentioned only £107,196,039 were British and Irish goods exported, and were consequently all that gave employment to British labour, or remuneration to British industry. Now compare with this the £187,000,000 sterling of trade which was done in the same year with the rest of the Empire, and let me ask which trade was the best and most beneficial for the

British artisan, farmer and labourer? Of that amount £97,206,071 consisted of imports largely raw material and food, with a re-export of £7,557,133, and a total export of British and Irish produce to the rest of the Empire of £82,872,680, or within twenty-five millions of the amount sent to the United States and the whole of Europe.

Would it not then benefit England immensely to encourage production and demand, in her Colonies, by a preferential tariff?

II. I do not wish to do more than merely note certain admissions which you make to the effect that workmen's wages, in that paradise of free trade where, according to all "fetish" worshippers, past, present and to come, nothing but contentment, wealth and happiness should reign, "are already low enough in all conscience." Please note also that while advocating free trade and by implication the free trade doctrine that foreign tariffs injure only the consumer in the unhappy country which is foolish enough to adopt protection, you yet refer to the "evil effects of foreign protective tariffs"; state that "the outlook of British trade is bad," and that "whatever hampers the sale of their products inflicts a serious blow upon their industries." Obviously if the last assertion be economically true, then the promotion of trade between the Mother Country and the Colonies must be beneficial to both.

III. Let me, in conclusion, deal very briefly with two questions which I think form the gist of the "dilemma" which you kindly place before me.

Firstly as to the gain which would accrue to the British agriculturist. Evidently the restriction of foreign imports and the transference of custom to the wheat fields of Britain, Canada, Australia and India, will, as a first result, promote production at home, and though not appreciably enhancing the price of wheat and bread, will have the effect of preventing a further decrease in price and to that extent will benefit the home producer, while as a consequence of the restriction of the importation of foreign manufactures and the increased market afforded by the rapidly expanding Colonial population, the million paupers who are now said to be supported by the British tax-payer as a result of the drifting of the country population into the towns will then be afforded employment by the increasing industrial growth of the country. Lastly, and perhaps most important of all from a free-trader's standpoint, a lever will be given to the British Government which will enable it, either on behalf of the United Kingdom or the Colonies, to obtain reciprocal trade arrangements upon the most favourable terms with foreign nations. I venture to assert that, within a year of the imposition of a duty upon American bread-stuffs, an almost irresistible movement in favour of free trade, or at least a modification of the tariff in favour of both Canada and England, would sweep over that country.

Now, in reply to your question as to the benefits which might be derived from the adoption of such a policy by the Colonies. They have never before been denied that I am aware of in this country at least. Even Mr. Laurier, in a speech at Oakville and Sir Richard Cartwright upon other occasions have admitted that such a policy—if it were possible—would be acceptable to everyone in the Dominion. The advantage of ten or twenty per cent. in the British market would crowd our North-West with emigrants! not only these from the Mother Country coming here instead of to the States, but emigrating by undreds of thousands from Dakota and the western divisions of the Republic. Land would rise in value, manufactures would increase; imports and exports as well as every kind of production would develop, while capital, British and American alike, would follow population, and our cities would prosper in accordance with the development of our agricultural, industrial and mining interests.

But I have trespassed too far upon your space, and, with apologies for so doing, let me quote a most unexpected utterance which has just come to hand from that arch-apostle of ultra free trade, Sir Thomas H. Farrer, in a letter to the *Times* of 24th ultimo.

"I do not say that some tariff arrangement may not hereafter be proposed which will strengthen the Imperial connection, nor do I say that if such an arrangement can be devised there may not be possible circumstances under which the advantages to be derived from it would outweigh the evils to arise from a departure from our ordinary policy."

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

Toronto, April 4.

A CANADIAN NATIONAL LEAGUE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I notice that in your issue of the 20th ult., Rev. Mr. Scott again advocates the formation of a Canadian National League. On the merits of the proposal I do not intend to offer a criticism, but on one of the arguments employed in its favour by Mr. Scott I would like to say a few words. He says:—

"Now that the suspense of the elections is over, it is almost with the joy of a captive who has regained his liberty that I go back to my long winter drives through the forests of this glorious country and know that it is still ours—still Canada's—and not simply the half-despised backwoods possession of the 'million-footed' mob which kicks in and kicks out the ever-changing tenants of the White House at Washington. Yes, Canada has been saved this time, but the cry goes up, 'How long.'"

Mr. Scott evidently assumes with the leaders of the Conservative party, and the bulk of their newspapers, that the issue before the country in the last elections was one of annexation or no-annexation. I am afraid, sir, that assumptions of the kind flaunted before that vast portion of our population who desire freer trade relations with the United States without political union will do more to break down and destroy national and patriotic sentiment than any National League will ever build up or create. Coming from the lips of mere party politicians they are taken for what they are worth, but they cease to be harmless when advanced from the ranks of those who wage another kind of warfare.

The charge of disloyalty against the Liberal party is as indefensible, I hold, as a charge of insincerity against Mr. Scott, for advocating a means of developing patriotism, would be. The Liberals desire a measure of continental free trade which they believe will be of immense material advantage to the country. They have good reasons for believing that it is obtainable without political union and they have given neither any indication, nor any just ground for belief, that they are, or are likely to be, ready to sacrifice the political status of Canada to that end. Mr. Scott says:—

"Great as the privilege is of being an integral part of the grandest Empire the world has ever seen, we, as Canadians, must not forget that the welfare of our native land must come first."

Just so! And even if unrestricted reciprocity did discriminate against Great Britain to some extent, in the matter of imports, it may be remembered that the Mother Country's large investments in this country would be greatly enhanced in value by Canada's prosperity. Where, then, is the disloyalty? J. C. SUTHERLAND.

Richmond, Que., March 23, 1891.

A STORY FROM THE EGYPTIAN.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Your correspondent "L. S." called attention to the barefaced steal of one Mr. Allen Watson, published in the March number of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. "L. S." correctly enough locates the story, but I think he gives the literary pirate of the *Cosmopolitan* credit for too much book learning. I scarcely fancy that Mr. Watson ever arrived at the dignity of reading Herodotus even by the aid of a "Cram." I am rather inclined to suggest that the Rev. Alfred J. Church's "Stories from Herodotus" as the source whence "A Story from the Egyptian" was stolen. The story will be found at page 143, *et seq.*, of Mr. Church's book. OUTIS.

INDIAN CONFERENCE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—For nearly a year now there has been in existence a Society having for its object the advancement of the Indian in civilization and education together with research into his past history and the preservation of relics; its name is the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society; his Excellency the Governor General is patron, and Sir William Dawson, president, and among others of its members are Sir Daniel Wilson, the Hon. G. W. Allan, Rev. Principal Grant, the Bishop of Toronto and other noted persons. The annual meeting of the Society is to be held in Toronto, under the auspices of the Canadian Institute, on Thursday, the 14th of May next; and in order to promote still further the objects which its members have in view, it is proposed that on the day following the annual meeting there shall be held an Indian Conference at which some of the most enlightened and best educated of the Indians from the various Ontario reserves will be invited to attend as delegates, to meet on the same platform with their white brethren and there discuss their present position as a people in this country and their future prospects. In order to afford suitable subject matter for the Conference the following questions are in the meantime being addressed to the various Indian communities:—

1. Do you desire that the Indian Reserve system and the holding of land in common by the whole tribe or band be continued, or would you prefer for each Indian to have his own holding in the same manner as the white people?
2. Looking into the future, is it your wish that Indians should continue to dwell in separate communities and to retain their own language, or do you wish your children to become one with the white people and adopt their language?
3. Do you wish to have more voice in the management of your own affairs than at present, and, if so, to what extent and in what way?
4. Would you favour the formation of a "native Indian Missionary Society" whereby the Indians, instead of contributing as at present to the white man's mission funds, would have their own missionary organization and send out teachers, supported by themselves, to their own heathen?
5. Will you state any matters that you think might conduce to the advantage and advancement of your people, which might not occur to the mind of the white man, but which the Indian from his point of view is more readily conversant with?
6. Will you send delegates to the proposed Conference and meet their travelling expenses?

A circular letter has been sent to the Indians with these questions explaining that the Conference is not to be made use of for venting old grievances or in any way to interfere with the affairs of the Indian Department, but is simply for the purpose of giving them an opportunity to express freely their views on various matters affecting their interests from their own standpoint. The *Canadian Indian*, procurable from the Toronto News Company, is the organ of the Society.

E. F. WILSON.

Shingwauk Home, Sault Ste. Marie, March 19, 1891.

THE NORTHERN LOVER.

You asked me but the other day how Love
Appeared on earth to moderns, and I stood
Tongue-tied before your beauty, stammering
Some feeble answer of a maid, who grows
Far sweeter 'mid the snow-drifts of the North
Than all the dames of dark-eyed Italy.
But after, as I mused, the purpose grew
To shape an answer for you.

In the past
The ancients loved to limn him as a boy;
A rosy boy, afloat on gauzy wings;
The butterfly of passion, who has drawn
A feebler arrow from a loosened string
Since Pysche caught his fancy. Such a god
Roams in the orange groves, by Southern seas,
On perfumed midnights, when the nightingale
Pours all his passion, and the silver wave,
Like lipings of old Neptune, sleepily
Lips the stone wharves of Genoa, or the bay
Where fierce Vesuvius beacons to the deep
That lies past slumbering Capri.

In the North
Are other ways and other gods; I rode
Last night beneath the stars, that clear and keen,
Blazed thro' the frost; but as the morning drew
To oust the shadows, clouds began to steal
Between me and the sky, and pale and wan,
The ghostly Northern Light, that thro' the dark
Stood up in serried phalanx to the stars,
Fell back with all its spears before the dawn,
That broke with dim reluctance; slow, and few,
The snowflakes fell, faint glimmering thro' the grey;
A plover rose from out the withered edge
Of frozen waters, startled by the tread
Of coming hoofs—wheeled on an unseen wing
Piped down the wind, and plaintive died away.

Methought I found the secret you would learn
Told by the contrast; in this Northern land
We have no time for trifling; thou and I,
In the sweet past, have seen the wild moon rise
Blood-red and misty o'er the level snows,
And after—thro' the storm wrack rising high—
Sail overhead in pallid majesty,
Till in her cold, pale gleam and feeble smile,
From out the hooded gloom of mantling furs
Thy true eyes shone, and put the stars to shame.
With what divine theurgy Love has wrought
In those past days thou knowest; as I know
How on that winter midnight, Love, to me
As a grown god, came earthward slanting down
On eagle pinions. We who face the blast
Of Northern winters, scorn the puny dart
From Cupid's quiver, and the hurt that heals
As soon as given; leave we to the South
Their graceful fancy of an idle boy,
With aim uncertain; our much mightier god
Bound me a captive; then, his errand done,
Spurned with his foot the earth and far away,
Flashed to high heaven, and dwelt among the stars;
Himself a star that not the blackest night,
Nor storm, nor time, can ever quite obscure.

BASIL TEMPEST.

DR. DOLLINGER AND THE VATICAN COUNCIL.

LAST year two men died who had a world-wide reputation, and whose influence in the religion of the nineteenth century can never be perfectly computed. We refer, of course, to John Henry Newman, who passed from the Anglican Communion to the Church of Rome, in which he died a Cardinal; and to John Ignatius von Döllinger who threw off his allegiance to the Papacy in consequence of the Vatican Council raising the Infallibility of the Pope to a place among the authoritative dogmas of the Church. There was considerable dispute after the death of Döllinger as to his relations to Rome, but this question is now entirely set to rest by the publication of a series of letters and protests lately put forth by his friend, Professor Reusch, of Bonn, and more recently in an English translation.*

Most of these documents have seen the light in one form or another; but it is of great interest to possess them as here collected. Döllinger was, beyond all question, the greatest Theologian and Church Historian in Germany, probably in the world. Inferior to Newman in that

* "Declarations and Letters on the Vatican Decrees, 1869-1887." By Ignaz von Döllinger. Price 3s. 6d. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. Toronto: McAlinsh. 1891.

subtlety of thought and charm of expression, in which we may say he stood preeminent, Döllinger's scholarship was far more vast and comprehensive, and his grasp on historical theology immeasurably stronger.

It would not be easy to overrate the importance of the Vatican Decrees. It may be true that the dogma of Infallibility was practically accepted by the Roman Church before the Council was held; but this does not really give one the slightest notion of the vast revolution accomplished by the decree. Any one who wishes to understand the exact nature of the case will find sufficient material here. Of course only results are given; and we are not told whether the apparatus of proofs which Döllinger had in preparation was ever completed. But any careful student will find in these documents sufficient guidance for his purpose; and no one who wishes to know exactly what the doctrine means or the change which is introduced will be wise to neglect the contents of this volume.

Döllinger's point of view is clearly put forth in the "Considerations for the Bishops of the Council respecting the question of Papal Infallibility," a document published in October, 1869, at Munich without the name of the author. "Whenever it can be proved of a doctrine that it did not exist for several centuries, that it was not the confession of the whole Church, or that it only took its rise at a certain period, and when this doctrine is not of logical necessity, potentially contained as an undeniable sequence in other tenets of faith, then is this doctrine already condemned from the Catholic point of view; it bears the brand of illegitimacy on its brow, and neither may nor ever can be raised to the dignity of an axiom of faith." Here is the kernel of the whole matter. For this principle Döllinger contended throughout, and died maintaining it. How it was violated by the Vatican Council every one knows; for Cardinal Manning has told us that to appeal to history against the voice of the Church is equivalent to blasphemy.

Among the most interesting contents of the volume are letters written to Döllinger by bishops and others, several of them his own former pupils, entreating him to accept the decree as they had done. The unbounded affection and respect for him personally, testified at the very time when preparations were making for his excommunication, are the best proofs of the man's greatness and goodness. We may mention for the sake of those who may wish to see the original documents connected with the summoning and proceedings of the Vatican Council—chiefly in Latin—that they are published in two volumes under the title "*Documenta ad illustrandum Concilium Vaticanum anni, 1870*," by Döllinger's friend and colleague, Professor Friedrich of Munich.

ART NOTES.

A MOULD has been taken of Meissonier's hand. It was beautifully formed, delicate and small, and it has been said that he often painted before strangers to let them see it. Every morning he paid particular attention to its toilette. A manicure was often engaged to shampoo both hands carefully, exercise the different muscles, and keep them from stiffening. The painter was most careful to preserve the tactile sensibility of his fingers, and always wore thick gloves travelling, riding or driving. He said that his fingers were so sensitive that he could with his eyes shut lay on the exact amount of colour that he wanted on a given spot if somebody placed the point of the brush upon it.—*Court Journal*.

THE critics who were present at the press view of the exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, on March 11, had an unexpected accession to their numbers in the person of the most exalted of the Honorary Members—the Empress Frederick, who made the tour of the galleries under the escort of Sir James Linton, and expressed her admiration of what she saw with an emphasis that was more kindly than critical. In truth, there is, as usual, very little to be insisted upon with regard to the Institute exhibition. There is not much to be praised greatly, and still less to be condemned utterly. The president, as is now his wont, elects to be represented by three small portraits as superb in technique as they are uninteresting in subject. Why does not Sir James Linton paint a picture sometimes for the society over which he presides? There is no need to ask that question of the venerable vice-president, Mr. H. G. Hine, who in all his long life has never done anything finer than his magnificent view on the South Downs, "The Mallory Hills." Mr. Jas. Orrock is favourably represented in one or two examples, and Mr. Keeley Halswelle lays himself out to catch the groundlings with his usual showy facility. Mr. Anderson Hague shows three drawings full of his usual strong, not to say glaring, effects. A beautiful and poetic view of "York Minster" is Mr. Harry Hine's principal contribution. One misses Mr. Gregory, who can ill be spared. Mr. Stock has two eccentricities, of which "The Temptation of Eve" is the more eccentric. Humour, that is conscious humour, has almost departed from these galleries. There is nothing more funny, it is true, than Mr. Corbould's "Miller's Niece," but then she is seriously meant. Why such a drawing, bearing the date of 1851, should have been even temporarily rescued from its well-merited obscurity it is impossible to say. Mr. Frank Dadd, to whom we look for humour, is sternly pathetic in the dying "Captain of the Troop." It is a strong picture,

full of character, but we like him better in his lighter moods. Mr. Gordon Browne does his best to fill the gap. There are some pleasant and characteristic examples of Mr. Kilburne. The Hon. John Collier's "The Green Lamp" is a veritable gem—artists are finding out the value of the fashionable floor-lamp; so, too, are Mr. Hamilton Macallum's "Gulf of Salerus" and Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Venice," and Mr. Yeend King is represented by some happy examples which show all his virtues and few of his defects.—*The Colonies and India*.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

WE notice with regret the bereavement sustained by the well-known Toronto musician and dealer in musical instruments, Mr. Thomas Claxton, in the recent death of his daughter.

LIKE Genoa, Rome will have its Columbus celebration in 1892. Morlachi's opera "Cristoforo Colombo," which was originally produced at Genoa, in 1822, is to be revived for the occasion.

A NEW Wagner Society has recently been started at Weimar under the presidency of court conductor and composer Dr. Edward Lassen. The other members of the committee are: Richard Strauss, Dr. Creutzburg, Von Hesberg, Dr. Sommer and Concertmeister Halir.

THE Paris musical journal, *Le Ménestrel*, gives an account of the production at the Theatre Vlaamsche Schouwberg, Antwerp, of a new Flemish opera, which bears the euphonious title of "Eene Vrouw uit Mahrapoera." A language of this sort may be rather rough on the local printers, but it ought to be a fortune to the dentists.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON, the genial and accomplished organist of St. Simon's Church, Toronto, at the conclusion of the service of Sunday evening last, played the following organ voluntaries: "Romance," Calkin; "Hallelujah," (Messiah) Handel; "Bridal Song," Jensen; and "Festal March," Best. The fact that the major portion of the congregation remains for the recital after evensong proves the high estimate in which Mr. Harrison's playing is held. It may also be said without fear of contradiction that seldom in Canada has a new church choir, within the same time, been brought to such a high state of excellence by a choir master as has been attained by that of St. Simon's Church at the hand of Mr. Harrison.

TORONTO music lovers are indebted to the enterprise of the Philharmonic Society for two of the most enjoyable musical evenings of the season. On Monday evening the oratorio of "Elijah" was given with fine effect, and was greatly appreciated by a large and cultured audience. Jules Massenet's "Eve," a mystery in three parts, was the principal effort the following evening. From commencement to climax it was spiritedly rendered. The great chorus sang with a will and with praiseworthy precision. Mr. Charles Santley and Mrs. Anna Burch were the binary stars of the occasion. Those who heard Mr. Santley sing twenty years ago, note with pleasure that there is no diminution of the fine qualities of voice and artistic finish which have earned for him the distinction he has achieved in the musical world. Mrs. Burch sings sweetly as well as powerfully, with ease, culture and grace. Mr. Bird, who at short notice had to take a place left vacant by illness, acquitted himself with much credit. The orchestral rendition of the overture to "Ruy Blas" was listened to with enjoyment and delight. In the second part Mr. Santley received an ovation. His "Simon the Cellarer," in response to a second *encore*, was a tasteful interpretation of a familiar song. Mr. Herbert L. Clarke gave, as a cornet solo, "Chanson d'Amour" with magnificent effect. The Philharmonic and its enthusiastic conductor, Mr. F. H. Torrington, are to be congratulated on the brilliant success they have achieved.

TRINITY University is to be congratulated on the enterprise and energy which so speedily overcame the obstacle created by the conflict of authority which arose between it and some of the musical faculties in England as to its power of conferring degrees in music. On Thursday evening, the 2nd inst., Dr. Lott, organist of St. Sepulchre's Church, Holborn, London, and Professor of Music in Trinity University, gave an organ recital under the joint auspices of Trinity University and the Toronto Conservatory of Music. The Misses Clara Code, Eva N. Roblin, Frances H. Doane, and Mr. W. C. Palmer, all of the Conservatory, contributed vocal selections. There was a large audience, representative of the best musical culture of Toronto, present. From the outset it became apparent to the auditors that they were in the presence of one of the most masterly performers on the king of instruments, the organ, who has ever visited Toronto. Dr. Lott is not only a skilled interpreter of organ technique, but his power of expression is equally masterful. The audience was captivated by his performance and its enthusiasm was demonstrative. Among the noticeable numbers interpreted were Handel's "Concerto in B flat No. 2"; "The Guardian Angel"—one of the doctor's compositions; the "Tempo di Minuetto"; and "The War March" from "Athalie," by Mendelssohn. The presence of this eminent musician in Toronto—who though resident in London, England, yet comes here to discharge his professional duties in connection with Trinity University—is but another illustration of the fusion of interests which is slowly but surely welding together Canada and the Mother Land.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

TOLD AFTER SUPPER. By Jerome K. Jerome. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The introductory chapter of this ghostly book is as clever and amusing as any part of it. It has "96 or 97" delightful illustrations by Kenneth M. Skeaping, which, added to the pretty print and good paper, make it very attractive. It conveys a "moral," namely, that those who would sleep in peace, untormented by ghosts, should avoid such suppers as that described by Mr. Jerome. The cool courage of the ghost-seers is much to be admired, but *not* imitated, as it appears to be frequently of the character commonly called "Dutch." The chapter containing "a personal explanation" is good.

SARDIA: A Story of Love. By Cora Linn Daniels. Price 50 cents. Boston: Lee and Sheppard. 1891.

When the late Mr. Dickens read "Adam Bede," he exclaimed: "If the writer of that book is not a woman, I am one!" Mr. Dickens, in this matter, saw more clearly than most. It was not every one who could so easily find out the sex of George Eliot. There is no such difficulty in the present case. "Sardia" is, beyond all doubt, a woman's work; and it partakes of the subjective, psychological tendency of many modern novels. For all that, it is not at all a bad story. Some parts of it seem to us a little improbable; but, then, truth is stranger than fiction. Some of the incidents are a little disagreeable, and some are not so much so as we expected them to be. In spite of some drawbacks, however, we read the story with interest from beginning to end.

FRANZ DELITZSCH: A Memorial Tribute. By Dr. S. I. Curtiss. Price 3s. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark; Toronto: McAinsh. 1891.

It was an excellent idea on the part of Dr. Curtiss, of Chicago, to give us this short memoir of his honoured friend, the late Dr. Delitzsch, whilst we are waiting for the more complete biography which will probably not appear for a year or two. No man knew better how to adjust the claims of orthodoxy and science than Delitzsch did, and the record of his literary life may be set before Biblical students of all ages as an example which they would do well to imitate. The outlines of the great Hebraist's life are here given with care and accuracy; and the author has furnished us with an almost complete list of his writings. Every admirer of Delitzsch—that is to say, every careful student of his writings—will welcome this reasonable publication.

HOW TO READ ISAIAH. By Buchanan Blake, B.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark; Toronto: McAinsh. 1891.

Every one, unless it be those who know the historical books of the Old Testament almost by heart, must be familiar with the difficulties which beset the student of the writings of the Prophets. Mr. Blake has done well, therefore, in making an attempt to arrange the greater part of the Prophecies of Isaiah in chronological order, introducing at the proper places those passages of the history which are needed to explain the allusions in the prophetic writings. The portion attributed to the Great Unknown is not given. The work has been done with care and success, and will certainly be found helpful. Considering the lofty tone in which the author speaks of the revisers of the Old Testament version, we think his own translations might have been better. In numerous passages they are inferior both to the Authorized and the Revised Versions.

BORIS LENSKY: Translated from the German of Ossip Schubin. Price 50 cents. New York: Worthington and Company. 1891.

Ossip Schubin, as we are informed, is the *nom de guerre* of a German lady novelist, who is taking in her own country somewhat the same place which was taken by George Sand in France. There is no denying the literary power displayed in this book, but we must warn our readers that its tone is that of a Russian or French novel much more than that which we expect from a German or English novelist. The character of the hero, a Russian violinist, is conceived with great insight and power, and the working out of his history is psychologically not improbable; but many of the incidents are painful. The book is very prettily got up, paper, type and photographs all being excellent. We wish we could give the same praise to the translation. But this is impossible. To refer to "the difficultly vanquished sadness of the past night" is not to write English, and much of the translation is clearly unidiomatic, whilst some is positively inaccurate.

TALKS WITH ATHENIAN YOUTHS. Price \$1.00. New York: C. Scribner's Sons. 1891.

This pretty volume belongs to an admirable series intended to make English readers familiar with the mind and teaching of Socrates and Plato. Previous volumes have dealt with some of the principal dialogues. For example, the volume entitled "Socrates," contained translations of the Apology, Crito, and parts of the Phædo. The present volume has translations from the Charmides,

Lysis, Laches, Euthydemus and Theætetus. Of course, the best way of studying these great products of the Greek mind is to read the original works; but we live in such a busy age that very few even of those who know the language can accomplish so extensive a work; so that books like the one before us are of very great practical utility. The whole seems to be very well done. But we have particularly tested the work in the very important dialogue "Theætetus," having compared it carefully with the Greek and with other translations. We are able, therefore, to affirm with confidence that the selections are made with judgment and success, nothing being omitted which is of importance for the argument; and further, that the translation is admirable—being at once exact and idiomatic.

TWO PENNILESS PRINCESSES. By Charlotte M. Yonge. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

The present generation is deeply indebted to Miss Yonge for her many charming historical novels. All parents, and those who are responsible for the education and guidance of the literary tastes of young people, will recognize the importance of such interesting and delightfully written books, and be fully aware of their influence in arousing the desire for further knowledge of the periods treated and of the historical characters introduced in them. "Two Penniless Princesses" is the story of two of the many daughters of the noble, but most unfortunate, James the First, King of Scotland, "the flower of the whole Stewart Race," who in his youth was prisoner at the court of our gallant king, Henry the Fifth, of England (Miss Yonge has written the story of his imprisonment under the title of the "Caged Lion"), and who was afterwards murdered. Miss Yonge has evidently a warm interest in the "Stewart period," as she has written so much concerning it, and her works all show careful study, investigation and reliability on points of history. It is sufficient recommendation to say that the "Penniless Princesses" quite equals its predecessors. The book is prettily and serviceably bound, and both the print and the paper are good.

A YOUNG MACEDONIAN. By the Rev. A. T. Church. Illustrated. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is a tale of the time of Alexander the Great, and a capital book for boys. It is one of a kind much needed, having plenty of incident and adventure, and giving much insight into a period of the world's history deeply interesting to a boy, of a time which is probably chiefly connected in his mind with lessons, and, therefore, with some boys possibly distasteful at first, but which a book like this makes both attractive and instructive. There is so much pernicious literature in the present day for young people, unfortunately, to be procured at a very low price, that one welcomes gladly such a book as "A Young Macedonian," which is stirring and exciting enough to make it very readable and at the same time it is improving. In the preface, Mr. Church says: "The visit of Alexander to Jerusalem is recorded only by Josephus. The fact that it is not mentioned by Arrian . . . certainly throws some doubt upon it. . . . Bishop Westcott thinks that Josephus' narrative may be true, and I am content to make this opinion my defence for introducing the incident into my story."

A HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRITISH COLONIES. By C. P. Lucas, B.A. Vol. 2. Price 7s. 6d. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1890.

The imprimatur of the Clarendon Press is, in these days, almost sufficient to attest the value of a book to which it is affixed. The volume now before us may, however, stand upon its own merits. Every pains has been taken to secure accuracy, the statistical parts of the book having been mainly written by Mr. Harris of the Colonial Office, who was secretary to the recent Commission to the West Indies, and has given to the work the benefit of his revision. There are three sections—the first dealing with the Bermudas, the second with the West Indian dependencies of Great Britain, and the third with the Falkland Islands and West Georgia. To take the section on Bermuda as an example, the plan is first to give a history of the colony from the time of its discovery to the present time, then to give an account of its government and administration, of its area and geography, of its various products, of its climate, its population, its religion and education, and of its finances and general relations. At the end of each section a list of books is added, from which more minute information may be obtained. We believe that the book, as it stands, will be quite sufficient for all ordinary purposes of information; and wherever we have tested it, we have found it accurate. The contents of the book are rendered more intelligible and useful by a series of eleven excellent maps and a diagram which shows the area in square miles of the larger colonies named as compared with Wales, and of the smaller as compared with the Isle of Wight.

HEROES OF THE NATIONS: PERICLES. By Evelyn Abbott, M.A. Price \$1.50. New York: Putnam; Toronto: Williamson. 1891.

This volume belongs to a series which seems intended as a companion to a previous series—"The Story of the Nations." We are happy to say that, so far as it has gone,

the present series contrasts favourably with its predecessor, which had too many weak volumes in it. Mr. Evelyn Abbott has many qualifications for writing a life of Pericles. He is a good scholar, has a large acquaintance not only with the Greek authorities, but with the varied literature which has been devoted to the criticism of ancient Greek authors; and he has already produced the first volume of a History of Greece, which, for impartiality and breadth of view, promises to occupy a place of its own. The present work is therefore no mere piece of writing done to order, but is the result of long continued studies. Of the immense work done for Athens, for Greece, for humanity by Pericles, there can, of course, be no question; but different views have been taken as to the general results of his government on the well-being of Athens; and here Mr. Abbott takes a view less favourable to the policy of the great Athenian than has been adopted by recent historians of eminence. In one respect we think the author might have made a more effective volume. His second title, "The Golden Age of Athens," has apparently laid him under the necessity of making his book a history of Greece for the period, and so slightly interfered with the unity of treatment which belongs to a monograph. To some readers, however, this may seem an advantage. The portion of the work devoted to the literature of the age, and especially to the great dramatists, is admirable.

A BRAVE WOMAN. By E. Marlitt. Price 75 cents; New York: Worthington. 1891.

Here is another novel translated from the German, also, like one recently noticed, written by a lady under an assumed name; and we can recommend it without any of the qualifications which accompanied our mention of its predecessor. To inhabitants of this Western World, or even to those familiar with the more aristocratic atmosphere of Great Britain, there may be a certain sense of unreality in the insolent tone of these German Counts and Barons; but we believe the authoress knows her people, and represents them faithfully. Even in Germany "the old order changeth," and the features of national life here portrayed may soon disappear. The heroine of this story is of somewhat transcendent excellence. We are not, however, disposed to find fault with this which is not a very common failing in modern novels. It may be well for us at times to contemplate people a good deal better than ourselves; and it must be admitted that the character of Julia is well sustained throughout. All the other characters stand out distinctly from the canvas, including the two most detestable of them, the Hofmarschall and the Chaplain. The hero, Mainan, provokes us a good deal at first; but we feel reconciled as the story proceeds. We must not let our readers into the secret of the plot; but we can promise a good deal of entertainment to those who take the book in hand. To ourselves it is distinctly a more interesting story than the one by which the authoress has hitherto been best known, "The secret of the aged Ma'amsele." With regard to the translation, it is very fair and perhaps as good as we have a right to expect in work of this kind. We fear that few translators have any conception of the delicacy and difficulty of the work they are undertaking; but that is too long a subject to be further pursued in this place.

TORONTO, OLD AND NEW: A Memorial Volume. Edited by G. Mercer Adam. Toronto: Mail Printing Company. 1891.

If we were to say that this volume is about as good a thing of its kind as could be produced under the necessary conditions of its existence, we think that we could make good our testimony. But we fear that such a statement might equally please or displease those who approved or disapproved of the volume. It is only fair, however, to take account of these necessary conditions in forming an estimate of the value of this book.

As regards the editorial part of the volume, Mr. Mercer Adam has done it about as well as it could be done. If his sketches of living men partake something of the character of what has been called "portraits in oil," they could not properly be of a different character. No writer can give mere photographs of acquaintances, many of them personal friends, whom he is meeting every day. If here and there we meet with a laudatory remark which might with advantage be pruned, at least there is nothing like caricature in the sketches; and, generally, there is a solid basis of truth under the ornamental filling up. That they are well written, interesting, and readable is guaranteed by the author's name.

Of course it will be said, and it has been said, that this is a mere commercial speculation on the part of the *Mail*, and a puff of a number of the citizens of Toronto who have paid for this conferred celebrity. Are these accusations wholly justifiable? Do newspapers generally exist as enterprises of benevolent men for the good of Society? What is the meaning of the objection: "There is no money in it?" We can see very little in this cant about the supposed motives of editors and publishers. It is more to the point to ask whether the *Mail* has given us a good book; and, on the whole, it is a good book. The writing is good, the printing is good, the pictures are generally very good indeed—almost all the likenesses are, at least, recognizable, and the volume is of a handy size and shape.

Obviously there are some very notable omissions, and

some of them are quite unaccountable. Probably the publishers would tell us that, in certain cases, they were refused likenesses of leading men; and we must remark that there may be just as much vanity and silliness in a public man refusing a request for such things as there is in the eagerness of other men to force their effigies upon the notice of the public. On the other hand, there will always be, in a book of this kind, a certain number of persons who have very little claim to appear in such a gallery. Still, we fancy that most of the faces here represented are tolerably familiar, if not to the citizens at large, yet to considerable sections of them; and who can tell, when he enters the ranks, for example, of the clergy and the lawyers, where importance ceases and insignificance begins? If this volume comes into the hands of the wives of the clergy, we imagine that no lady will be surprised to find her husband there. Perhaps those of the unnoticed will comfort themselves by claiming the "distinction," like Lord Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna, of being undecorated.

Making all allowance, however, for unavoidable failures and omissions, we are unable to understand the absence of such names as those of Messrs. Edward and Samuel Blake and Mr. D'Alton McCarthy. It is pleasant to see the very good likenesses of Messrs. Christopher Robinson, B. B. Osler, Charles Moss, and others, and to read the useful sketches of their career; but to Mr. McCarthy there is only a passing reference, whilst the names of the Blakes do not occur in the Index, and we cannot find them even mentioned in the text. The publishers must see that such omissions, and there are others of the same kind, must seriously detract from the value of their book. If they wish it to be permanently useful, they should publish an appendix containing likenesses and biographical or descriptive sketches of those men of public importance who are here omitted and who would by common consent be included in such a collection.

Still, with all these deductions, the volume is not only of distinct utility; but it is not an unworthy memorial of this great city and its leading men, and its most conspicuous institutions and buildings. The fashion of this world passeth away, and books like the present will be not merely of archaeological interest; they will contribute materials to the writers of the future who take in hand to give an account of the civilization of the Nineteenth Century.

We have hardly referred to the historical portion of the volume relating to the foundation and development of the city, which, in some respects, is of most interest and of the greatest permanent value. The introduction is by our veteran archaeologist, Dr. Scadding, who has full right to the eminence here accorded to him. More than forty pages are occupied by a well-written history of the city, from the cultivated pen of Mr. Adam, dealing with its early days, the U. E. Loyalists and the founding of the Province, the early history of York, the incorporation of Toronto, and its subsequent history. A good chapter is given to the topography of the city; and the remainder of the volume is taken up with its institutions and the men by whom they are worked. We have freely indicated what we regard as the defects of this book; but we must also and with equal freedom indicate its excellence and utility.

Book Chat for April brings books and periodicals down to date with clean and concise notices, and judicious extracts.

"DAIRYING IN CALIFORNIA," by F. E. Sheldon, in the *Overland Monthly* for April, will interest the agricultural reader. Other readers will find a variety of matter to interest them in the remaining articles.

Outing is as full of bright readable articles of sport, description and adventure as ever. "Eskimo Whaling," by R. F. Walsh; "With Rod and Gun in North-Western Woods and Waters," by John Talman; "How we Ran the Rapids at Chambly," by W. S. Smith, are all interesting.

"FAMOUS NAVAL FIGURE HEAD RELICS" in *Cassell's Family Magazine* for April is a very interesting illustrated article. In the article "Sleep and Dreams" the editor has appended the following note: "The author is alone responsible for the statements in this paper"—rather a good advertisement for the article. "Eyes and No Eyes" is a popular scientific article well illustrated and written by Mr. Frank E. Beddard, M.A., F.R.S.E.

THE annals of the *American Academy of Political and Social Science* for April contains a very able paper on "The Genesis of a Written Constitution," by Professor Morey, in which the foundation of the United States Constitution is sought in early colonial charters. Professor Taylor has a thoughtful philosophical contribution on "Natural Law." Other well-considered papers make up a full number.

Blackwood's Magazine for April opens with a new anonymous serial "Chronicles of Westery: a Provincial Sketch." "Politics in Fiction" is a very bright, entertaining article. Mrs. Walford pays a deserving tribute to Elizabeth Carter "the scholar and linguist." "Musical Instruments and their homes" is a clever review article by C. F. Gordon Cumming; and "Civilization" receives due consideration at the hands of Sir H. E. Maxwell, Bart., M. P.

Temple Bar for April has one of W. Fraser Rae's able contributions, "The Bard of Olney," in which he regards Cowper from the standpoint of his prose which Mr. Rae says "is far more noteworthy than his poetry, and is among the best in the language." Mrs. Harrison contributes a spirited song of the sea, "Why we Love a Man-of-War," which had proof-reading has marred by substituting T for A in the first word of the second verse of the second stanza.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE opens the March number of the *Fortnightly* with a rich rhythmic tribute to "Marlowe, the father of the Sons of Song." In "For Conscience Sake" Thomas Hardy writes a short story cleverly. The "Soudan" problem is discussed by Hugh E. M. Stutfield, and Edward Delille portrays with discrimination Paul Verlaine, "the exquisite, delightful, diseased, lacerated poet of a morbid elite." We referred to Mr. Longley's "Canada and Imperial Federation" in a previous issue.

THE April number of the *International Journal of Ethics* sustains the high reputation of the prior numbers. Leslie Stephen in an article on "Social Equality" says that "one of the few lessons which I have learnt from life and not found already in copy books is the enormous difficulty which a man of the respectable classes finds in completely ruining himself even by vice, extravagance and folly; whereas there are plenty of honest people who, in spite of economy and prudence, can scarcely keep outside of the workhouse." Other very able articles by Professors Toy, Von Gizycki, William James and Simon N. Patten, complete the number.

CARDINAL GIBBONS contributes the leading article in the *North American Review* for April entitled "Wealth and its Obligations," and in it refers to contributions on the subject and delivers the following counsel: "Let employers and employed come together in amity, with a view to mutual understanding. Let them state their mutual grievances and ascertain their mutual demands and, temperate Christian counsels reigning, the result will be lasting peace." The Hon. Jeremiah M. Rusk, U. S. Secretary of Agriculture, contributes the first of a series of papers to be contributed by members of the Cabinet. Mr. Rusk's paper is on "The Duty of the Hour." Other contributions form a notable number.

ONE of the many interesting and instructive works embraced in the series of "Englishmen of Action" is Julian Corbett's "Drake"; Macmillan and Company, London. In spite of the teaching of ordinary history it is remarkable how little the general public really knows of this intrepid and illustrious "ancient mariner." His career as related by Mr. Corbett reads like a veritable romance. In these days of huge ocean steamers and ponderous warships, fancy a war-fleet starting from Plymouth Sound for the Spanish main, consisting of two vessels, one of seventy and the other of twenty-five tons, Francis Drake in command, of a crew of seventy-three souls, but one of the number having passed his thirtieth year. In this wise really commenced the career of the man who contributed perhaps more than any other to the foundation of Britain's supremacy on the seas. The author claims that "good Queen Bess" rather thwarted than helped Drake, and the book is specially worth reading by reason of the clear and concise manner in which it deals with an important epoch in English history. There is a capital description of the Armada invasion.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THEODORE DE BANVILLE, the celebrated French poet, died in Paris recently. He was a son of a naval officer and was born in 1823.

MR. KINLOCH COOKE, editor of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, will succeed, it is said, to the editorial chair of the *Observer* on Mr. H. D. Traill's retirement.

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY will publish, early in April, Mr. William Winter's new book, "Gray Days and Gold," and a new edition of his "Shakespeare's England," issued in uniform style.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN announces that Ruskin's Works will hereafter be published in America by Messrs. Charles E. Merrill and Company, of New York, who will issue the only authorized editions.

PROFESSOR JEBB has accepted an invitation to deliver the second course of Turnbull lectures on poetry at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. The first course is just now being delivered by Mr. Stedman.

HARPER AND BROTHERS announce a popular edition in one volume of the "Journal of Sir Walter Scott," and "Recollections of President Lincoln and His Administration," by L. E. Chittenden, his Registrar of the Treasury.

JULIEN GORDON (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger), authoress of those distinctively successful novels, "A Diplomat's Diary" and "A Successful Man," has written the complete novel for the May number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. The story is entitled "Vampires."

MUSURUS PASHA, a Greek in the service of Turkey, who was Turkish ambassador to London for many years, died in Constantinople recently at the age of eighty-four. During his stay in England he devoted his leisure to the translation of Dante into modern Greek.

MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN, the gifted Australian poet, is preparing for publication a work entitled "Literary New York," which will be principally biographical. It will be published simultaneously in London and New York, and will contain portraits of the authors mentioned.

IN the *New York Critic* of April 4, the last five of Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman's course of eight lectures on poetry at Johns Hopkins University are reported and summarized, the review filling two pages of the paper. The first three lectures were reported on March 14.

A MINING company has aroused the anger of the lady whose *nom de plume* is "Ouida" by styling itself "The Ouida Prospecting Syndicate." Mdlle. de la Ramée takes the opportunity to express her abhorrence of "the greedy and shameless parcelling out of Africa by a mob of European speculators."

THE Duke of Argyll's essay, "Professor Huxley on the War-Path," will be concluded in the *Popular Science Monthly* for May. The Duke appeals to geology for evidence of an inundation such as is described in the story of Noah's Flood, and to archaeology for support of the general truth of Bible history.

WE understand that the Rev. George J. Low, of Almonte, an old contributor of THE WEEK, is an applicant for the position of Professor of English Literature at the Royal Military College, Kingston, rendered vacant by the death of the late Professor Jones. We are confident that Mr. Low would fill the post with credit to the college and to himself.

THE wife of Arthur Tomson, a well-known English artist, is the author of the dainty lyric work with which the name of "Graham R. Tomson" has become identified. Her name in full is Mrs. Arthur Graham Tomson, but for some reason she prefers to be known as Graham R. Tomson. Her maiden name, on the authority of a letter written to Mr. Griswold, is said to have been Graham Rosamond Ball.

MR. MARION CRAWFORD has been sojourning at Tiflis, in the Caucasus, for the purpose of collecting the materials for a new novel. The distinguished author's residence was near the ridge of the Caucasus, covered with forests and crowned by peaks (some volcanic), the highest of which is Elburz, at the head of the Kur, on the Circassian border, 18,495 feet above the sea. A description of this wild, romantic spot will, no doubt, be found in the forthcoming work.

RIDER HAGGARD and his wife have returned from Mexico, where he has spent several months and bagged valuable material for a story. He will lay out his plot in the time of Cortez, he says, because Mexico was more civilized then than it has ever been since. Hard country to travel in, Mr. Haggard ticks—that thin air, insufferable heat, mosquitoes, jiggers and ticks that made life a misery, and huts to crawl into at night—in short, they lived "as we could, like dogs." But a magnificent country, after all, which hasn't begun to be developed.

SOME fifteen years or so ago, when Robert Louis Stevenson made one among the little colony of art-students and others at Barbizon, a discussion arose as to who, out of all their number, could best be spared by the world at large—he, in short, who never would be missed by the general public. There was some difficulty about coming to a decision, so, finally, everyone present inscribed the name of his candidate on a slip of paper. The slips were folded, placed in a hat, and, on being opened and read, proclaimed that all (himself included) had voted for Stevenson.

At a recent sale in London of Tennysonianiana the following prices were paid: A proof of the poem "Hands all Round," with manuscript corrections, and a note signed "A. T.," calling the printer's attention to the rewritten verse, £25 10s.; "Poems by Two Brothers" (Alfred and Charles Tennyson)—a fine, clean, uncut copy, in the original boards—£17 (the publishers in 1827 paid £10 for the copyright of the work); "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical" (1830) containing several pieces afterward suppressed, £5; Samuel Rogers' copy of the first edition of the *Collected Poems of Tennyson*, 1842, £5 15s.; and the first edition of "In Memoriam," £4 4s.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Ames, Fisher. A Practical Guide to Whist. 75c. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Hart & Co.
- Bourinot, Jno. Geo., C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L. Canadian Studies in Comparative Politics. Montreal: Dawson Bros.
- Burgess, Jno. W., Ph.D., LL.D. Political Science and Constitutional Law, Vols. I, II. Boston: Ginn & Co.
- Clement, Clara Erskine. Christian Symbols, and Stories of the Saints. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Elliott, Sarah Barnwell. Jerry. \$1.25. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- Hes, Geo.; Bowker, R. R. The Reader's Guide. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Lang, Andrew. Essays in Little. \$1.00. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Hart & Co.
- Matthews, Brander. French Dramatists of the 19th Century. \$1.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Hart & Co.
- Palmer, Geo. Herbert. The Odyssey of Homer. \$2.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Zola, Emile. Money. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker.
- Appleton's School Physics. \$1.20. New York: American Book Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

NIGHT.

COME with thine unveiled worlds, O truth of night,
Come with thy calm. Adown the shallow day,
Whose splendours hid the vaster world away,
I wandered on this little plot of light,
A dreamer among dreamers. Veiled or bright,
Whether the gold shower roofed me or the gray,
I strove and fretted at life's feverish play,
And dreamed until the dream seemed infinite.

But now the gateway of the all unbars;
The passions and the cares that beat so shrill,
The giants of this petty world, disband;
On the great threshold of the night I stand,
Once more a soul self-cognizant and still,
Among the wheeling multitude of stars.

—Archibald Lampman, in April Scribner.

SHAKESPEARIAN.

THE study of the works of Shakespeare forms one of the interesting pursuits of Principal A. Cameron's pupils in English literature at the Yarmouth Seminary. Some years since Mr. Cameron communicated to *Shakesperiana*, a monthly magazine published in Philadelphia, the substance of a discussion conducted among the members of his class, chiefly young ladies, concerning the interpretation of a line in the "Merchant of Venice," which runs as follows:—

And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought.

On enquiring of the editor of *Shakesperiana* as to whether there were any generally accepted interpretation of the line, the views of several members of Mr. Cameron's class were presented. The first interpretation offered was that the speaker (Portia) felt herself restrained from declaring her affection through modesty and social conventionality. A second suggestion was that the meaning might be that "a maiden speaks just what she thinks—tells the plain, unvarnished truth." The third interpretation was that Portia thinks thoughts which she would like her lover to know, but is unable to clothe them in speech—as expressed by Tennyson:—

Oh that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

These diverse views were illustrated with a considerable wealth of apt quotation from famous poets and writers. Mr. Cameron was naturally and justifiably gratified to find that Dr. Horace Howard Furness, in his great work "The Variorum Shakespeare," in the noble volume devoted to a study of "Merchant of Venice," had fully reproduced the discussion of his Yarmouth Seminary class of 1885. Dr. Furness is known as the most distinguished living Shakespearian student, and his edition of Shakespeare as a masterpiece of scholarship and criticism. Dr. Furness closes his observations on this line as follows: "In the interesting discussion in *Shakesperiana*, I should be inclined to think that the first interpretation offered is the true one."—*Yarmouth, N.S., Paper.*

AN ENGINEER TAUGHT BY AN INSECT.

IT has been said that the operations of the spider suggested the arts of spinning and weaving to man. That may be doubtful, but it is quite certain that to a hint from an insect was due the invention of a machine instrumental in accomplishing one of the most stupendous works of modern times—the excavation of the Thames tunnel. Mark Isambard Brunel, the great engineer, was standing one day, about three quarters of a century ago, in a shipyard, watching the movements of an animal known as the *Teredo Navalis*—in English, the naval wood-worm—when a brilliant thought suddenly occurred to him. He saw that this creature bored its way into the piece of wood upon which it was operating by means of a very extraordinary mechanical apparatus. Looking at the animal attentively through a microscope, he found that it was covered in front with a pair of valvular shells; that with its foot as a purchase it communicated a rotary motion and a forward impulse to the valves, which, acting upon the wood like a gimlet, penetrated its substance; and that as the particles of wood were loosened they passed through a fissure in the foot, and thence through the body of the borer to its mouth, where they were expelled. "Here," said Brunel to himself, "is the sort of thing I want. Can I reproduce it in an artificial form?" He forthwith set to work, and the final result of his labours, after many failures, was the famous boring shield with which the Thames tunnel was excavated. This story was told by Brunel himself, and there is no reason to doubt its truth. The keen observer can draw useful lessons from the humblest of the works of God.—*New York Ledger.*

WILLIAM BLAKE.

IT is as a designer and painter, however, not as an engraver, that William Blake falls within the scope of our work. In 1791 six plates designed and also engraved by him were published as illustrations of Mary Wollstonecroft's "Tales for Children"; and in 1793 nine plates for an expensive edition of "Guy's Fables," published by Stockdale. These designs have a natural air of original simplicity, with sometimes a peculiar touch of wildness, as in the "Father Beside His Dead Children in Jail" in the

"Tales for Children," upon whose youthful minds we are told it left an impression of pained dreamy fear. At this time Blake, following the wild promptings of his own imagination, began those mysterious compositions of which he was at once the poet, painter, and engraver. Taught by necessity, he invented a process of his own, though he alleged it was revealed to him in a vision. By drawing on copper with a medium which resisted acid, he obtained a raised design. From this he was enabled to print both the design and his closely written poetry, which covers some entire pages, and in others crowds round his figured imaginings, filling every cranny upon his copper. These works, aided by his wife, he pulled off at a common printing press, and then tinted. His colouring is produced with the commonest pigments, probably prepared by himself—Dutch pink, ochre and gamboge, blue, red, and green. Sometimes he has neglected to reverse part of the lettering on his plates and it prints backwards; occasionally a principal figure has been printed both ways by transferring, and, with a dark or light background, is made to serve for two designs. The engravings themselves produced by this process were rude in character, the outlines thick and crude; nevertheless the effect is singularly pictorial. In this manner he completed his "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience," which contain some most beautiful ideas both in design and poetry, and the plates for which are very refined and lovely in colour. These were followed by his "America: a Prophecy." Unbalanced minds are always disturbed by great events, and this latter work arose out of the excitement which attended the breaking out of the American Revolution; as a rhapsody, it is altogether incomprehensible, and it would be impossible to look at it as the production of a sound intellect. His "Europe: a Prophecy" followed in 1794, full of diseased horrors, from the grand wreathed serpent which forms the title to the illustration of "Famine"—a father and mother preparing the cauldron to cook their dead child, which lies stretched out at their feet.—*A Century of Painters of the English School. By Richard Redgrave, C.B., R.A., and Samuel Redgrave, Second Edition.*

DIET AND INTELLECT.

THAT clever London journalist, Mrs. Crawford, gives the following in an exchange. She probably practices what she preaches: The persons living to a green old age who have come within the range of my observation, were abstemious themselves, and had either sprung from poor families or come from the South, where heavy meat meals are not enjoyable. Guizot, who was not a vigorous trencherman, started in poverty, and was a Southern. Thiers started in the same condition, ate twice a day and very heartily, but was so heavy after eating as to be obliged to go to sleep. He died of apoplexy after eating. I attribute the extraordinary difference in quality in the early and late works of Victor Hugo to his having only scant meals when he wrote the former, and to his having plentiful and delicious ones, to which he did the fullest justice, when he turned out the latter. Victor Hugo was *spirituel* before lunch or dinner; he was inflated in speech, and bereft of all sense of the ridiculous, when digesting either repast. M. de Lesseps is almost oriental in his abstemiousness at table, he being of a Southern family, and having lived long in hot countries, which are as healthy as any to those who adapt themselves to the climate. I dare say he owes his longevity and high spirits to his sobriety in food as well as in drink. M. Barthelémy Saint-Hilaire, though eighty-four, works as hard and with as little fatigue as ever he did in his life. Twenty years ago he said to me: "I am persuaded that the civilized man eats three times more than what he needs when he is not checked by poverty. For my part, I was too poor until I was elderly to be a gourmand, and when I now go to dine at a friend's house, I only play with my knife and fork. Dinner is a mistake." I know a literary woman who leads a singularly laborious life, and thrives in health and spirits on it. She says that she owes, in a great degree, her good spirits and capacity to get through any amount of work, or worry, and of strain on the nervous system, by cutting dinner.—*Canada Health Journal.*

"I FIND," observed Dr. Livingstone, "that all eminent men work hard. Eminent geologists, mineralogists, men of science, work hard, and that both early and late."

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THE UNEXPRESSED.

STRIVE not to say the whole! The poet in his art
Must intimate the whole, and say the smallest part.

The young moon's silver arc her perfect circle tells,
The limitless within art's bounded outline dwells.

Of every noble work the silent part is best,
Of all expression that which cannot be expressed.

Each act contains the life, each work of art the world,
And all the planet laws are in each dewdrop pearled.

—W. W. Story.

A MILLIONAIRE'S ADVENTURES.

MR. ALEXANDER DE VIEUNE, a well-known millionaire of Napa City, California, has returned from a European journey which he is not likely soon to forget. Mr. De Vieune came as a passenger in the steerage of the steamship *Burgundia*, from Naples and Marseilles, in the company of 485 Italian emigrants. His story is a most extraordinary one. It appears that Mr. De Vieune left Napa City in September for the purpose of making a trip to Europe, intending to visit Italy and spend the winter at Nice and Monte Carlo. He took with him a few hundred pounds and a letter of credit for an amount sufficient to cover his expenses while absent. He proceeded to New York, and sailed thence in a steamer for Genoa; his trip being as much for his health as for pleasure, and not wishing to visit the northern and colder climates. Arriving in Genoa in October, he remained there some days, and made a journey through Italy, visiting Naples, Rome, Venice, etc. After two months of enjoyment of this kind, he took a steamer for the south of France, and proceeded to Monte Carlo, here he settled down for the winter; but one night, soon after his arrival, while on his way home from the Casino, where he had won a considerable sum, he was waylaid by some ruffians who had watched his good luck. They robbed him not only of his winnings, but of his jewellery, his letter of credit and other papers. They stripped him and left him bleeding and insensible by the roadside, where he was found by the police some time after. He was taken to a police station, where his injuries were dressed; but, as he claimed to have been robbed, which the police refused to believe, he was quickly turned out to find his way back to his lodgings as best he could. Being absolutely without a penny and being quite ignorant of the language—notwithstanding his French origin—Mr. De Vieune received little sympathy. His landlady kept his wardrobe as security for his bill, but would not allow him to remain in the house, and the unfortunate man resolved therefore to go to Nice, where he had some friends. He started to walk, and *en route* stopped several persons, hoping to find some one speaking English to whom he could tell his story. But his clothes being torn, his face bruised and his general appearance most suspicious, he was regarded as a drunken beggar by those who understood him, and all assistance was refused. Arriving at Nice he found his friends gone, and he could get no one to listen to his story, much less believe it. Finally the Nice police arrested him as a tramp, and as his explanations were unsatisfactory, and he was without a letter or paper proving his identity, he was not believed. The judge laughed at his story of the robbery, and gave him a month's imprisonment for alleged begging and having no means of support. He served his term, and, having been liberated, tramped to Marseilles, where he called upon the American Consul, who shipped him home in the steerage of the *Burgundia*.

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The indulgence of manhood, and the restoration of age.—
Landor.

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Is the positive verdict of people who take Hood's Sarsaparilla. When used according to directions the good effects of this excellent medicine are soon felt in nerve strength restored, that tired feeling driven off, a good appetite created, headache and dyspepsia relieved, scrofula cured and all the bad effects of impure blood overcome. If you are in need of a good blood purifier or tonic medicine do not fail to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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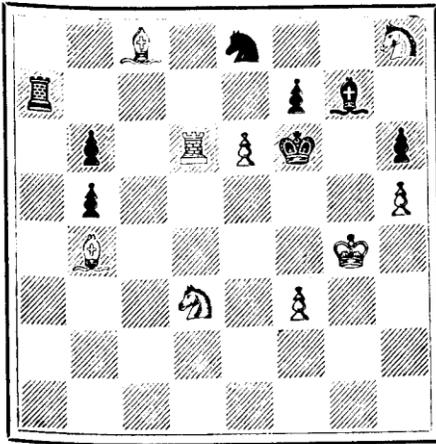
100 Doses One Dollar.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 555.

By C. A. Gilberg.

BLACK.



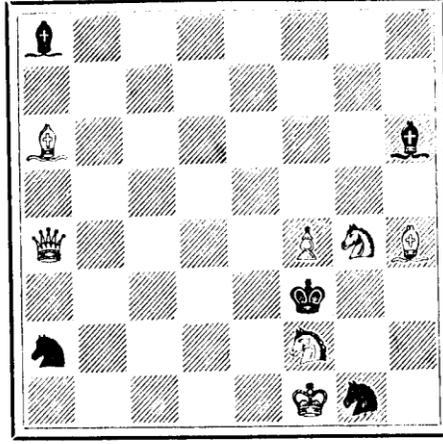
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 556.

By W. A. Shinkman.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 549. K x P

- White. 1. Q-Q 5, 2. Q-Q 6, 3. Q or Kt mates. Black. 1. R x Kt, 2. R moves. If 1. R-B 3, 2. R x Kt.

GAME PLAYED AT HAVANA IN THE MATCH BETWEEN MR. BLACKBURNE AND SENOR GOLMAYO.

SICILIAN DEFENSE.

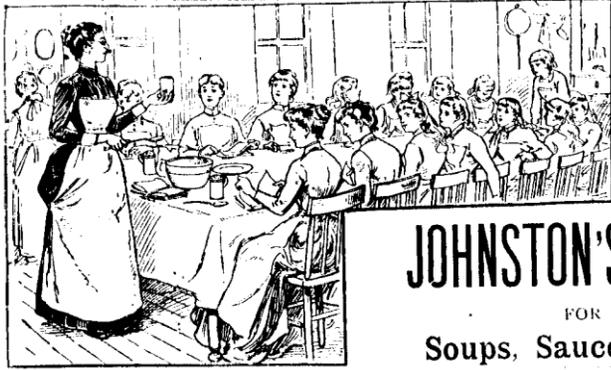
- J. H. Blackburne. White. 1. P-K 4, 2. Kt-Q B 3, 3. P-K Kt 3, 4. B-Kt 2 (a), 5. K Kt-K 2, 6. P-Q 3, 7. Castles, 8. B-Q 2, 9. R-Kt 1, 10. Kt-Q 5, 11. Kt-K 3, 12. P x P, 13. Kt x Kt, 14. Kt-B 4, 15. Q-K 1, 16. B-Q B 3, 17. B x B +. B. Golmayo. Black. P-Q B 4, Kt-Q B 3, P-K Kt 3, B-Kt 2, Kt-R 3, P-Q 3, Castles, K-R 1, R-Q Kt 1, P-K 3, P-B 4 (b), Kt x P, R x Kt, R-B 1, Q-K 1, Q-B 2, K x B.

NOTES.

- (a) Steinitz considers this the best form of attack in this opening. (b) Somewhat premature, as it leaves the K P weak. (c) Here Black could have equalized matters by P-K 4, for if White replies with 20, B-Q 5, then Black plays Kt-Q 5 and obtains the advantage. (d) This hastens defeat, but Kt-Q 5 or P-R 4 would have been equally fatal. (e) The prettier way of winning, though not shorter, would have been R-K 4.

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Catarrh

Is usually the result of a neglected "cold in the head," which causes an inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nose. Unless arrested, this inflammation produces Catarrh which, when chronic, becomes very offensive. It is impossible to be otherwise healthy, and, at the same time, afflicted with Catarrh. When promptly treated, this disease may be

Can be

cured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. **I have always been more or less troubled with Scrofula, but never seriously until the spring of 1882. At that time I took a severe cold in my head, which, notwithstanding all efforts to cure grew worse, and finally became a chronic Catarrh. It was accompanied with terrible headaches, deafness, a continual coughing, and with great soreness of the lungs. My throat and stomach were so polluted with the mass of corruption from my head that Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and Emaciation totally unfitted me for business. I tried many of the so-called specifics for this disease, but obtained no relief until I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using two bottles of this medicine, I noticed an improvement in my condition. When I had taken six bottles all traces of Catarrh disappeared, and my health was completely restored. - A. B. Cornell, Fairfield, Iowa.

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Societies. Browning Society of the New Century Club. Abstract of Proceedings and Discussion, E. M. Clark, Kate L. Gallagher, Professor C. H. Henderson. Clifton Shakspeare Society, Scarborough Literary Society.

Among the Contents of the March number will be:
Such Marcenet Surely. By K. Hart.
Wyatt's Sonnets and their Sources. E. B. Brownlow.
Jokai: The Father of Hungarian Literature. John Heard, Jr.
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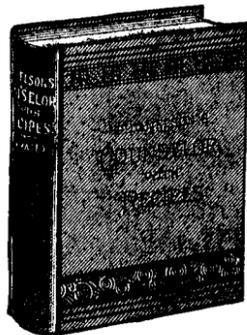
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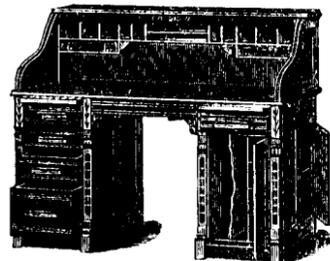
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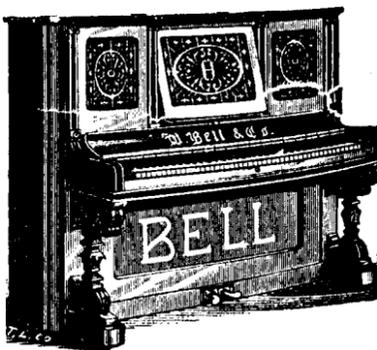


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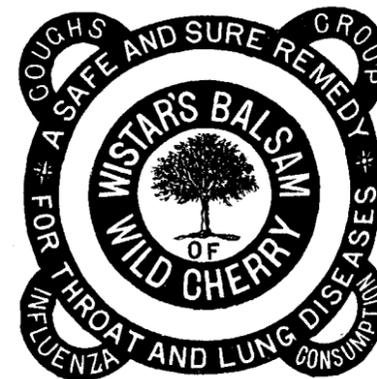
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