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CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1895.

HOPKINS' LIFE OF GLADSTONE. By Principal Grant.

CANADA'S GREATEST PRISON

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF

Politics, Science Art and Literature.

EDITED BY
JOHN A. COOPER, B.A., LL.B.

VOL. VI.

NOVEMBER, 1895, TO APRIL, 1896. INCLUSIVE.

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1896.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME VI.

NOVEMBER, 1895, TO APRIL, 1896.

FRONTISPIECES.

ARTICLES.

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POETRY.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI. | NOVEMBER, 1895. | No. 1.

CONTENTS.

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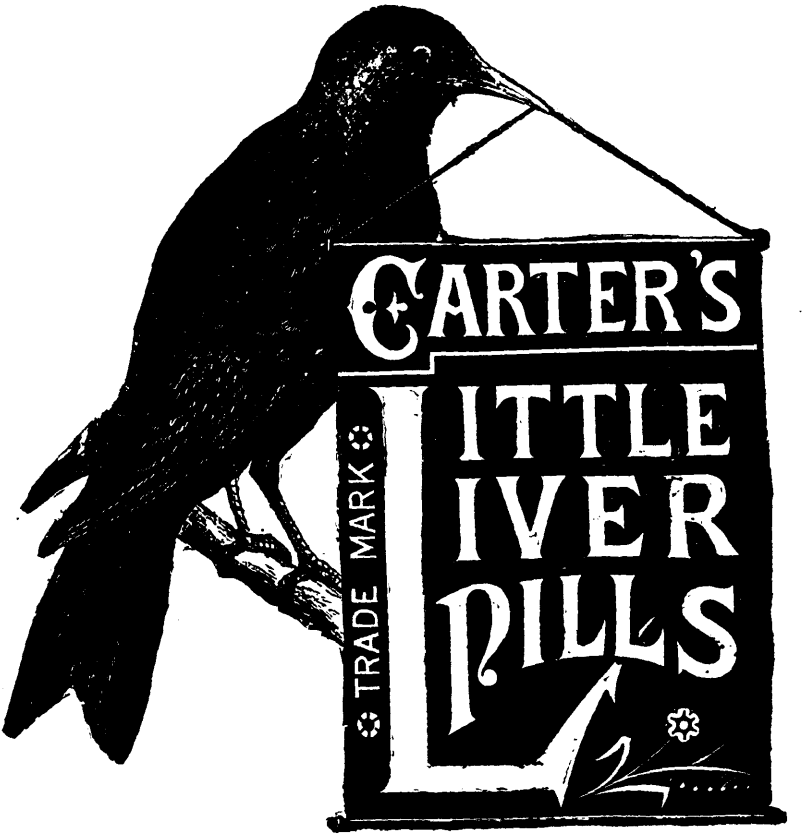

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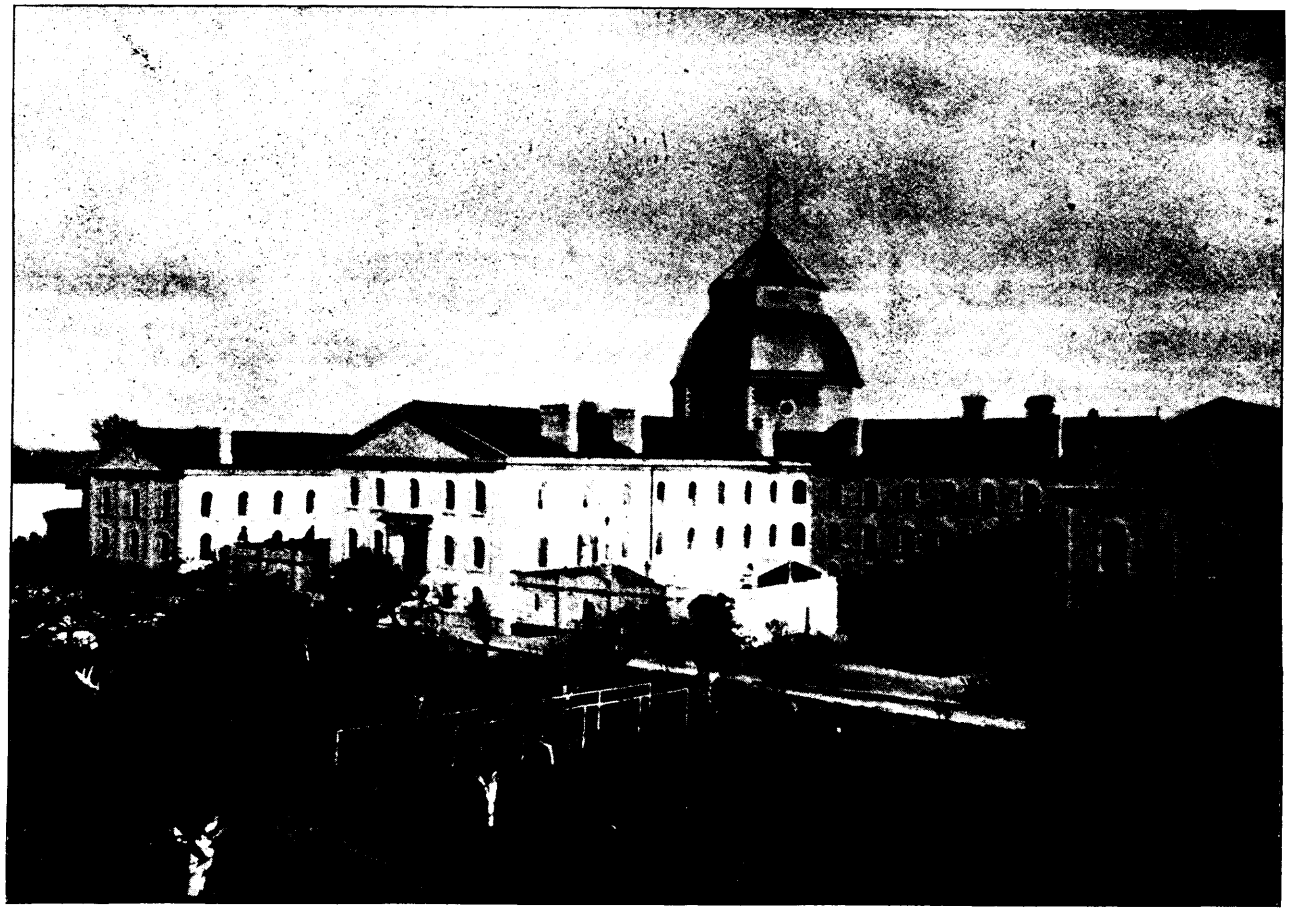


GENERAL VIEW OF KINGSTON PENITENTIARY—FROM TOWER ON NORTH-WEST CORNER OF WALL.

HOSPITAL. MAIN BUILDING BAKE SHOP

Photo. by John Miller, Toronto.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI. NOVEMBER, 1895. No. 1.

CANADA'S GREATEST PRISON.

BY W. J. McLEOD.

THE Kingston Penitentiary of to-day stands in the front rank of the Penal Institutions of the world. Situated at the foot of Lake Ontario, at the entrance to the mighty St. Lawrence, its natural position is most picturesque, and unsurpassed by that of any other public institution on the continent.

ITS ESTABLISHMENT.

In 1834 Royal consent was obtained and a bill passed authorizing the construction of a Penitentiary. The following year, a wooden structure enclosed in a palisade wall was built. In June of this year six men were incarcerated for larceny, and in October three women arrived to serve terms for similar offences. At the close of the first year fifty-two men and three women were confined in the Penitentiary. In those early days the men were employed in breaking stone, which was used on the roads of the district.

From this date improvements in the buildings etc. began to be made. In 1845 the present wall surrounding the institution was built. It encloses eleven acres of ground, is twenty-five feet high and is constructed of limestone quarried on the property. The northern group of buildings containing the Deputy Warden's residence, cells, dome, offices, chapels, dining-hall, kitchen, female prison, library and hospital, were also built at this time, and like the wall are constructed of the native limestone.

At that time when the penitentiary was first gaining magnitude it was also used as a military prison and was conducted on military principles, the keepers and guards being chosen from the regiments then stationed at Kingston.

The first warden was Mr. H. Smith, and the workings of the institution were controlled by a board of inspectors. The treatment of prisoners was very severe and the cat-o'-nine-tails played an important part in the punishment of refractory convicts. This in fact, continued until more recent years and it was not until the appointment of the late John Creighton, as warden, that more humane principles of government were instituted to any extent.

THE FENIAN PRISONERS.

Perhaps the most turbulent times in the history of the Institution were the years that followed the Fenian Raid of 1866, when the Fenian prisoners captured at Ridgeway were incarcerated there. Many of these men were the most troublesome ever confined in the Penitentiary.

In those days riots and mutinies were of common occurrence, all of which, however, were successfully met by the officers in charge. The last of the Fenian prisoners to be released was John Quinn, Company "A" 7th regiment I.R.A., who was liberated on the first of April, 1872.

During the term of office of the late Warden Creighton, important and humane changes in methods of management were instituted, and found to work beneficially. The present Warden, Dr. Lavell, has also instituted many and important reforms; and to these gentlemen is ascribed much of the credit for the present advanced standing which this Institution occupies amongst the Penal Institutions of the world.

The Kingston Institution at one time received the adjudged criminals from both Ontario and Quebec. This continued until the building of St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, Quebec, when a portion of the convict population was removed to the new Institution. The date of the opening of the Quebec Prison was the 20th May, 1873, and 120 convicts were taken thither from Kingston by steamer. No trouble occurred and they were all safely locked up in their new habitation without accident of any kind.

Before the building of the Quebec Penitentiary, the population consisted of about nine hundred convicts. The population to-day is in the neighborhood of five hundred and fifty. About thirty of these are women, gathered from all parts of the Dominion, Kingston possessing the only Female Penitentiary in Canada. Convicts becoming insane while serving a term in any of our Penitentiaries are also removed to Kingston, where a building especially adapted for their care has been constructed.

THE PRISON OF ISOLATION.

Under a new system lately introduced, the incorrigibles from the other Penitentiaries are removed to the Kingston Institution, where a building specially suited for their reception and confinement has been prepared. This building is known as the "Prison of Isolation," and the methods therein employed are entirely new to our Canadian criminals. The prisoners are never permitted outside of their cells, excepting for daily exercise, which is taken in an isolated portion of the yard inaccessible to the other convicts, and under the eyes of an officer. Strict silence is the rule here; the diet is not so liberal as that given to other convicts. Their correspondence is also curtailed; they are allowed to receive no luxuries of any description, and each is given his work to do in his own cell. There are at present about twenty convicts confined in this ward. A number of these have been sent from Dorchester (N. B.) Penitentiary, in which prison they were thoroughly incorrigible. In this new Institution they are easily managed.

This building was begun in June 1889. It is constructed entirely of cut stone, brick and iron, is 209 feet long by 40 feet wide, is three stories high and contains 114 cells. All the work in connection with it has been performed by convict labor, and the result reflects great credit on the penitentiary authorities. The work has a completeness and finish seldom seen in a place of the kind. The dimensions of the cells are as follows: six of them 12 feet by 11 feet 4 inches; six of them 10 feet by 11 feet 4 inches; twelve, 9 feet 10 inches by 11 feet 4 inches; ninety, 7 feet 11 inches by 11 feet 4 inches. The ceilings throughout are 11 feet from the floor, and the corridors are six feet wide.

The front of the cells consists almost entirely of chrome steel grating, which is so hard that it is almost impossible to cut it. The cells are all doubly locked. The locks have been manufactured in the penitentiary. Each door is fastened by a key-lock, and the entire range is locked by a

locking bar, a most ingenious invention, the patent of which is held by a Penitentiary official. By this arrangement any one door or number of doors may be locked or opened at once. Should the door of any one cell require to be opened or locked, it may be done by the keeper at the end of the corridor without interfering with the other doors. The cell walls are painted for five feet from the floor, and the remaining portion is white-washed. The floors are of granolithic material.

Each cell contains a woven wire bed with iron frames, which is fastened to and folds against the wall; a folding chair strongly made; a little cupboard with a drop door which when lowered forms a desk or table; a washbowl; and an automatic closet. On each flat there are 38 such cells, besides shower-baths, provided with hot and cold water. The building is heated by steam, and is lighted by electricity, each cell being furnished with a twelve candle-power electric lamp. The ceilings are constructed of arched brick, and the building is entirely fire-proof. At the northern end there is an elevator, capable of hoisting 1,500 pounds, and an iron stairway. The edifice is well-lighted, airy and thoroughly ventilated; in fact it is a model of its kind.

The present intention is that only incorrigible criminals shall be confined in the new department, but later it may be used for probationary purposes. Prisoners confined in the isolated cells do not earn good conduct remission, are allowed to see friends but once in three months, and are permitted to write only one letter per month. No reading is allowed them other than that afforded by the prison library. Convicts discharged from this prison will not

THE WALLS—BUILT IN 1845.

The Hospital. *Entrance to Coal Vault.* *East Wall.*

be permitted to associate with or work in the same gangs as the better class of convicts, but will be kept in separate gangs.

This prison is the only one of its kind in Canada. The Warden visited a somewhat similar institution in Pennsylvania where he obtained a great deal of information regarding the workings of such prisons. But while he adopted a few of the measures which he saw employed there, he is endeavoring to improve on the American system in many important particulars.

RULES OF PRISON OF ISOLATION.

The following rules and regulations were drafted by the Department of Justice for the government of this prison, and are now in use:—

(1) Any male convict whose conduct is found to be vicious or who persists in disobedience to the rules and regulations of the Penitentiary, or who is found to exercise a pernicious influence upon his fellow-convicts, may be imprisoned in the Prison of Isolation for an indefinite period, not to exceed the unexpired term of the convict's sentence.

(2) If, in the opinion of the Warden, it should be expedient to punish any convict by confinement in the Prison, the Warden shall, before inflicting the punishment, transmit to the Inspector for the Minister's consideration, his report of the facts and reasons on account of which he deems it proper to order the convict to be so confined, and should no order to the contrary be received, the proposed punishment may be inflicted.

(3) Convicts confined in the Prison of Isolation shall be known as "Penal Class Convicts"

(4) Penal class convicts shall be subject to the following rules and regulations:—

(*a*) They shall be confined in special cells, where strict silence shall be observed.

(*b*) They shall take exercise for about an hour a day, separately, in the presence of an officer.

(*c*) They shall be employed at such labor as may be ordered.

(*d*) They shall, subject to the approval of the surgeon, be restricted to a special diet for three months at least.

(*e*) They shall not be allowed to receive visits or letters, or to write letters, for the period of three months.

(*f*) They shall be subjected to the prescribed punishment for ordinary offences.

(*g*) If specially recommended by the Warden, on account of good conduct, at the end of three months, they shall receive the ordinary prison diet.

(*h*) If again specially recommended by the Warden, at the end of three additional months, they shall return to the ordinary cells.

(*i*) A special list of library books will be kept for the use of such convicts, which list shall be approved by the warden and chaplains.

(*j*) Any convict who has been ordered more than once during the same term of imprisonment, to undergo confinement, in the Prison of Isolation, shall be kept confined therein until the expiration of his sentence, unless otherwise ordered by the minister upon the recommendation of the Warden, on account of good conduct and well assured amendment, or of the Surgeon on account of mental or physical ailment.

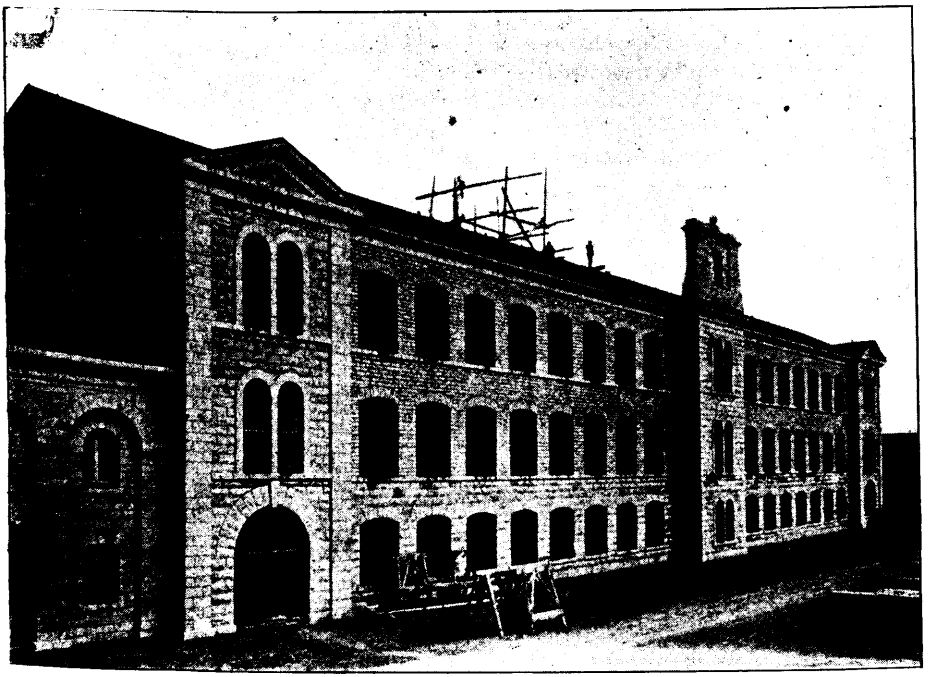
(*k*) Convicts, after having passed through a stage of separate confinement, will not immediately return to work among the general body of prisoners but will, as a measure of prevention, but not of punishment, continue to be kept and employed apart from them, upon probation, in separate working gangs, for such period as the Warden may deem necessary or proper.

(*l*) Penal class convicts will not be allowed any remission time. Marks will be kept of their conduct and industry, as in the case of other convicts, which will stand to their credit in determining the length of time they shall spend in isolation.

A GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

To a visitor, the penitentiary yard presents an animated appearance, and the ringing of hammers, intermingled with the humming of machinery, reminds one that he is in the midst of a not very small manufacturing centre. The south, or new group of buildings, is occupied entirely by the shops, etc. of the institution. These buildings are two stories high, built of limestone, and are admirably adapted for these purposes. In these shops the convicts are taught the various trades, skilled instructors being employed in each branch of the different industries.

First we enter the Stone-Shed, where some fifty odd men are busily engaged in transforming crude masses of stone into shape for building purposes, the ringing of the heavy hammers as they deal blow after blow on the solid lime-



THE PRISON OF ISOLATION.

stone makes a noise almost deafening to the ears. Many convicts, who, when entering the penitentiary, are possessed of no trade whatever, leave it capable of earning an honest livelihood at from three to four and a half dollars per day at their trade. Were it not that the ventilation in all these shops is of the best, the Stone-Shed would be a very undesirable place to work, as the blue dust arising from the pounded stone is very hard to bear.

Passing on, we enter the Blacksmith Shop, where twenty-five or thirty convicts are busily engaged pounding huge bars of heated iron into various forms. All the iron work in connection with this vast institution is made here by these men, whose brawny arms and blackened faces leave no doubt as to their vocation. In connection with this department is the Machine Shop of the institution, where some of the most skilled mechanics on the Continent are busily engaged turning out articles, the workmanship of which would command the very highest wages in outside markets.

Many years ago, a daring and skilfully prepared meeting, arranged to begin at a certain hour, was defeated in an extraordinary manner in this shop. A powerful negro who worked here was to lead the outbreak at three o'clock in the afternoon by killing the keeper in charge of the Shop, but at five minutes before the appointed hour, he was drawn by some unaccountable means into the machinery and instantly killed. This led to the defeat of their entire scheme.

Passing on we reach the Laundry and Bath-Room, where the clothing of the male prisoners is washed and dried by the most improved modern appliances. The Bath-Room is a credit to the institution and the needle shower baths, about thirty in number, are beautifully arranged.

Passing up the stairs in the centre

of the dome we enter the Tailor and Shoe Shop, where are employed about forty men who make all the clothing and boots worn in the institution by both officers and convicts, the prisoners' discharge clothing, clothing for Regina Jail and North West Indians. The busy instructors move about giving such information as may be required by the different prisoners, while the ever watchful guards walk ceaselessly up and down an elevated walk, running amongst the convicts the entire length of the room. The utmost vigilance is necessary here as the scissors and knives required in these trades make ugly weapons when in the hands of quarrelsome, enraged, or desperate convicts.

Next we enter the Binder Twine Shop, where about forty men are busily engaged in running the machinery necessary to manufacture this product. About two tons of the finest binding twine is made here daily. This is the only industry whose product goes into competition with that of outside labor. The materials used are of the finest quality and are imported directly from the Phillipine Islands and Cuba. Over six hundred tons of the twine have been sold during the present season.

Passing along we arrive at the Carpenter Shops in which is also situated the Paint Shop and Tinsmith Shop. Here all is activity, and about thirty men, skilled in their different branches, are busily engaged.

To the rear of the shops are the wood yard and stone pile, where a number of men are employed in cutting wood for use in the institution and in breaking stone into fine gravel to be used on yard walks and roads throughout the Penitentiary property.

We next visit the Bakeshop, where half a dozen convicts, under the direction of an instructor, are busily engaged in mixing, kneading and rolling the dough into shape. About two hundred and fifty loaves of bread are baked here daily, the quality of which far surpasses the ordinary bakers' bread sold by our city bakers.

A few years ago, four convicts, who, with their instructor, were working in the bake-shop on Christmas Eve, preparing the pudding for the convict's Christmas dinner, made a successful escape by binding and gagging their instructor and overpowering the guard, when he came on his round. With the aid of a rope they scaled the wall, and then walked across the ice to Cape Vincent. They were, however, afterwards re-captured and brought back to serve their term.

A visit to the Asylum ward is now paid, and we are greeted at the door by a genial, though shrewd-looking, officer, who, we are informed, has officiated as an officer of the Penitentiary for twenty-seven years. The cells in this ward are large and airy, and the entire building is clean in the extreme. There are about thirty insane convicts confined here, where they are retained until the expiration of their sentences, when they are removed to the different insane Asylums of the Provinces from which they came. The dungeons of the Penitentiary are situated beneath this building, and in them refractory convicts receive their *cooling*. It seldom takes a long sojourn in one of them to subdue the most stubborn criminal.

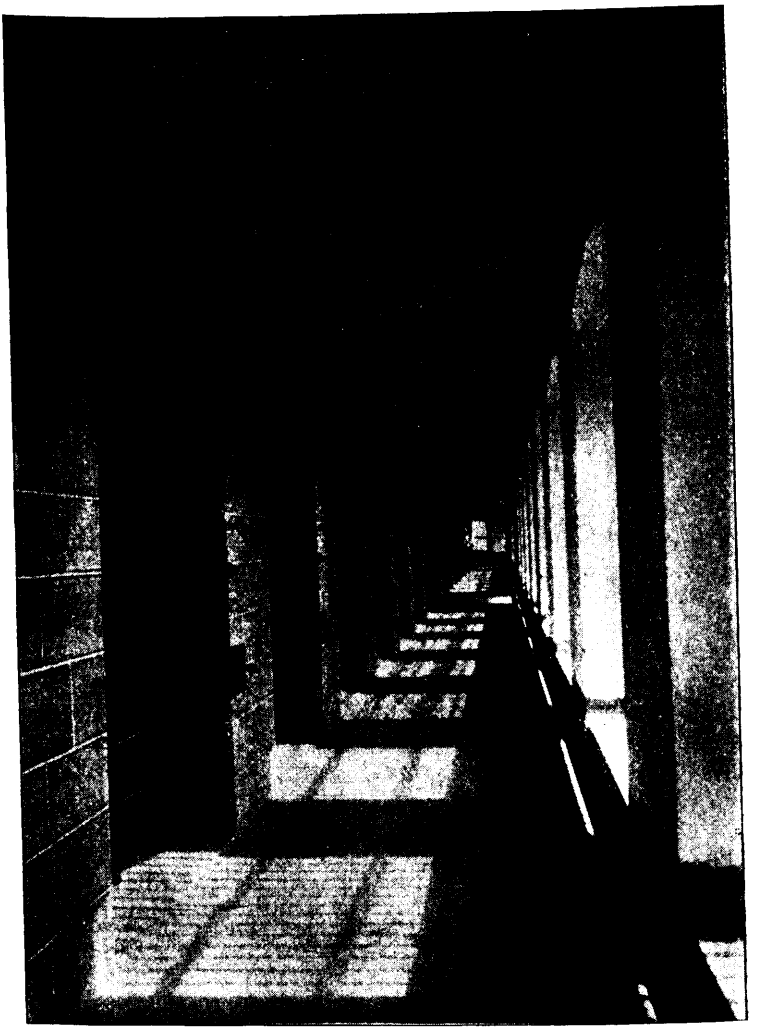
The Penitentiary has its own electric light system, which gives the best of satisfaction. The dynamo-room is neat and orderly, and bears evidence of never-ceasing care. The engine-room is neatly fitted up with brass railings. The boilers are all covered with improved heat-retaining covering, and are seven in number. At the entrance to the engine-room stands the office of the Chief Keeper, Major Hewton, a veritable giant, a thorough military man, and a genial-looking officer.

The Hospital is the next building to be visited, and it is a model of its kind. Here neatness reigns supreme; the waxed floors, spotless walls, and

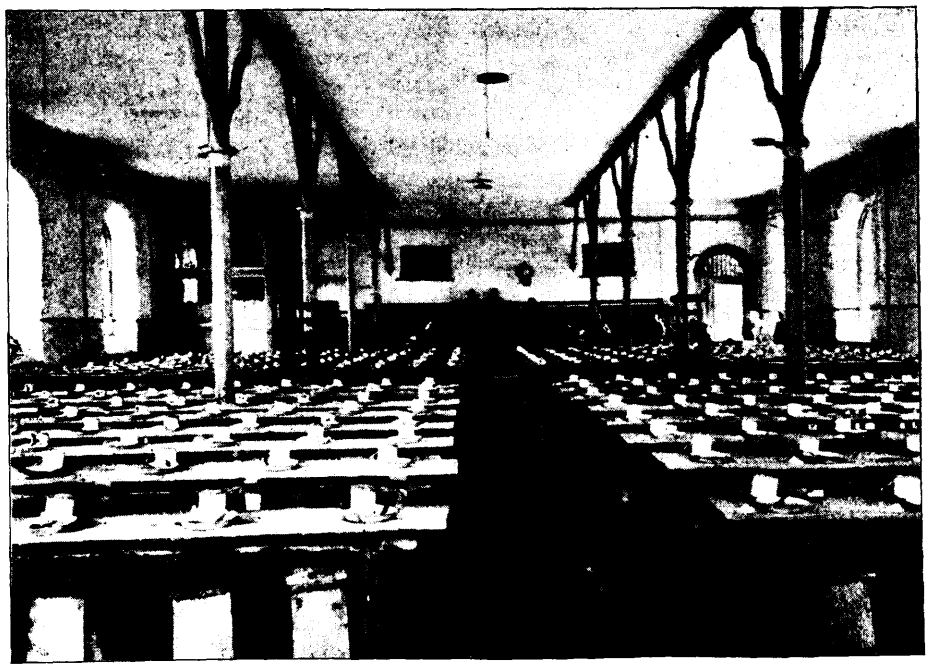
neatly-furnished dispensing-room reflecting great credit on the genial overseer.

A visit to the Dining-hall reveals an array of tables, decorated with tinware, at which the convicts are served with breakfast and dinner, their supper being eaten in their cells. A number of high stools are occupied by armed guards during the meal hour, this being the only place in which the entire convict population is ever assembled together. In by-gone days considerable difficulty was experienced in suppressing rebellious factions who would choose this hour to start their mutiny in the hope of exciting the entire convict population assembled, into joining them.

The convict breakfast consists of meat, tea and bread; the dinner of soup, meat, potatoes, bread, vegetables in season, with rice several times a week; their supper consists of bread and tea only. Butter is served them occasionally. The soup served is par-



CORRIDOR AND CELLS IN PRISON OF ISOLATION.



THE DINING ROOM.
This room will seat over five hundred persons.

ticularly good, and is greatly enjoyed by all. The kitchen is furnished with seven large copper cauldrons, in which everything is cooked by steam. These cauldrons are situated on an elevated platform, and surrounded by a brass railing, on which hangs several notices, "only cooks allowed on here." Everything is neatly arranged, and exceedingly clean. It takes about eighteen bushels of potatoes for one meal.

Above the kitchen is situate the officers' kitchen and mess-room, where the officers on duty during the day are dined. This is done in order that they may be available at noon hour. It is the most dangerous time of the day, all the convicts being then assembled together.

Over the Dining-hall is situated the Protestant Chapel, furnished with stained glass windows, a very nice pipe organ, and rows of benches which answer the purpose of pews. Service is held twice on Sunday and on Wednesday at noon. In the front of the Chapel, and to the right hand side, stands a little room with openings looking out towards the altar. In this room the female prisoners worship.

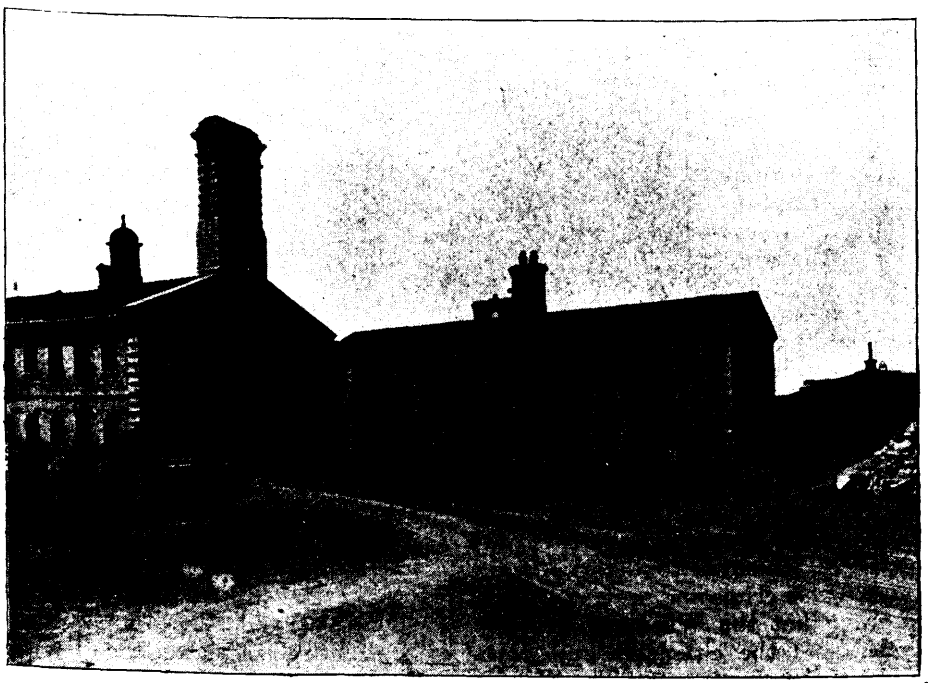
Passing out of the church, we enter the schoolroom, where the uneducated convicts are given half-an-hour's instruction each day at noon. There are many who, upon entering the Penitentiary, are unable to read or write, but who can do both fairly well when discharged.

The Library of the Institution contains nearly four thousand volumes of selected reading, the books being chosen by the Warden and Chaplains, of whom there are two, one Protestant and one Roman Catholic. On enquiry I was informed that over fifteen thousand volumes were read by the convicts during the past year, a desire being shown to patronize the better class of authors.

The Roman Catholic Chapel is situate in the north wing of the main building, adjoining the dome. Like the Protestant Chapel, it has beautiful stained glass windows, a separate room for female convicts and a vocalion organ. A large painting, a magnificent piece of art and the work of a life-convict, stands in the front of the chapel. In both chapels, well-trained choirs furnish the singing.

THE ORDINARY CELLS.

The cells occupy three wings of the old group of buildings, the east, west, and south. The latter of these has now been extended thirty feet and an entirely new system of cells much larger than the old, are being built therein. The cells in the old wings are very small being nine feet six inches long, six feet seven inches high, and twenty-nine inches wide. They are five tiers high, the upper stories being reached by galleries, all running from the dome. The cell blocks are in no way connected with the buildings and sit like immense cages therein. The doors are all doubly locked, the one being locked with a key by the keepers, the other being adjusted by a lever which locks the entire range at once. When the prisoners are all safely locked up for the night, iron gates are drawn across the entrance to the ranges and locked. In order for a convict to escape from the cell block into the dome, these barriers would have to be overcome. Should a convict succeed in accomplishing this feat he would still be confronted with two massive doors doubly barred before access could be had to the Prison yard. On the outside of the cell blocks there are also galleries around which armed guards, shod with felt slippers, pace continually during the night. Notwithstanding all these precautions, convicts have been known to cut their way out of the block cells, and not many years ago a convict who had succeeded in escaping from the cell

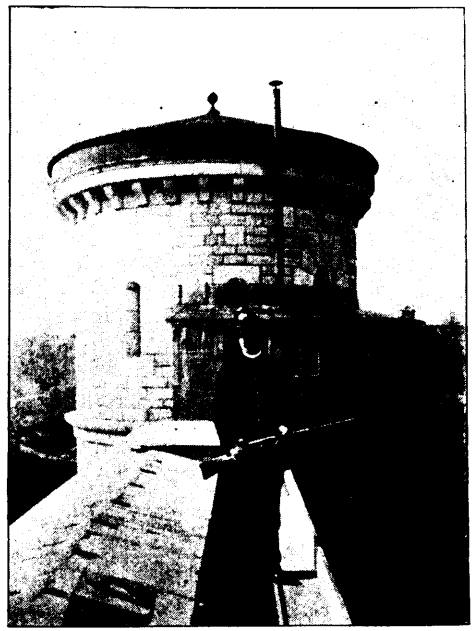


PART OF SOUTH GROUP OF BUILDINGS.

The Dynamo House. *Insane Asylum.* *West Gate.*

block was busily engaged in cutting the bars of the inner door when discovered by the guard who shot him dead.

The cells are furnished with iron beds, on which is a neat-fitting straw mattress, and sufficient comfortable rugs to suit the season. During the day this bed is folded up against the wall. The stool and wash basin are the only other articles of furniture in the cell. Each cell is furnished with a ten-candle power incandescent electric lamp, the lights being on until nine o'clock each night. The smallness of the cells is the only thing which convicts have to complain of in the Kingston Penitentiary.



A GUARD ON DUTY.

WHEN A PRISONER ARRIVES.

On his arrival at the institution the convict is taken before the Steward, who strips, bathes, measures, weighs and takes a minute description of him, dresses him in the grey check, worn by all new comers, assigns him his prison number, which is stamped on his clothing together with the numbers of the range and cell he is to occupy. After this he is taken before the Warden, who puts him through a catechism of searching questions, the object of which is to determine the cause of his crime and previous record in order that the Warden may fully understand the character and capability of the new comer. The Warden then assigns him his work, and his life in the prison has begun. If at the end of six months the reports of his conduct and industry are both good, he receives a suit of plain grey, known as the good conduct clothing, having nothing on them excepting the numbers before mentioned, but should he at any time be punished for any reason whatever, he will receive a suit of red, black-checked clothing known in the prison as the third grade. By this the convicts can readily determine the standing of their fellow-prisoners. This grading in clothing has been lately introduced, and is having very satisfactory results, as no convict is desirous of appearing in the third grade clothing.

THE FEMALE PRISONERS.

In the female prison, which is situate in the north wing of the old block, everything is neatly and cleanly kept. There are twenty-seven prisoners confined in this ward, under the charge of a Matron and a Deputy. The women as a general thing are quiet and industrious, and do a large amount of knitting, sewing and such like work for the institution. They are neatly attired in blue and white dresses, and wear white muslin caps. Four of them are serving terms for life, while several others are sentenced for long periods. The female ward is kept entirely separate from the rest of the institution and managed upon principles different to those applied to the management of the male wards.

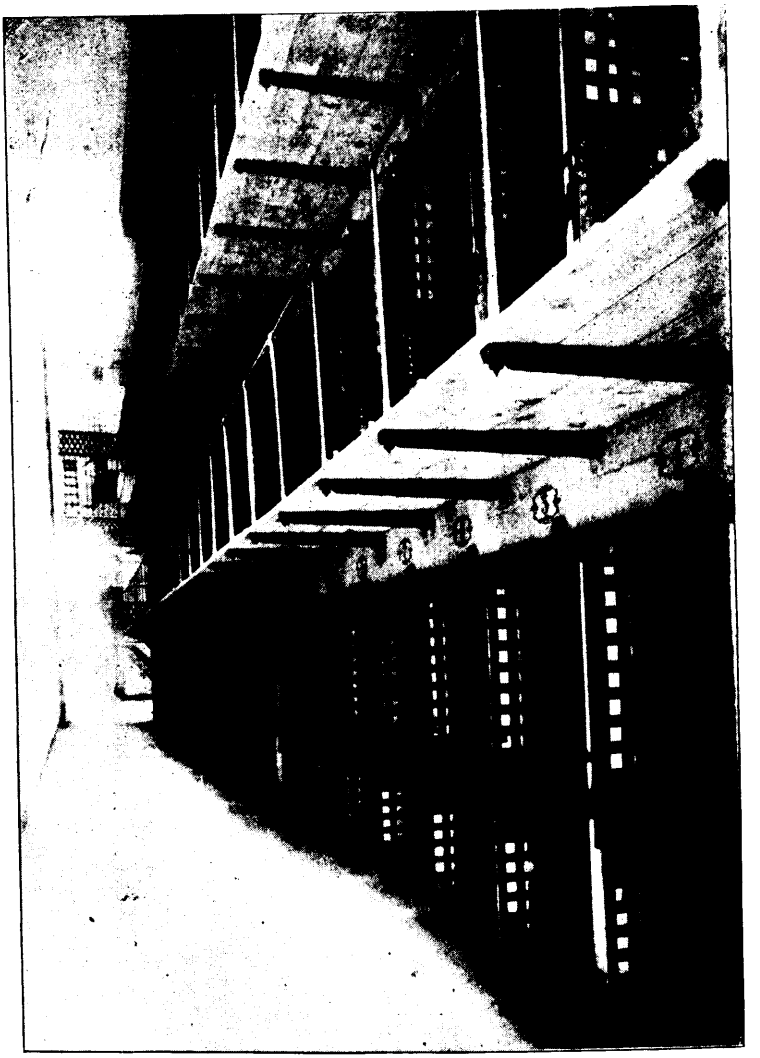
THE WARDEN'S OFFICE.

The Warden's, Accountant's, and other offices neatly furnished, well-lighted and ventilated, stand on either side of the main entrance to the building. The residence of the Warden, a magnificent three-story stone structure, with extensive conservatories and beautiful grounds stands on a high elevation directly north of the Penitentiary. To the north of his residence a field of some five acres has been enclosed by a wall twenty-five feet high and built of solid limestone. It is the intention of the Government at some future time to construct a female penitentiary within this enclosure.

THE QUARRIES AND FARM.

A visit to the quarries which are situated on Penitentiary property, demonstrate how easily enormous masses of stone may be handled. All the stone required for building and other purposes in connection with this vast institution, is quarried here, loaded on stoutly built cars and drawn to the Penitentiary yard, where it is unloaded and distributed in the stone shed or stone pile.

The farm in connection with the Penitentiary consists of some two hundred and fifty acres. It is worked entirely by convicts, under the direction of the farm instructor. Enormous quantities of roots and vegetables are grown, together with hay and grain. An important factor in connection with the farm is the piggery, in which some three hundred



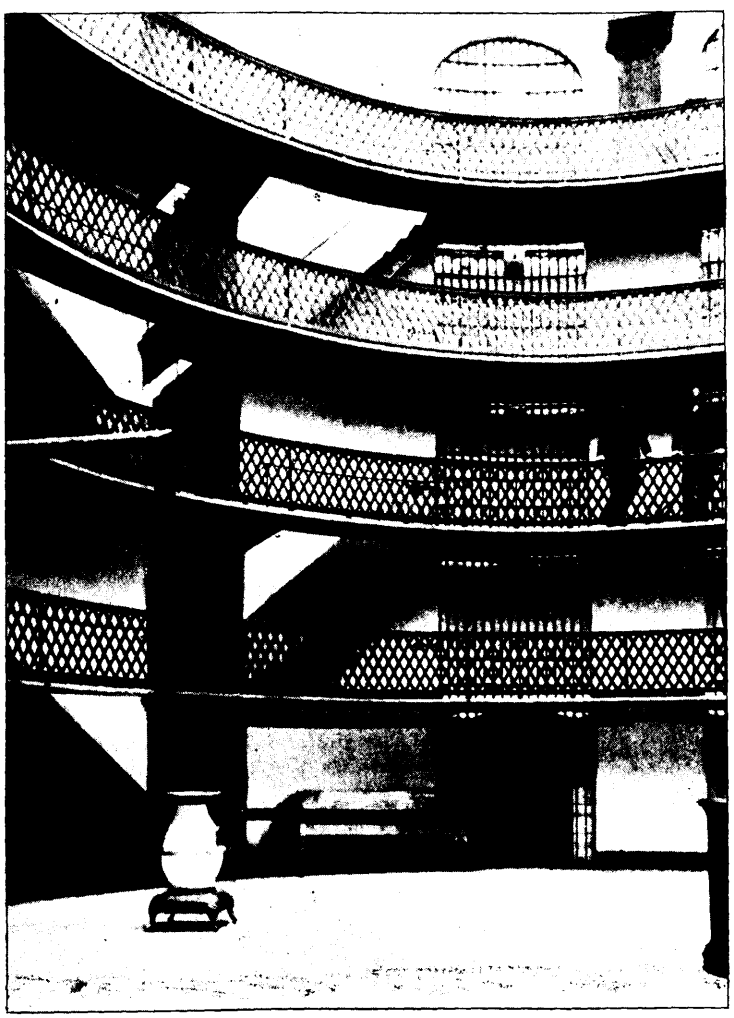
THE CELLS WITH DOORS OPEN.

They are built tier above tier and the corridor opens only into space under central dome.

pigs are bred and fattened yearly, for use in the institution.

A handsome stone water tower has been constructed upon a high elevation, which will give the institution a new and improved system of waterworks.

A modern sewage system has also been constructed, by which all the penitentiary sewage is received into a cesspool, built for that purpose. It is pumped from this cesspool and removed to the farm, where it is used for manuring purposes, being first put through a process of chemical purification.



THE GALLERIES IN SPACE UNDER CENTRAL DOME.

THE OFFICERS.

There is no penal institution on the continent where matters run more smoothly than at the Kingston Institution. Fewer punishments are awarded, and less trouble experienced than in many smaller prisons in the Dominion. Convicts are treated firmly, yet kindly, and they have a friend and benefactor in Warden Lavell hard to equal. Dr. Cook, the eminent Englishman, who has made the prisons of the world a study, remarked on a Kingston platform a short time ago, that in Warden Lavell the Government had an ideal Warden, and one whose ideas of management struck a happy medium between the severity of the Old Country prisons and the laxity of American Institutions. Dr. Lavell was surgeon of the Penitentiary for many years before being appointed Warden. The Deputy Warden, Wm. Sullivan, is a shrewd and efficient officer; he has been connected with the institution

for over thirty-five years, and has materially assisted Warden Lavell in making the Penitentiary what it is to-day.

SOME STATISTICS.

This sketch of Canada's Greatest Prison may best be closed with a few quotations and compilations from the *Report of the Minister of Justice as to Penitentiaries in Canada for the year ended 30th June, 1894:*

CONVICTS AT KINGSTON.

	M.	F.	Total.
Remaining 30th June, 1893 -	448	33	481
Received since " -	173	..	173
	621	33	654
Discharged since " -			160
Remaining 30th June, 1894 -			494

At the end of other years the numbers are as follows:—1892-93, 481; 1891-92, 532; 1890-91, 586; 1889-90, 586; 1888-89, 554; 1887-88, 526; 1886-87, 554; 1885-86, 578; 1884-85, 537.

We find that only one female was discharged; that 14 died during the year; that the number recommitted was 28, or nine more than the previous year; that there were no escapes, and that 45 of the convicts were under 20 years of age, and 278 were between 20 and 30 years old.

To show how the number of convicts in Kingston compares with the number in the other Canadian Penitentiaries, the following table is given:

Kingston, No. of convicts June, 1894.			494
St. Vincent de Paul	"	"	359
Dorchester	"	"	186
Manitoba	"	"	76
British Columbia	"	"	108
			1,223

In the report of the Inspector of Penitentiaries he finds fault with Kingston because he believes that the convict labor is not utilized as much as at St. Vincent de Paul and at Dorchester, but there is reason to believe that improvements have been made in this respect, if, indeed, any were needed.

Warden Lavelle's report shows that the expenditure for the year was $214,543.55. The net *per capita* cost for the year was $447.62½, or $1.22½ *per diem* per convict. In the same year the cost at St. Vincent de Paul was $220.79¾; at Dorchester, $256.30; Manitoba, $492.99; British Columbia, $429.29.

Some of the leading items of expenditure are as follows:

SALARIES.

Warden - - - -	$ 3,000
Deputy Warden - -	1,500
Surgeon - - - -	1,800
Accountant - - -	800
Protestant Chaplain -	1,200
Roman Catholic Chaplain	1,200
Warden's Clerk - -	500
Chief Keeper - -	900
Storekeeper - - -	1,000
Chief Trade Instructor -	1,500
Engineer - - -	1,300
Electrician - - -	800
Assistant Electrician -	500
Steamfitter - - -	700
Steward - - - -	900
Hospital Overseer - -	590
Messenger - - -	600
Matron - - - -	600
Deputy Matron - -	320
Acting Assist. Chief Keeper	700
Baker - - - - -	700
Farmer - - - -	600
Ten Trade Instructors -	6,090
Keepers - - - -	24,957
Other Services - -	3,815
Total - -	$56,572
Gratuities - - -	$ 2,252
Officers' Uniforms - -	3,733
Rations - - -	20,683
Convicts' Clothing - -	5,301
Convicts' Travelling Allowance - - - -	1,835
Discharge Clothing - -	1,318
Bedding - - - -	531
Chapels - - - -	92
Library - - - -	278
Officers' Mess - - -	1,021

The religion of the convicts may be interesting. There were:

Roman Catholics - -	165
Church of England - -	138
Methodist - - -	106
Presbyterian - - -	52
Baptist - - - -	21
Jews - - - -	2
Infidels - - - -	1
Lutherans - - -	6
Disciples - - -	1
Mennonites - - -	1
Quakers - - -	1
Total - -	494

The preponderance of single men over married men is noticeable, 310 being single and 184 married. But of the women, 21 were married and 11 single.

There were 32 persons serving life sentences and 95 serving sentences of 10 years or over.

In the September issue of *The State's Duty* (St. Louis, Mo.), Col. R. G. Ingersoll says: "I am in favor, when you put a man in the penitentiary, of making him work, and I am in favor of paying him what his work is worth, so that in five years, when he leaves the prison cell, he will have from $200 to $300 as a breastwork between him and temptation and something for a foundation upon which to build a nobler life."

It is a grand idea. It is to be regretted that Kingston Penitentiary, with all its noble and humane methods, with all its fine buildings and modern equipment, has yet failed to devise plans to make noble men out of the miserable criminals who live inside its walls. Perhaps Col. Ingersoll's little suggestion may, if acted upon, remove one of the stumbling blocks in the way of the discharged convicts.

CARMEN SMOEBÆUM.

(*From Horace*)

Horace :—

While I was loved, nor dared to know
That some more favoured youth would fling
His arm around thy neck of snow,
I lived more blest than Persia's King.

Lydia :—

While thou hadst not another flame,
Nor Chloe thrust thy Lydia forth,
I Lydia was of greater fame
Than Roman Ilia, queen of earth.

Horace :—

The Thracian Chloe rules me now—
She's skilled in music, plays upon
The harp—for her I'd die, I vow,
If fate would spare my precious one.

Lydia :—

A Thurian youth inflames my breast
With mutual fire, for whom I'd die—
Yes, twice I'd die, I do protest,
If fate would spare my darling boy.

Horace :—

What! if a former love return,
And several ties be joined once more—
If Chloe's golden hair I scorn,
And Lydia find an open door?—

Lydia :—

Tho' he be fairer than a star,
Tho' light as cork, mad as the sea
When Adriatic billows war,
With thee I'd live—I'd die with thee.

Port Dover, Ont. J. R. N.

THE LEGEND OF ST. ALBAN.

BY HON. W. PROUDFOOT.

IN Toronto there is a street named St. Albans, and there is a cathedral in process of construction under the name of St. Alban. Who was St. Alban? He is usually claimed as the proto-martyr of the British Church; and the dedication of the cathedral to him is doubtless an attempt of the Church of England to represent that church as a continuation of the British Church rather than of the Church of Rome.

An endeavor will be made in the following pages to tell all that is known of the alleged martyr.

He is said to have been born at Verulam, in Hertfordshire, and to have served seven years in the army of Diocletian. *Schaff-Herzog Encyc.* His death is stated to have taken place in the persecution of Diocletian. The persecution began A.D. 303, and continued for about ten years. He is first referred to by the priest Fortunatus in "The Praise of Virgins," where he mentions the blessed martyrs that came to the Lord from all parts of the world, and says:

Albanum egregium foecunda Brittania profert. (In Britain's Isle was holy Alban born.)

Fortunatus was born A.D. 530, and died Bishop of Poictiers at the beginning of the seventh century. *Guizot, History of Civilization in France,* 2,157, *Bogue's edit.*

A detailed account of the martyrdom is given by Gildas, a monk of British origin, the time of whose birth is uncertain, varying according to different accounts from A.D. 493, to A.D. 520: this last date seems the most probable, and if that be correct then from a sentence in his book it would appear to have been written about A.D. 564. All, however, that can be positively stated on the subject is that the book under his name was written before the time of the venerable Bede, who was born A.D. 673.

The following is the account of Gildas, taken from the *Six English Chronicles, ed. Bohn, p.* 303.

"The first of these martyrs, St. Alban, for charity's sake, saved another confessor, who was pursued by his persecutors, and was on the point of being seized, by hiding him in his house, and then by changing clothes with him, imitating in this the example of Christ, who laid down his life for his sheep, and exposing himself in the other's clothes, to be pursued in his stead. So pleasing to God was this conduct that between his confession and martyrdom he was honored with the performance of wonderful miracles in presence of the impious blasphemers who were carrying the Roman standards, and like the Israelites of old, who trod dry-foot an unfrequented path, whilst the ark of the covenant stood some time on the sands in the midst of Jordan, so also the martyr, with a thousand others, opened a path across the noble river Thames, whose waters stood abrupt like precipices on either side; and seeing this, the first of his executors was striken with awe, and from a wolf became a lamb, so that he thirsted for martyrdom, and boldly underwent that for which he thirsted."

Bede took his account from Gildas, and added some particulars that much embellish the narrative. The following is his account of the story. *Bede's Ecclesiastical History, ed. Bohn, p.* 12:

"This Albani, being yet a pagan, at the time when the cruelties of wicked princes were raging against Christians, gave entertainment in his house

to a certain clergyman, flying from the persecutors. This man he observed to be engaged in continual prayer and watching day and night; when on a sudden the Divine grace shining on him, he began to imitate the example of faith and piety which was set before him, and being gradually instructed by his wholesome admonitions, he cast off the darkness of idolatry, and became a Christian in all sincerity of heart. The aforesaid clergyman having for some days been entertained by him, it came to the ears of the wicked prince, that this holy confessor of Christ, whose time of martyrdom had not yet come, was concealed at Alban's house. Whereupon he sent some soldiers to make a strict search after him. When they came to the martyr's house St. Alban immediately presented himself to the soldiers, instead of his guest and master, in the habit or long coat which he wore, and was led bound before the judge. It happened that the judge at the time when Alban was carried before him was standing at the altar, and offering sacrifices to devils. When he saw Alban, being much enraged that he should thus of his own accord put himself into the hands of the soldiers, and incur such danger in behalf of his guest, he commanded him to be dragged up to the images of the devil, before which he stood, saying, "Because you have chosen to conceal a rebellious and sacrilegious person, rather than to deliver him up to the soldiers, that his contempt of the gods might meet with the penalty due to such blasphemy, you shall undergo all the punishment that was due to him, if you abandon the worship of our religion." But St. Alban, who had voluntarily declared himself a Christian, to the persecutors of the faith, was not at all daunted at the prince's threats, but putting on the armor of spiritual warfare, publicly declared that he would not obey the command. Then said the judge, "Of what family or race are you?" "What does it concern you?" answered Alban, "of what stock I am? If you desire to hear the truth of my religion, be it known to you that I am now a Christian, and bound by Christian duties." "I ask your name, said the judge," "tell me it immediately." "I am called Alban by my parents," replied he; "and I worship and adore the true and living God, who created all things." Then the judge, inflamed with anger, said: "If you will enjoy the happiness of eternal life, do not delay to offer sacrifices to the great gods." Alban rejoined, "These sacrifices, which by you are offered to devils, neither can avail the subjects, nor answer the wishes or desires of those that offer up their supplications to them. On the contrary, whosoever shall offer sacrifices to these images, shall receive the everlasting pains of hell for his reward." The judge, hearing these words, and being much incensed, ordered this holy confessor of God to be scourged by the executioners, believing he might by stripes shake that constancy of heart on which he could not prevail by words. He, being most cruelly tortured, bore the same patiently, or rather joyfully for our Lord's sake. When the judge perceived he was not to be overcome by tortures, or withdrawn from the exercise of the Christian religion, he ordered him to be put to death. Being led to execution, he came to a river, which with a most rapid course ran between the wall of the town and the arena where he was to be executed. He there saw a multitude of persons of both sexes, and of several ages and conditions, who were doubtlessly assembled by Divine instinct to attend the blessed confessor and martyr, and had so taken up the bridge at the river, that he could scarce pass over that evening. In short, almost all had gone out, so that the judge remained in the city without attendance. St. Alban, therefore, urged by an ardent and devout wish to arrive quickly at martyrdom, drew near to the

stream, and, on lifting up his eyes to heaven, the channel was immediately dried up, and he perceived that the water had departed and made way for him to pass. Among the rest, the executioner, who was to have put him to death, observed this, and moved by Divine inspiration, hastened to meet him at the place of execution, and casting down the sword, which he had carried ready drawn, fell at his feet, praying that he might rather suffer with the martyr whom he was ordered to execute, or, if possible, instead of him. Whilst he thus from a persecutor was become a companion in the faith, and the other executioners hesitated to take up the sword, which was lying on the ground, the reverend confessor, accompanied by the multitude, ascended a hill, about 500 paces from the place, adorned, or rather clothed with all kinds of flowers, having its sides neither perpendicular, nor even craggy, but sloping down into a most beautiful plain, worthy from its lovely appearance to be the scene of a martyr's sufferings. On the top of the hill St. Alban prayed that God would give him water, and immediately a living spring broke out before his feet, the course being confined, so that all men perceived that the river also had been dried up in consequence of the martyr's presence. Nor was it likely that the martyr, who had left no water remaining in the river, should want some on the top of the hill, unless he thought it suitable to the occasion. The river having performed the holy service, returned to its natural course, leaving a testimony of its obedience. Here, therefore, the head of our most courageous martyr was struck off, and here he received the crown of life, which God has promised to those who love Him. But he who gave the wicked stroke was not permitted to rejoice over the deceased, for his eyes dropped upon the ground together with the blessed martyr's head. * * * Then the judge, astonished at the novelty of so many heavenly miracles, ordered the persecution to cease immediately, beginning to honor the death of the saints, by which he before thought they might have been diverted from the Christian faith. The blessed Alban suffered death on the 22nd day of June, near the city of Verulam, * * where afterwards, when peaceable Christian times were restored, a church, of wonderful workmanship, and suitable to his martyrdom, was erected. In which place there ceases not to this day the cure of sick persons, and the frequent working of wonders."

There is no account given of the canonization of the saint, if he ever was canonized. At that time, and for long afterwards, bishops decided whether the candidate had fairly vindicated his claim to the honor. *Encyc. Brit.* 5, 23.

"The diocese willingly canonized its bishop, the monastery its abbot. Great care was taken to write the biography of each saint, not as an historical work, nor for the edification of the faithful, they were rather with a view to show the sanctity of the person and to make clear his value as saint, in the interest of the church and of the monastery which took him for its patron. The biography was like the legend, explanatory of the relics that the monastery possessed and which made its fortune, and it was lengthened out by all the miracles that the saint had performed during his life, and produced after his death." "*De Coulanges, La Monarchie Franque*, 9, 10."

Geoffrey of Monmouth, who lived in the early part of the 12th century, shortly tells the story of St. Alban, in his romantic and fabulous history of Britain. *Six English Chronicles, Bohn*, 161.

Gildas and his book are treated of in *Wright's Biographia Britannica Literaria*, and in the *Dictionary of National Biography, vol.* 21.

Venerable Bede, whose history is valuable when he narrates the events of his own time, or gives the relation

of others of events they had witnessed, was a good but simple and credulous monk. His history records many miracles which he implicitly believed. He lived about four centuries after the alleged martyrdom, and his only authority for the narration is Gildas, who lived about two hundred and fifty years after it. There is no contemporary account of the martyrdom. The story given by Bede adds many particulars to that of Gildas. It is thrown into a dramatic form, and in the relation of the conversation between Alban and the Prince, or the Judge, he has apparently written what he thought the speakers would say under the circumstances rather than what actually took place—just as Livy in his history gives speeches and debates that he fashioned out of his own head. Gildas says nothing of the scourging, nor of the bridge crowded with spectators. Gildas makes the waters, in the river which he calls the Thames, stand up like a wall on either side of the path, as the waters of the Jordon did for Joshua, while Bede makes the stream to be dried up. Gildas says nothing of the spring arising at the request of Alban for water, and, indeed, Bede seems to have found it necessary to dry up the river, or there would have been no need of the spring to give water. Gildas says nothing of the eyes of the executioner dropping out of his head when he executed Alban. Nor does he give the attractive and lovely landscape painted by Bede, as the place of execution. Nor does he say anything of the miracle worked at his tomb.

Bede found the germ of his story in Gildas, which was quite in keeping with his devotion to the church, and the common belief, at that time, of the frequent occurrence of miracles. The story touched his imagination, the time was remote, and he shaped it, not to bring it nearer to historic truth, but to illustrate an idea, to produce a fine effect, to create an emotion.

And, even if there were a contemporary record, it might require to be carefully weighed before giving implicit credit to it. A notable instance occurs in regard to the persecution of Christians under Antoninus, A.D. 177. In that year, Attalus and others were put to death at Lyon for their adherence to the Christian religion. A letter was sent from the Christians of Vienne and Lyon to their Christian brethren in Asia and Phrygia, it contains a very particular description of the tortures inflicted on the Christians in Gallia. Mr. Long in his biographical sketch of Marcus Aurelius, mentions this letter, and remarks that some modern writers on Ecclesiastical history, when they use this letter, say nothing of the wonderful stories of the martyrs' sufferings. Sanctus, as the letter says, was burned with plates of hot iron till his body was one sore and had lost all human form, but on being put to the rack he recovered his former appearance under the torture, which was thus a cure instead of a punishment. He was afterwards torn by beasts, and placed on an iron chair and roasted. He died at last. Mr. Long remarks that the writer is our evidence, both for the ordinary and the extraordinary circumstances of the story, and we cannot accept his evidence for one part and reject the other. We often receive small evidence as a proof of a thing which we believe to be within the limits of probability or possibility, and we reject exactly the same evidence when the thing to which it refers appears very improbable or impossible. But this is a false method of inquiry, though it is followed by some modern writers, who select what they like from a story and reject the rest of the evidence; or, if they do not reject it, they dishonestly suppress it. A man can only act consistently by accepting all this letter, or rejecting it all. But he who rejects it may still admit that such a letter may be founded on real facts; and he would make this admission as the most probable way of accounting for

the existence of the letter; butif, as he would suppose, the writer has stated some things falsely, he cannot tell what part of his story is worthy of credit.

I think that is a fair rule of criticism, and if there were any contemporary record of the martyrdom of Alban, the account of Gildas or Bede might be accepted as evidence of some substratum of facts, though all the miraculous and incredible part might be rejected. But, as there is no such record, how is it possible to determine whether the fact of the martyrdom may not be as fictitious as the miracles.

Now, at the time of the persecution of Diocletian, Maximian was his colleague Augustus for the western half of the empire, including Gaul and Britain, and Constantius was the Cæsar, under Maximian, and Governor of Gaul and Britain. Constantius, according to *Bede* (*p.* 16), was a man of extraordinary meekness and courtesy, and, therefore, could not have been the *Prince* mentioned in his account of Alban's martyrdom as "The wicked Prince," though it does not appear what other prince, than Constantius, could have been in Britain then to preside on such an occasion. Lactantius, who was his contemporary, says, *De Mortibus Persecutorum c.* 15, that he did not desire to appear to dissent from the commands of his superiors, and suffered the churches to be demolished, but preserved safe the temple of God that is in man.

Gibbon, *Decl. and Fall &c.*, 2, 70, *ed. Boston*, 1860, says, "The mild and humane temper of Constantius was averse to the oppression of any part of his subjects. The principal offices of his palace were exercised by Christians. He loved their persons, esteemed their fidelity, and entertained not any dislike to their religious principles. But, as long as Constantius remained in the subordinate station of Cæsar, it was not in his power openly to reject the edicts of Diocletian, or to disobey the command of Maximian. His authority contributed, however, to alleviate the sufferings which he pitied and abhorred. He consented with reluctance to the ruin of the churches, but he ventured to protect the Christians themselves from the fury of the populace, and from the rigor of the laws.

Millman, *History of Christianity*, 2,224, adopts the same view, he says that Constantius made a show of concurrence in the measures of his colleagues; he commanded the demolition of the churches, but abstained from all violence against the persons of the Christians.

W. T. Arnold, in a prize essay at Oxford, on the *Roman System of Provincial Administration, p.* 170, quotes *Preuss Kaiser Diocletian und Seine Zeit, p.* 89, as authority for the statement that the general edict against the Christians was not carried out in Constantius' provinces.

Wright, in his *Celt, Roman and Saxon, 4th, ed., p.* 355, says, "A persecution of the Christians is not likely to have taken place under the orders of the tolerant Constantius, who was Governor of Britain when the persecution of Diocletian commenced, and who became emperor two years later. The outline of the legend of St. Alban was probably an invention of the sixth century."

Mr. Mason, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the Hulseau prize essay for 1874, has made a gallant attempt to relieve Diocletian from the more odious features of the persecution.

He speaks of the martyrdom of St. Alban (p. 148) as the one martyrdom of that time, circumstantially related, which the English Church can claim, and tells the story, shelling off the fabulous husk, and accepts Gildas rather than Bede, who in spite of his master (Gildas) tries to make out a great many martyrdoms for the Church of England.

"The fact is," he says, "that the 'streak of silver sea,' defended us (as

usual) from the capricious tyranny of Rome." Mr. Mason neglects to apply such a rational critical canon as that of Mr. Long, and accepts what he pleases and rejects what he pleases. He seems to have been animated by the desire that probably animated Gildas and Bede, to adorn the British Church with the crown of at least one martyr.

The critical examination of the book under the name of Gildas, by Wright, in the *Biographia Britannica Literaria*, by Professor Tout in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and by the writers in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, shows how little reliance can be placed upon any of the statements in it.

The result, therefore, would seem to be that the evidence fails to establish the existence of Alban, and so there could have been no martyrdom: and even if it be conceded that a person of that name lived at the date of the persecution, that the martyrdom, and the incredible and miraculous circumstances attending it, are so connected that we cannot accept the one without accepting the other, and necessarily compels us to reject both.

The conclusion of Mr. Wright seems to be irresistible that the legend was an invention of the sixth century.

ARCH ROCK VIEW, MACKINAW.

Some golden moments are vouchsafed to rise,
With majesty and beauty born of time,
And soothing air, blown from some lofty clime,
Amid the waste of gloom which dulls our eyes;
And in the solemn shock, the sweet surprise,
We yield soul-homage meet for the sublime.
We poise upon this rocky height. The rhyme
Of thundering Huron rolls, nor ever dies.
Such beauty doth this rim of waters hold,
The air, enamored, hangs with mystic sheen,—
The while from heaven to earth we roam between
Deep splendors, wond'ring man may be so bold.
While crested flocks seek now their grey beach-fold,
It is His presence stirs my tears unseen.

—Reuben Butchart.

Toronto.

TOLD OVER A STILE.

BY LEE WYNDHAM.

THE stile stood at the lower end of a sloping field. Behind it was the path through the wood. Near it stood two noble oaks, casting broad shadows over a little pool of water—little, yet large enough to mirror the swaying branches of the trees, and the blue of the sky, and the glitter of the stars, in its trembling waters. The field was a field of corn, ripe now, and golden in the rays of the setting sun. By its side a little path ran from the stile to the village.

On this particular evening a young man sat on the stile. He was fair and ruddy; he wore the clean smock-frock of the English farm-laborer, and a rose was pinned to it in front. The good-night songs of the birds were in his ears: the perfume of the wild rose and honeysuckle was around him: the golden corn waved in long, gentle undulations before him; the evening sky was slowly darkening into night above his head. But to all the beauty of sight and sound and scent, he was as indifferent as the stile on which he sat. His eyes were fixed in sullen anger on the path, and the path was empty.

The pale daylight fell and faded; the twitterings from the wood ceased; the western sky lost all its brilliance, and a few silver stars trembled in the deepening blue above. The air came, fresh and cool, to fan his flushed cheeks, and lift his fair, curly hair.

"Her's flouting me," he muttered, as he dragged himself heavily off the stile. "'Tis no other lass in the village as 'ud keep *me* waiting, and so I'll let she know."

But, even as he spoke, the upper end of the darkening path revealed a female form hurrying down it. As she came towards him, the village Adonis retreated, ungallantly, to the stile.

"Her shan't 'a the chance to think as I 'wur running arter she," he said to himself, with the inversion of the nominative and accusative peculiar to the dialect of his district, and the sense of his own value common to his sex. "I'll bide here." But his face softened a little as his sweetheart came up.

She was a young woman of about three or four and twenty, and was evidently older than her lover. She had a sweet, plain face, with dark eyes, soft and grave. She wore a white sun-bonnet, and a lilac cotton gown.

"I'm main and sorry to be so late, Joe," she said, sweetly, to the potentate on the stile, "but Granny, her was took that bad, as I dursn't to think 'o leaving she, not till father come home, and he's late."

She laid coaxing fingers on the sleeve of his smock-frock, and lifted her dark, pleading eyes, with some anxiety, to her lover's face.

He was slow to quit the vantage ground which his wrongs and her penitence gave him.

"'Tis not many a lass as 'ud keep *me* waiting," he said, with sullen dignity.

"I do know that," she answered, with a sweet humility that touched even his vanity-hardened heart. "And I've said often, Joe, 'tis a pity you come arter me. For how we two are to come to church for many a long day, I don't see, and I'm thinking you'll be tired of waiting."

"I'm tired o' waiting now," replied the youth, relenting so far, however, as to put his arm round her waist, as she sat on the stile beside him. "What's to hinder us, Mary?"

"Granny, her do be so bad, sometimes," Mary said, reflectively, "and

there's none but me to do up the place, and do for she."

There was silence—the long silence of rustic courtship—between them for a space, and then Mary spoke again.

"I'd be loath to see you courting any one else, Joe," she admitted, naively, "But I do feel sometimes as if it was a sin to keep you dangling arter me, as can't wed till ——." She stopped. Not even to her own heart would she admit a thought that was disloyal to the harsh, fretful, querulous old woman, whom she had nursed for six long years, and whom she was prepared to nurse till the end, at the sacrifice of all her earthly hopes.

The English rustic is not, as a rule, impassioned, unless he is not sober. But Joe Wren put into words sufficiently forcible to affect, even painfully, the gentle heart of his sweetheart, his plea for an immediate union. He uttered the cry of the youth of the nineteenth century: he preached the gospel of self-pleasing. They were young; they must think of themselves first. The old had had their day. If every woman waited to wed till every one who had, or thought he had, a claim upon her, was buried, all brides would have grey hair. It was a view of the case entirely new to Mary, who was not given to thought, but to the simple, faithful performance of each duty as it presented itself. She was troubled by the ethical difficulties her lover's words suggested to her simple mind.

When he spoke of transferring his affections to a younger and fairer rival she wept. She listened to his unchivalrous assertion that this rival was "ready to come when he whistled," with keen pangs at her tender heart. But she remained firm. It was only when he hinted darkly at vicious courses for himself, as the result of her obstinacy—courses which, beginning at "the public," should end in scenes too black for words to paint,—that her will wavered and all but broke down.

The moon was now rising, and her beams were flooding the wood, the cornfield, and the narrow path with light, and turning into molten silver the waters of the little pool. At last Mary lifted her pale and tear-stained face from her lover's shoulder and spoke:

"We'll say no more to-night, Joe. 'Tis hard to know which way to fare. Let's bide as we are a bit longer."

"Not for long, neither," said Joe. "It'll not be for long that I'm dilly-dallying at your apron strings, my wench, or at any woman's. I've no need. Till Saturday I'll wait, and no longer. So make up your mind by then."

"Don't go near the public, then, Joe," she said. "You that have come of such a sober stock. Don't you think as 'twill be hard enough to bide single all my days, without seeing you take to the drink."

They walked up the little path in silence after this appeal, and parted as tenderly as usual.

II.

The next night and the next, Joe and Mary exchanged their quiet words by the stile, without making any reference to the future.

Then came Saturday.

Mary was first at the stile this time, and obtuse, as like most of his kind, he was, her lover's heart sank as he saw her face.

He would have opened the attack with some blustering words, but Mary put both her hands on his arms and spoke first.

"Don't be angry, Joe And let's sit awhile before we talk."

The solemnity of her voice; the pallor of her face; the exhaustion in her whole form, awed Joe, in spite of himself. Mary leaned up against him.

"Uncle Ben's been here to-day," she said, at length.

Joe was silent. He was not interested in uncle Ben, and he made no professions of loving his friends' dogs.

"And he says," went on Mary in a low, tense voice, "as how it's not fair that father should have the whole keep of granny on his shoulders, and him not as young as he was. And he says as how, since aunt Jane died, he's been sore put to it with the children, and he don't seem to take to the thoughts of marrying again." At the word marrying, her emotion overcame her. She paused and wiped away a few tears, and pressed closer to her lover's side. Joe was silent. He had no intention of keeping the grandmother, and it was to him a matter of the most profound indifference who *did* keep her. Mary lifted her face to the sky, over every part of which the glow from the west seemed reflected, and looked at the evening star, and at the still waters of the pool, just beginning to be stirred into faint ripples by the evening breeze, and then went hurriedly and bravely on—

"And so—and so—they've settled it all,—him and father. And we're all going to move next week. Father's sure to get work, and I'll keep house, and its a matter o' fifty miles away from here.—Oh, Joe; oh, Joe: oh, Joe." She wailed out the last words, and hid her face on her lover's shoulder, her own form shaken with sobs.

He was not in the mood, however, to offer sympathy. Rather was he moved to wrath, to find that all had been arranged, and his claim, apparently, not even referred to.

"And what's to become of *me?*" he said, with gloomy sulkiness. "I can go to the devil as fast 's I like, while you're gallivanting about, keeping your uncle's house."

Mary sobbed.

"I'll not do it, I tell 'ee. I'll marry Jennie Gray just as soon 's the banns can be put up. Her'll have me fast enough. It'ill be no granny as'll keep *she* back when I asks her to come to church."

"I'm main sure o' that," said poor Mary, in all simplicity. "But Joe," —she clung to him with tender arms, and looked up wistfully into the handsome, sullen face—"I'm not saying it, but father,—*he* said—as mayhap you'd wait,—and come over to see me once in a while. I'd be loth to ask it of you—as wants your home, and quite right, too."

"A likely thing," said her lover, bitterly. "No! I says to you the other night, I says, 'Tell me o' Saturday if you'll wed me or not.' Very well—and you've come o' Saturday to say as you'r going fifty mile away to keep your uncle's house; keep it, then, I'll not be the one to hinder you."

She wound her arms about his neck, and drew his face down to her's.

"Joe, dear—I knew as you'd be angry to-night. But you'll think better of it, when I'm gone. Kiss me, Joe, and say good-bye, kind-like for I've had a hard day."

He barely responded to her caresses at first, but let her cover his face with her warm kisses and tears. Then, still on his dignity, he left her, going through the woods—"the long way home." She, after one wistful look around her, walked with bent head up the little path.

III.

Six months had passed away. The trees by the stile were leafless and dry. The little pool was frozen over. The cornfield was bare, and the December frost lay on all around.

It was a lovely evening, however. The sky, whose vaulted dome seemed more imposingly far away, was darkly-blue, and studded with stars, burning frostily, and shining out clearly through the moonless air. Across the heavens could be seen the luminous trail of the milky way. The air was still and calm.

By the stile stood Mary Long, clad in neat mourning, conspicuously new. A laborer, coming through the wood with a basket in his hand, looked at her incuriously, recognized her, and stopped.

"Sakes-alive," he said,—"it do be Mary Long—well, to be sure."

Mary laughed nervously. Her face was happy and expectant. I wanted to see the old place," she said. "It do seem such a time since we moved. We've had trouble," she went on, glancing at her black gown. "Granny, she died three weeks ago, and I can get away easily. Polly—she's fourteen and main and handy in a house."

"You'll be thinking of going into service, then, I reckon?" said her friend.

Mary shrank back as if she had been struck. She did not answer his question, but gave him instead a detailed account of her grandmother's illness and death, to which he listened with breathless attention.

"But where'll you bide for the night?" he said suddenly.

Mary's face flushed. "I'll not stay," she said. "I'll walk to Oakford—'tis only a matter of three miles, and catch the mail train. I felt I must see the old place."

"You should a' come a week ago," said the old man, looking at her with a new interest. "Joe might 'a done different then."

"What's he done?" Mary said, with a sudden sinking of her heart—"Not took to the drink, surely?"

"Took to drink," repeated the old man, leisurely, taking up his basket again. "Oh, no. He don't come of a drinking stock, and if did, 'taint for the likes of you, my wench, as the lads takes to the drink."

He went on his slow way, while Mary's heart beat in heavy, suffocating throbs:

"He's done no worse than marry—last Tuesday it was—yes, he's married to Jennie Gray, as 'ull make he a very good wife, and was main and glad to get him."

Mary caught at the stile for support, bewildered by the dizziness that seized her. The laborer's voice came to her from a distance, saying: "Better come home with me, and get the missus to give 'ee a cup o' tea. 'Twill help 'ee on with that walk."

Mary shook her head.

"No; I'll not stay, thank you kindly," she said.

"Good night to you, then, and a safe journey," responded her friend, and he trudged along the cornfield path.

Mary sank upon the lowest step of the stile. It seeemed to her that all her faculties were concentrated in the one effort to listen to the old man's footsteps as they sounded slowly and heavily on the hard frozen ground. When she could hear them no longer she rose. There was a pathetic reproach in her dark eyes, as she gazed on the familiar objects around her.

"He might 'a waited for six months," she said to herself, but without bitterness.

She had wept when she left him: but no tears came to her relief now. Her heart throbbed heavily, and the future loomed dark and gloomy and loveless, as her thoughts travelled on. She stood a few moments longer, and then, with a dull misery on her face, turned to the wood. And soon her form was gathered into the darkness of the night.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

For a Blind Beggar.

Like Homer's self, or Belisarius blind
By one slight girl, his guardian angel, led—
The alms bestowed by strangers who are kind
He cannot see; God watches in his stead.

—GEORGE MURRAY.

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(*A Sketch.*)

BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

ON the banks of the Thames, in the very centre of London, stands the beautiful pile known as the Houses of Parliament. On the east end the clock tower looms up lofty and impressive, and from its summit a deep bell tolls in solemn tones the passing hours. On the west end a larger main tower rises, and forms a land mark for some distance. On the north, and near by, is the famous old Westminster Cathedral, standing grand and stately with its tokens of age and solidity, and holding within its historic walls the bones and marble busts of England's illustrious dead.

Close to the Parliament Building itself on this north side is St. Margaret's Hall, an ancient building which was left when the new pile was erected. It is the room in which British Kings and Queens have been crowned; and, lined with modern statues of illustrious men, it waits patiently for another pageant which, all of us hope, may be postponed for many years to come.

On the south side is the Thames, and the buildings stand on the embankment built of solid masonry. A terrace, so called, about thirty or forty feet wide, and just a quarter of a mile long, enclosed by a wall, which guards against the river, on the one side, and is guarded by the building itself on the other, is one of the favorite resorts of the members on pleasant afternoons. A number of small tables are scattered about near the main entrance from the Commons part, and seats for a few score of persons.

The members have the right to take ladies and gentlemen as their guests on the terrace at four or five o'clock. Tea is served by liveried waiters, and general sociability prevails. These afternoon teas are never largely attended, and are regarded as quite a distinction. And it is a notable incident that the Irish members are usually most in evidence on these occasions. Mr. Blake is one of the most liberal entertainers, aud he may be seen any day with parties of his Canadian, American or English friends, with his head bare serving out tea and cakes. I say, with his head bare. This suggests something. Mr. Blake will be remembered by all the many who knew him so well when a party leader, as always associated with a familiar slouch hat, the brim of which was usually pulled down over his eyes. It is impossible for Mr. Blake to give up that hat. But in London everybody who is anybody wears a tall hat, a silk hat. The first thing a Canadian must do on his arrival in London is to buy a stove pipe hat, and it is not surprising that Canadians scarcely know each other there on account of the appearance of eminent respectability which they present. But Mr. Blake cannot reconcile himself to the tile. He goes to the house with his historical slouch, and he appears on public platforms all over the kingdom in his slouch; but on the terrace where everybody is arrayed in a frock coat and a shiny silk hat, and ladies are everywhere, he has a little misgiving as to the propriety of the slouch, so he goes hatless. Fortunately, he has a splendid head of hair which plays gently about in the breeze as he goes to and fro among his acquaintances. Scarcely an afternoon passes in which Mr. Justin McCarthy does not appear a little before five;

and the handsome T. P. O'Connor is usually to be found there, both surrounded by a bevy of the smartest and prettiest girls. In addition to taking tea, one can fill in the time very pleasantly by promenading the terrace, and is quite certain to meet several notable members as he walks to and fro.

The House of Commons is a difficult place to get into. While it is the great council of the nation, and the controlling factor in the government of a great empire, and while its deliberations command the greatest interest of the British people and the closest attention of the whole civilized world, it is not as accessable to the people as the Congress at Washington, where every citizen of the whole country is at liberty to walk into certain galleries, hear what his rulers are saying and see what they are doing. The same freedom exists in regard to the House of Commons at Ottawa, and the Provincial Legislatures. But the British Houses of Parliament are guarded with jealous care, and when the Commons are sitting you work your way to the galleries with difficulty. Policemen stand at the gates which open from the street at the iron railings. When you have passed these, more policemen guard the outer door leading to the chamber, then at the outer corridor or lobby they are in full force, and it will go hard with you if you are not able to announce that you wish to see a member and produce your card for that purpose or present a ticket for one of the galleries. No one can enter any gallery without a special written pass from the seargeant-at-arms, and even these can be obtained with difficulty. These restrictions are necessary as I will point out.

The Parliament buildings are very large and beautiful, but the thing which strikes a stranger on his first visit is that the Chamber itself, where the mighty business of the nation is done, is a small and far from imposing room. It is said to be the same size as the House of Commons of Canada, but it does not look it. It is not nearly as handsome. Its finishings are of wood. It is not nearly so well lighted as the Chamber at Ottawa, and it presents an appearance of being gloomy and confined. The galleries at Ottawa extend back from the walls of the Chamber, whereas in London what little gallery there is hangs over the walls giving the rooms a cramped appearance. At Ottawa 215 members have full seating room, each with a desk; at Westminster 670 members have to find accommodation in a Chamber into which it would be impossible to stow 400 members if packed as closely as sardines in a tin box. A man spends time, labor and money to get a seat in the House of Commons, and when he gets there he finds there is no seat for him. When a great question is before the House, and a great division is to take place at which six-hundred members are to vote, all over three-hundred and eighty have to crowd themselves into the galleries or stand about in the anterooms waiting for a chance to vote when the division finally comes. And even the galleries are limited in space. At Ottawa I should imagine that eight-hundred or one-thousand persons could be seated. At Westminster I should think it would be difficult for four-hundred persons to be stowed.

If, therefore, every member of the House took it into his head to get a ticket for a friend on any given day, it is quite manifest that hopeless confusion would ensue, unless the speaker or sergeant-at-arms intervened to stop the issue of permits. Hence it is so difficult to get seats in the gallery that most persons dread making the attempt, and in consequence the number of visitors is really very small.

I tried to ascertain why the Chamber was made so small; why, at all events, it had not been made large enough to give every member a seat. The only information I could obtain

was to the effect that the leaders of the House felt if it was spacious enough to hold all the members, it would be a difficult place to speak in, and as the average daily attendance is less than two-hundred, it serves practical purposes to have it the present size.

I had always an idea in my mind that the Commons was a great Chamber in which a new member would feel lost, and find it difficult to get a hearing. The reverse is the case. The Chamber seems smaller than at Ottawa, it is very easy to speak in and the order is better than at Ottawa, and immeasurably better than in the House of Representatives at Washington, which is a perpetual babel.

The accommodation for ladies is very poor, the fair ones being cooped up in a cage well surrounded by a grating, as if they were veritable wild beasts. But there is one compensation accorded them which I never had heard of until actually on the spot. Near the door of the main entrance a peep-hole has been contrived for the special benefit of lady visitors. No man is allowed near it, but I can describe it second-hand as a sort of aperture into which one looks as in peep-holes of dime museums; and as the looker is on a level with the floor of the House, the whole scene can be taken in with perfect distinctness. The Speaker is facing you, and the members seated on either side can be recognized without difficulty. If a stranger goes with a lady to pay a visit, he has to stand in the outer corridor while a member conducts his ladies to the peep hole where they wait their turn for a peep. It would destroy the Constitution if a man should look through that hole.

Still, notwithstanding the disappointing proportions of the Chamber, and the ill arrangements of the galleries, I could not avoid emotions of thrilling interest when I found myself for the first time looking down upon a body which had an unbroken history of glory for several hundreds of years; which had achieved the principle of popular liberty for the whole English speaking race, and aided its growth throughout the whole civilized world; which had guided the destinies of a nation whose expanding influence now permeates the world, and which at this moment practically shapes the policy of not only one great empire, but a score of budding nations, which in less than a century will have outgrown and overshadowed many of the first powers of Europe.

Who could fail to recall the splendid achievements of John Hampton, John Eliot, Sir Harry Vane, Walpole, Peel, the Pitts, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Palmerston, Disraeli, Cobden, Bright, and last, and perhaps greatest of all—Gladstone? That the Commons of England might uphold the liberties of the English people against the tyrannous unsurpation of king or nobles, John Eliot was willing to go to a dungeon and languish and die there. His heroic courage in facing death in a lonely cell rather than yield the right of free speech has contributed more to the growth of the popular cause than even the eloquence of his living tongue. Great nations all get their greatness from the moral stamina of the people who compose them. That nation only is great which has heroes and martyrs on the roll of its illustrious dead.

It was the same old House of Commons which two-hundred years ago and more drove from the throne that lying tyrant, Charles I. On the right of the speaker, when I visited it last June, sat Sir William V. Harcourt in the place so long filled by Gladstone, and relinquished so recently by him. Beside him were John Morley, the broad and high souled philosopher and literateur; H. H. Asquith, the cold and subtle politician, who sees the honors and burdens of leadership looming near in sight; Mr. H. Campbell-Bannerman, one of the brainest and most highly respected ministers.

of his day; Professor Bryce, whose literary fame is only overshadowed by his broad and progressive statesmanship; Mr. Herbert Gladstone, upon whom multitudes of the Radical masses believe the mantle of his illustrious father is sure to descend. On the other side of the House, Mr. Arthur J. Balfour was the only really conspicuous figure, and he seems endowed with some inscrutable and magic power of inspiring the confidence of his friends, and securing the respect of the nation. But practically associated with Mr. Balfour, although sitting below the gangway of the liberal side of the House, was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the most picturesque figure in the House after Mr. Gladstone left. He was dressed in the most jaunty fashion in bright drab clothes, and although past sixty, could easily be taken for thirty-five. On the front row, next to the treasury benches sat Sir Charles Dilke, who would most undoubtedly have been a Liberal leader if he had not been the victim of a scandal, which, in this age is fortunately potent to check the brightest and ablest of men.

Nothing of special interest was going on this first afternoon, and I did not remain long. But a day or two afterwards I went to the House for the day, and it proved one of unusual interest. The Speaker takes the chair a few minutes past three on Fridays, and prayers and the reading of the journal follow with closed doors, and with scarcely any members present. Then the galleries are opened, and I went in at this moment. I do not think that outside of the newspaper reporters there were over thirty persons in the gallery at any time during the day. A lull of a few minutes occurs after the opening of the galleries. The big wigs have not yet entered the House. They presently begin to arrive. Members of the Cabinet drop in casually from the entrance behind the Speaker's chair, and take their places on what is called the Treasury Bench. The seating of the House is something like this. Three rows of seats rise on either side of the Speaker's chair, and extend the whole length of the Chamber. But in order to have easier access to the long rows of seats, about midway down there is an aisle, or as it is generally called, gangway, which divides the rows in two. Back of all is one long row which on each side extends the whole length of the Chamber, the gangway only extending to it, not through it. On the front row, above the gangway on the right of the Speaker, is what is called the Treasury Bench. Here the Cabinet Ministers sit, and the Under Secretaries of State, and other members of the administration; for, be it understood, all the members of the administration are not in the Cabinet. The Attorney and Solicitor-General are not in the Cabinet. What departmental heads shall have seats in the Cabinet, and which not, is in the discretion of the Prime Minister. For instance, John Morley, Irish Secretary, was one of the most conspicuous membere of the Cabinet, whereas, Mr. Gerald Balfour, who has taken his place, is not in the Cabinet, while the Lord-Lieutenant, Earl Cadogan, is.

On this particular day, Friday, June 21st, all the Ministers were in their places. Mr. A. J. Balfour was at his post on the bench directly opposite the ministerial bench, and on the left of the chair. It is a law, which custom and usage have made supreme, that the members of the outgoing administration and the recognized leaders of the opposition shall sit on this front bench above the gangway. Near Mr. Balfour sat Sir M. H. Beach, Sir Richard Webster, Mr. W. J. Brodrick, Mr. Goschen, and others of less note, and among the opposition members in whom I was interested, I noticed Mr. George Curzon, Sir George Baden Powell, and Colonel Howard Vincent. The Liberal Unionists, though really straightly opposed to the Government, and always voting with Mr. Balfour

on party questions, sit below the gangway on the Government side of the House. By this I mean that this is the usual place to find them. No member has any seat in the sense in which such a term is understood at Washington or at Ottawa. Any member is at liberty to sit wherever he can find a seat, but the Liberal Unionists are disposed to go to this particular place, and they are usually seen there, Mr. Chamberlain being in the midst of them. The Irish Nationalists, on the other hand, while always voting with the Government, have chosen as their headquarters the seats below the gangway on the opposition side of the House. Here is where Parnell used to place himself, and the Irish contingent remain true to this tradition. Mr. Blake usually sits in the place that was actually occupied by Parnell. Speaking of seats, it may be mentioned that by courtesy, a member can engage his seat for the day by simply pinning his card, or placing his hat upon it. It has the same effect as placing a portmanteau upon the seat in a railway car. But it is only on special and comparatively rare occasions that such precautions are necessary, for the average daily attendance is not large, and the members not out of town spend most of their time in the smoking room, on the terrace, or talking to friends in the lobby.

The first order of the day was "Questions." It has come to be the heaven-born right of all the members of the House to pepper the Government with questions before settling down to the work of the day. This is a cheap and favorite method for members of small calibre to get a little cheap notice in the country. The instant anything occurs which occupies any considerable space in the public eye, there is a rush among those sitting on the back benches to get the eyes of the world upon them by asking a question about it. On this day there were thirty-four questions on the printed order paper, all of which were asked, and all answered in the fullest, frankest, and most courteous manner. It would be well for the Ministers at Ottawa to take pattern in this regard by Imperial Ministers. At question hour at Ottawa one cannot but note the evident determination of Ministers to give as little information as possible, and to answer the questions in a narrow and technical spirit. The answering of those thirty-four questions did not consume as many minutes.

Then came the order of the day. This was to go into Committee of Supply, "to consider votes 13, 10, 9, 2, and remaining votes of Army estimates." The Speaker left the chair, the mace was solemnly and tenderly taken from the table and hung on its peg in comfortable obscurity, and Mr. Mellor, the Chairman, took his place beside the clerks at the head of the clerk's table. Then Mr. H. Campbell-Bannerman rose and announced that he had a most important statement to make, namely, the retirement of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, from the position which he has held for thirty-nine years, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman occupied at least twenty minutes on this topic, speaking with great care, and with the substance of his remarks committed to paper, and before him on the paper box. He is an excellent speaker, and one of the most popular and respected members of the late administration. The fact that the Duke had at last been induced to retire was one which was hailed with general satisfaction by the army and the nation, but it was disclosed with the utmost delicacy, and with most complimentary and feeling allusions to his long and devoted services.

So important, indeed, was this announcement that Mr. Balfour felt it necessary to speak at once upon the subject, which he did with that coolness, that taste and good judgment which are his strongest points. Several army officers thought it a fitting

occasion for them to make some remarks on the subject of the Commander-in-Chief, and they did it in as dull and prosy a manner as an English army officer can achieve, and were rewarded by having nearly everybody straggle out of the house.

But the amusement of the day was not over. Presently Mr. Brodrick, who had been Under Secretary of State for War, in the Salisbury administration, began to attack the estimates on the ground that sufficient provision had not been made for ammunition, and gave a number of prosy statistics in support of this view. In order to indicate his earnestness in the matter moved that the salary of the Minister of the War Department be reduced by £100. At the time, this motion was not regarded as serious. The Minister and his Deputy both gave ample evidence and the most emphatic assurances to the House that all the necessities of the service were amply provided for. One after another spoke on the subject, the debate dragged along until past seven o'clock. It was not generally believed that a formal division would take place. Most of the ministers had gone out to the lobbies or smoking-room, among them Sir W. V. Harcourt, the leader of the House.. He was exchanging pleasantries with some opposition members, and had just made the remark that it was very monotonous to have a day pass without a "crisis." Just at this moment the division bell rang, and everybody began to scurry into the House to be counted. When the time was up exactly 257 members out of 670 were in their places. They began in due order to file out into the aye and nay lobbies respectively, and then returned. The tellers made up the score, and it was duly reported to the House. For the motion to reduce the Minister's salary, 132; against, 125.

Here was a government beaten by seven, and on a vote which, while paltry in itself, was such a direct reflection upon the Minister that it could not be easily overlooked. It would have been practical to have issued an urgent whip the next day, and got a vote of confidence in the Minister passed by the usual close government majority; but the fact was that Lord Rosebery and his associates had become actually tired of "ploughing the sand," and they were very glad to get out and so they resigned at once.

When one stops to think and to think seriously, it seems a strange incident that the controlling force of one of the greatest empires in the world should change completely in a moment on such a trifle. The tone of the House was dull, uninteresting and absolutely free from excitement from beginning to end. As much interest would be evoked by the proceedings of a Provincial Legislature when in Committee of the Whole to consider a bill to incorporate the Dominion Bubble Company, Limited. But the far-reaching result was the same as if the atmosphere had been charged with electricity. A new Government was formed in a day or two without the slightest difficulty or any stirring up of feeling. A dissolution took place in a few days, and in less than a fortnight it was practically over, and beyond a little fuss and feathers in connection with the local phases of the contest, and about the committee rooms, the whole business of the nation went on exactly as if nothing had occurred.

This is the best tribute to the system of popular government which has grown up under Constitutional Monarchy, and I cannot help regarding it as contrasting most favorably with the whole summer of turmoil and unrest which marks the quadrennial election of the President in the United States.

There is no actual magic about the British House of Commons. It has its quota of clever men and a large number of very ordinary ones. It has produced a long line of eminent men whose patriotism has ennobled the country, and whose eloquence has enriched literature. It has never failed

to command the best talent of the nation, and it has entrusted to its guardianship and care the destiny of a great Empire whose interests reach all over the globe. It has its dull days and its scenes of excitement, but no one who has interest in the great things of this world can ever enter its portals without emotion, or look from its galleries without feeling at least a ripple of sentiment when he thinks of what it has been, what it is, and what it may become.

TWO SONNETS.

I.

ANNAPOLIS BASIN.

THE full fed crystal streams from east and west
And south, thy rich-wrought cup filled to the brim,
Till, where the northern star soft gilds the rim,
Thy waters, called, o'erbroke at love's behest.
Oh to have seen thy cataract's white breast,
Rifted with ruth through the lone centuries dim,
For toiling Fundy's wooing tide—for him
To blend thy sylvan calm with world unrest!

Far floods thy bridal brought, fair lake, brave sea!
And late, the winged ships—Champlain, DeMonts,
With Poutrincourt, and sequent games of war.
Thy marge, now crowned with peaceful husbandry,
And set with England's rose where bloomed *fleur d'or*,
Still croons all day love's wedded tidal song.

II.

TENNYSON ROCK.

Majestic, awesome and inspiring mock,
Sculptured by frost and sun and bitter brine!
Has nature sympathy with men divine,
To carve remembrance in colossal rock?
Circled by voices of the sea-god's flock,
Deep calm is his, aloofness of the pine,—
As when he waited his great Pilot's sign
Ere he embarked from out earth's sheltered loch.

O seer and Englishman, our hearts
Leapt at thy words of empire! Sure 'tis meet
In "*that true North*" thy form shouldst front the sea,
Where Howe, McDonald, Tupper played their parts
At statecraft, gath'ring at Old England's feet
Our Pleiad State,—one flag, one destiny.

THEODORE H. RAND.

Tennyson Rock is the Pinnacle of Pinnacle Island (one of the Five Islands), Basin of Minas, Cumberland County, Nova Scotia. The rock is solitary, and nearly 200 feet high at low water,—a seated figure strongly resembling, as seen from the Basin, Lord Tennyson in his old age.

THE WAY IT ALWAYS ENDS.

A Play in One Act

FOUNDED ON ONE OF J. M. BARRIE'S STORIES

BY WILLIAM THOROLD.

CHARACTERS:
Arthur Barron
Mary Copton

A.—(*Entering from street*) Rather odd that I should meet Mary Copton just as she was coming out of McConkey's. Why did'nt I meet her going in? Then we might have had an ice cream together. She's such a pretty girl—though that counts for nothing with either of us. (*Lights a cigarette*) She's such a strange girl, Mary—Miss Copton. Sometimes when she suddenly—(*Knock at door*) come in! (*Knock again*) Miss Copton! I'm so glad to—

(*Enter M.*)

Why, what's the matter?

M.—Oh, what's not the matter? A horrid dog jumped at me and barked, and—and I hit him with my parasol! But that only made him worse. (*Showing torn parasol.*) Look at it! He showed his teeth and growled—growled like a husband. I was frightened. So I just ran into the first door I saw.

A.—I wonder how much I owe that dog?

M.—Nothing for my coming. I feel so cross to-day I could—

A.—What could you do?

M.—Well, I don't believe in anybody or anything—there! (*Taking box from bag, putting it on table and eating a drop.*) I buy chocolate drops by the half-pound. (*Glances in small mirror on piano, then sits in big chair.*) Oh!

A.—(*Aside.*) It seems to put its arms around her.

M.—And I had thought you so trustworthy!

A.—(*Aside.*) She always begins in the middle. (*Aloud.*) What have I done?

M.—Yesterday, when you put me into that cab. Oh, you didn't do it, but you tried to!

A.—Do what?

M.—Men are all alike.

A.—And you actually think that if I did meditate such an act, for one brief moment, I was yielding to the wretched impulses to which other men give way! Miss Copton, do you know me no better than that?

M.—I don't see what you mean. (*A ways his head mournfully.*) What do you mean?

A.—(*Laying cigarette down.*) You must have observed that I have nothing in common with other young men.

M.—Well?

A.—If I seem to act as they do, my motives are quite different. Therefore I should be judged from another standpoint. But now as you still think that I tried to—to do it from the ordinary motive—namely, because I wanted to—I suppose you and I must part. I have explained the affair to you because it is painful to me to be misunderstood. Good-bye, I shall always think of you with sincere regard.

M.—(*Giving way.*) Forgive me.

A.—I think we should draw up the Platonic agreement we made last week and sign it.

M.—But (*putting parasol on chair*) it is to be nothing more than a Platonic friendship. Anything else I consider silly, an evidence of weakness. You know how your Standard Dictionary defines Platonic?

A.—Yes.

M.—Well remember.

A.—In our Platonic friendship I am to be such a friend as I am to Mr. Thomson.

M.—Just the same.

A.—And if necessary I am to scold you, though you cry. What? You probably will?

M.—No, I would not be so foolish.

A.—All right. And you are to see that it is for your good, just as Thomson sees it when I scold him. You make a similar promise?

M.—I do. Exactly similar.

A.—I shall have to call you Mary.

M.—I don't see that.

A.—It is customary among real friends. They expect it of each other.

M.—Heuh! (*Eats a chocolate drop in silence. Veil is in way. Removes it.*) That's not Platonic.

A.—Oh, yes, it is always done.

M.—But you don't call Mr. Thomson by his Christian name?

A.—Certainly I do.

M.—And he would feel slighted if you did not?

A.—He would be extremely pained.

M.—What is his Christian name?

A.—Thomson's Christian name?

M.—That was my question.

A.—Oh, his Christian name—Thomson's Christian name—is—ah—ah—Harry!

M.—But I thought his initials were J. T.

A.—Eh?

M.—(*Throwing her gloves on sofa.*) Those were the initials on that umbrella you never returned to him.

A.—Is that so?

M.—Yes.

A.—Then my suspicions were correct. The umbrella is not his own. How like him!

M.—I had an idea that you merely called him Thomson?

A.—Before other people only. Men friends address each other in one way in company, but in quite another way when they are alone.

M.—Oh, well, if it is customary.

A.—If it were not I would not propose such a thing.

M.—You've dropped something.

A.—(*Picking up paper.*) Just a little copy for my column next Saturday.

M.—May I hear it?

A.—It's dry.

M.—So are journalists, very often. Let me read it.

A.—(*Handing MS.*) If you can.

M.—(*Reading.*) "Every man ought to pay his debts—if he can; every man ought to help his neighbor—if he can. Every man and woman ought to get married—if they can. Every man should do his work to suit his customers—if he can. Every man should please his wife—if he can." But I can't make out what comes next.

A.—Let me try. (*Receiving MS.*) Listen. "Every wife should please her husband—if she can. Every wife should sometimes hold her tongue—if she can. Every lawyer should sometimes tell the truth—if he can. Every man should mind his own business—if he can; and every woman too. Everyone should take a newspaper, and pay for it—anyhow."

M.—(*Taking another chocolate drop.*) Good!

A.—Mary dear—

M.—Dear!

A.—That is what I said.

M.—I don't think it worthy of you. It is taking two chocolate drops when I only said you might have one.

A.—Well, when I get my hand into the bag I admit—I mean Thomson would not have been so niggardly.

M.—I am certain you don't call him 'Harry dear.' (*Taking off jacket and putting it on table.*) It's so warm!

A.—(*Aside.*) Very. (*Aloud.*) Not, perhaps, as a rule. But at times men friends are more demonstrative than you think them.

M.—For instance?

A.—If Thomson, I mean Harry, was ill—

M.—But I am quite well.

A.—Still with all this influenza about—*(Aside)* jacket, chocolate drops, parasol, gloves—the room seems to be full of her. *(Aloud.)* And me holding your veil. *(Aside.)* Just as I hold Thomson's. Isn't she bewitching! *(Aloud, sternly.)* I walked down King Street behind you yesterday and your back told me that you are vain.

M.—I am not vain of my personal appearance, at any rate.

A.—How could you be?

M.—*(Looking at him sharply.)* Whatever my faults are, and they are many, vanity is not one of them.

A.—When I said you had a bad temper you made the same remark about it. Also when—

M.—That was last week, stupid! But, of course, if you think me ugly—

A.—I did not say that.

M.—Yes you did.

A.—But if you think nothing of your personal appearance why blame me if I agree with you?

M.—*(Rising haughtily.)* You—

A.—Sit down.

M.—I won't. Give me my veil.

A.—If you really want to know what I think of your personal appearance—

M.—I don't. *(A. resumes his cigarette.)* Well?

A.—Well?

M.—Oh, I thought you were going to say something.

A.—Only that your back pleased me in certain other respects. *(She sits again.)* Mary, dear! *(She is crying.)* Mary. *(He whispers to her.)* Mary, dear!

M.—I am so glad you think me pretty. For, though I don't think so myself, I like other people to think it. And somehow I thought you considered me plain. My nose is all wrong, isn't it?

A.—Let me see.

M.—So you admit you were entirely mistaken in calling me vain?

A.—You have proved that I was.

M.—*(Gathering up her property and going.)* Ha, ha, ha! Indeed! *(Half out of door.)* Yes, I am awfully vain. I do my hair every night before I go to bed. I was sure you admired me the very first time we met. I know I have a pretty nose. Good afternoon!

A.—*(Rushing to door.)* Mary!

M.—Well!

A.—Mary, dear!

M.—I am listening.

A.—That is all.

M.—You have such a curious wasteful habit of saying one's name, as if it were a remark by itself.

A.—Yes, Thomson has noticed that also. However, I think I meant to add that I should like to ask a favor of you.

M.—*(Returning.)* What is it?

A.—I wonder if you will grant it?

M.—As a friend?

A.—Yes.

M.—Go on.

A.—I want you to fill my pipe, and ram down the tobacco with your little finger. *(Aside.)* So, when she is gone and I smoke it, I shall see in the clouds the image of—

M.—You and Mr. Thomson do that for each other?

A.—Often.

M.—Very well. Give it me. This way?

A.—Done beautifully.

M.—*(Taking up his umbrella and looking at it.)* You journalists say such nice things sometimes.

A.—You are a dear good girl.

M.—Oh, *(letting umbrella fall)*, I'm not.

A.—But I think you are.

M.—I am not really kind-hearted. It is all selfishness.

A.—No, no! *(Piano heard without.)*

M.—Even my charities are only a hideous kind of selfishness.

A.—Prove it. You can't.

M.—There is that poor blind man who plays the hand-piano at the corner of this street, for instance. I occasionally give him five cents.

A.—That is surely not selfish.

M.—It is. *(Taking up umbrella.)* I

never give him anything simply because I see he needs it, but now and then when I feel happier than usual. I am thinking only of my own happiness when I give it him. That is the personification of selfishness.

A.—Mary!

M.—Well, if that is'nt—this is. I give him something only when I am passing him, at any rate. I never dream of crossing the street to do it. Oh, I should need to be terrifically happy before I would bother crossing to give him anything! There! What do you think of me now?

A.—You gave him something on Monday, when I was with you.

M.—Yes.

A.—Then you were happy at that time?

M.—What has that got to do with it?

A.—A great deal, (*Aside, listening to piano playing that tune.*) Sweet Marie. (*Aloud.*) A great deal!

M.—You nasty—

A.—(*Rising.*) Mary, dear—

M.—No! Go and sit over there. (*Looking at her watch.*) My! I must go! Good-bye!

A.—(*Hastening to opposite side of table.*) Don't come near me with that thing on. (*Turning his back to her.*) Don't attempt to speak with that veil around you.

M.—You think I can't, because it is too tight,

A.—Go away.

M.—(*Turning him round.*) Why it is quite loose. I believe I could whistle through it. (*She whistles. He kisses her.*) Oh!

A.—It was your own fault. (*She is trying to put on her jacket, but can't find the sleeve.*) But I am glad. I warned you. Cry away. I like to see you crying.

M.—I hate you.

A.—No, you don't.

M.—A friend—

A.—Friend! Pooh! Bah! Pshaw!

M.—Mr. Thomson—

A.—Thomson! Tehut! Thomson! His christian name isn't Harry. I don't know what it is. I don't care!

M.—You said—

A.—It was a lie. Don't screw your mouth in that way.

M.—I will if I like.

A.—I warn you!

M.—I don't care. (*He kisses her.*) Oh, oh!

A—I warned you.

M—Now I know you in your true colors.

A.—You do, and I glory in it. Platonic friendship—fudge! Platonic nothing! I quarrelled with you that time to be able to hold your hands when we made it up. When you thought I was reading your character, I was—Don't—screw—your—mouth!

M.—Give me my veil.

A.—I lent you Berkeley so that I could take hold of you by the shoulders, on the pretence that I was finding out whether you existed.

M.—You horrid—

A.—All the time we were discussing the mystery of being, I was thinking how much I should like to put my hands beneath your chin and flick it.

M.—If you ever dare to speak to me again—

A.—Don't—screw—your—mouth!

M.—You ought to feel so ashamed of—

A.—And I would rather put my fingers through your hair than write the greatest poem in—(*He tries to kiss her but does not. She runs off, leaving veil in his hand.*) A moment, Mary!

(*Exit M.*)

Why was I so impetuous? (*Looks out window.*) There, she's crossing the street on purpose to give five cents to the old blind man who plays the hand-piano. All's well with the world! Happy? Well, rather think I am! I wonder how much I owe that dog?—A minute or two—and I'll be by your side, Mary dear! It's the way it always ends!

(*Exit A.*)

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

BY MAUD OGILVY.

I WAS one of a merry house-party given by a fashionable society woman at her country residence, among the piney Adirondacks. The party was composed chiefly of young people; but one guest, old Dr. Peers, was the life and soul of the house, and his many tales of travel and adventure were a source of unfailing entertainment to us. We had had beautiful weather all the week, but this particular Saturday morning, of which I write, was very unpleasant, and the rain was pouring down as if the clouds meant to thoroughly empty themselves before they stopped. Suddenly one of the group of merry girls approached the Doctor who was on the piazza perusing a dry leading article on the Income tax.

"Dr. Peers," she said, "we want to have some hypnotism. You have just come back from Vienna, and know all about it. Put someone to sleep—do!"

"Excuse me," he replied hurriedly, "I shall never try that again."

"Why not?" the girl questioned, wondering at the gravity of his tone.

The rest of the party came crowding round the Doctor eager for a story. "Why not Doctor?" queried more than one feminine voice.

"Well ladies," the old gentleman replied, "I will comply with your second request, if you will pardon my refusal of your first."

"Several years ago," he went on, "I was much interested in this very subject, and with one or two scientific friends, studied it extensively both in Paris and Vienna, where it is much used in medical practice. Some time after this, during a brief summer holiday, I went to England as the guest of a gentleman I had met at the American Legation in Vienna. I had then struck up a most agreeable acquaintance with him. His name was Harry Stanley, and he was many years my junior. He was a typical Britisher, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, and athletic, and possessing the true English phlegm and doggedness.

"At the time he wrote to invite me to visit him, he had just come into a comfortable fortune, and had been married about three months. He gave me an enthusiastic description of his bride, who was the daughter of a widowed Italian countess, whom he had met in Paris the previous winter.

"It was a lovely evening in early June, when I arrived at the little country station of Woodville, and Harry was there in his dog-cart to meet me. He greeted me warmly, and we had a delightful drive home through the verdant English lanes, balmy with dog-roses, sweet-briar, and all the thousand perfumes of a summer night.

"Harry's estate and house passed my expectations, for it was a spacious old manor with extensive grounds, gardens, coverts, and outlying farms. I confess I was anxious to see the newly-made mistress of this demesne, though I did not expect she would come up to my friend's rapturous description.

"When I had dressed for dinner, I went to the drawing-room, which was empty, but presently I heard the *frou-frou* of silken skirts, and Harry's voice following closely. On the entrance of my friend and his wife I started in amazement, and he gave an amused laugh, as much as to say, 'I told you so.'

"For Mrs. Stanley was a magnificent woman, no mere girl, but a woman in the zenith of her charms. Strange for an Italian, her hair was of

pale gold color, but her eyes were dark, deep, and unfathomable. Her figure was superb, rounded gracefully, and more fully developed than is usual in English or American women of six-and-twenty, which was her age. Her manner, too, was that of an accomplished woman of the world, and my first thought was, 'How came she to marry my stolid English friend?' She ought to have been the wife of an ambassador at least.

"A moment before dinner was announced a tall, dark young man entered. Mrs. Stanley introduced him to me as her cousin, Signor da Vega, and she herself called him Luigi. He did not talk much during the meal, but my hostess did all in her power to please and entertain me. She certainly succeeded in dazzling me, though that night when alone and pondering over the occurrences of the evening, I had a vague feeling of distrust mingled with my admiration of the fair Italian, she seemed so utterly out of place in that peaceful English manor.

"Next morning Harry and I went out for a long day's fishing, a sport of which we were both extremely fond. Luigi did not accompany us.

"'He is a queer fellow,' my host explained, 'and I must confess I don't fancy him much, but he is the nearest relation my wife has, and they were brought up together, and are like brother and sister. Luigi has always got some political scheme on hand, and hob-nobs with all the diplomatic swells abroad.'

"Time went on uneventfully at the manor for about a week, and I found Mrs. Stanley always charming, quite devoted to her husband, and giving no ground for my incomprehensible distrust, except on one or two occasions, when I came upon her and Luigi speaking Italian excitedly, and immediately changing to English on seeing me. The second Monday after my arrival, a dinner party was given in my honor. At it were present the vicar, his wife and two daughters, bread and butter misses, and two or three neighboring squires with their consorts. It was altogether a most commonplace assembly. After dinner, when the two young ladies had played their little pieces, and, in spite of our hostess' vivacity, animation seemed to flag, some one suggested trying mesmerism, hypnotism, thought-reading, or something of the sort. I was drawn into the discussion, and told several of my medical experiences, showing them also a recently published work I had on the subject.

"'But I don't believe you could hypnotize Harry, Dr. Peers,' Mrs. Stanley said, after the company had gone away, and we were alone, Harry and her cousin having gone to see the ladies to their carriages.

"'You put me on my mettle,' I said.

"Just then Harry returned with Luigi.

"'Will you let me hypnotize you?' I asked the former.

"'Willingly, old man,' he replied, 'if you can.'

"He leant back in the arm-chair, and I soon put him to sleep.

"'Now, Mrs. Stanley, what is he to do?'

"She had been turning over the leaves of my book slowly, and now pointed to a page.

"'Here,' she said, 'is an account of an experiment tried in Germany,' and she read, 'It consisted of suggesting to a subject a predetermined act to be performed at a fixed hour.'

"'This was successfully tried with a harmless object which the subject believed to be a dagger, and with which he was supposed to kill himself. Shall we try this, doctor?'

"'By all means,' I answered.

"She handed me a dainty, fragile, carved ivory paper-knife, which was lying on the table beside her. I took it and turned to my sleeping friend. 'See this dagger,' I said, holding the paper-knife towards him, 'I will put it here on the table. To-morrow, at two o'clock, when the gong sounds for

luncheon, you will take this dagger and kill yourself.'

"I then woke him up. He laughed heartily, and remembered nothing of what had occurred during his sleep. He was in good spirits, and begged his wife to sing him one more song before we said good-night. She sang several in her rich, deep contralto, which brought tears to the eyes of the listeners. Then Luigi joined her with his exquisite tenor, and they gave us several charming duets, so that it was long past midnight ere we retired.

"'As good as the opera, listening to those two,' said Harry, as he bade me good-night.

"Next morning we were all late for breakfast, except Harry, who had gone to see the manager of one of his out-lying farms, on a little matter of business. Mrs. Stanley, Luigi, and I were sitting lazily on the verandah, discussing the latest novel. Presently Harry returned, kissed his wife and wished us all good-morning in his usual hearty fashion: he then began to tell us of his morning's work. When the first note of the luncheon-gong sounded, his face suddenly changed, he raised his head quickly, and then with a rapid step entered the house. I glanced at Mrs. Stanley, she had become deathly pale, and trembled from head to foot. Luigi retained his usual imperturbable calm.

"Come quickly," I said to her.

"She did not move: 'What is the use?' she said. 'I see you have succeeded; he has gone.'

"I rushed to the drawing-room, but at the threshold I stopped aghast. There lay Harry, stretched out on the floor—dead—a dagger through his heart."

* * * * *

"Was it a real dagger, doctor," asked one of the young ladies.

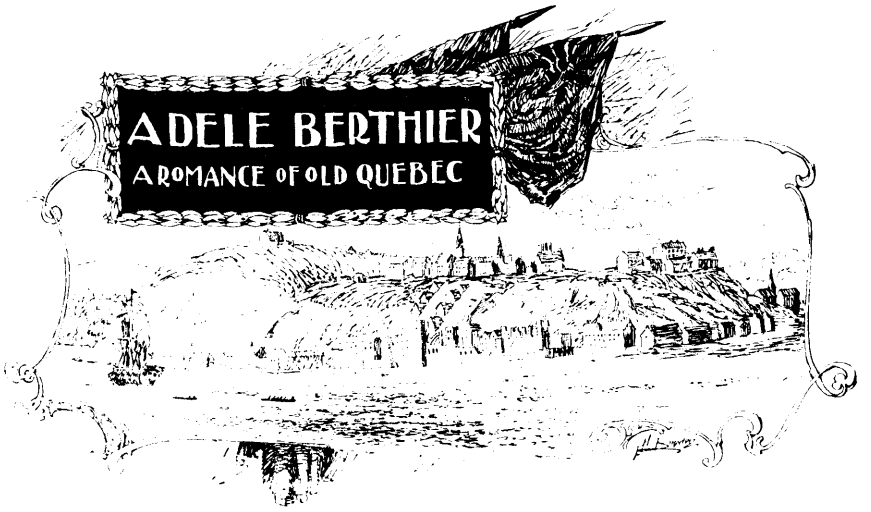
"Yes," said the doctor, a real dagger, and he added, "I afterwards looked on the table, and the paper knife was not there."

After a few moments he said slowly, "Mrs. Stanley, in less than a year, married her cousin Luigi. All Harry's property had been willed to her."

NOVEMBER.

THE children wade amid the sodden leaves
But lately glistening gay in summer breeze,
Now dropping slowly from the bare brown trees
That stretch gaunt arms about the cottage eaves;
Stripped are the orchards, garnered in the sheaves,
The wildfowl leaves her haunts for southern seas,
Ere yet the frost's chill breath the streamlets freeze,
And winter's sleet her icy mantle weaves.
In the gray woods there breathes a mystic spell
That speaks of vanished beauty,—lost delight!
The last belated robin flutes farewell,
The sun in dun and purple sinks from sight
While the wild sobbing rain-gusts rise and swell,
To wrap the world in storm and wintry night.

AGNES MAULE MACHAR (*Fidelis*).



BY THOMAS SWIFT.

CHAPTER I.

IT was the night of the 13th September, 1759, a day so fatal to the cause of French rule in Canada: the scene, the blood-stained plains of Abraham. The battle-field was still strewn with the dead but most of the wounded had been borne away.

On the north side of the plain, not far from the St Croye road, stood an extensive pile of gray stone buildings surrounded by stables, barns, and other out-houses. Had Providence, foreseeing in His inscrutable wisdom the things that were to be, ordained it so, He could not have selected a more suitable spot for the General Hospital of Old Quebec. "From its windows," as an eye-witness amongst them states, "the nuns in charge witnessed the carnage."

"It was such a scene," she says, "that charity triumphed, and caused us to forget self-preservation and the danger to which we were exposed in the immediate presence of the enemy. We were in the midst of the dead and the dying, who were brought in to us by hundreds."

And it may be added that the hospitable doors were opened to friend and foe, conquered and conqueror alike, until dormitories, rooms, halls, and even the out-houses could hold no more.

In the darkness, before the main entrance, stood a strong and well-ordered company of British soldiers, whilst the officer in command was thundering at the massive door with the hilt of his sword. The door swung on its hinges, and the light from a lamp, held in the trembling hand of the porter, fell full on the tall form and handsome face of a captain in the British army.

Two nuns, who happened to be near, stopped panic-stricken at the sight of the English red-coats. One of them dropped the basin of broth she was carrying to a wounded soldier, and both crossed themselves and uttered sundry pious ejaculations. The younger and bolder of the two was very beautiful; and Captain Fairclough thought he had never seen a sweeter face, though framed in the coif and veil of a nun. Seeing their blanched cheeks and frightened eyes, he stayed, with a gesture, the advancing soldiers, and stepped into the hall. With a military salute, he addressed them in French, assuring them that they were quite safe. His words were directed to both nuns, but his eyes were fixed on one only.

"Ladies," said he, with all the dignity of a British officer of the time, "I am Captain Fairclough of the 47th Regiment, in His Britannic Majesty's service, and I wish to see the Superior of the Hospital."

At this courteous greeting, the color came back to the younger nun's cheeks, and increased her loveliness. She withdrew her eyes from the too ardent gaze of the officer, and, casting them demurely on the ground, said:

"I will immediately bear Monsieur's commands to the Mother Superior."

She handed her bowl of broth to her still trembling companion, who now hastened away on her interrupted mission, then gracefully bowed, gathering up her skirts bewitchingly, and extending a shapely foot and ankle, stepped lightly over the spilled soup on the floor and disappeared.

The officer, to whom feminine movements, from their infrequency in his sterner line of life, were a novelty, stood spell-bound, wondering if he would ever see the fair apparition again. For Captain Fairclough, though brave as Wolfe himself whose untimely but glorious death had occurred but that very day, and solidly practical and reliable in emergencies, possessed the heart and temperament of a *preux chevalier*. In a few minutes, however, she returned, accompanied by a noble-looking, middle-aged woman in a similar garb. He advanced a step, saluted the latter, and said:

"I am commanded, madame, by Brigadier-General Townshend, to assure you of complete safety and protection, and at the same time to take possession of and surround your hospital, which has afforded such a splendid refuge for the wounded of both friend and foe. The present condition of things requires this, madame, and must be our excuse, as we are forced to protect ourselves by barricade and entrenchment against immediate assault."

The Superioress listened with stately calmness, whilst her young companion standing behind her, cast furtive, and, it must be said, admiring glances on the speaker, whose cool, gallant bearing, nobleness of form, and dignity and delicacy of address, were sufficient to impress eyes more fastidious than those of a young and simple nun.

"Do I understand, monsieur," enquired the Superioress, "that we are to admit your soldiers as a guard?

"Such are my orders, madame," returned the officer.

"I know not how this can be, monsieur, seeing that every room in the hospital is already filled to overflowing. What say you Marie?" the Superioress inquired, turning to her companion, whilst the soldier thanked her in his heart for thus giving him another opportunity of gazing on the exquisite, rose-tinted features of the fair young sister.

"I know not either, Mother, unless we give up the one room we have retained for ourselves," answered the latter, spiritedly, looking defiantly into the soldier's face, "And that, I think, monsieur can hardly expect of us."

"God forbid, mademoiselle," said the officer, admiring the spirit and promptitude of the reply.

Then addressing the Superioress, he continued, "All that I require, madame, is permission to enter and make such disposal of my men as circumstances permit and demand, in accordance with my instructions."

There was a brief pause. Then the elder nun said, "The house is at your command, monsieur, but," with a sigh and a faint smile, "you will find it a sad one."

So saying, she took the arm of her companion, curtsied, and left the General Hospital in possession of the English officer, who, after stationing the guard in and around the buildings, returned to the hall; and, tired with dreadful work of the day, flung himself down to snatch a few hours of necessary rest.

"The door swung on its hinges, and the light from a lamp, held in the trembling hand of the porter, fell full on the tall form and handsome face of a captain in the British army."

For the first few minutes he heard the confused noise of a multitude at work. They were throwing up trenches and erecting barricades; for the British forces fully expected to be again attacked on the morrow. Then his wearied senses drifted into unsteady slumber. In its dreams, it is said, the faithful hound renews the chase; and it was so with the weary soldier. He was drifting, under cover of the night, down a broad, noble river, and he strove to catch the words that came to him on the whispering breeze. He knew the voice. It was that of his beloved commander. The tones were low, soft, musical as the zephyr; but the words were thrilling, solemnly beautiful, prophetic and eternally true:

"The boast of heraldy, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inexorable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Then he was scaling the rugged heights, which the friendly darkness rendered the less dizzy. He reached the top and was greeted by the morning sun shining down upon a brave sight. Two small but gallant armies stood face to face to decide the fate of Canada.

Then, as he stood in the lines, he saw the masses of the enemy moving steadily upon them. There was the long, weary wait—interminable it seemed—whilst his brave men fell around him, and the ghastly gaps were filled afresh. Would the command to fire never come? And the enemy so near—he could see as the smoke lifted, the very expression of their faces.

"Fire!"

It came at last, and never was word more welcome. The impatient, long-restrained guns rang out. The smoke cleared, and, such a sight! Whole battalions swept away; and a living, dying, writhing mass of men in the centre, confusion on the right, and on the left a body of gray-coated militia fleeing pell-mell. A long-drawn breath of relief— a pause, whilst his men reloaded, and the French strove to reform their scattered ranks.

"Forward!" and they moved with ever-increasing pace, until, with a wild yet unbroken rush, they were on the foe and sweeping everything before them. The last glimpse of the fight that came to the eyes of the sleeper was the tartans and plaids, with the terrible claymores flashing in the noon-day sun, as they relentlessly pursued the flying foe under the very guns on the ramparts of Quebec.

Then he seemed to be wandering amidst the mist and gloom and all things indistinguishable, until of a sudden, he emerged into the radiant, glowing light that shone upon him from a woman's beautiful face. But whether woman in truth or angel, he knew not, so strange her garb and unearthly her appearance. Resplendent in the light of her own loveliness she glided to his side, and her eyes seemed to look deep into his soul. Her face, though divinely fair, wore an expression of unutterable sadness. She bent until her lips almost touched his face, and seemed to say, "You seek a phantom which will elude you. We belong to different worlds. I can never be yours." She touched his brow lightly with her lips. He struggled to grasp and detain her departing form, and awoke to silence and darkness. But even then, and often afterwards, he was almost certain that he heard the faint rustle of a woman's garment, and the tinkle of a string of beads.

CHAPTER II.

In and around Quebec events marched apace during the memorable fall of 1759. Four days after the battle of the Plains of Abraham, General Townshend was ready to batter to pieces the already crumbling walls of the city, whilst the British fleet in the river below only awaited the signal to commence the work of destruction.

But it was not to be. Monsieur de Ramezay, commandant of the garrison, seeing the hopelessness of the struggle, at the wish of the citizens wisely and humanely resolved to capitulate. The lilies of France were displaced by the red cross of St. George, which has ever since waved over the citadel's heights.

During these days, Captain Fairclough remained in charge of the hospitals and the fortifications around it. His duties occasionally brought him into the presence of the Superioress, but her beautiful young companion he did not see again. Like a lovely apparition she had first gleamed upon his sight; like a phantom, fairer still, she had left him. It was better so. She was of another world. Heretic as he was to her, he recognized the fact that she was vowed to religion, and he was man enough not to indulge himself in a wild desire for the unattainable. And yet she was lovely and lovable.

But for the occasional remembrance of his dream, which thrust itself unsought upon him, the probabilities were that he would have put her image away from him. "But did she," he asked himself, "Was it she who came to me in the flesh, though seemingly in the spirit, and kissed me in my slumber?" And many a time, amid the clank of arms and military bustle, did he seem to hear the soft rustle of a woman's garments, and the tinkle of a string of beads.

A portion of the British forces sailed away with General Townshend, and Brigadier Murray was left in charge at Quebec. This active officer kept the army well employed in repairing and strengthening the fortifications of the city, in destroying old and in building new redoubts, and in establishing fortified outposts in the neighborhood to form bases for obtaining supplies and for communicating with the inhabitants of the surrounding country. A goodly number of the French forces under De Levis occupied strong positions along the Jacques Cartier river, some leagues west of Quebec.

During the fall and winter of 1759, skirmishing and petty fighting continued with considerable ardor. Many a story of daring and peril, of capture or escape, or of individual combat, could be told, which would glow even upon the brightest pages of romance. For the halo of chivalry, which shed its lustre upon the lives and deaths of Wolfe and Montcalm, rested with a steady radiance on those who remained to complete, one way or another, the work which they had begun. Never, perhaps, was a conquered country treated with more lenient consideration, forbearance and honesty of pur-

pose than was Canada by the British. One of the nuns of the General Hospital, speaking of the English guard of thirty men established there, said: "Our greatest misfortune was to hear them talking during divine service." On the other hand, both the French and Canadians, though smarting from defeat, were ever generous, brave and chivalrous foes.

Towards the end of October, word was brought to Brigadier Murray that the enemy were threatening a British outpost some distance along the St. Croye road, and harassing the *habitants* of several parishes who had given in their submission and taken the oath of allegiance. He, therefore, despatched Captain Fairclough and six chosen men to reconnoitre and report the position or movements of the French flying camp.

They had proceeded along the rough, narrow road about six miles, when they suddenly came in view of the enemy and were observed. Seeing that they were about to be pursued, they turned bridle, and, at a swinging pace, rode back. What was their astonishment to find the road blocked by a company of twenty Canadian mounted militia.

There was no time for delay and but little for thought. They must break through or surrender. Though out-numbered three to one, their opponents were only militia. The British soldier has a lofty scorn for irregular troops, and they had seen these same militia flee on the Plains of Abraham after the first terrible volley. Such thoughts passed through the mind of the captain, as without slackening speed they bore down upon their enemies. At a hundred paces they were met by a volley which laid two of their number in the dust. The remaining five dashed on, pistol and sword in hand. By every pistol a foe went down, and each flash of a sword meant death.

The leader of the Canadians was a stalwart, handsome, young fellow and splendidly mounted. Closely followed by one of his companions, he dashed at the English officer, whose blade and horse found enough to do against these two assailants. But the spirit of knight-errantry yet lived, and the young Canadian leader called out:

"Leave him to me, Etienne. He is brave."

The bright blades flashed in the sunlight and the horses wheeled and bounded, separated and closed. The Canadian fought well, but an experienced eye could see that he was no match for his cool antagonist, who, it may be stated, had more than once proved himself to be the best swordsman in Wolfe's army.

After parrying a desperate thrust, Fairclough followed up with a terrific upward back cut. His sword smote the young fellow's neck below the right ear, inflicting a fearful gash. His horse started off down the road and the bleeding body dropped from the saddle, lifeless.

But with a cry Etienne sprang at the slayer of his friend and the combat continued. Three more of the British soldiers lay on the ground, and Fairclough's horse was shot. Cleverly extricating himself from the stirrups as the animal fell, he stood at bay. Seeing that all was over and expecting no quarter, he sprang over the body of his dying horse, and with two quick, powerful thrusts, brought Etienne to the ground. Then wounded by a pistol-ball, he too was knocked senseless by a big militia man, just as the troop of regular French soldiers, sent in pursuit, rode up.

CHAPTER III.

In a spacious room of one of the most pretentious houses in Three Rivers, lay a wounded soldier asleep.

At the window, looking out through the trees at the broad, glittering waters of the St. Lawrence, stood a beautiful girl in an attitude of graceful repose. Her face and form, in the rich, soft

light of the western sun, were charming to behold. Dark, glossy hair waving down the temples and coiled at the back of a shapely head; eyes pure and limpid and brown; perfect features, and that warm southern complexion with a rose-tint beneath it, so peculiar to the maidens of Lower Canada; such was the picture she presented. Her figure, above the average in stature, well-rounded and developed, taken in conjunction with her face formed a happy blending of youthfulness and maturity.

The soldier was Captain Fairclough, and the girl, Adele Berthier, the daughter of a wealthy Quebec merchant who had moved his family from the city before its bombardment by the British. M. Berthier's son Louis, an officer in the Canadia militia and a young man of great promise, had been killed in a skirmish with the English a week before Fairclough's arrival; and it was said that he had died bravely and covered with honor.

Fairclough, dangerously wounded in two places and insensible, had been carried to the head camp of the French on the Jacques Cartier river. There the ball had been extracted, but his wounds were of such a serious character as to give but little hope for his life. Thereupon M. Dumas, Commandant of the French forces, knowing the rank and importance of the prisoner, had him carefully conveyed to Three Rivers, where, notwithstanding his own recent bereavement, M. Berthier had signified his willingness to receive him. Fever set in and increased, and all through his illness Captain Fairclough was tended faithfully by Adele Berthier, rendered additionally tender in her ministrations by reason of the death of her soldier-brother. She was aided in her labor of love by her old assistant Elise.

When the wounded man arrived at the house, he was on the brink of delirium. As they laid him on the bed, his eyes fixed themselves on Adele's face with such intensity that the girl blushed under their gaze and scrutiny. He would have spoken, nay, did utter some incoherent words;

"The bright blades flashed in the sunlight."

but Adele laid her fingers on his lips, and looking him straight in the eyes, said,

"Monsieur, the doctor says you are to sleep."

She felt her fingers pressed by the lips of the sick man, and heard him say faintly, "Yes, I will sleep, my angel," but his eyes, whilst a spark of intelligence remained in them never left her, sitting or moving. Sleep did not come to him for a long time yet; and many a weary, watchful hour was

spent by the girl and her faithful assistant Elise, before "nature's soft nurse" took the tired brain into her tender, wholesome keeping. The good old chirurgeon came and went, M. Berthier occasionally joined his daughter's watch, the curé called in kindly inquiry, Elise bustled noiselessly about the room, and the sick man rambled on in hopeless delirium.

His voice never seemed to grow weary. He told of his boyhood and his distant home in England—of his hopes, his ambitions and his struggles. Sometimes he spoke in French, but more often in English, which language Adele had been taught by the nuns in Quebec. He sketched, though unconnectedly and with incident removed from incident, his brief but brilliant career. He had fought in the disastrous campaign of General Braddock, and had been transferred to the British forces before Louisburg, where for distinguished services he had been made a captain. He told of the glorious struggle on the Plains of Abraham. He spoke of people Adele knew not, but of women he spoke of one only, save his mother, and that one was a nun. She was beautiful like an angel; her name was Marie and he loved her; he had sought her but could not find her; once only she had come to him in a dream and kissed him.

As he raved on and on, Adele listened, and her cheeks, pale with watching, flushed, like the rosy dawn. At the story of his love, her red lips parted and her eyes grew soft and moist—all at the rambling of a soldier's delirium. And once she rose, looked into his eyes that saw her not, kissed his brow and lips, and then turned to the window to hide her sweet confusion. It was the tender old story in the New World, of the wounded knight and his "fair ladye."

But once, when Elise the old nurse heard him raving in French about his admiration and love for the beautiful nun, she shuddered and crossed herself and appealed to the "Bon Dieu." Then she addressed herself to her young companion.

"Adele," she said, "Do you hear him? He says that he loves a nun. Ah! it is a sacrilege. I am sorry he was brought into this house. He is an infidel. Such impiety will bring on us misfortune, you will see."

"Hush! Elise," said Adele with a blush, and a smile at the elder woman's earnestness.

"The poor man knows not what he is saying, and, mayhap, talks nonsense."

"No, my dear," returned Elise, shaking her head knowingly, "I remember my sister, Clothilde, when she had the fever how she raved, but she only spoke things I knew to be true. Depend upon it he speaks the truth."

"And if he does, Elise, what then? He is a heretic, and, perhaps, in his religion it is no sin to love one of the dear sisters. I love some of them myself, and I am a Catholic," said the girl, with a wicked little smile at Elise, who, seeing that she was only laughed at, curtly but wisely remarked—

"Thou art foolish, Adele, but let it rest."

At last the fever abated and the sick man slept. Then the day came when the poor, tried spirit, tired with its wanderings in the misty land of shadows, emerged into the realms of recognition, and his eyes rested again on the fair face of Adele Berthier.

Soon he waxed strong enough to be permitted to talk, and the maiden sat by his bedside ready to be questioned. But she said imperatively,

"Now, only a few necessary questions, then you are to take this draught and rest."

"Then, first tell me where I am and how I come to be here," he inquired.

"Two questions at once, Monsieur," she replied, shaking her finger at him, and assuming all the authority of the nurse. "You are at Three Rivers, in the house of Monsieur Berthier, mer-

chant of Quebec, and you were sent here, wounded, by M. Dumas, Commandant at Jacques Cartier River."

"And who are you, Madamoiselle?" he next inquired, fixing his abnormally bright eyes on hers which modestly sought the ground.

"I am Adele Berthier, the daughter of M. Berthier," and she met his steady gaze once more. He looked puzzled and a little disappointed, she thought.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle," he continued, "you remind me of a lady I have seen; your face is the same and yet not the same. You are very beautiful," he added simply.

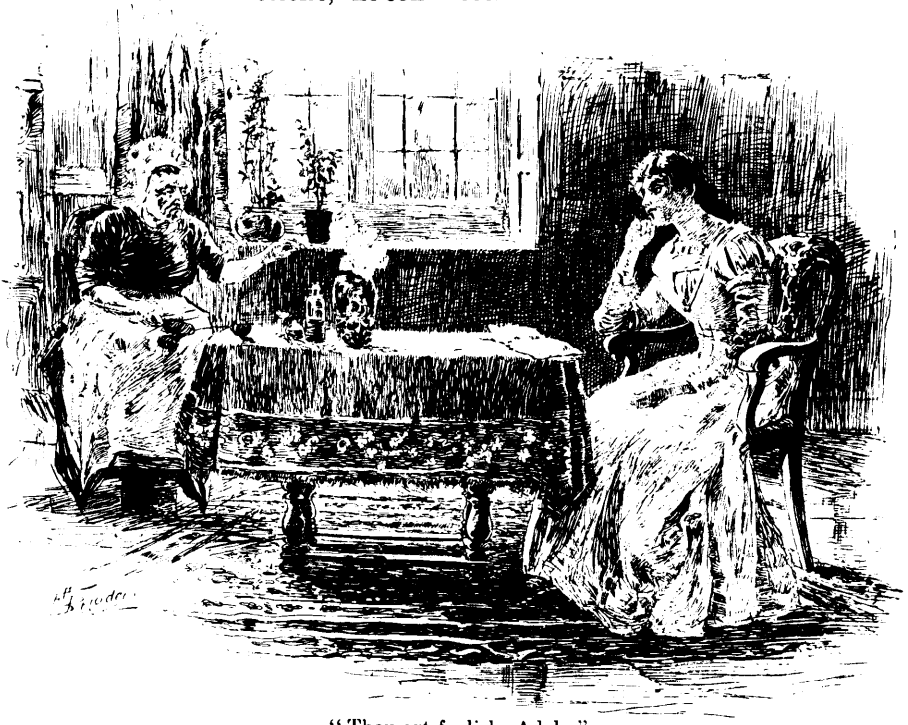
The girl flushed slightly at the compliment.

"It is very kind of you to say so, monsieur," she replied, "but, perhaps, you are not well able to judge, as you have lately seen but few women's faces. I fear you do me more than justice. But you are not to talk so much," she said, feeling her face warming under his continued scrutiny. "Just one more question, monsieur."

"The last woman's face I can remember seeing," he said, ignoring her last remark, "was the counterpart of yours; but it was the face of a young nun."

"Indeed," returned the girl, with slight concern, "and where was that, monsieur, may I ask?"

"At the General Hospital, at Quebec."



"Thou art foolish, Adele."

"Ah! and what was her name, monsieur?"

"The Mother Superior called her Marie, and I never saw a more beautiful face. It haunted me for weeks, and during my illness it seems scarcely ever to have left me. Perhaps it is because I saw you, and you resemble her so much."

"I know her, too, monsieur," said Adele, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure, whilst her patient's opened wide with astonishment.

"Why, this very same nun will be here to-morrow, and you shall see her if you are good, and obey your nurse."

She rose and gave him the draught. He would have spoken further, but she was obdurate.

The next day Captain Fairclough was much stronger, and, after taking some nourishment, reminded Adele of her promise, saying that its fulfilment would afford him great pleasure.

"You shall see her presently, monsieur. She is a Hospital Sister, and a splendid nurse of the sick. It may be," she continued, with a demureness that made her patient smile, "that monsieur would like her to take my place and minister to his wants in future."

His face grew serious at once as he replied:

"No, mademoiselle, I am not so ungrateful. I have no wish to change my sweet nurse. You have saved my life—you and good Elise."

"Ah! well," she said, "You shall have your choice." and left the room.

In a little while there was a knock at the door, and a sombre-robed figure entered and approached the bed. He at once recognized the form and features of the young nun of the General Hospital. There was the same demure look, the same half-veiled, downcast eyes, the same sprightly though subdued manner, the same beautiful face framed in its dark setting, which had so impressed him in the dim hall of the Hospital and which had haunted his dreams and waking hours ever since.

"Ah! madame," began the invalid, "this is a pleasure. It is kind of you thus to visit a sick man."

Sister Marie never raised her eyes. Her face was bent downwards, and her whole frame shook with suppressed but ill-concealed emotion. She suddenly started from her seat; the hood and its fixings fell from her head and there, before his astonished gaze, were the bright, laughing eyes and mirth-beaming face of Adele Berthier.

"Shall I reverse the transformation and be myself again, monsieur, or do you prefer Sister Marie?" she enquired, roguishly looking and laughing at the perplexed looks of her patient.

"I think—I prefer you as Adele," he said slowly, and a new and beautiful light came into his wan, handsome face. The warm blood suffused the girl's cheeks as she returned his gaze. She slipped off the nun's garments and appeared before him in ordinary attire.

"Pardon me, monsieur," she said, "for the deception. It was so droll I could not resist it—and I thought—I thought it would amuse you—and, perhaps, cure you of an idle passion for an unattainable object."

"You have succeeded, mademoiselle—but only in transferring the passion from its former object to that which has taken its place," Fairclough replied.

"That, too, perhaps, is unattainable," was the quiet rejoinder; but a troubled look came into the face of the speaker.

"Say not so, sweet Adele—"

The words and the tone of entreaty aroused her to a sense of her position, and, with a warning gesture and a tender little smile, she left the room, carrying with her the religious habit.

That evening she was standing near the window silent and abstracted, when Captain Fairclough, whose thoughts were seldom far away from her, suddenly said:

"One thing puzzles me, mademoiselle. How came you to be in the General Hospital in the garb of a nun?"

"That is easily explained, monsieur," she replied. "One of the older nuns there is my aunt; and when the English were about to bombard Quebec, she induced me, a motherless girl, to retire there for safety. I was christened Marie Adele Berthier, and you heard the good Mother Superior

call me Marie." She blushed a little at this remembrance and continued, "As a further guard against molestation in these dark and troublous times, I brought a sister's habit with me when I joined my father. No one can say what may happen, but at least be it said to their credit, your countrymen have respected our religion and protected those whom its mantle covers."

(The concluding half of this story will appear in the December number.)

AUTUMN-TIME.

I.

Sweet June festooned the woods with vines, and thou,
Dark Autumn month, her sister, day by day
Dost walk demurely where the sunbeams play
Upon the wild grape clusters; on thy brow
I read the grief of parting; on that plough,
Upturned beside the hedge, thy tender hand
Hath left a token in the green moss band.
O! saddest of the seasons! tell me how
To know that thou hast not despaired of men;
Some sign vouchsafe that thou wilt come again!
Wherein, O! tell me, shall I find that sign?
In west'ring clouds, that change from red to gold,
Then drift into the Dark; in woods of thine,
Where robins try their faint notes in the cold;

II.

In ev'nings, when pale flames leap in the West,
And leaves illumed waft slowly cross the glade?
O! Autumn, we are incompletely made;
We look on Beauty and we think her dressed
But mockingly, perhaps at fell behest
Of some Denial or Despair or Death
To perish when love animates her breath;
And so to-day I fear to be distressed;
I dare not read the signs; enough for me
Thou'rt here to-day,—thou may'st not always be.
O! brown-eyed queen, whose fragrant auburn hair
Is decked with coronal of golden-rods,
For thee the maples splendid vestments wear;
For love of thee the burning sumach nods!

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

BENJAMIN KIDD'S PARLEY WITH RELIGION.*

BY REV. W. J. LHAMON, M.A.

BENJAMIN KIDD is a philosopher. He is dispassionate and painstaking. He knows the difference between historic forces and transient influences, between the mighty currents of human progress and their playful or angry eddies. His style is not that of a special pleader for foregone conclusions, nor of an iconoclast of other men's idols, nor yet of a supercilious assumption of his own infallibility. He indulges now and then in a bit of dignified polemic against the materialism of Spencer and the agnosticism of Huxley, and he takes the evolutionists up to date thoroughly to task for their oversight of, or antipathy to, what he esteems to be the greatest of modern, social, evolutionary forces. He impresses one as possessing "the dry light of the intellect," an indispensable characteristic of the philosopher and the scientist. He makes you feel that he aims to be an all-round student of facts, that he aims to be unbiased in his inductions from them, and that he is coolly determined to follow wherever his method may lead him. He is an avowed evolutionist of the old Darwinian school, and he seems so entirely satisfied with his master's work as never to trouble himself about either God or the "missing link." I do not remember having seen the word God in his book except in a Latin quotation. His attitude toward Christianity is that of a devout medical student toward a cadaver, only he is thoroughly aware that the cadaver has a twin brother who is not "a stiff," and he seems to be trying honestly by a thorough analysis of the dead twin to find out what the live one is about. You can't guess from his book that Mr. Kidd has any personal or spiritual interest in Christianity. In fact, nine-tenths of the time he calls it by the very generic, and therefore unscientific name "religion," seemingly not being aware of this, namely, that Christianity is the best defined species of religion in existence. Man is a mammal, but he is also vastly more. Just so Christianity is a religion, but it is vastly more, and Mr. Kidd's work falls short of scientific accuracy in leaving the best defined species swallowed up, at least seemingly, in the most general genus.

I do not wish to do Mr. Kidd injustice, but I guess from his book, reading between the lines, that he is not a Christian, or at the best that he is nothing more than a nominal churchman, and that he has nothing more than a scientific interest in Christianity, looking upon it as the one overlooked, yet most potent evolutionary force in modern society. In this, which I suppose to be his scientific attitude toward Christianity, lies the greater part of the merit of his work, and all that is startling to the scientific world in it; while in his seemingly personal attitude toward the personal Christ lies the secret of what appear to me to be the missing links in his theory. Should Mr. Kidd "get religion," should he "repent and turn that his sins might be blotted out," should he have "times of refreshing from the Lord"—a quite needful experience one must judge to the whole Darwinian species of the *genus homo*—he would then be prepared to write another book, no doubt, fully as startling as his first, and even more profitable than it.

Before reading "Social Evolution" I had seen a number of reviews of it,

*Mr. Kidd's views are in his well-known book: "Social Evolution."

but not one of them, nor all of them, gave me anything like an adequate conception of it. The book is really a work of great merit, and I am not sure that I will be able to give to others any better notion of it than the reviewers have given to me. The enforced brevity of reviews and of papers like this must leave the writers at least poorly pleased with their work.

"Social Evolution" is one of the few books that justify a bit of thought before they are opened at all. The outside of it is significant of the whole inside of it. The title is as well chosen as the label on a druggist's bottle. Mr. Kidd tells you to begin with that there is "social evolution" in his book, and you are made aware before you get through with it that by this he does not mean socialism, nor the evolution of socialism, nor a socialistic style of evolution, nor any possible form of socialistic or communistic régime, but rather the evolution of man as a social being. Socialism, as it rests commonly in the minds of the people, and always in the minds of socialists from Baboeuf and Fourier to Henry George and Edward Bellamy cannot be a development from the past, but must be brought about by revolution rather than evolution. Hence Mr. Kidd discards it. It is refreshing in these days of proposed patent-right paradises to have a writer of real scientific ability on the one hand, and sympathy with the people on the other, puncture such interesting bubbles, while seeking to lead us toward a better social state than the present along a pathway that has continuity with the past. Still further as to the title of the book. It is "social evolution," and not political evolution, or intellectual evolution, or religious evolution, that Mr. Kidd concerns himself about. From his standpoint political evolution, that is, the evolution of man as a political being, has well nigh run its course to completion in the lands dominated by our western civilization. Its process since the Renaissance and the Reformation has been the gradual limitation of the power of the ruling classes, and its equally gradual extension to the masses. The completion of this political process is the signal for the beginning of the process of social evolution. Representative forms of government now stand in contrast with the monarchism and feudalism of former times. The efficient factor in the production of this immense change has been "that large body of altruistic sentiment" which is the direct gift of the Christian religion. Now comes one of the most interesting, I had almost said startling, phases of the author's theory. It is to the effect, in the briefest possible terms, that the intellectual processes have not entered as a factor into this great and beneficent political evolution, and that the social evolution which is at hand is not to be wrought out by intellectual methods. It, too, is to be the outgrowth of that same "large body of altruistic sentiment" which wrought the political changes. The author's use of the French Revolution in this connection throws a valuable illustrative light upon his theory. He says, "The most striking spectacle in all that memorable period was, undoubtedly, the weakness and disorganization of the party representing the ruling classes. It has been the custom to attribute the results of the revolution to the decay, corruption, and misrule of these classes; but history, while recognizing these causes, will probably regard them as incidental. Its calmer verdict must be, that it was in the hearts of these classes, and not in the streets that the cause of the people was won. It is impossible, even at this distance of time, to observe without a feeling of wonder and even of awe, the extent to which the ideas of the revolution had undermined the position of the upper classes. Effective resistance was impossible; they could not use their

own strength. We begin to understand this slowly. We look for any inspiriting appeal; for any rally against the forces arrayed against them; for any of that conscious devotion to a worthy cause which has made even forlorn hopes successful, and which here, in the presence of overpowering odds against the people, would have rendered their opponents irresistible. But we look in vain. That great body of humanitarian feeling which has been slowly accumulating so long had done its work; it had sapped the foundations of the old system." Thus, according to our author, the humane sentiments of Christianity have at the same time emboldened the people to demand their political rights, and have shorn the Samson rulers of their power of resistance. What has come to pass politically is coming, and is to come, socially. But the process in each case is ethical purely, and not at all intellectual. It is a religious, not a rational process. This point cannot be stated with an emphasis too great in any review of the book that presumes to be at all adequate. This interesting position puts the author quite at the outs with those materialistic and agnostic writers of whom Henry Thomas Buckle may be taken as the representative. Surely we may be devoutly thankful that we have hit upon a time when our writers of genius and ability comparable to that of Mr. Buckle spend their energies in a more hopeful cause than merely to prove that man is what he eats and looks at: that the whole of his civilization depends upon the question of a potato or a cod-fish diet, coupled with the scarcely subsidiary ones as to whether he looks at mountains or morasses, and whether he shivers or sweats. Mr. Kidd does not seem to know that Mr. Buckle's once would-be great work exists. It is pitiable to see a man of such evidently painstaking and brilliant parts as Mr. Buckle so soon ignored by others who are exploring the same fields with him. But I do not think it argues a lack of reading on the part of Mr. Kidd. Rather, he seems very justly to consign Mr. Buckle's monumental work of folly to the oblivion that it deserves.

In his first chapter entitled the "Outlook," the author describes science as having traced "the steps in the evolution of life up to human society," and as now standing dumb before the problems presented by society as it exists around us." He bunches Karl Marx, Herbert Spencer, Prof. Huxley, and Henry George together, in one respect at least; they fail to grasp the situation, and therefore fail to give help. There was a time when "men lived like brutes, huddled together in wretched dwellings, without education, and without any voice in the politics or management of affairs." At last "the people have appeared; Demos, coming not now with the violence of revolution, foredoomed to failure, but with the slow and majestic progress which marks an evolution. He is no longer unwashed and illiterate, for we have universal education. He is no longer muzzled, and without political power for we have universal suffrage. With his advent society has ceased to be a philanthropic sentiment merely." Here we have the author's cardinal fact—this appearance of the people in such a style and with such powers. Its like never was before. The people with universal education, universal suffrage, and universal sympathy; the people, possessed of a body of altruistic sentiment unheard of previous to the Christian era, or even previous to the Reformation; such a people crushed by syndicates, at war with corporations, hating "the robber knights of capital," and with no love for "the unclean brigand aristocracy of the stock exchange,"—this is the real matter to be weighed in the scales of science, but really the one that has been left out.

The author asserts that evolution and Biblical criticism have deeply affected the inner religious life of the present century; that the merely negative attacks of such men as Charles Bradlaugh and Col. Ingersoll are not representative of our times, and that the militant onslaughts of Prof. Huxley, champion of the agnostics, do not find a ready response in many minds. He treats Grant Allen with merited sarcasm for referring to certain forms of religion as so much "grotesque fungoid growth," which has clustered round the primeval thread of ancestor worship, and he quotes with approval a seemingly disappointed positivist who says that the "net result of the whole negative attack upon the Gospel has been to deepen the moral hold of Christianity on society."

The second chapter is entitled "The Conditions of Human Progress." Mr. Kidd believes in "the survival of the fittest," and he tells us point blank that the conditions of human progress are precisely those of the development of the higher forms of life everywhere. "The law of life," he says, "has been always the same from the beginning; . . . ceaseless and inevitable struggle and competition, ceaseless and inevitable selection and rejection, ceaseless and inevitable progress." Precisely here is where he parts company with socialism. To him all socialistic schemes are of one blood in this respect . . . they seek to relieve the individual of the struggle necessary to his development. Socialism proposes to rock a cradle for each individual of the race from his birth to his death, and a rocked and cradled race, so far from developing, must degenerate. The author's own words are, "True socialism has always one object in view, up to which all its proposals directly or indirectly lead. This is the final suspension of that personal struggle for existence which has been waged, not only from the beginning of society, but in one form or another from the very beginning of life," Upon this point Mr. Kidd introduces a good deal of history. Man's record has been one of warfare, in which the weaker races have invariably perished, and the stronger survived. Since the Christian era, however, a new force has been at work. "The conditions of rivalry," the author says, "have greatly changed. If we look clearly at what is taking place, we may see that there has been no cessation or diminution of the rivalry itself. On the contrary, the significance of the change has consisted in the tendency to raise it to a higher level, to greatly enlarge its scope and efficiency as a cause of progress by bringing all the members of community into it on equal terms, and to render it freer and fairer, but therefore still more strenuous." Thus far one might justly sum up the author's position as follows: Rivalry, rivalry forever; rivalry forever for all; rivalry forever for all on conditions of equality, political and social. That is the necessity, as proved by our whence, and that is our inevitable whither.

The third chapter is entitled, "There is no rational sanction for the conditions of progress." Now that is surprising, especially since we have been schooled by science to believe that "Reason," with a big R, must be enthroned as goddess over all gods. Even the non-ecclesiastical French people a hundred years ago kept the goddess of Reason, having voted all other deities out of existence, and the rationalists have all been telling us in every possible way by their "Datas of Ethics," and their positive philosophies, and their agnostic declamations, and their pantheistic theosophies, and their hyper-critical higher criticisms, that there is no god or goddess but reason. They have been so persistent in this assertion that we almost had a mind to believe them, and some of us have thought seriously of revising our creeds even. But here comes a young man, crowned with the laurels of science itself, telling us in a very cool

way that there is no rational sanction for the conditions of progress. It is hard to say in a few words precisely what the author teaches through many pages. But this, I am sure, is the main point. There is a ceaseless struggle between the individual and the social organism. This is a stubborn fact that fronts us, and it has its emphasis in the whole of the nineteenth century science. The interests of society and the individual are antagonistic, and they must remain so. Reason arrays herself on the side of the individual. She gives the whole of her sanction to her favorite . . . the Ego, and that not for the future, but for the present. In plainest, bluntest English, far other than the stately style of the author, Reason says, "Let number one look out for himself right now." Meanwhile society does move on and up spite of the combined forces of selfishness and reason arrayed on the side of the individual in his struggle against it. The author tells us that this is a fact of "far-reaching consequences," and "transforming significance." He avows that we stand at the "great maelstrom of human history, and see why these systems of moral philosophy, which have sought to find in the nature of things a rational sanction for human conduct in society, must sweep round and round in futile circles. They attempt an inherently impossible task." Following this delivery our author gathers up the whole race of representative philosophers from Thales and Socrates to Mill and Spencer and Comte and Kant, all into one handful, and flings them whirling like so many pebbles into the maelstrom of his theory.

Now for the author's explanation of progress spite of the sanctions of reason, and the struggles of egoism, and the stupidity of the philosophers. This we have in the chapter entitled "The Central Feature of Human History." He imagines a visitor from another planet shown about by a modern man of science. They visit farms and factories, shops and schools, courts and kings, and one might add, by way of helping the author out, theatres, horse-shows, county fairs, saloons, department stores, football games, bicycle tournaments, and Boards of Trade with their bulls and bears, . . . in short all the leading features of our modern civilization from the man-of-science standpoint. But by-and-by the supernal visitor spies a church on the corner. The man of science can't tell him much about it. He looks further, and finds many churches of many kinds on many corners; he reads up their history, looks into their doctrines, and at last reaches a sort of double conclusion, namely, that he has found a race of beings who by reason of their religion are in conflict with their reason, but whose religion, nevertheless, is the central phenomenon of their history, and the secret of their progress. And so our author declares that true science must take account of the phenomena of religion, and he quotes Goethe as having spoken, "not with a poet's exaggeration, but with scientific insight in advance of his time," when he said of this conflict between religion and reason, "It is the deepest, nay the one theme in the world's history to which all others are subordinate."

Then follows a chapter upon "The Function of Religious Beliefs in the Evolution of Society." We are to bear in mind that the central feature of human history is the religious struggle that man has carried on to effect the subordination of his own reason. It goes without saying that in keeping with this theory a definition of religion must be framed excluding from it reason and reasonableness. The author's dogma, given in italics, and as logical as Calvinism itself, granting his premises, is this; "No form of belief is capable of functioning as a religion in the evolution of society which does not provide an ultra-rational sanction for the social

conduct of the individual." "In other words." he continues, still in italics, "A rational religion is a scientific impossiblity, presenting in the nature of the case a contradiction of terms." In accordance with this dogma here is his definition of religion. "A religion is a form of belief providing an ultra-rational sanction for that large class of conduct in the individual where his interests and the interests of the social organism are antagonistic, and by which the former are rendered subordinate to the latter in the general interests of the evolution which the race is undergoing." The one commendable thing about this definition is that it fits the author's theory admirably. Mr. Kidd is good at theoretic tailoring, and this definition is by no means a misfit. For a hunch-back theory there must be a hunch-back coat. This is right and admirable. One almost thinks the author is a hyper-higher critic. So far as the definition relates to Christianity it is as far from scientific in its methods and results as anything can be. None of us would recognize it as an induction by the Baconian process from the cardinal facts of the Gospel. Christ appeals to the reason. He demands faith, but only upon a sufficient basis of evidence. The facts of Christianity are a legal tender from heaven to our little world of logic. By reason of them reason itself demands the acceptance of Jesus as Lord and Christ. After such acceptance it would be irrational not to accept the revelations of Christ, passing though they do beyond the realm of our investigation. There is nothing more thoroughly reasonable than the Christianity of Paul and Peter and Christ. Hosts of Christian ministers would never again enter their pulpits if Christianity were not to them quite as much the compulsion of reason as the constraint of love. Mr. Kidd's "large body of altruistic sentiment derived from Christianity" is the one evolutionary force operating to the betterment of social conditions all through our Western Civilization. But it is "ultra-rational." Then selfishness is rational; self-sacrifice is ultra-rational. Reason is egoistic, religion is altruistic. This in a nut-shell is the philosopy of "Social Evolution."

However, passing away from forced definitions, we find the author less subject to censure in his assignment to Christianity of the part it is playing in social progress. Something may be forgiven a scientist who has really discovered the presence of Christianity as a factor for good in modern society. Mr. Kidd finds all religions associated with social conduct, and founded on belief in the supernatural. There is no exception. The religions that seek to do away with supernatural sanctions are signal failures. So of Camus and Gregoire, in the days of the French Revolution, trying to reorganize Christianity without Christ. And Mr. Huxley, speaking of the religion of Humanity as advocated by Comte, says he would as soon worship a wilderness of apes. The whole business of religion is to furnish an ultra-rational sanction for the sacrifice of individual interests to those of the social organism.

There are two very suggestive chapters on "Western Civilization," in which the superiority of our civilization, which has no parallel in all history, is attributed to "that large body of altruistic sentiment," which, with its ultra-rational sanctions, came into existence with the Christian era. Militarism has given way to industrialism. Our standing armies and big gun-boats are the barbarous relics of an age that is gone never to return. In the place of monarchies have come republics; instead of the aristocrat we have the democrat; instead of Feudalism and slavery, the caucus and the ballot-box. The conditions of political equality are inherent in the altruism that was born with Christ. Protestantism and the Renaissance have played important parts in this process of enfranchisement, Roman Catholicism

being more in keeping with decadent militarism. The capital question of the present is the equalization of social opportunities as that of the immediate past has been the equalization of political conditions. By equality of social opportunities the author means an equal chance for each in the struggle for existence, and not as the socialists will have it, that the individual be released from the necessity of struggle. It is the function of religion to produce this equalization of conditions. Mr. Kidd's own words are as follows: "It would appear that the conclusion that Darwinian science must eventually establish is that the evolution which is slowly proceeding in human society is not primarily intellectual, but religious in character."

The author's "concluding remarks," are very interesting in at least two respects. The utilitarin school of political economy with its watch-word, "the greatest good to the greatest number," comes under his censure. Darwinian evolution, grown aware of the religious forces in society declares for the greatest good of "the social organism as a whole," and the greatest number in this sense "is comprised of the members yet unborn, or unthought of, and to whose interests the existing individuals are absolutely indifferent." The second matter of special interest in the "concluding remarks" is the forecast given us of the probable future relations between the white races of the temperate zones and the colored races of southern climates. This forecast is to the effect that the vast fertile regions under southern skies will not be permitted to lie untilled and undeveloped as at present, their populations being inactive and inefficient. Increasing population will necessitate the development of the resources of these countries. Taking England's occupation of India as an example Mr. Kidd thinks it possible "to parcel out (these are his words) the entire equatorial regions of the earth into a series of satrapies, and to administer their resources, not as in the past by a permanently resident population, but from the temperate regions and under the direction of a relatively small European official population, and this without any fear of effective resistance from the inhabitants, always (he adds in italics) assuming that there existed a clear call to duty or necessity to provide the moral force necessary for such action." It is noticeable that in this forecast wars of extermination, or even of conquest are not to be expected. The body of altruistic sentiment born of Christianity has forever done away with such warfare. There must be moral sanctions for future occupancy, and that in order to a humane control sprung from necessity. Accustomed as Christian thinkers are to reckon Christian missions among the most potent of social and political forces in lands uncivilized or but semi-civilized, one feels a disappointment at seeing no reference to missions in Mr. Kidd's argument. He seems to be wholly unaware of the fact that English civilians in India agree to a unit with Keshub Chunder Sen in saying that it is Christ who rules British India and not the British soldiery. And so it must be with the occupancy of other lands and the control of other races if such is to be.

I have called "Social Evolution" a parley with religion. At last Science becomes painfully aware of something not right in her reckonings. Her stars are out of orbit. There is a disturbing force somewhere. With her whole outfit of boasted phenomena and hypotheses she has failed to bring forth a demonstration. "The struggle for existence," "Survival of the fittest," "Natural selection," "Monads." "Primeval star dust," "Spontaneous generation," "Origin of Species," "Anthropoid apes," "Pithecoid men," "Protoplasm," "Bathybius," "Silica, nitrogen, carbon & Co.," all this amazing outfit and much more,

together with a god that is "unknowable," and a creation "unthinkable," *plus* still some little added trifle such as (to use Principal Dawson's language), "An outfit to start with, self-existent matter, for instance, in a state of endless revolution,"—with all this, Science has not been quite able to account for everything. She goes back, therefore, recasts her reckonings, and concludes that religion really explains all that has been hitherto inexplicable. She calls a halt, raises a flag of truce, and proposes a parley. She goes over to the camp of Christianity, and addresses her as "Religion," not having yet discovered that Christianity is a distinct and unique species of the genus religion, perhaps the only well authenticated example of the "origin of species" that falls within the purview of the Darwinian ages. To "Religion" thus addressed she says, "Ah! beg your pardon! I now recognize you as a fact, in fact, the fact. I shall henceforth count upon you to help me out in getting humanity properly evolved. But let us understand one another. I perceive that reason is wholly selfish, and inadequate to the tasks laid upon her. You are unselfish and altruistic; you are also ultra-rational, but I do not care for that so long as your ultra-rationalism furnishes supernatural sanctions to the individual for his irrational conduct toward society. The use I shall have for you is to blindfold people more and more into loving one another, and helping one another, and, in short, to lead them by every possible irrational step and ultra-rational sanction into my proposed millennial state where, under equality of political conditions and social opportunities, each social unit shall be sensibly taking care of himself while senselessly playing into the hands of the whole social organism, including generations yet unborn for whom no rational unit cares a copper, but for whom you with your ultra-rational sanctions have made ample provisions. I propose that our truce become a treaty."

Christianity replies—with kindness and dignity. "Alas the day! That I should be so misjudged! I am a fact standing on facts. I have a reason for all my reasons. You mistake my supernatural for the ultra-rational. Science should have discovered that these words are not synonyms. My supernatural is but the higher natural, and what you call the "ultra-rational" is but faith wedded with reason. From this union altruism is born. Love is the child of reason no less than of faith. Self-sacrifice for others' good has a sanction in the reason of man but not in the instinct of beasts. You have been too much among the protozoa and not enough among the prophets. When you know more of humanity you will put a better estimate upon Christianity. You have mistaken me, but you have done well to recognize me at all. Evolution is evolving. It is yet somewhat ultra-rational upon religious questions. You must write another book and take account of our Easter Sunday and the reason for it, before we can be at peace."

THE ITALIAN FRUIT VENDOR

"Ice'a cream—six banan' vive cent.
Pea nut drhee cent sze glass.
Ah Lady! sze 'Talyman 's cheap,
You no tink he vill sell, and he vass!

Apell sze red, and sze goot.
I sell to sze poy and he shy
Sze peel a benan' on sze head.
Hello! pleecemans, you eat, vat you buy?

T'eatre out, people's come—dats so,
Apell, sze peanut, sze benan',
Six *vive cent* for's *'who* buy?
I sell all so s'cheap as I can."

Thus night after night as I stroll down the street,
At his cart in the corner the same man I meet,
At the south-western corner of Ad'laide and Yonge,
Where the Saxon falls sweet from the soft Latin tongue.
Do you know that lone voice in the dark solitude
Seems like a sweet songster astray from the wood,
And I pause, lest I startle it, out on the night,
That sweet voice Ita'ian, with cruel affright!

Do you know in it lingers love's bright early dream,
When he wandered, a boy, down the cool winding stream?
Do you see the clear zenith reflecting its hue
Cerulean and calm on the river that through
The land of the Cæsars, flows down to the sea,
By vinelands and orchards, by village and lea?
The climbing fruit clusters so rich 'neath the vine,
And sweet are the flowers that his cot doth entwine.
The youth looking far off so coyly doth roam,
To waken the lute by his love's trellised home,
And lingering he listens that welcome so sweet
By the gate of the cot where the true lovers meet.

But hark 'tis the trumpet's fierce calling afar—
Its summons is rousing the valleys to war.
The banners are floating o'er mountain and sea,
With golden words gleaming and crest of the free;
And brave Garibaldi rides forth in his might,
And Victor Emmanuel leads far in the fight—
But hush! 'Tis the cadence that wakes in the heart
Of the patriot who dwells from his own land apart,
That I hear as I wander, the stillness alone,
In low-murmured sentence or weird monotone.
Thus night after night, as I stroll down the street,
By his cart in the corner, the same man I meet
At the south-western corner of Ad'laide and Yonge,
Where the Saxon falls sweet from the soft Latin tongue.

W. A. Sherwood.

THE CAPTOR CAPTURED.

BY DAPHNE DARE.

"Ye damoiselle was fayre to see,
But her black e'ne would ne looke on me,
Alack, on me!"

"YE damoiselle so cruelly fair" was Mirabel Derrick, and the hardly-used swain whom she so blithely discarded was Jason McEwin.

A good six feet tall and proportionately broad, he could have taken that provoking, bewitching, vexing, charming imp of perversity and broken her across his knee like a piece of kindling wood; and yet she tormented him till existence was nought but heaviness, and his dinner lay on his—his—his—alimentary receptacle as uneasily as a ten pound shot.

It was not only what she did that was enough to drive a man crazy, but what she didn't; and turning the subject round (Jason McEwin spent all his leisure in regarding the matter from different points of view), it was not only what she didn't do, but what she did.

She had encouraged him to develop a taste for rowing, which invariably blistered his hands, and when he was quite proficent, had discovered that the sun on the water was absolute ruination to her complexion. "As if she cared a pin for her complexion," he reflected ruefully, "when she plays tennis bareheaded and eats chocolates by the pound. Perhaps, though, that improves it. Something must, for it's certainly lovely." Jason usually began his train of ideas by complaining of her, and ended it by a tribute to her charms.

However, as she really was fond of out-door exercise, she allowed him to take her rowing about every third time he offered to. She generally chose a day when the sun seemed to blister the very heavens with its heat, and when field and willow, and even the still, oily water appeared to pant in unison with the oarsman. On such occasions that fiendish doctor, her ally and abettor in any particularly exasperating freak, was sure to crop up at the last moment and insist upon being taken along. As Mirabel invariably backed his demand, her escort was obliged to unwillingly acquiesce. The two of them would then seat themselves in the stern—the doctor weighed about two hundred pounds avoirdupois—and criticise their crew's stroke. Mirabel would express herself willing to give Jason a pointer on handling the oar, and the medical practitioner would assure him that by-and-by he would get the hang of the thing, though he could never hope to do much at it till he got rid of some of his superfluous adipose tissue. Sometimes they used to take the doctor's wife along; but when that kind little lady openly sided with their victim, they hinted that her usefulness was over, and after that she was left behind.

Her husband, known to his patients as Dr. Durham, and to those whom he teazed as Beelzebub, was like le Compagnon de la Marjolaine, always gay. Once in a while, perhaps, he might have his fits of depression, but if so he concealed them well, and always appeared before the public blithesome, gay and debonair.

He and McEwin were fast friends, though he manifested his friendship mostly by plaguing the latter when his adored one was by, and "pumping" him in her absence.

If Mack would only rely upon him, (Beelzebub,) he would see him through; he was a born match-maker, a master of finesse; McEwin's interests would never suffer injury with a practical strategist like him to look after them. Let the panting aspirant (the practi-

cal strategist sometimes called McEwin the panting aspirant), repose his confidence in him, the prince of tacticians, the emperor of diplomatists, and all would yet go well.

He would then proceed to give Jason a few hints on the best way to reduce the fortress—hints that the besieger never dared to make use of while his mentor was by, as the master of finesse had a practice of criticising his efforts, and continuing his instructions before the fair one herself, in a way that the lover considered "deuced unfriendly," only "deuced" was not the expletive that he used.

If the tormented young man reddened with embarrassment, his medical advisor would grow quite apprehensive of apoplexy.

"You know, Mack, you're dangerously stout for one so young—twenty-one next June, isn't it?"

"McEwin was twenty-six, and the doctor knew it."

Indeed the doctor didn't. He had been quite in the dark, and had been forced to guess the panting aspirant's age from the growth of his moustache.

Mirabel would then second the born match-maker's efforts with a few of her own, would laugh at the size of his hands, and advise him to cut his hair—his hands that had a grip like iron, and his hair that was the admiration of the foot-ball field. She used to call the ring on his little finger "that bracelet of yours," and she had the meanest way—at least it would have been mean if it hadn't been so charming—of slipping it over her two thumbs, and twirling it round in a fit of abstraction.

Once she had, really inadvertently, dropped it into the river, and he had been obliged to wade in and get it, while the precious pair sat in the boat and superintended the process with marked ability. They made him wring himself out on the bank as well as he could before entering the boat, and remarked pensively that the hot sun on his damp shoulders would probably skin them. The doctor also accused the unwilling diver of wishing to "put on side" by showing off his Jove-like proportions in damp draperies. He supposed that if *they* didn't mind it, *he* needn't. For *his* part he was glad Mrs. Durham wasn't there.

When he found that he was embarrassing not one but two, and that the curious half-and-half of propriety and depravity, who was steering, had turned up her flaming face to the sky, this high priest of decorum waxed unusually loquacious, till, for once, her dripping admirer quite pitied the pitiless, and stealthily shook his fist in his persecutor's face. The attempt was vain.

"What are you shaking your fist at me for?" inquired the unabashed, innocently. "Go on with your rowing!"

He did, wishing that the placid waters into which he slashed his oars were his strategic friend's head.

Poor Jason! Long before, he would have quarrelled with the doctor were it not for Mirabel, and he would certainly have given Mirabel up as hopeless were it not for the doctor. But it was in Mrs. Durham's pretty sitting-room that he usually met his enslaver, and to quarrel with Dr. Durham would be to cut off his only chance of seeing her in the evening, for she boarded with two old ladies with very straight-laced notions, and a very low opinion of the brute man.

What was the bond of affinity that connected the Misses Courteney with Mirabel Derrick, no one could be found to explain, but they certainly lived in peace and unity, from which it may be inferred that Mirabel left her nonsense behind her when she applied her latch-key to the Courteney front door at the witching hour of ten. At ten precisely, for after that the bolt was shot, and the family jewels, the family butter-cooler, the family boarder, and the family itself, the Misses Courteney, were all safe from thief or marauder, and by eleven were wrapped in the arms of Morpheus. The family boarder

was not always enclosed in his embrace, but of that anon.

Jason had usually the pleasant duty of accompanying her home, which was delightful, and of carrying her little snap-dragon of a terrier, whom she would declare too tired to drag one foot after the other, and who was never too used-up to bite, which was a slight alloy to his bliss. When he had bidden her good-night, he would return to the surgery, where the practised strategist would dole out encouragement and advice.

"What you need, Mack, is a little more pluck. Throw more dash into it, man; she'll float the white flag in no time." Then he would help the disconsolate to filch Mirabel's photograph, or give him a curl of her hair, which he would assure his incredulous friend was the *bona fide* article, and in other ways show himself a man and a brother.

Afterwards he would repeat their conversations verbatim to his wife and Mirabel, which rather took off the fine edge of his character as a man and a brother. He was disposed to be very much pained when Mack on discovering his treachery later on, designated it as infernally contemptible, and acted "quite wrathy," according to his reprobate confidant's description of the scene.

The unhappy lover was seldom at peace in his charmer's presence and never satisfied out of it. At rare intervals he had a fleeting five minutes of uninterrupted ecstacy. This was when he had her for a waltz. She was a splendid dancer, and she could not talk and keep step at the same time; so for the brief space of five or six minutes her mouth was shut. To be sure he could not see her double row of pearly teeth, but even this loss had its compensation. The ubiquitous doctor seemed to be grinning meaningly from every door-way as they whirled past, but he could smile triumphantly back at him over his dear one's coronal of waving hair, a happy man.

It was just two days after Mrs. Mackay's hop that the event occurred which the prince of tacticians always describes as the thickening of the plot. The foot-ball half-back was buttonholed by his medical enemy, who wore on his face that sympathetic seriousness which always betokened on the part of its owner an amiable desire to disturb someone's peace of mind.

"It concerned Mirabel," he said; and, having bound his palpitating friend over to eternal secrecy, he proceeded to unfold his tale.

Had Mack ever noticed a man skulking near Mirabel's window?

"No," gasped McEwin, with a start.

"Well, I have. I was going up the side lane last week when I noticed him first, but I didn't pay any particular attention to him. Last night he was there again. The man, though he seems more like a boy, for he looked very slight and youngish, both times slunk away. I don't like to seem suspicious, but it has a black look."

"What has?" exclaimed the lover, angrily. "You don't think ——. If you think that Mirabel, ——."

"But don't tell her yet," exclaimed the other, "there's no cause to frighten her till you find out something more definite."

"Then you don't think she knows?"

"Knows? Ah, Othello number two, eh? Of course she doesn't."

Iago number two neglected to mention that he had seen the slight, slim youth clamber, by the aid of a creeper, into Mirabel's window with an agility that suggested that lady's unfettered self in every motion. Leaving the mystery to disclose itself, he bade his mystified listener to be ready to sally out at a call from him, on any night, and investigate.

Contrary to agreement the champion half-back himself hung around Mirabel's dwelling for three successive nights, ready to seize the first prowler and make an example of him. No one turning up to be made an example of, he concluded that he was

once more the dupe of one of the doctor's tricks, and remained at home the next evening.

Scarcely had he finished his first newspaper, when a ring announced his medical adviser, who entered in a state of high, though subdued, excitement.

"Quick! Quick!"

"What?" cried McEwin, leaping to his feet.

"What! What! The thief! The spook! Whatever he is! Never mind the lantern, I have one! Come on!"

In less than two minutes the breathless pair were crouched behind some boxes near the creeper that clambered to my lady's bower.

"I saw him slinking past," whispered the doctor, blinding his lantern. "He took to his heels when he saw me. I followed him a piece, but he had the start. I hope I haven't frightened him off."

"See here, Durham, this isn't all rubbish you're telling me?"

"Rubbish? Not much! Wait a while, and maybe you'll see for yourself."

The night was lowering, and a warm high breeze was tossing the maple tops. He remembered having heard Mirabel say that she loved just such a night as this. He wished that she could be near him, that he could show her how careful, how tender, how true he was. But it was now after eleven, and no light shone from her open window; she was sleeping peacefully and safely, he trusted.

Half an hour is a long time to do nothing but wait in. McEwin was growing more and more sure that the whole thing was a hoax, and waxing angry in proportion to his certainty, when a stealthy step made both prick their ears and crouch low.

Sure enough, a boy's slight form turned down the lane, and glancing intently around, crept, cat-like, to the vine beneath the window. McEwin's breath stuck in his throat; was he going to climb? Evidently, for he placed one foot among the network, and began the ascent. Another step, but the watcher waited for no more. Two bounds brought him to the boy. But one had been enough to overwhelm the climber with a sudden fear that snatched him from his foothold, and flung him on the ground.

"You little beast! I've caught you," cried his captor, jerking the prostrate boy to his feet with an energy that made him gasp and groan. "Who are you? What are you doing here?"

The questions were punctuated with a succession of shakes that lifted the prisoner off his feet each time.

"Let up, Mack, let up!" burst out the doctor, whom surprise had till then held tongue-tied, "You'll hurt him."

"That's what I'm after," cried the irate lover, wrathfully lifting his hand to strike again; but the blow was dashed aside by his companion.

"Strike one your own size, Mack. Don't you see how slight he is?"

"Show a light! Let's see his face."

But, at the words, the captive buried his curly head, from which his cap had fallen, on his captor's breast.

"Hold him close, Mack; such a chance doesn't come often," cried the incorrigible.

There was a wild struggle to escape on the part of the prisoner, whose head nevertheless persistently drooped.

"Very pretty hands for a boy," remarked the onlooker, with a professional eye. "I say Mack, you know, this grows embarrassing for a third person. Shall I bid you good-bye and go?"

A great flash of light burst on McEwin. The sudden surprise almost made him drop his arms. Then he steadied himself. For once he would be master—he would know the truth.

"Whoever you are, I must see you," he said, prisoning both hands in his.

With a wild, quick cry, the slight form wrenched itself free and sprang back against the wall. He spread his arms to prevent escape, but needlessly.

With a groan that was to pierce his kindly heart for many a day, the trembling figure fell a miserable heap before him.

He raised it in his strong arms, and the lantern flashing on the unseeing eyes, disclosed the white face of Mirabel.

"She has fainted," murmured McEwin, in an awed whisper.

In one respect the prince of tacticians resembled his Maker—man's extremity was his opportunity.

"I'd kiss her, Mack, if I were you," he suggested, *sotto voce.*

Overcome, as he already was, this was the last straw for McEwin.

"You—you blackguard," he cried hoarsely, "this is your doing, not mine. Yours, all yours. I'd never have spied on you, Mirabel—never—never."

"Take her to the surgery," said the sagacious dispenser of pills and powders, "she may have hurt herself."

And so she had. It was not modesty, as she was careful to explain later, that had caused her fainting. But when she had fallen she had sprained her foot, and it was only by a miracle of endurance, she said, that she had mastered the pain as long as she did.

"Oh, as for my being in men's clothes," she explained, willing to make a clean breast of it, since the murder was out, "I've gone out that way dozens of times at night. It's safer, and I can get out and in the window without disturbing anyone."

Her recovery was not more tedious than is usual in such cases, but she thought the captivity endless.

But "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." For once, McEwin had a good opportunity to press his suit, and wise little Mrs. Durham kept her bird of ill-omen in the back-ground. When she judged, one day, from the supremely happy expression on the lover's face, and the unwonted blushes on the lady's cheek, that matters were too far gone to spoil, she summoned her spouse to join in congratulations.

"I'm taking him for his good looks," said Mirabel, smiling up at her lover's homely face.

The words were addressed to the man and wife beside her, yet something in her eyes that he had never seen before made Jason's heart leap with a great throb of courage. He did what he had never done before—he stooped and kissed her.

THE VALE OF ESTABELLE.

They hide within the hollows, and they creep into the dell;
Those little, marble tombstones, in the vale of Estabelle.

I often looked across them, when I lounged upon the hill;
I never walked among them; nor could cross the moody rill.

I always had a fancy that the dead were pallid folk;
I sometimes thought I saw them, when the wind called in the oak.

The church bell rang at night time, just one hollow, lazy toll;
The "old 'uns" in the cranny sighed, "one more! how grows death's roll.

The snowbird likes the wayside, and the wood-thrush loves the spring;
But seasons through, I never heard a bird in churchyard sing.

The sexton was a solemn man ; t'was he you saw at eve.
Look at the sun, lay down his spade, wipe brow upon his sleeve.

The church was old ; the tow'r was bold, and dusty were the panes ;
The preacher always paused awhile, when fell the autumn rains.

The goodwives stopped their musings, and a shudder o'er them came ;
"T'is ill to be from church to-day, and John's not blind or lame."

They often asked me how it was, I shunned the headstones so;
And I replied, "I'll draw anear and watch the hillocks grow."

I thought perhaps a patriach would tire of life, and sleep ;
I'd walk along,—he was so old—there'd be no cause to weep !

The morrow morn came darkly ; there was awe upon the town ;
And in three days I heard it said, "twas pretty Alice Brown."

Not Alice of the hazel eyes, and plaited yellow hair ;
Eyes kindled with the sunrise, and locks sweet with morning air !

Not Alice of the sidelong glance, and foot with instep high ;
Who kissed the rose aswoon ; tell me ! did *God* let Alice die ?

The third day past came darkly ; there was awe upon the town ;
They called her long, but could not wake their pretty Alice Brown.

I stay about the village still ; I cannot go away ;
I walk the streets alone at eve ; sometimes I pause and pray ;—

It is not much I say, of course,—I say it very low ;
But somehow it is sweet to think,—"perhaps the spirits know."

There is one house I never pass ; one way I never look ;
I never climb the hill at eve ; I never cross the brook ;

It is not that I'm heartless, read what's carved upon the stone,
"Erected," and still farther down, the words, "alone—alone !"

They hide within the hollows, and they creep into the dell ;
Those little, time-stained tombstones, in the vale of Estabelle.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

A DEGADE OF FADS.

BY REGINALD GOURLAY.

THIS may be called a Century of Discoveries,—discoveries in every branch of human knowledge. Now with, or rather after, all true and great discoveries, come fads and fancies, just as after every great writer come nowadays a host of feeble imitators, who do their puny best to make his memory ridiculous, by doing what is always easy, viz:—imitating his mannerisms, and weak points, and running his good ideas, thoughts and discoveries into the ground. This "running of good thoughts into the ground" would form a fair definition of fads in general, and the fads of this decade in particular. A fad is an idea, or discovery—not necessarily bad in itself—made dangerous, or ridiculous, by the ignorant advocacy of ignorant people. The last portion of this century of true and genuine discovery and advancement, has been particularly fruitful of fads of all kinds; some dangerous, some merely absurd. They are the scum and froth on the great wave of progress and discovery.

This century may be called the century of the Second, or Greater Renaissance, and already towards the end of it, many of the more alarming and dangerous features of the First Renaissance are visible. First, the slackening of all religious ties in the great masses; the doubt, to put it mildly, that prevails throughout the civilized world about all revealed religion: and above all, the appearance of women of superior intellect, who, under various pleas, attack morality, and the impregnable wall of nature itself is becoming even more marked in this second Renaissance, than in the first.

THE FIRST RENAISSANCE.

The first Renaissance which arose in Italy, from the discovery and general spread of the works and the teachings of great classic authors, called then "the new learning" which was purely a heathen learning, did great things, nevertheless, for humanity. It spread with lightning rapidity over Germany, France and England; and even illumined Spain for a while, though soon crushed there by the terrible dead weight of the Church. It created the Protestant churches; it greatly reformed the Roman Catholic church itself; for the Roman Catholic church now, is not the Roman Catholic church of the middle ages, or anything like it. It brought with it printing, and the discovery of New Worlds. It gave the people the Bible in English, and first made democracy possible. It even did something for science (unknown in Europe, since the Gothic Knights of Spain crushed the civilization of the Moors), by discovering the circulation of the blood, and many new facts in astronomy and physics. It swept away patristic geography and astronomy by means of the voyages of Columbus and Ferdinand Magellan, and the discoveries of Galileo and Giordano Bruno. Patristic geography, in the person of Cardinal Xinemes, argued with Columbus that the earth must be flat because David had said that "the firmament was a tent." Also, if the earth was round, it followed, "that on the other side, men would walk with their heads down, and it would rain, hail, and snow, upwards." Patristic astronomy stretched Galileo on the rack, to prove to him that the earth was flat, and dislocated his joints to show him that the earth stood still (a favorite

argument of the church at the time). But by the way, Columbus and Galileo were right, and the church of that time, was quite wrong. But notwithstanding these great advances in knowledge, and benefits to society, the first Renaissance brought in its train, a solution of old bonds—a license—which threatened to lead to universal immorality, and its awful consequences to the human race. Now prominent advocates of this license, encouragers of and partakers in this immorality, were *women*—of great beauty, great intellect, and no morality at all. Lucretia Borgia, Catharine de Medicis, Mary Queen of Scots and Marguerite de Valois, were daughters of the Renaissance.

THE SECOND RENAISSANCE.

Ours, the second or greater Renaissance of science and scientific discovery, has also its ominous signs, and its "advanced women." There are the poisonous and terrible cults of anarchy, and nihilism; too vast, and too complex to be even considered, in an article like this; but it may be observed of these ominous and terrible storm clouds, (from which God grant the 20th century a good deliverance) that they, hideous as they are in their acts, and aims, and destructive as they will be, if successful, to all that is divine in humanity, "all that" as Tennyson puts it "God gave us to divide us from the wolf," are, like the minor enthusiasms and fads of this decade, which are more properly our subject, the exaggerations or distortions of principles, salutory and benefical in themselves when restricted to their proper limits, but ominous and ruinous, if once let loose beyond these limits. They are the poisonous fungi and venomous parasitic vines, on the fruitful and noble tree of liberty, and may yet end in destroying the tree itself, root and branch.

It behooves this century especially, to remember that license does not mean liberty, any more than comfort means civilization. Burke told us the former, as Disraeli reminded us of the latter of these propositions. The Nihilists are right in wishing to overthrow the dark and brutal despotism under which Russia still groans. Nihilists and Anarchists are both right in saying that the evils of modern society are many and unendurable, and that the wrongs of the great masses of workers are great, and call for redress. But it is not too much to say—it is not unfair to say—that the ultimate end of the Nihilists, and the Anarchists, may be defined in a single line. It is to have "on earth no law, in heaven no God." "Because there are many evil things, we will have *all* evil. Because there is much to mend, we will hurl everything into one vast ruin." Such is the inevitable goal of Anarchism and Nihilism. Ruin to our race, destruction to all that is spiritual and divine in humanity, and man turned simply into the most intelligent and the most destructive of the brutes.

THE LESSER FADS.

With this slight glance at the great menace of the age, we may turn to the minor, but still mischievous fads of this decade, most of them, like the great evils just glanced at, exaggerations of originally reasonable ideas, results of idle ignorance, of its meddling with things too high for it, of fools rushing in where angels shun to tread. Among the smaller and less harmful of these fads, may be noted the strange mania for caressing criminals, and petting murderers etc., etc. Also the still stranger one that afflicts many religious bodies, of listening to exhorations of notorious sinners, male and female, reformed prize-fighters and worse, who say they have repented, and on the strength of this, lecture and exhort innocent women, and upright men, who would shrink with horror at the very idea of the sins that these people so glibly recount while delivering

their "experiences." This fad, like many another of the time, springs from a great virtue, and overdoes it, till it becomes either harmful, or ridiculous. One of the truest and best claims of this century to superiority over the ages that have gone before is, that it is a pitiful age. Mercy to the sinner, pity for the fallen, help for the poor and oppressed, are now for the first time acknowledged by society at large to be duties.

Our laws even have so far relaxed their terrors to evil doers, as to refrain from hanging a crimnal on every possible pretext. There can be no higher praise to this generation, than to say, which is true, that it has acknowledged the sweet quality of mercy; acknowledged that in wrong-doers there are possibilities of good, and that the "worst use," as Wilkes said, "that you can put a man to, is to hang him," and that even punishment should mean reform and not revenge. But directly from this very virtue, has sprung the modern fad, beloved by weak-minded or cunning men in various churches, and by often well-meaning, but silly and hysical women of various societies, sisterhoods and churches, of not only petting and making a fuss over notorious criminals, but of actually glorifying unmitigated sinners, converted prize-fighters, (by far the best fellows in the collection), and very naughty people of both sexes, but lately repentant. These are caressed by weak-minded and excitable women and crack-brained men, and presume to stand up, and lecture, and give advice, to multitudes of people, who have at all events, always managed to live decently.

First comes some poor dear reformed inebriate, who has perhaps caused deepest suffering and misery to those nearest and dearest to him, "who has sounded all the deeps of excess" and who can tell us all about it and does so at great length. He is petted and praised by hosts of pretty and innocent women, who surround the fellow with the glib tongue and the shady past, while scarcely vouchsafing a look in comparison, to scores of honest silent fellow men who have lived honestly and soberly, all their lives. When a man has really broken from the thraldom of wine and of stimulants, which by his own confession, he has been unable to use without abusing, or to take at all without taking to excess, his best plan is to pull himself together, and endeavour to keep sober for two or three years, before instructing and admonishing others. He has generally lots of leeway to make up. But there would be neither money or notoriety in that course, so he proceeds on his instructive way, admired by what Dickens, (speaking of the applause bestowed on such a one by them) says, is appropriately called "the softer sex," and sometimes winds up his bright career, as did D. I. K. Rine of happy memory, or others of that ilk.

THE SCARLET LADY.

Then we have on the platform, the lady who has led what the author of "A Green Carnation" calls "a beautiful scarlet life," and who apparently hasn't the least objection to tell us all about it. Now there is nothing more beautiful, nothing more Christian, than the spectacle of pure and noble womanhood engaged in raising up a fallen sister, shielding her from the taunts and cruelties of this hard world, and helping her to a better and purer life. There is nothing a woman can engage in, more consonant with the religion of Christ. But to glorify such a one, as has been lately done in some towns in Canada, when she takes the public platform to attack some sect which numbers among its votaries myriads of men and women, as pure and good as any on earth, is quite another thing. Our Saviour, be it mentioned reverently, said to the erring woman, "Go and sin no more." He did not say, "Make money by de-

scribing and enlarging on those sins on a public platform, before large audiences, make money by doing your best to set Christian church against Christian church, neighbor against neighbor, brother against brother." This has been done in this country, and too often. Truly a most mischievous and dangerous fad this last, productive, especially in this land, of no possible good, and of countless possibilities of deadly harm.

Besides, the spectacle of the glorified inebriate, who has relinquished intemperance "forever," about six weeks ago, and the canonized lady of "experiences," both on the platform, making money, and being, besides, patronized and petted by those who would never have noticed their existence had they led a dull, decent sort of life always, is apt to produce dangerous reflections among the inexperienced and thoughtless, but, as yet, untainted young men and maidens who listen to their blatent harangues.

They may argue in this way, "Why should I not too try the primrose path for a while? Have a good time while I am young, and then, as soon as pleasure begins to become pain, repent as these have done. I can, like these, indulge in excess, and 'see life,' as long as it is quite agreeable, and then become an instructor to the public, and pander to one of the fads of this decade. Look at the tired, lined faces of the middle aged women about me, who as seamstresses, schoolmistresses or as honest wives of honest men, have led lives of unheard of, unpraised heroism, and at the men, who, as a matter of course, have been honest, sober, and hard-working always. They don't look half as well, half as prosperous, or are they, apparently, half as much considered as that rubicund, glib man, or that talkative lady up there."

It looks as if one could have a real good time while young, and then reorganize and come out away ahead of those who have tried to keep straight all along. This point is worth considering, in connection with the evils of this particular fad.

I remember an incident, related by Walter Besant, in "All sorts and conditions of men," which is worth recalling here. Two sisters meet, and sit on the same bench in one of the public parks after many years. One of the sisters had always gone straight and the other—had not. The good sister, though five years younger really: looked, at middle age, ten years older than the other. Repentance, if it's real, is a good thing, but steadfast well-doing is a heroic thing, and like most heroic things, unpraised, and unnoticed by the world. There are some fine lines of Tennyson that illustrate this:—

"Glory of warrior! glory of orator! glory of song!
Paid by a voice flying on, to be lost in an endless sea!
Glory of virtue; to struggle, to right the wrong,
Aye! but she aims not at glory, no lover of glory she,
Give her the wages of going on, and still to be.

THE AGGRESSIVE WOMAN.

Pass we now to another fad of the time, and its authoress and examplar, another scum and froth bubble on the great wave of the century's progress, another poisonous fungus on the beauteous and fruitful vine of woman's nature. Its examplar is that parody and hideous travesty of the true advanced woman (for the true advanced woman exists, and a noble creature she is)—the "aggressive woman," the pushing blatant vulgar incubus of her sex, and the chief drawback to its real and lofty mission. She is sometimes called the "new woman." There could be no more complete misnomer. The type she belongs to is as old as sin. Solomon knew her well, and was evidently fresh from collision with a prime specimen of the tribe when he sat down and wrote "there is no sin

like the heart's sin, and no wickedness like the wickedness of a woman."

Now, this aggressive woman has existed at all times, and in all known parts of the world—the woman who wants to have the privileges of a man and the safeguards of a woman. This woman in her inconceivably foolish arrogance presumes to war against the indestructible fact of sex. She seizes on some really advanced and useful ideas just being developed and put into shape by some woman or man of genius, distorts them by her ignorant handling, injures, or destroys them, by blotting or blurring their outlines, thanks to her vulgar additions to and deductions from them. She will probably succeed at last in disgusting mankind with just and good changes or reforms, simply by her voicing the blatant demand of a sisterhood, whose own spoken or written sentiments prove them unfit to be judged in any matter, either of morals or manners.

This "aggressive woman," the parody and coarse counterfeit of the true "advanced woman" of real brains and culture, and the true advanced woman's chief enemy and obstacle, though peculiarly favored in her passion for notoriety and impatience of restraint by the circumstances and fashions of this decade of fads, is a type that has always existed, and has left traces of its lowering and debasing influence through all history. She has apparently been created or permitted by an all-wise providence to prevent men from worshipping women as a divine being. Now, any average man looking at women, as, thank heaven! most of them are, recognizes in them beings more refined than himself; more merciful than himself; naturally and instinctively purer than himself; and altogether having less of the brute, if less of the demigod, in their natures than he has. But this debased type, now known as the "new woman," has always endeavored to show him and now has triumphantly done so, that a woman can be as coarse and vulgar in soul as a London costermonger, can write and print books full of a frank, robust, and daring indecency, which would bring a blush to the cheek of Emile Zola, or George Moore, and worst of all, display a hard brutality towards old age, a contempt of maternity and its duties which would excite the disgust and horror of a Sioux or Appache squaw.

ADVANCED WOMEN OF HISTORY.

Her type was found among the women of the Roman Empire, (you can read all about her in Juvenal, especially in the Tenth Satire) in the woman of mediæval Italy, who emulated their Roman prototypes in license and skill in poisoning the people who were in their way, or of whom they were tired; in the French women of the regency, and of the later monarchy of France, with the same free love and poisoning instincts; in the Sisterhood of Pompadour and Brinvilliers; in the "Delhi Serailis," or the "wild Serailis" of the "Sultan's Seraglio" at Constantinople, whose doings writes a recent English authoress, are "simply unprintable;" in the court of Charles the Second of England, where Mrs. Aphra Behn, beauty and wit, the worthy forerunner of our Sarah Grands, and authoresses of "Yellow Asters" and "Superfluous Woman," wrote comedies which outheroded in license and immorality the works of Wycherly, Dryden, and Congreve, and dedicated one of them to that congenial soul, Nell Gwynne, in a preface wherein she compares the king's mistress to the Almighty.

Always the dominance of this type of woman has heralded the downfall, and the shameful downfall, of the empire, race or dynasty where they and their ideals have gained influence or sway. It was so with the Roman empire, with the dynasty of the Stewarts, and with the monarchy of France, and now, in the last ten years of the nineteenth century, this old and

evil type appears, brazen and aggressive as ever, under a new and specious mask, decked in the plumes borrowed from wiser and better sisters, inundating the press with her greatly daring novels, which advocate broadly and freely her two great objects—the real end and aim of all her posings and screamings—"I will be noticed!" and "I will do as I please!" Both of them are exaggerations, and debasing exaggerations of aspirations, good and wholesome in themselves, up to a certain point when restrained and refined by religion and culture. But both of them, as they now appear in the writings of the "new woman," are crude and animal aspirations. As formulated in *her* works, they come from human nature primitive and savage, not from human nature exalted and refined. And this person has the audacity to call herself "the advanced woman"—in the century which has produced Elizabeth Browning, Charlotte Bronte, George Eliot, Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Harriet Martineau.

HER WRITINGS.

It is one of the crying evils of the stuff written by these epicene writers, of vague ideas but distinct and unmistakable immorality, that it injures with the general public, of careless readers and careless thinkers, the work of true and great women like those above mentioned. A writer in a Toronto weekly lately notes the exclamation of a man, overheard whilst he was purchasing some new novels. "Oh! that book can't be written by a woman! It's too decent!" as significant, and so it is. It shows the sentiment of the general public on average feminine literature, a sentiment for which women at large have to thank the aggressive and blatant females, who are taking on themselves in writing, speech, and action, to misrepresent and vilify womanhood.

The same periodical very properly notices the extraordinary criticism of a gentleman who places the "Marcella" of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and what he very aptly terms "the literary monstrosity," the "Heavenly Twins," in the same category. Such criticism, worthless as it is, shows how women of noble ideas and great intellect may be injured by the very fact of such people as the authoress of "Ideala," and "A Superfluous Woman," living and writing at the same time as they do. It is like the old Æsop's fable of the useful stork being found in the net with the pilfering cranes, and getting his neck wrung for being in bad company. Poor Miss Harraden, whose "Ships that Pass in the Night" is a really pretty little book without anything in it a lady could not write, shares in this undeserved obloquy. So does a much greater woman than Miss Harraden, Olive Schreiner, the authoress of "The Story of an African Farm," a book which though crude and undeveloped, is a work of real genius. In it we find the type of the "woman that wants to know," always a praiseworthy desire, though perhaps an old-fashioned critic might object that Miss Schreiner's heroine went a little too far in her pursuit of knowledge in some directions. In Miss Schreiner's book we find the better ideal, which, stained and distorted by coarse handling, appears in the novels of the so-called "new woman." Others are taken from the less decent and more insane parts of Tolstoi, and the very worst parts of all, evidently from the inner consciousness of the so-called "new woman" herself.

HER CHARACTERISTICS.

And what are the most notable and most disgusting of the characteristics of these productions of a certain order of woman? The most prominent are easily noted. They are broadly—A hatred and contempt for all authority, divine or human. The echo of the Anarchist's cry, "On earth no law, in heaven no God;" a vulgar and cruel spirit of ridicule and contempt for old

age. In Madame Grand's "Ideala" one of the ridiculous figures, the buffoon, the butt of the other characters, is a bishop. In the "Heavenly Twins," the old mother of the heroine (save the mark!) is intentionally held up to us as a laughing-stock, an old fool, whose entreaties, tears, and protestatations, are merely the funny performances of a quite inferior being, in the eyes of her charming daughter. Madame Grand, so to speak, knocks over religious reverence and restraint with one barrel, and filial reverence with the other. Then we find a strange vagueness of intellect in the authors, a want of grasp, or rather a want of capacity to grasp, any definite system of philosophy; any clear ideas, even as to what she herself wants, hopes, and believes. "A mind," as Charles Reid beautifully puts it, when describing the mental characteristics of women af this kind, "like running water." Her single attempt at argument seems to be, "Some men are allowed to do all sorts of bad things, why shouldn't we women?" An argument which, even if true in its premises, strikes men as having something peculiar in the conclusion deduced from them by what we have always considered the moral sex.

But the prominent and outstanding characteristic of all the works and words of this school, is that child of ignorance and vulgarity—Egotism. In the works of the so-called new woman the self-worship, the calm, undoubting, sublime egotism, as that of a child or a savage, of the heroine is most remarkable, and it betrays perhaps more than anything else, the intense animalism and want of spirituality of the woman of this type. You find it beautifully and simply portrayed in "The Quick and the Dead" of Amelie Rives Chanler, one of the chief pioneers of this school in America, as presented in the morbid, hysterical heroine of her book. It must be said for Mrs. Chanler, however, that she can generally write like a lady, and is capable of telling a connected story, and of writing a chapter with some real tragedy or real human interest in it, feats which none of her successors have been able even to approach performing.

Now, this same egotism carried to excess is the chief characteristic of madmen. An eminent medical authority puts it tersely thus,—"Every insane person is the centre of the universe in his own estimation." "Altruism," that divine impulse, the real and true spirit of Christ, is dead in him. *His* woes, *his* perfections, *his* interests, *his* imaginings are the only things worth considering between earth and heaven. Now it almost seems as if the puzzled intellects of these pseudo "advanced women," trying with inadequate brains to comprehend things too high for them, and, moreover, tied down to earth by terribly earthly longings and desires, are becoming fairly dazed; and that they are formulating these monstrous pretensions to the small clique of their sister imbeciles, viz., to be superior in heart and brain to all things created on earth, and, therefore, entitled to tread all obligations, moral and otherwise, under foot, in perfect good faith. Certainly "that way madness lies."

They are far more insulting and contemptuous to the great majority of the sex they discredit than they are to men. "Cow-woman," "Scum-woman," are the elegant and ladylike terms applied to their moral and intellectual superiors, by Madam Grand and her advanced and advancing crew. But clever, naughty women, and naughty women who aren't clever, have always been the ones to say disparaging things about their own sex in all ages. It is woman that has said some of the most insulting things about woman in the *past*, at all events. "The only thing that consoles me for being a woman," said Lady M. Wortley Montague, is "that I won't have to marry one of the lot." Then listen to Ouida's beautiful indictments of her sisters,—

"Shallow as pools of rain water, kept alive by stimulants and raw meat chopped fine, sent to sleep by chloral, drifting in all difficulty or danger instinctively to a lie, the fashionable woman of this generation, though not the wickedest, is the weakest, and most contemptible of all that have gone before." Even George Eliot, who generally, like a really great woman as she is, stands up nobly for her sex, can't resist making one of her characters, Bartle Massey, in "Adam Bede," say,—"Woman is just the same mate for the man as the horse fly is for the horse—she's got the right sort of venom to sting him with." It was Aphra Behn, before mentioned, that said, "Woman must be encouraged to play the fool or else she'll be certain to play the devil," though Congreve too adapted the idea, as coolly as Macaulay did that of his celebrated New Zealander sitting on the ruins of London Bridge, (from Volney's "Ruins of Empires").

THE TRUE WOMEN.

But when we men think, even in this century, of the array of true and noble women we can count; we remember what we and the world owe to them. We are content to remember their genius, and their labors, and endeavour to forget the foolish fussing of female faddists on the platform, and female anti-moralists in fiction. We are content to set off the Mary Somervilles, Elizabeth Brownings, and Marian Evans, against the Lady Colin Campbells and the Madame Grands; the Florence Nightingales and Sister Roses, against the Willards and the Somersets.

In the earlier Renaissance, the Lady Jane Greys, the Elizabeths, and Lady Hamiltons, in the end prevailed over Marguerite de Valois, Mary of Scots and Aphra Behn. The vastly greater army of the good, wise and pure woman of our age will prevail over the nonsense of their silly sisters, and probably deal with some of these feminine faddists of a decade of fads more severely, and with more vim, than any man would like to do.

It may be mentioned as an encouraging sign, that Lady Colin Campbell, the fair advocate of smoking for ladies, has fallen into the able and experienced hands of Mrs. Lynn Linton, who has given the rash advanced one such a trouncing as no masculine writer could, or would, inflict on a women. When some of her religious sisters, desist for a while from helping the poor and intemperate, by squandering vast sums on building "Women's Temples" to hold mutual admiration meetings in, which meetings by the way sometimes degenerate into what common vulgar minds would call a row, as at the last Woman's Convention at Chicago, and tackle Lady Somerset for her recent assertion that "The worship of the Virgin, is absolutely necessary to place woman in her true position in the eyes of mankind," it will be another hopeful sign.

But there is little fear when true womanhood fairly awakes to the aims and tendencies of her so called advanced sisters, she will resist the evils, and ridicule the folly of them as distinctly, and more severely, than men will. Religious reverence, respect for parents, proper discipline for children, are principles which these advanced sisters are attacking without disguise, and which all sane women will defend as their own most precious safeguards.

And here this article must close. There are many fads yet, in this "decade of fads," economical fads, political fads, etc., but these things may be considered at a later period.

IRVING'S NEW PLAY "KING ARTHUR."

BY JOHN W. CUNLIFFE, M.A.

SIR HENRY IRVING paid Canada a great compliment by arranging to spend in Montreal and Toronto the first two weeks of his American tour, which, extending as it does to the 16th May, 1896, may justly be counted the most important event of the dramatic season on this continent. Most of the plays Irving brings with him are old favorites; but there are two novelties. Dr. Conan Doyle's "Story of Waterloo" is only a slight sketch, lifted into prominence by Irving's wonderful skill in portraying military ardor in senility; but in "King Arthur" we have a drama, which, from the interest of its subject and its mode of treatment merits careful consideration. I had the pleasure of seeing its first production in America, at the opening of the tour in Montreal, and by the courtesy of Mr. Bram Stoker, Sir Henry Irving's manager, I had the further advantage of reading the "book" of the play, with liberty to make extracts for publication.

The first difficulty to be overcome in dealing with this subject for the stage is to find some means of suggesting the romantic atmosphere. During the course of centuries the Arthurian story, at first merely a tale of love and war, has gathered accretions of mysticism and romance, until it is now impossible to dissociate it from the ideas of chivalry and devotion. Tennyson's "Idylls" have deepened the religious tone and added the seriousness and earnestness of the nineteenth century to the light-hearted romance of the middle ages. Arthur and the British chiefs have been idealized into the knights of the Round Table, bound by vows of truth and chastity; they are not regarded as men of any particular time or place, but as the heroes of romantic chivalry. This was the initial problem Irving and his author, Mr. Comyns Carr had to face, and they may fairly be said to have solved it. The supernatural and romantic note is struck boldly and at the very beginning. Indeed, the prologue may be said to be devoted to impressing this idea upon the mind of the spectator. The curtain rises upon a dark mountain tarn, studded with rocky islets, round one of which hover the spirit-maidens of the lake, chanting their mystic lay about the magic sword "Excalibur."

Arthur approaches with Merlin and at the bidding of the seer he takes the sword, with which he is to "rule a kingdom that shall rule the sea." Then follows a vision of Guinevere, the dramatic necessity of which may be questioned; but few of the audience were disposed to criticise it, being lost in admiration of the beautiful picture presented by Ellen Terry, who, crowned with May blossoms, stands against a back-ground of spring flowers in the unmistakable style of Sir Edward Burne Jones, who has designed all the costumes and scenery. The spirit-maidens echo:

> Love and beauty, hope and fear
> Wait for thee in Guinevere.

Thus by a familiar dramatic expedient, the course of the action is foreshadowed; and the artistic effect is certainly very beautiful.

The action proper opens in the great hall at Camelot. Many years have have passed since Arthur girded "Excalibur" to his side, subdued the realm, and married Guinevere, who brought the Age of Peace. The Queen, though loving Lancelot ever since she saw him, has kept the secret locked in her

own breast, and Arthur has perfect confidence in her devotion to himself. Lancelot loved Elaine until the meeting with the Queen drove the image of the lily maid of Astolat from his heart. He, too, has concealed his passion, and, in order to master it, purposes joining the quest of the Holy Grail, of which the vision has just been seen at Camelot. Mr. Comyns Carr has been very skilful in thus reiterating the supernatural note, and binding firmly into the main plot the story of the Grail, which in Malory and Tennyson is only loosely connected with the Arthurian legend proper. Whether the dramatic presentation of the vision of the Grail is equally as successful may be questioned. One cannot forget Tennyson's lines:

And all at once, as there we sat, we heard
A cracking and a riving of the roofs,
And rending and a blast, and overhead
Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry.
And in the blast there smote along the hall
A beam of light ten times more clear than day:
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail
All over cover'd with a luminous cloud,
And none might see who bare it, and it passed.

Mr. Comyns Carr's own description is not unworthy of the theme, and if the cry of plagiarism be raised, it should be said that the main points, and even the phrases, are to be found in Malory, for the use of any poet who lists:

Above the murmur of the feast there leapt
The crack and cry of thunder, and the roof
Was cloven as with a sword: then down the hall,
Aslant upon a bar of light that gleamed
As though the sun were turned to molten gold,
Passed a white angel bearing in her hands
The veiled vision of the cup of Christ.

This is impressive enough, and its impressiveness is enhanced by the Tennysonian ring of the lines, which suggests the atmosphere of romantic mysticism found at its best in "The Idylls of the King." But the effect is rather weakened than increased when a white robed figure passes across the back of the stage, bearing the shrouded cup. Still, it forms a fitting occasion for Lancelot's vow, and so helps on the progress of the action. Arthur wishes to keep Lancelot by his side to defend his kingdom, already robbed of a hundred knights by the Quest of the Grail, and when Lancelot pleads "heart sickness" as an excuse, Arthur thinks he speaks of his alienation from Elaine. He bids Guinevere reconcile the lovers and keep Lancelot at Camelot. In his interview with the Queen, Lancelot tells the real reason of his leaving the Court, and is astounded to find that his passion is reciprocated. Guinevere is about to yield to his embrace when upon their ears breaks the song of the Knights of the Grail:

Look not to thy love,
Love that lives an hour;
Heaven's voice above
Calls thee from her bower.
Rise and go forth, with us who seek the Grail,
Winning from above
Love that shall not fail.

The Queen rouses her better self and bids him go. He obeys, but when he comes to take leave of the King, Guinevere weakens. She is implored to retain Lancelot by Elaine, who wishes to win back his love: the King urges her, and at last she speaks the fatal words, "Lancelot, stay." This ends the first act, which is most effectively constructed, and (it need hardly be said) most effectively presented.

Act II. "The Queen's Maying" opens with a very pretty rustic scene, but the dramatic interest falls off. Ellen Terry is admirable in depicting the Queen's struggles with her passion, but her final surrender is less convincing. She has all the art of pretty endearments, but hardly gives the impression of the abandon of a passionate soul. The effectiveness of the scene is not increased by the introduction of Dagonet, a fool after the Shaksperean pattern, but very far removed from his great originals. To be frank,

Comyn Carr's humor is thin, and gives a tone of artificiality to the opening of this beatuiful scene from which it never recovers. Happily, in Act III., Mr. Carr gets back to the vein of stirring tragedy, and weaves his plot with great skill.

In dealing with the Arthurian story for dramatic purposes, everything depends upon the development of the personality of Mordred. In Malory, Mordred is the Nemesis of the sin of Arthur's early life, when he seduced the wife of King Lot of Orkney, who (unknown to Arthur) was his own sister. Tennyson has rejected this part of the story as fitting ill with his conception of Arthur as the ideal of knightly purity, and Comyns Carr has followed his example. It becomes necessary, therefore, to find some other motive for Mordred's treachery. In the drama he is the son of Morgan le Fay, whom Merlin has dispossessed of the Crown and made a bastard by declaring Arthur Pendragon's rightful heir. She still nurses the ancient grudge secretly, and urges Mordred to revenge. Mordred is the crafty conspirator, spurred on, like Macbeth, by the bolder woman's spirit. His mother divines Guinevere's and Lancelot's secret and spies upon their caresses in the wood. Mordred invites Lancelot to join the conspiracy against Arthur, offering him the hand of Guinevere after the King's death. When Lancelot spurns these proposals, Mordred forestalls any charge of treachery against himself by revealing to the King the love of Lancelot and Guinevere.

The occasion of the revelation is finely chosen for dramatic effect. It is the arrival of the body of Elaine on a black barge with a letter in her dead hand addressed to the Queen :—

SIR HENRY IRVING IN ACT I.

"I that was named Elaine of Astolat,
Whose mortal love for Lancelot passed all measure,
Seeing he loves another, choose to die."

Lancelot is sent for, and falls an easy victim to Mordred's wiles. The Queen entering, hears the charge made against her lover, and at once acknowl-

edges her guilt. No finer piece of acting has been seen upon the stage than Irving's portrayal of the effect of the confession upon the King. Recovering himself, Arthur refuses to take the life of Lancelot, bids him join with the open enemies of the kingdom, and turns to the Queen, now lying at his feet. It is the great occasion of the drama, and Comyns Carr has not proved unequal to it. Arthur's speech to Guinevere, even coming after a famous example, is well worthy of quotation :—

Ay; would Death's marble finger had been laid
On those sweet lips when first they linked with mine :
For locked in Death's white arms, Love lies secure :
'Tis Life, not Death, that is Love's sepul hre,
Where each day tells of passionate hearts grown strange
And perjured vows chime with the answering bell
That tolls Love's funeral. If thou wouldst boast
Of this new sway a woman's wile hath won,
Go tell the world thy heart hath slain a heart
That once had been a king's. Yet that's not all.
Thou too hast been a Queen whose soul shone clear,
A star for all men's worship and a lamp
Set in night's sky, whereby all trailer hearts
Should steer their course towards Heaven : then, 'tis not I
Whose life lies broken here, for at thy fall
A shattered kingdom bleeds.

One little Tennysonian touch may be mentioned, though perhaps Comyns Carr is not responsible for it. Readers of "Guinevere" will remember how in the midst of the great speech,

He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.

Ellen Terry makes precisely this movement as she lies prostrate upon the stage, but it may be merely a coincidence.

Having now reached the height of the action, the author must tax his wits to prevent a diminution in the interest, for there is not much left in the original legend to do or say. The prison scene which opens the last act is not very happily conceived: it has a certain Elizabethan flavor, just enough to remind one of Elizabethan qualities that are absent. Mordred enters with a story of Arthur's death, invented to support his suit for Guinevere's hand. Her indignant rejection makes a forceful scene, and in Ellen Terry's hands does not fail to secure the full sympathy of the audience. On Mordred's accusation she is charged with treason and condemned to the stake. An unknown knight appears as her champion, revealing himself to Mordred alone—it is Arthur. His identity seemed unexpected by the audience and the lifting of the vizor made a great impression. In the combat Arthur is mortally wounded, but lives long enough to learn that Lancelot has arrived in time to slay Mordred and sacrifice his own life. Arthur bids Sir Bedevere cast "Excalibur" into the sea—

to wait that day
When upward from the shrieking waves shall spring
A vast sea-brood of mightier strain than ours,
Bearing across the world from end to end
One cry to all, "Our sword is in the sea."

This patriotic note is echoed by Merlin —

Not so, he doth but pass who cannot die,
The King that was, the King that yet shall be ;
Whose spirit borne along from age to age
Is England's to the end.

and in the final chorus,

Island home that like a star
Steadfast in the shifting sea,
Burns a light that from afar
Men shall hail for liberty.

It is a question whether this Militant Anglicism is appropriate to the Arthurian legend. Many strange elements have been added to the ancient myth, but this seems without precedent. The historical Arthur (if such there were), assuredly had no love for the English; and the romances of chivalry have no good word for the

Anglo Saxons. Tennyson's Arthur counts among the greatest of the curses following his death,

> the godless hosts
> Of heather swarming o'er the Northern sea.

The fault, if it be a fault, is one which English and Canadian audiences will readily pardon, and the patriotic note is hardly so obtrusive as to offend even the susceptibilities of United States theatre goers.

The main question is whether the author has dealt with the Arthurian legend in a manner worthy of his theme. The popular verdict will certainly be in his favor. He has given us a drama which, in spite of one or two weak places, is well constructed, and has plenty of life and movement. The characterization is mainly on the lines of tradition, but the author has been exceedingly successful in retaining the impression of nobility about the figures of Lancelot and Guinevere without condoning their sin. The development of the character of Mordred is remarkable and in the hands of Frank Cooper, this becomes a most effective and artistic part.

The blank verse is of the Tennysonian order, and is well fitted to Irving's deliberate style of elocution; his mannerisms are less noticeable than usual, and the performance will therefore be enjoyed the more by those who find them objectionable.

The play contains many striking passages and fine lines. Some of them have been already referred to, but one or two more quotations may be of interest as showing the author's power of poetic diction. Forceful enough is Arthur's speech on taking "Excalibur" from the mere:—

MISS ELLEN TERRY IN ACT I.

> He who would rule the day must greet the dawn,
> There is no hour to lose; give me my sword
> For, echoing through the night, I too can hear
> The voice of England, like a sobbing child,
> That longs for day; and gathering in night's sky
> I see that throng of England's unborn sons,
> Whose glory is her glory: prisoned souls

With faces pressed against the bars of Time,
Waiting their destined hour. Give me my sword
That I may loose Time's bonds and set them free.

Comyns Carr is not afraid to dare comparison with "The Idylls," and it must be acknowledged that he often comes out of the contest with success. His description of the coming of Elaine may be given as an instance:

Down the vacant stream
That black barge floated, like a speck of night,
Blown on the winds of dawn; and on its deck,
Where one mute helmsman stirred the amber tide,
Fallen as a feather from a white dove's wing,
Lay this new prize of Death, whose cunning hands
Had wrought in such fair mimicry of life
That on her parted lips there lingered yet
The memory of a smile.

Here again it should be remembered that all the points common to Tennyson and Comyns Carr are to be found in Malory, and where the author of the drama has departed from both, in making Guinevere instead of Lancelot the receiver of Elaine's letter—he has greatly increased the effectiveness of the scene, and added the keystone to the construction of his plot. Where Comyns Carr has borrowed from Tennyson—as in Guinevere's cry of "Too late," and her recognition of Arthur at last as "true lord of all"—the points are used with dramatic force and intensity which justify their adoption. In his Shakesperean reminiscences the author is less happy. Arthur's last words, "What remains is peace," are but a weak re-production of the impressive close of Hamlet's dying speech, "The rest is silence;" and Gawain's exclamation on seeing the dying king, "Nay, what is here? The wreck of all the world!" only serves to remind one of Kent's cry in Lear, "Is this the promised end?" with which it cannot compare in terseness of expression or dramatic force.

For their representation of the supernatural, both Irving and Comyns Carr deserve congratulation. Merlin's speeches are impressive, and are admirably delivered by Sydney Valentine, who has successfully discarded the conventional prophet's beard, and relies chiefly upon his own natural resources, which are fully equal to the task. Maud Milton is no less effective as the Spirit of the Lake. The stage effects are very beautiful and impressive, and are made the more so by Sir Arthur Sullivan's music. The opening scene is very weird and suggestive, and the passing of Arthur at the close is a magnificent piece of stage management. The great hall at Camelot (Act I.), and the tower above the river (Act III.) show modern scene painting at its highest perfection. It is hard to say which background is the more charming, the blue hills against the sunlit sky, or the winding river; and in each case the palace has the substantial appearance and noble proportion which we have become accustomed to look for in the Lyceum scenery. Nothing is wanting in costume, scenery, or music to give the legend an appropriate setting; but all this would be in vain without effective acting. Tennyson has indissolubly associated with the character of Arthur an ideal loftiness and purity most difficult to realize on the stage, and that Irving has been able to attain this makes the part as one of his greatest achievements. Some will even prefer the Arthur of Comyns Carr and Irving to Tennyson's prince, because the former is less ethereal, and appeals more readily and directly to human sympathy. The character of Lancelot is almost equally onerous and difficult on account of the associations of poetry and romance that have clustered round it. Ben Webster is wonderfully successful in embodying the ideal of knightly pride and chivalry marred by one fault, and he is also able to respond to the heavy demands made by the author upon his dramatic resourcefulness in the ex-

pression of intense emotion by silent gesture and play of feature.

Of Ellen Terry's Guinevere something has already been said. With the possible exception of the maying scene, she never fails to rise to the full height of her part, and her portrayal of the repentant Guinevere is full of power. Julia Arthur, the young Canadian actress, who has lately joined the Lyceum Company, makes a charming Elaine, displaying a gentleness of spirit and pathetic shyness most appropriate to the character. The part is only a small one, but her intelligent and artistic interpretation of it gives abundant promise of her capacity when greater opportunities shall be afforded her.

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

BY DAN. A. ROSE.

(Vice-President Canadian Copyright Association.)

IT is surprising that even writers of ability frequently fail to give a fair and unbiassed view of some of the most essential points in the copyright discussion. It is stated in the British North America Act of 1867 that Copyright is one of the subjects delegated to the control of the Parliament of Canada. It has been asserted in England that this power is limited. It is asserted on the other hand in the most emphatic terms that Canadians will never be satisfied until the authority of the Canadian Parliament is fully recognized.

Mr. Goldwin Smith says it is preposterous to think that Canada is entitled to a copyright arrangement of her own. Of course every one is entitled to his own opinion. Let me cite the opinion of other eminent men on this point. Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen, Q.C., the eminent English lawyer and judge, said it seemed to him that wherever there was a legislature, that legislature should for practical purposes make what laws it thought right regarding copyright. Mr. Kinglake, the Crimean historian, and himself a British copyright owner, said that the attempt to force Canada to concur in supporting the monopoly enjoyed by copyright owners in England is a bad and wrong piece of Imperial legislation. These words are as true to-day as when they were first written, and it is quite certain that Canadians will certainly agree with Sir Fitzjames Stephen and Mr. Kinglake rather than with Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith makes no secret of his opinion that the Canadian Act of 1889 is a bad and pernicious piece of legislation. He fears the Act will have a bad effect on native literature, as was the case with American (United States) literature before the introduction of international copyright with Great Britain. Now it might be well to have it understood that there is no international copyright agreement between Great Britain and the United States. And it is an open question whether United States literature suffered very much before the United States Act of 1891 came into force. The status of United States authors was not altered by that Act, but it certainly did improve the business prospects of United States publishing houses. Did not the greatest names in United States literature blossom and flourish in the face of the piracy of British books? Not that I

would for one moment apologise for the delay of the United States Government in recognizing to a limited degree that British authors should be protected in the United States. But the names of Bancroft, Prescott, Cooper, Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes, and a host of others whose names will live as long as the United States have a literature, will readily suggest themselves to the learned professor.

The opinion is freely expressed that untold disaster would follow if Canada persists and is allowed to enact its own copyright laws; the Berne convention would be torn to pieces, and United States copyright would be withdrawn from British authors. Surely all this is most absurd.

The authors and publishers of the United States are happy and contented, because they are making money. Yet the United States does not belong to the Berne Convention. So it will be with Canadian authors and publishers. True, the United States was invited to join the Berne Convention, but absolutely refused to do so. The United States Consul at Berne, Mr. Boyd Winchester, wrote to Mr. Bayard in 1886 urging in the strongest terms that the United States should join the Convention, and stating that no international copyright union could be complete without the United States. Later on in the same year M. Theodore Roustan, the Minister of France at Washington, again urged the United States Government to give French authors protection on reciprocal terms by joining the Berne Convention, and added that American authors by their numbers and talents have gained a high rank in the intellectual world. Mr. Smith will please note that this was in the days of rampant literary piracy in the United States. But these efforts to bring the United States into a true international copyright convention were all unavailing, for in 1891 the United States passed the copyright act containing the now celebrated manufacturing clause requiring the setting of the type in the United States before copyright would be granted.

There is another point to consider in this connection. In 1887 Mr. Winchester again wrote Mr. Bayard saying that "the failure of the United States to join the Union continues to be regarded as depriving the Convention of its chief value." If this is so, and it is a fact that few will care to dispute, should not all the artillery that has been used against the Canadian Act and the Canadian Government, be turned against the United States Act and the United States Government? Certainly. And yet while the Canadian Act is denounced in unmeasured terms as piratical and all that is bad, the United States Act is alluded to in language far more mild; indeed Mr. Smith and other apologists do not hesitate to put forward arguments as an excuse for the action of the United States.

Let it be distinctly understood, also, that the Canadian Act is far more liberal than the United States Act. The United States Act requires the type to be set in the United States The Canadian Act has no such restriction. The United States Act protects only books that are published first or simultaneously in the United States. Authors neglecting these requirements lose all rights there. The Canadian Act, on the other hand, protects all books. The author is first given the right to secure copyright. Should he refuse or neglect to do so, he does not lose his rights, but any publisher in Canada desiring to print the book must pay the author ten per cent. on the retail price of every copy. Mr Smith and others have repeatedly asserted that this royalty will prove most illusive, and that in fact the piratical publisher will still be very much in evidence. Nothing could be farther from the fact. The Government will undoubtedly make most complete regulations for the collection of this royalty, and for the protection

of the author's rights in other respects. To talk then, as Mr. Smith does, "of the direct confiscation of British property," in the face of such regulations, is to beg the question, and shows that arguments must be sadly lacking if this is the best that can be brought forward.

The solicitude of certain Canadian and English writers for the interests of United States publishers, is somewhat remarkable, to say the least, and would be amusing if it had not a more serious aspect. Those publishers are powerful and wealthy, and well able to look after their own interests, without such aid as has been given them. One would have thought that Canadian publishers, who are helping to develop our young Dominion, who have their money invested in Canada, and who are giving work to Canadian printers, bookbinders, typefounders and others connected with printing and publishing, would have received a share of that solicitude. But no; the fear is expressed that United States publishers dread Canadian editions as the most dangerous thing to be apprehended from the Canadian Act. The fallacy of this contention has been repeatedly exposed. There have been cheap Canadian editions of some popular books by United States authors on the Canadian market for years, yet the United States market is not threatened with these. Why? Simply because the United States law prohibits their importation into the United States. Every customs officer and every postmaster there is directed to seize and destroy all such books. This surely is a very weak argument, and it is a wonder that a gentleman of Mr. Smith's standing would condescend to repeat it.

Mr. Smith says that it is not denied that the Canadian Act will be injurious to the British author. I for one would certainly wish to deny this. Instead of being injurious to the British author, I think many of them would be greatly benefited, as they wonld receive a certain amount for the Canadian market, instead of having that market demanded by the United States publisher when making the bargain for the United States.

But Mr. Smith is generally doubtful as to the future of Canadian literature. Not so long ago, when writing on this subject, he said in effect that Canada was too small to support a first-class magazine. Well, I am glad to know that Canada is the home of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, a magazine that is a credit to our country, and that has been a decided success in every way, although it has had to meet the intense competition of the magazine literature of the world.

I cannot close without quoting from an excellent article in *The Bystander*, published in Toronto, in November, 1889. After a very fair resume of the case, with particulars of the Act of 1889, the article concludes as follows:

"The Act of last session provides that at the expiry of a month after publication of the work in England, if the Copyright owner has not previously arranged for an edition, a license may issue from the Government to the Canadian publisher who applies for permission to reprint, and gives a bond for the amount of the author's royalty. But the Eng ish publisher may forestall that reprint, not only within the month of grace, but prior to the issue of the book in England he may negotiate with his own agent in Canada and place on the market an edition which, if he likes, he can print from his English plates forwarded here for the purpose. Thus are even the British publisher's interests protected, though to secure them he must of course comply with the law, or allow the native publisher to step in, and by Government license secure the market against the foreign reprint. In this surely there is no injustice; nor is either author or publisher at any serious detriment. The Act neither contemplates nor connives at any sharp practice or questionable advantage; it merely recognizes the exceptional circumstances of the Canadian market, and se ks to legislate accordingly. Like Reciprocity with the United States, it tak s note of the economical situation, and endeavors, not from the manufacturers' point of view merely, but from that, in conjunction with the interests of the people, to meet as best it may, the difficulty. English publishers and authors must recollect that Canada is on the Ameri-

can continent; and to treat it as an outlying possession of England, without reference to its connection with the United States, is to perpetuate the evil which Canadian Copyright legislation has again attempted to remove. To interfere with this legislation would not extend the British book market. It would extend that of the American reprinter, who alone would reap the benefit, while Canadian publishing industries would stagnate."

CASTELL HOPKINS' LIFE OF MR. GLADSTONE.*

BY G. M. GRANT, PRINCIPAL OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

I BEGAN to read this book with a strong prejudice against it, begotten of the feeling that biographies of the living are a mistake, and that no living man is good enough or bad enough to be subjected to the dissection which is implied in any biography that is worth reading. When Campbell began to write his series of "Lives of the Chancellors of England," the great lawyer who then sat on the Woolsack declared that "plain Jock" had added a new terror to death. Mr. Castell Hopkins, I said to myself, is determined not even to wait for death. But, long before finishing the perusal of the book, the fascinating personality of whom it treats had completely mastered me, and prejudice gave way to gratitude, as well as to admiration for really good work.

The author has painted a picture of English public life for the Canadian people, of a kind very different to that which they are accustomed to read in American press despatches, seasoned to the taste of the "bhoys," the Irish Americans, and the tail twisters. He gives both sides, too, and writes with studied moderation, even on subjects where his own feelings are warmest. Discussing the subject on which Gladstone received blame, for his action or inaction, such as the Crimean war, the Eastern Question, and the American Civil war, with the consequential controversies which it involved; or discussing points of high and living interest, such as the Colonial Empire, the House of Lords, the Colonies, Canada, the Anglican Church, Disestablisement, he presents each to his readers with fairness and with well-marshalled facts and opinions, instead of with oracular dogmatism or deluding antithesis.

His journalistic training has enabled him to be sufficiently explicit, without being tiresome, and the judgments passed on Gladstone and on his contempories are moderate and unbiassed. He is generally, though not always, accurate in his facts, nor sufficiently careful in making inductions or general statements. For instance, what of the assertion that "no such majority has ever been given in English history," as that which the British Government received at the last general election? I think that, not to go further back than this century, Lord Melbourne had a larger majority at his back, after the passing of the Reform Bill, than Lord Salisbury has. Again, is it not extreme to speak of "the millionaires who constitute the American Senate, and the retired, and often unpopular, politicians who make up most of the Colonial Councils or Upper Houses?" As regards the first, while there are millionaires in the U. S. Senate, they do not constitute it; and modern millionaires find, and in some cases buy, through contributions to election funds

* The Life and Work of Mr. Gladstone, by J. Castell Hopkins; with a preface by the Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D. The Bradley-Garretson Co., Toronto and Brantford, 1895.

their way into the House of Lords. As regards the second case, would it not be well if the Upper House, which we know best, was made up of retired politicians, instead of its actual material? In 1894, it was found that 160 members of the House of Lords had been trained as representatives of the people in the Commons. It is doubtful if we have even the same proportion of this class in our Senate. Of course, the term "politician" may be taken to mean any one interested in politics, especially in the way of supplying funds for illegal and dirty purposes. If so, it would include those who buy their admission among the Peers as well as those previously trained in the House of Commons.

But, notwithstanding defects, necessarily incident to the vast range of subjects with which a biographer of Mr. Gladstone had to treat, and to the comparatively short time which could be given to so big a book, this is decidedly the best work which Mr. Castell Hopkins has yet done.

He has also had the advantage of dealing with the most attractive and many sided personality in the English speaking world, one, whose work was done in the glare of the noonday sun and whose public career is practically over. There is, therefore, a fitness in summing it up now, though the hero is still living. The public has had the materials for forming a judgment on him, for more than sixty years, but those materials are scattered piecemeal over so wide a surface that few men can get their arms round them; and we are, therefore, indebted to the man who has gone through the labor of compiling, editing and doing his best to interpret them fairly.

Rightly to interpret any great man is most difficult, especially when we are without the aid of private letters—not obtainable during life—and ignorant of innermost secrets, which it is considered sacrilegious to unveil after death, and for giving which to the world, with full sanction, Froude has been so shrieked at by the foolish. Many lives will yet be written of Mr. Gladstone; yet, after all the light has been thrown on him that is to be had from confidential documents and state secrets and the whispers of friends and foes, he will be an enigma to ordinary men. He touched heaven, and fain would have had commerce with it only; but political life was his lot and the Queen's Government had to be carried on with such instruments as were to be had, and so he touched pitch also. Worse, he was unwilling to acknowledge that it was pitch, and therefore the Nemesis fell on him of not always seeing things absolutely straight.

Perhaps the most jove-like orator that United States public life has produced was Daniel Webster; yet Mr. Smalley, not likely to vote against his own countryman, can not put Webster or Wendell Phillips on the same plane with Gladstone. He declares that Webster was of the earth, but that Gladstone "has a light on his face that seems to come from the upper air." No man in this century judged character so unerringly, and it must be added—so relentlessly as Carlyle; and we may be sure therefore that his verdict cannot be overlooked, though it may have to be supplemented. Here are two of his sayings which Mr. Castell Hopkins quotes. Comparing him with "the man they ca' Dizzy," he says,—"As for that other one—that Gladstone, what a conscience he has! There never was such a conscience as his. He bows down to it, and obeys it, as if it were the very voice of God Himself. But, eh, sir! He has the most marvellous faculty in the world for making that conscience say exactly what he wants." Again, we read in his journal, "Gladstone called; A man ponderous, copious, of evident faculty, but all gone irrecoverably into House of Common's shape." Exactly, but House of Commons means representative institutions or free government, and that

was the ideal of both Cromwell and Bismark. No doubt, a parliamentary leader has to think of the present and to deal with the actual; but the ideal divorced from the actual is a mere Chimera, and the first lesson that every man has to learn is that his California is here, where he is, or nowhere. Conscience, too, takes tone and colour from education and actual life. The conscience of a Thug speaks differently from that of a Christian; and among Christians, there are ill-instructed and narrow consciences, which have sanctioned crimes as bad as Thuggery. Yet, as Luther put it at Worms, "it is not safe to do anything against conscience," and the world would be vastly better if its leaders steadily refused to do what their consciences forbade. After all, the extent to which they can hocus-pocus is limited.

Of all Gladstone's inconsistencies which give point to Carlyle's sarcasm, none shocked his admirers so much as his changed attitude on the Irish question, and many have asked, what kind of a conscience was it which supported Mr. Forster in throwing Parnell into Kilmainham jail and which indignantly denounced at Aberdeen the very idea of breaking up the United Kingdom; and then, when the support of the nationalists was indispensable to keep his party in power, turned round and made Home Rule the first article in the Creed? It was a sharp curve, but let us hear on it the judgment of the sanest public man in England, his old colleague and the most formidable opponent of his new policy. Speaking on March 5, 1886, Lord Hartington said:

"I think that no one who has read or heard during a long series of years the declarations of Mr. Gladstone on the question of self-government in Ireland can be surprised at the tone of his personal declaration. Lord Randolph Churchill, himself an attentive student of Mr. Gladstone's speeches, can find no later date than 1871 in which Mr. Gladstone has spoken strongly against the demands of the Irish people for greater self-government. Well, when I look back to these declarations in his Midlothian speeches, when I look back to the announcements which, however unauthorized and inaccurate, have never been asserted to be, and could not have been mere figments of the imagination, but expressed more or less accurately, not the conclusions which Mr. Gladstone had formed, but the ideas which he was considering in his mind, I say, when I consider all these things, I feel that I have not, and that no one else has, any right whatever to complain of the tone of the declaration which Mr. Gladstone made on this subject."

Oh that we had a few such men in public life as Lord Hartington! "House-of-Commons shape" would be a touch above Caliban's, with one such knight to redeem the House. With ten, Sodom would be saved.

This testimony alone is quite sufficient to clear Mr. Gladstone from the charge of having adopted Home Rule against his own convictions, in order to retain power; but it does not clear him from the charge of having definitely formed and announced his conclusions on the subject, only when the support of the Nationalists was indispensable. Besides, if it took him ten years or more to adapt himself to the new point of view, how could he expect his followers to adapt themselves at a moment's notice? Home Rule means any one of a hundred things, from parish, municipal, provincial, up to national Home Rule, involving the right of secession. Why did he not, at any rate, "hasten slowly," and give Ireland as much Home Rule as England and Scotland have, were it only for the sake of studying the effects on the patient of a small dose? Why? Either because he was an unwise statesman, or because he knew that Parnell would not lower his price.

Few would call the "old Parliamentary hand" unwise. Besides, in forming his Government in 1886, Mr. Chamberlain consented to take office, on the understanding that there was to be ample inquiry on the subject of Home Rule, and that his freedom of action and opinion should not be affected; and that there might be no mistake on the point, he wrote his celebrated letter of January 7th, in which he reiterated his judgment that the establishment of a national legislative body sitting in Dublin, was not possible, consistently with the conditions which they both accepted, and advised "an attempt to come to terms with the Irish members, on the basis of a more limited scheme of local government, coupled with proposals for a settlement of the land, and, perhaps, also of the education question." That would have been the path of wisdom, but Mr. Gladstone knew that the defeat of his Government would have followed, and besides, his magnificent self-confidence blinded him to the danger of the plan which he determined to adopt. The consequence was, that while he drew the majority of his party with him, he drove into opposition, men who had been true Home Rulers long before him.

Britain is not opposed to Home Rule. It is opposed to the Home Rule Bills which Mr. Gladstone submitted in 1886, and in 1894; and the best commentary on the Bill of 1886 is, that the Bill of 1894 was radically different from it as regards finance, the Constitution of the Irish Legislature, and representation in the Imperial Parliament. It is safe to say that the next Home Rule will be less ambitious than either. John Bull and his descendants prefer Reform to Revolution, and take to Revolution only when Reform cannot be had. Mr. Gladstone has done much for Britain and much for Ireland, but when he tried to force the pace, it was well to call for another driver.

Almost every chapter of Mr. Gladstone's life suggests thoughts on matters of present-day controversy. His early education ought to convince his admirers that "dead" languages are lively mental disciplines. The most brilliant financier in English history was the stupidest boy at figures his tutor had ever known. Simple addition and multiplication were too difficult for him; though, when he had mastered Latin and Greek, he had little trouble with mathematics, or indeed with any other subject. This does not prove that a smattering of classics is of much use; but it does prove the unwisdom of ruling the comparative study of language out of common schools. The fact that one college of Oxford has given seven Prime Ministers to the present century, and that one of Mr. Gladstone's ministries contained seven of the early presidents of the Oxford Union, may also be cited in this connection, because minds unable to grasp argument receive a kind of illumination from instances. It ought, moreover, to be clear to men who will take the trouble to think, that the distinctions of thought must be a finer exercise for the mind than the distinctions of objects, that the only way to discern the former is by comparing one language with another, and that a dead language is a better standard of comparison than one which is living.

But, this discussion would take us too far afield. I must rest satisfied with again calling attention to Mr. Castell Hopkins' work, and assuring my readers that I have received from it instruction, interest and stimulus.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER'S POEMS.*

(A Review.)

BY HARRY W. BROWN, B.A.

INDIAN SUMMER.

The soft maid Summer, with her languid loins re-girt,
From earth, her love of old, withdraws her clinging arms,
Yet lingering looks again, and olden days revert
Her thoughts, and all the dread that love alone alarms
Can scarce subdue the wanton wildness of her heart.
She stays, and turns upon her ancient love her face;
Then soft her yielding arms steal round him ere they part,
And all grows dim in dreaminess of one embrace.

HE who is fortunate enough to let his first glance fall upon this new and bold conception of Indian Summer will not only feel impelled to turn to other pages, but will also instinctively feel that he has found something belonging peculiarly to our own lake region with its maples and dreamy, hazy days of autumn. And when he turns over to other pages, similar striking and novel ways of offering us old familiar truths and facts in new lights and fresh colors fulfill his expectation. Our attention once drawn is held, and as our mind reverts to the author we rejoice to find a new builder working at the foundations of our national literature.

The two volumes under consideration are: *Watchers of Twilight; and Other Poems,* and *Pauline; and Other Poems,* the former published in 1894, the latter in 1895, by Arthur J. Stringer, of London, Ont. These volumes are excellently devised and printed on good paper with wide margins, well worth the expense of rebinding to suit individual tastes.

Mr. Stringer is well known to the readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE from his frequent contributions to its pages, and those who have followed his work will rejoice that it is now put in a convenient form for one's library. Mr. Stringer is quite a young man, graduating from Toronto University only last year. During his course at college he gave many evidences of poetic ability, and doubtless many of the poems in these volumes were suggested by incidents or thoughts arising from his studies. The poems under consideration are not local themes of narrow bounds, but are either classical with world-wide interest or purely Canadian with national and patriotic surroundings.

In the latter class we find references to such home ideas as our Indian Summers, or the peculiar glories in our wild flowers and woods, in the golden-rod,

"the queenless crown
That passing summer left behind."

the month of April,

"Thou girl of many a golden tress,
Pale April, with the troubled eyes,

. . . . . .

. . . in thine eyes of troubled grey
The light was soft with tears unshed,
And life was sweet some unknown way."

or as May, in her passing,

"Went down among the flowers and passed away.
And left the old melodious vales forlorn,
When skies were blue and birds sang all the day.
And dew clung sweet around her feet at morn.

**Watchers of Twilight*; also *Pauline*. Two recently published volumes of poetry by Arthur J. Stringer, London, Ont.

"And falling blossoms showered her farewell ways,
While from old earth the vernal tremor went."

Who has not seen Lake Ontario in midwinter as he here depicts it?

"Along the lonely shore stray snowflakes fall,
The waves crash on the shattered ice, and crush
The surging floes against a long wide wall,
Tinged gold and saffron with the sunset's flush."

Or on Lake St. Clair, we have seen how

"The twilight gathers on the grey lake's breast,
And silence deepens on the reed-grown plains;
While far across the waves, from out the west,
Fly slowly in two solitary cranes.

"And softly through the reeds the night-wind strays,
Half faint with odors of the marsh land's musk;
And somewhere deep within the inland haze,
A whip-poor-will cries loud across the dusk."

But all through his poems Mr. Stringer reveals to us that he has had classic thoughts and models before his eyes. He has been a close student of Keats, Shelley, Browning, and Tennyson, and although by no means imitating these poets, he has been led to look at classic subjects from a similar point of view. This perhaps may be accounted for in his coming directly from a long course of critical study of their modes of thought and means of expression. It is to his credit that he has not become an imitator; he has gone deeper in attempting to discover the source of their power, and has been successful in so far as could be expected without long years of patient toil. In the following short poem, on the old subject, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, we feel the same love of beauty and art, and the same passion revealed by Keats in his *Ode on a Grecian Urn*:

I.

"Enthralled within the sculptured stone, she sleeps;
But one long kiss the unknown barrier breaks,
And through the marble bosom warms and creeps
The blood that tingles, till the woman wakes.

II.

"And looking in your eyes of summer blue,
No miracle the ancient story seems;
For was I not once waken-d thus by you
When one kiss broke through life's old clouded dreams?

III.

"Though we to-day smile at the legend old,
And care not whether dream or truth the tale,
We two well know, when life or love grows cold,
That old-time Greek's one touch that cannot fail."

As if confiding to us that these were his favorite authors, he has given us a poem written on the fly-leaf of his Shelley, in which the latter appears to him as the first robin, the harbinger who assures us that the spring and summer cannot fail us; and to the questioner examining his "dog-eared volume" of Keats, he compares the poet to "a deep red, over-ripe wild strawberry," which pressed against our lips in all its color, taste and scent, will make us murmur:

"'This,
The very heart of summer that I crush,'—
So poignant, through its lusciousness, it seems!"

Even in his purely Canadian songs he uses classic ideals and departs from the more realistic or romantic treatment of the themes and scenes around us. The months, the seasons, the flowers, the lakes are all living souls, half hero, half god, to him. We feel they would be companions to the nymphs and gods and goddesses who dwelt about the early Grecian dales and hills.

This personification of his nature-subjects gives him an opportunity of avoiding mere photography of scenes and places, a fault so common among our Canadian poets. And when we find these familiar subjects endowed with a new life, our interest and plea-

sure are increased. He sees in nature what Wordsworth saw—that from her humblest flower we can draw lessons of pleasure and profit, of beauty and contentment, of patience and duty; so that we, though overcome by struggles against the unsympathizing world, can turn to her and draw first, peace of mind, then inspiration, and finally, increased activity.

But perhaps Browning is revealed more in these poems than either Keats or Wordsworth. Evidently gifted with strong artistic tastes in his yearnings both for music, whether vocal or instrumental, and for art, as revealed in his many references to these subjects, Mr. Stringer would naturally find Browning's themes congenial. The titles of some of his poems—though not the subject matter in all cases—recall the greater writer to us at once: *The Queen and The Slave; In the Art Gallery; A June Song; The Rose and The Rock; A Man and a Woman.* In addition to his themes, we find results of a study of Browning both in the manner in which an external object will appeal to him and in his language in its strong, forceful, and rugged expression. In reading him we are reminded of wandering among the rough Rockies, coming unexpectedly on an immense boulder, or finding suddenly a sheer descent or impassable wall confronting us, or perhaps a long, smooth, glacier surface, where the path may be easy though our surroundings are striking. In *The Reproach of the Goddess,* he tells us,

"'Tis more the fight,
Than all the idle guerdons to be won;
It is the worship though thy gods be mute;
Turn thou thy shadowed face toward the sun,
For Art is not the goal, but the pursuit."

just as Browning so often tells us, idleness is hateful. Better a struggle even though towards evil, than a weak vacillating fear of carrying out the promptings of our heart. In his epigrams, more than elsewhere, we feel his bold, vigorous use of words and startling ideas. Here is one, *The Sick Man:*

"He drew too near the brink and peered below;
And mirrored in that face of pain and fear,
We saw gaunt horrors and abysmal woe,
Ere he could shrink back from the grim gulf's leer."

Even more forcible is that on *The Anarchist:*

"From out her golden palace, Fortune thrust
A maddened dog, whose mouth foamed white with hate;
And loud he howled, and gnawed the court yard dust,
And ground his teeth upon the iron gate."

But little has been said, hitherto, of his purely lyrical poetry. Both volumes abound in short songs, of an air totally different from the poems just considered; for they lose their ruggedness and take on the simpler, though none the less poetic, language so much used by Wordsworth and Tennyson. He has attained a happy manner of carrying the reader rapidly along by various artificial devices, as in *The Old Garden:*

"Song and golden summer dwelled,
Once within this garden old;
And a strain of music swelled,
From the casements tinged with gold,

"Where a lady used to sing,
In the old forgotten Junes;
When the bird songs ceased to ring
Through the sleeping afternoons.

"And the roses climbed and bloomed,
Wild, around her window-beams;
Till her chamber was perfumed
With the breathings of their dreams.

* * * * * * *

"And the children sometimes creep
Through the broken, crumbling wall,
Where the shadows seem to sleep,
And the bird throats seldom call;

"Lingering in that lonely place,
Weaving strange and olden dreams;
But a sweet and tender face
Never from the casement gleams."

The human interest suggested in these extracts is much more strongly emphasized in the body of the poem which is too long for insertion here.

Throughout all his lyrics there is an inspiring stimulation towards higher things, a yearning for all that is beautiful, especially for that beauty with living, even though peaceful, action. Yet the author never gives way to passion; his ideal is within reasonable attainment, and we find he prefers the dreamy, half-forgetful wanderings through the vales of life to the hardening, wearisome toilings up the endless steep slopes of Longfellow's "Excelsior." Many of his poems remind us of a lazy summer afternoon spent at the edge of a murmuring stream, with the wind softly rustling the leaves of the woods behind us, and all about us bright color, whether in the sky, the woods, the grass, or the pebbles under the water.

Perhaps the most promising and characteristic poem in these two volumes is the one which gives the title to the earlier book, *Watchers of Twilight*. It breathes forth the philosophy of hopefulness, of great confidence in the future. In the opening he takes us back to the mythological period of the world's history, "when sea and air and earth were filled with many voices of the gods * * in the dreaming childhood of the world." But these things have passed away, and now we look back with regret "on those twilight illusions old," and "feel the sorrow of a vanished dream;" all our prophets (our poets) turn to the dead past like sad mothers

> "seeing not the tristful child
> Who weeps with many a want beside her knee,
> In clasping to her breast her infant dead."

Those sacred old lands are now a waste; they never were a heaven, and were made so only in our imaginings, which had better be employed in making our own world a heaven. Since those olden days the earth has raised many altars, made many gods, but all "have grown antique along with Jove," and the earth is again in the throes of despair, and "grey-eyed sorrow walks to-day with men," but "on her footsteps goes one with dawn-light gleaming on her brow," smiling and hopeful, called by some Science, by others Philosophy, who bids Sorrow lament no more, for when the gods were on the earth they turned away their ears from men, and their voices were heard only in the wind or stream. Sorrow to-day is the companion of men, because they wander from the straight paths, and erring feet become bruised and bring suffering and death. Men are learning this, and gradually coming to turn their eyes ahead and aloft, and to toil straight onwards up the slope, bending all their energies towards the grand harvest, disdaining the petty things along the road. Thus Science comforts Sorrow, half revealing to her "how man in time shall conquer earth and sea," and "know his own strange soul, and hold at last all yet unfathomed powers." Then peace will enter man's heart, and he will be filled with ambition, and though the road is long his feet will not falter, and he will pass on to the accomplishment of things far greater than those ascribed to the gods.

NONDESCRIPT.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON (MADGE MERTON).

AMBITION is the owner of the biggest slave-gang on earth. She owns them body and soul. They are lean with her toil; they die at her hands. Their faces present sharp contrasts, for some are old and discouraged, some grimly persevering, some so strangely illumined with a vain hope that you scarce can see their fetters. For it must be said, that to men who are ever reaching up to some fair hope on a far-off pedestal, the bondage of ambition is not irksome. It is their life. They gladly pay the price.

But those about them—their wives and daughters! I can conceive of no greater misery than that which comes in full measure to the woman who is married to an inordinately ambitious man.

It is said that women are swift to take advantage of the spoils of ambition—that they urge their kinsfolk on—past health and honesty, and revel in the share of ill-gotten gain which falls into their laps. But there are women who have fought against the slave bonds for those they love, who, at last overpowered, have drawn aside to find what comfort they could in the miserable solace of this world's goods—of money, or fame, or place. And in the midst of splendor the hearts of them cry out for one day of sweet companionship, one day of undivided allegiance. Men who have bartered the love of their children, their fireside peace, their simple love of nature for a something which is only a nothing once they grasped it, have stored unhappiness for themselves and heaped it upon others.

Call it the women's fault if you will—the bitter down-town struggle under the whip of competition and the goad of greed. Say the wives and daughters want fine houses and jewels and furs, travel, amusement and position; say they drive men into the race, and spur them with their selfish pride and their whims; say it—it is often said, and it can be substantiated, but in justice remember those other women who sit apart and long for the beauty of the fields and lanes, who would give every honor gained, every dollar won, for a simpler life in a quiet home.

Perhaps they married wrong. Perhaps they drifted apart. The world goes its way, often pitying the man whose "wife is no help to him," sometimes sorrowing for the woman who linked her life to a money-getting, fame-plucking machine.

—

Don't you come as near to hating the infallible woman as your principles will allow you to hate anybody? The infallible person always means what she says, goes where she should, and gets there on time. She is never wrong in an argument, never holds an erroneous opinion, or adds up her house-keeping expenses incorrectly. She is never disobeyed in kitchen or nursery, and is, in fact, the Great Mogul—all-important. So you would think, if you heard her talk, and took her at her word. If you don't take her at her word, she can make herself very disagreeable, for she would much prefer being a great deal wrong than being found a little in error.

But the infallible person is not always a woman. Men try to make out clear cases of infallibility for themselves, and they are just as foolish when they prate, and quite as disagreeable when they are found out.

I wonder why people will try to make themselves feel perfect. If once you feel perfect there is the end of

you. You can't live on earth. Growth goes with life. If you were perfect to-day, what would you be to-morrow —perfect still? You would find days and days of perfection rather stupid work—growing, improving, gaining, is as much a mental requirement as a physical necessity.

—

There is, and more especially among women, a drawing away from both sin and the sinner, which serves very often to make a very black sinner out of a little dingy white one. We forget that in setting ourselves against the sin, we should not set ourselves above the sinner. Many good folks are not any better in heart than those they condemn. Circumstances may have been kinder, temptations fewer.

And another thing—there are women who would be gossips or backbiters, careless, or wicked, or worse, if they were not more unwilling to pay the price of sin than to sin the sin. Just there the world's opinion has a use. But is it better to keep sinners in heart clean on the outside by trampling the weak ones into the dust?

Too many people have to depend on their reputation instead of their character, and that is why we come across such whited sepulchres now and then, when by some mischance the doors are flung open for the great spying world to look in. Many a woman would comfort or aid many another if she were not afraid the world would think she was condoning that woman's sin or fault. There's many a reckless woman to-day, bitter and hard and cold, because the white-souled women, who may have really pitied her, were afraid to be discovered giving her a helping hand. There is a good deal of downright missionary work to be done among sad, disheartened women, poor in purse, feeble in health, uncertain in their ideas of right and wrong. Helping them is better work than sitting around in the company of the saints on earth, telling how good you feel, and how happy you are. That is pleasure, but indulge yourself sparingly, for the world is sadly in need of work.

—

In this autumn season, the stock conversation-upholder is the swiftness of the cold weather, or the loitering of the warm. Next in importance comes the inevitable commendation or condemnation of open fires.

"So cheerful, so bright, so cosy," say most people.

"So dusty, so hard to keep clean," wails the over-particular housekeeper.

"Well, they're nice, and drat the dust," growl the enthusiasts, the toe-toasters, the salamanders amongst us.

The era of furnaces is in some respects to be deplored, for upon their introduction many a fireplace was hidden behind a screen, or left to yawn in desolation.

And the tidy housekeepers hung woollen and silk tasselled horrors over their mantels, and declared grates were "so dirty."

Then they put their whole family at the mercy of the man in the cellar, compelling them to sit beside gratings in the wall or floor, or snuggle up beside coils of steam pipe. These mistaken mortals look upon open fires as only prosaic warmth-givers. They are much more—the food of fancy, the mother of sentiment, the essence of cheerfulness.

If homes are for anything they are to shine by sharp contrast with boarding-houses, hotels, business offices, and the general outside world, whose unfeeling coldness we hear so much about. Too many people have taken the "shine" literally, and their homes glitter and glisten with expensive trash, while the man of to-day can find no rest for the sole of his foot, and no place to lay his head.

Aside from the dining-room, there are three cardinal principles of home comfort — light, warmth, and easy chairs. No amount of expensiveness can outweigh these. They had best be among the first requisites.

There is poetry in the savage idea that fire was a god that lived upon dry wood, and bit you if you fingered it. Take the poetry with the warmth. There is far too little of it amongst us. We are too practical; our acquisitiveness has grown to abnormal proportions. We are too swift-footed after the big things of life, not willing to take the good as it comes,—scarce able to see sometimes that heart-wealth out-balances all else.

The exchange of some of the crowded and gaudy trappings of many homes, for the inspiration and comfort of open fires, would be a blessed variation. If the cheerful blaze induce poetic thought and fair-minded philosophy, then is it in truth a god, not one of the hereafter, but an every-day one, to make this life well worth the living.

—

Economy, sometimes a virtue, often a vice, is the flag which many forms of downright meanness often sail under. It does not do for us to scoff at the faculty for doing without. Many of us profit directly or more remotely by that rigid thrift which guided the lives of the staunch forefathers and mothers in this, the new land.

It is often more difficult to see where we should not economize than where we should put the scrimping-irons on our slippery fingers. It is a shame that people should screw down their generosity, deaden their pity, stay their helpfulness, and throttle their hearts as they call for food, in the name of economy.

In their blind idolatry of the "goddess of getting on," many a man and many a woman hug their petty economies to their souls, and pretend to themselves they are working for the highest good the world offers. It is as if a little pile of money—solidified meanness very often—were the best heritage to leave our children, the best record of a life. To waste money is one way to spend it. To save it, is not always putting it to its best use. Better the spendthrift, with his poor slippery fingers, and his unreasoning soul, than the miser who suffers physically, is benumbed morally, and stupified mentally, that he may button his coat over a fat pocket-book.

Women are more petty in their extravagances and also in their economies than men, and with reason, for their dealings in the house-keeping department of life is with smaller expenditures, and at the same time with expenditures in which it is difficult to separate actual necessaries, possible comfort and deliberate extravagances.

Vanity creates a deal of economy —the petty uncomfortable kind, but it is only that she may blaze forth in deceptive trappings. One half the worry of business men and of home-keeping women grows out of the necessity for false economy—that which is compelled by extravagances calculated to make them appear richer than they really are.

The appearance is flaunted forth. The reality is a miserable existence of unnatural strife, which, at the best deceives but few and is despised by the rest. Its progeny of example is bad. The wretched pretender has only a swollen pride to show for it all. His self-respect is dwarfed, his honesty shrivelled and the worst of it all is, he has lived his life and there is only one.

—

We women live too much indoors. We have enervated ourselves by inaction till we might with reason be called a race of invalids, living on our nerves, dying when they release themselves from utmost tension by a snap; and, worse than all, transmitting our enfeebled constitutions to our children. The boys antidote the inherited weaknesses by their environment of activity, their out door lives and their freedom from the sacrifices which fashion, society and their no less culpable sister, custom, demand of them.

We were never meant to coop our-

selves in houses, spin our brains around one little house-system till they reel, and fret over worries that fresh air would dissipate in an hour. It is a woman's fault if she does this. She may be a sacrifice, but she is a willing one, and sacrifices of flesh and blood went out long ago. There is so much outside, the out door world is so grand. The skies are fair, the sea is an inspiration, the majesty of the great forest compels the allegiance of every passing traveller, the flowers, the meadows, the rivulets, and the birds that set dumb nature to music—these are the true beauties of life, and we will miss them if we shut ourselves within our close-portalled houses and busy ourselves with the unnecessary doings of conventional lives. A generation of nature-loving, wise-working women would do more than our laws or our sermons can do, for those who will live after us.

CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

CANADA AND THE EMPIRE.

THERE are two men in Canada today who represent two widely divergent schools of opinion as to the ultimate destiny of Canada. These are Goldwin Smith and Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison. The former, a Britisher by birth and an American by preference, represents the school which feels that Canada's only hope is to become a state of the Union. The latter, a Canadian by birth and preference, a Britisher by descent and affection, represents those who believe in Canada's ability to work out a great success as one part of the greatest of modern nations. The former has less than a hundred followers, the latter represents over half a million thinking men.

In the September number of the *Westminster Review*, Col. Denison has a masterly article on the subject of Canada's relations to the Empire, and gives the patriotic Canadian's views of Goldwin Smith and the United States in a most convincing manner. His attack on Mr. Smith consists in showing that the latter supported, in its inauguration, Canada's Protective Tariff; and that it does not discriminate against the mother country as Reciprocity with the United States, which Mr. Smith now favors, would. He also shows that Mr. Smith has, on various occasions, manifested an intense disloyality to and dislike for British connection and British institutions.

But perhaps the most important part of the article is where the writer shows, chronologically, how often Canadians have defended the Union Jack, and how gallantly Canada's sons have fought for Britain's Queen, British dominion and British connection. The U. E. Loyalists flocked into Canada in 1783, leaving home and wealth for a continuation of British rule. In 1812, 1813 and 1814 Canada with its 300,000 population defended herself successfully against a nation of 8,000,000 people, a defence rendered necessary not by a Canadian but by a British quarrel. In 1866, again, Canada beat off the Fenians, men who hated Canada because of supposed Irish grievances against Great Britain. He further demonstrates Canada's affection and importance and concludes with an impassioned appeal to the British people to strive to weld the Empire closer

and closer together, so that Britain may always be Canada's Motherland.

MR. STEVENSON'S HOME LIFE.

Lloyd Osbourne speaks of Robert Louis Stevenson's home life at Vailima, Samoa, in the October *Scribner's*. At least it is not a cheerful picture, for, as Mr. Osbourne says: "Stevenson was an exile; he knew he would never see his native land again when the steamer carried him down the Thames; he knew he had turned his back forever on the Old World, which had come to mean no more to him than shattered health, shattered hopes, a life of gray invalidism, tragic to recall." The half square mile of ground in Samoa was a forest clad plateau when Stevenson, enticed by Samoa's mild climate, resolved to hew out of the jungle a home for himself. Here a clearing was made, a house built and furniture brought from England. As the Samoans live in a loose, patriarchal fashion, and Mr. Stevenson at once began a family. It varied in number from thirteen to twenty-one, mostly fine young men, and all under rigorous discipline. These worked on the caro-swamps and banana plantations, and helped Mr. Stevenson to obtain the high standing which made him the greatest man in Samoa.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

For many years, the Grand Trunk Railway's financial aspect has been a misrepresentation of Canada and Canadian investments. Built at great expense under heavy difficulties, extended by the buying of feeding lines at fifty per cent. above their real value, hampered on its through lines by the insane competition of United States railroads, depreciated by the general fall of prices during the last thirty years, it stands to-day capitalized at about fifty per cent. above its real value. Thus capitalized, it cannot be expected to pay respectable dividends, nor does it do something that is not expected of it. The Canadian financial critics and editorial writers have pleaded for a Canadian management, so that the goodwill of the people might be gained. This reform, so long advocated, has not been secured; but the new President of the company has, it is announced, summoned to the councils of the Board of Directors a Canadian who has been connected with the road for twenty-two years, and has been General Manager for four years. What a Canadian judge sitting on the Judicial Committee of the Imperial Privy Council could do for Canadian legal and constitutional interests, Mr. J. L. Sargeant sitting in England in the Board of Directors of the Grand Trunk Railway can do for Canadian financial interests.

CANADIAN COMMONERS.

A very able and well illustrated article entitled "Prominent Canadian Commoners," appears in the October issue of Donahoe's Magazine. It is from the facile pen of Thos. O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D., a young Canadian litterateur and poet of great promise. Of the B.N.A. Act he says: "It is a mistake to think that the Act which led to the Confederation of the various provinces in 1867 has attained no higher meaning in the life of the Canadian people than that of a constitutional union. It carries with it a meaning of far deeper import—a union of hearts, whose offspring is oneness of patriotic aim and purpose."

This is the keynote of an article which tells the virtues of Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Hon. Edward Blake, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. J. J. Curran, and a number of others prominent in the councils of the Canadian nation.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

OUIDA'S LATEST.

UNDER the scientific title of "Toxin," Ouida publishes a little piece of Italian fiction, which is in reality an attack on the cruelness and hard-heartedness of some modern professors and students of Science. She says: "The time is nigh at hand when there will be no priests and no kings but those of science, and beneath their feet the nations will grovel in terror and writhe in death."

She describes a young man who fits the following description: From his boyhood upwards he had always lived in the hells created by modern science, wherein, if the bodies of animals suffer the souls of men wither and perish." "His heart had long years before been rendered dumb and dead; his mind alone remained alive, and his passions." "He had in him that fell egotism of science which chokes the fountain of mercy at its well springs in blood."

Frederic Damer, this man of science, was a surgeon who had saved the life of a Sicilian nobleman, Prince Adrianis. Boating one day on the sedgy waters of Venice, they find an opal necklace among the weeds. The beautiful princess is found and they both fall in love with her, the Prince with all the warmth and ardor of a tropical soul, the Englishman with all the coldness and austerity of a northener, rendered still colder and more austere by his training in vivisection. The young lady loves Adrianis, but is prevented from acknowledging it by the hypnotic power which Damer holds over her. Finally a little incident calls it forth, but just at this moment the Prince is stricken down with diptheria. Doctor Damer labors with him and succeeds in turning the course of the disease, but contrary to his desires. Then in order to gain the Princess, he must sacrifice the Prince. So he injects toxin into his throat.

The Doctor won and the author closes by saying: "he became master of her person, of her fortune, of her destiny; but her soul, frightened and dumb, forever escapes from him, and hides in the caverns of memory and regret."

This book is published in the Pseudonyn Library: T. Fisher Unwin, London, Eng.; The Copp Clark Co., Toronto.

AUTONYM.

Two new volumes are issued in the Autonyn library of the same publisher. These are: Molly Darling and other stories by Mrs. Hungerford, a charming collection, and Kaffir stories by William Charles Scully. This latter collection embodies some original and striking pieces of character sketching and of descriptive writing, which are refreshingly new and instructive. The national customs, habits, ways of living and manner of thought of the uncivilized Kaffir, are minutely and brightly described.

POCKET NOVELS.

Westward Ho! is the latest Kingsley work in the series of pocket novels now being issued by Macmillan & Co., London, Eng. (Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.). The series was begun on July 1st, and the books come out monthly. They are exceedingly neat and at 1s. 6d. will find a place on the library shelves of many a lover of Kingsley. Hypatia and Alton Locke occupy one volume each, but Westward Ho! requires two volumes.

THOMAS HARDY.

Many Canadians have read and re-read that charming and original story by Thomas Hardy, entitled: "A Pair of Blue Eyes." A new edition being brought out in Macmillan's Colonial Library (Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.), gives opportunity for a few remarks on the book. It is a drama of country life and passions laid in South Wessex, one of the remotest nooks of Western England. As the author says in an introduction dated March, 1895: "The place is pre-eminently the region of drama and mystery. The ghostly birds, the pall-like sea, the frothy wind, the eternal soliloquy of the waters, the bloom of dark purple cast, that seems to exhale from the shoreward precipices, in themselves lend to the scene an atmosphere like the twilight of a night vision.'

But while I enjoyed the descriptions of the scenery and the story of the restoration of the tower of the antique old church over which Cristopher Swancourt, a worldly clergyman, presided, it was his daughter's sore disappointments which touched my heart strings. Man's imperfect judgment and woman's pitiable helplessness come home to me as never before, when Thomas Hardy drew the picture. Elfride Swancourt's first lover was the unknown son of a poor peasant and their young dream was nipped in the bud by the Rev. Swancourt, who held his daughter for a richer match. Her second lover was a literary man, and he too, found his bright dreams crushed by tales of the former lover. Finally Elfride marries a lord and after six months is laid away in the family vault, a broken heart in a broken body. The last scene with her noble husband weep-

ing over the coffin, and the two disappointed but anxious lovers looking on, is drawn by a mighty pen and filled in with a magic equal to that of Shakespeare. Thomas Hardy's Tess may have a warm corner in many hearts, but his Elfride, the girl with the "pair of blue eyes," will always be able to rouse my pity and my sympathy. The story is graphic and powerful, told in Hardy's masterly style, and written so as to sustain the readers interest to the last line.

THE LOVELY MALINCOURT.

Helen Mathers story, The Lovely Malincourt, is like April weather, a mixture of smiles and tears. Lesley Malincourt, the winner of all the hearts in the country where she lives, goes to London to be cured of her faults by her aunt. She is a girl of nature and a natural girl. Fresh, piquant, wild, out-spoken, good-looking, striking, well-dressed, thoughtful, large-hearted, good, naughty, etc., etc., are the adjectives which describe this refreshing character, over whose antics we smile, whose noble actions we admire, whose weaknesses touch the human bond of our sympathy, whose pleasures and troubles are ours, and whose vagaries made her even in London society the leading female entity. And yet behind all her frolicksomeness, her piquancy and her dash lay the heart and affections of a noble woman—a woman who hated the shallowness, the deceit, the gaudy trappings of society; a woman who hated those of her sex who desired to be advanced and daring beyond modesty's well-defined lines; a woman whose highest aim was to be joined to the man who ruled her heart and to spread the sunshine of her life for him and his.

This story is bright, sparkling and romantic. Tediousness has no part in it, and the breath of real life perfumes all it contains, (Macmillan's Colonial Library.)

SUCCESSWARD.

Nearly three years ago there appeared in a New York magazine (*Scribner's* or the *Century* I forget which) an article on "The Young Man in Business" by Edward W. Bok. It was startling in its freshness and laid down the fundamental principle that not only the lucky and the fortunate but the hard-working young man with earnestness and honorable motives can gain success. Edward W. Bok was then drifting successward by contributing to various periodicals, but his greatest success has been as managing editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia.

Mr. Bok though still in the smoke and turmoil of newspaper life has found time to enlarge on the article referred to and his advice to his fellow young men is now found between the covers of a book, entitled "Successward" published at $1.00 by the Fleming H. Revell Co., (Toronto, New York, Chicago) It is nicely printed on antique paper and charmingly bound.

Those who know the success that Mr. Bok has made during the past ten years, and he is not yet thirty-five years of age, will be glad to again have an opportunity of reading his noble ideas and his brotherly advice. To those who know him not it will be a grand opportunity to become acquainted with one of the brightest minds in the journalistic world of to-day.

CANADIAN BOOKS.

So many Canadians (and yet so few) desire whenever possible to patronize Canadian bookmaking. To some of these it will be news—and welcome news—to hear that four leading Annuals are bound in Canada. These are Boy's Own Annual, Girl's Own Annual, The Sunday at Home, and Leisure Hour. (Toronto: Warwick Bros. & Rutter.)

The Boy's Own has completed its seventeenth volume and its contents are better than ever, combining, as they always have done, interest and instruction in a way that fascinates a youth, arouses his ambition and prepares him for manhood.

The Girl's Own is just "sweet sixteen," and what a number of Canadian Girls, English girls, Australian girls, have read in its columns of religion, of love, of sport, of house and fancy work, of everything which goes to make a perfect woman.

Leisure Hour and Sunday at Home like the two former, need no introduction. Those who look for literature that is good and true and pure know that these four Annuals cannot be beaten. They are old yet modern, antique yet advanced, fascinating yet elevating.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

This old familiar title stares at us from the cover of the latest issue in Macmillan's series of Illustrated Standard Novels. There have been many changes since 1834, but Captain Marryat's little lighter boy in his boat on the river and in his great career afterwards has still the charms that please, the sweetness that draws out our sympathies. As a book of adventures and humors it occupies a high place among its kind. The illustrations make the story doubly interesting.

TWO BOOKS.

For those who are fond of the Cockney twang and the Cockney humor, Neighbors of Ours, by H. W. Nevinson, will be a most pleasing book. A book of a decidedly higher intellectual order, though perhaps not so readable after a day's heavy work, is The Salt of the Earth, by Philip Lafargue. It is a collection of short sketches of much merit. Both are issued in Macmillan's Colonial Library.

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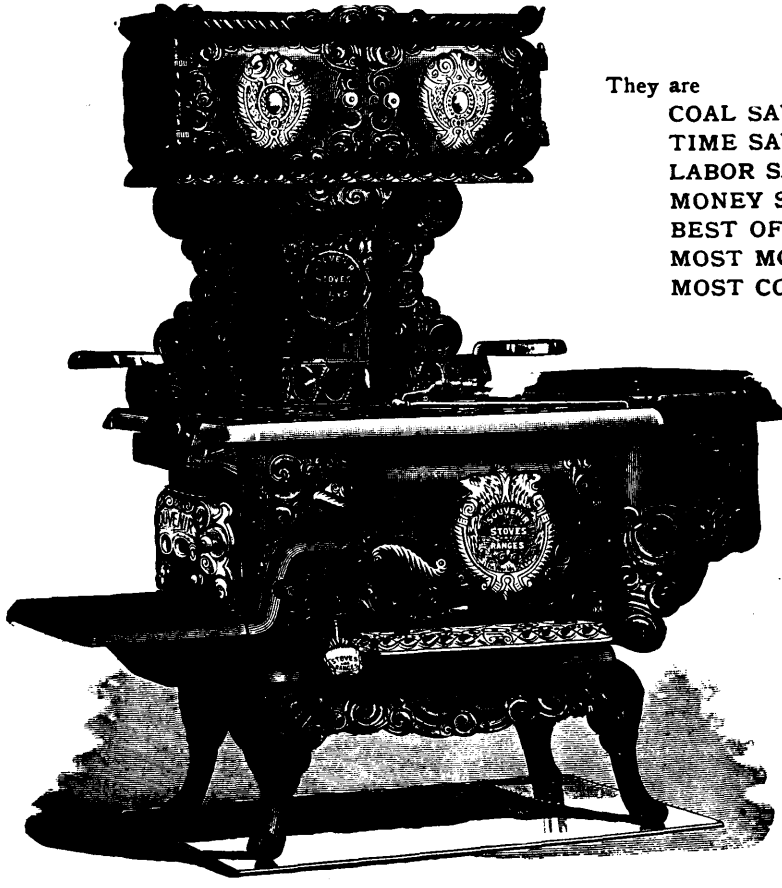

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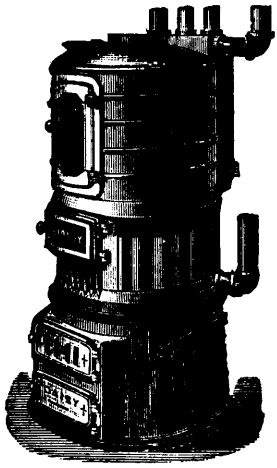

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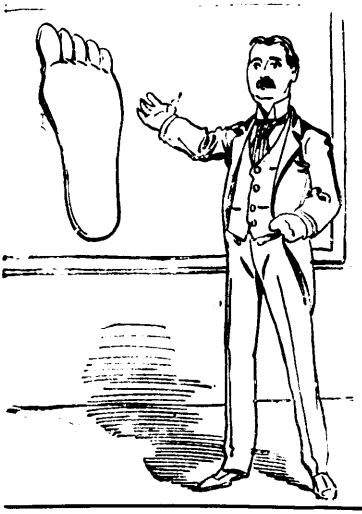

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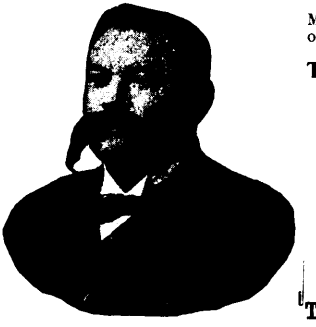

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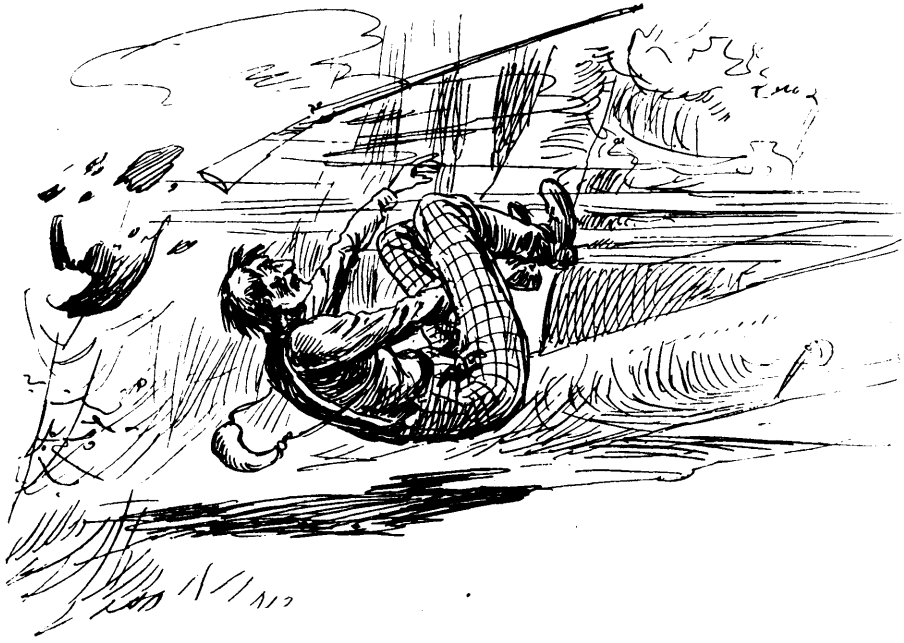

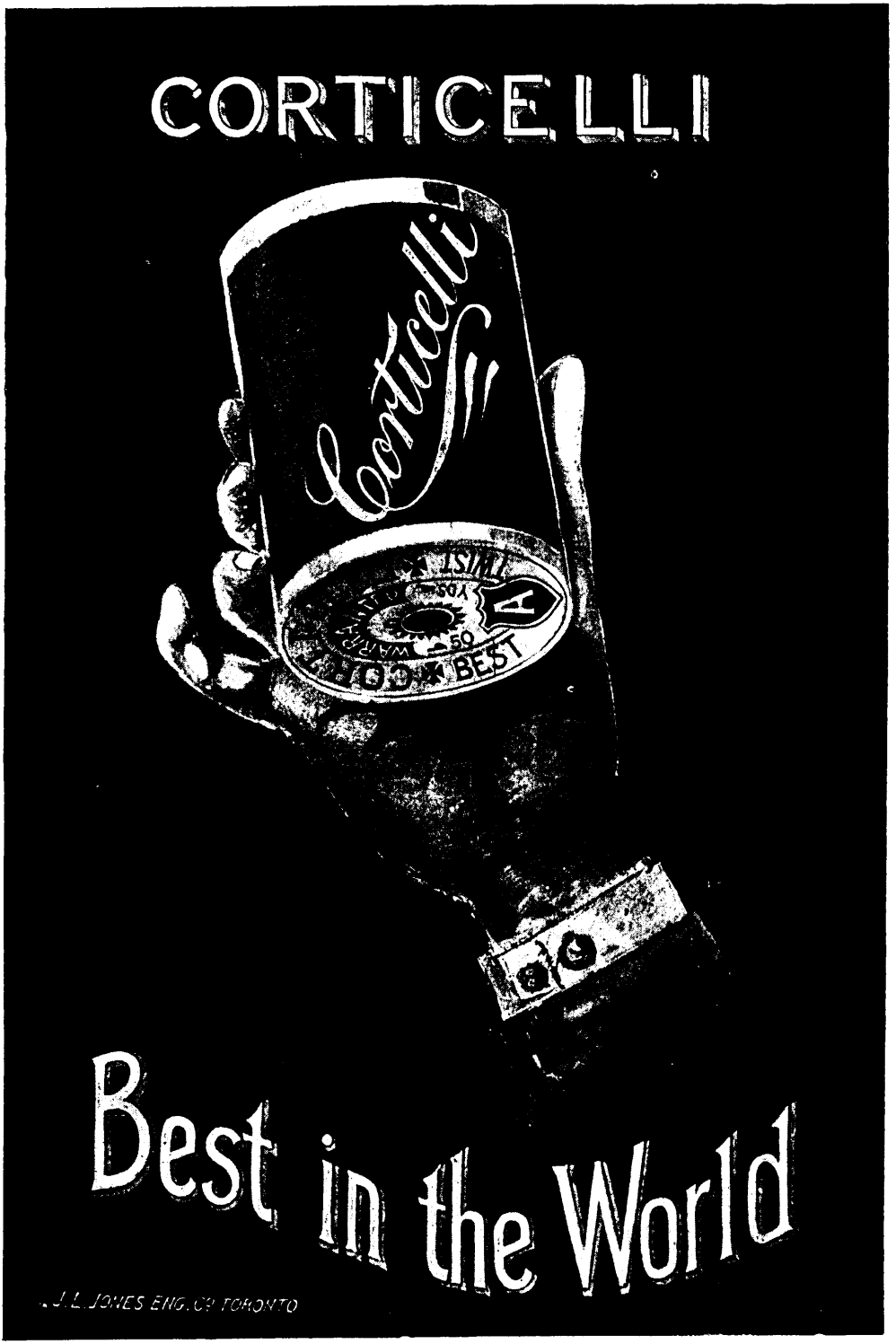
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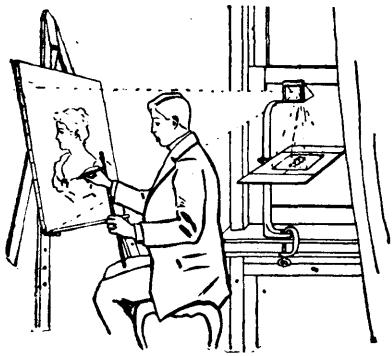

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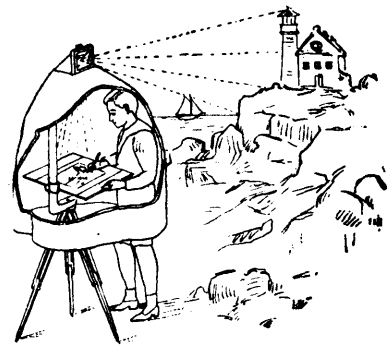

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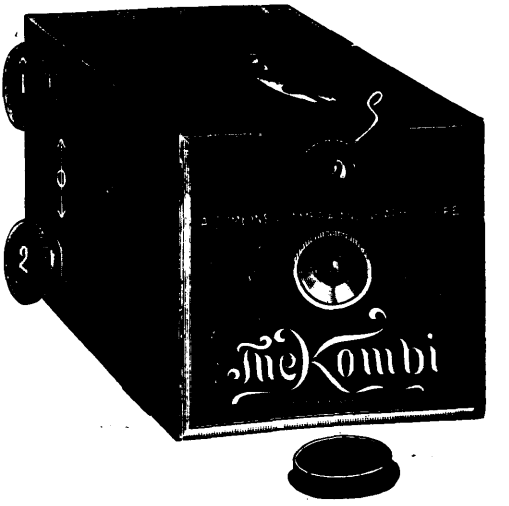

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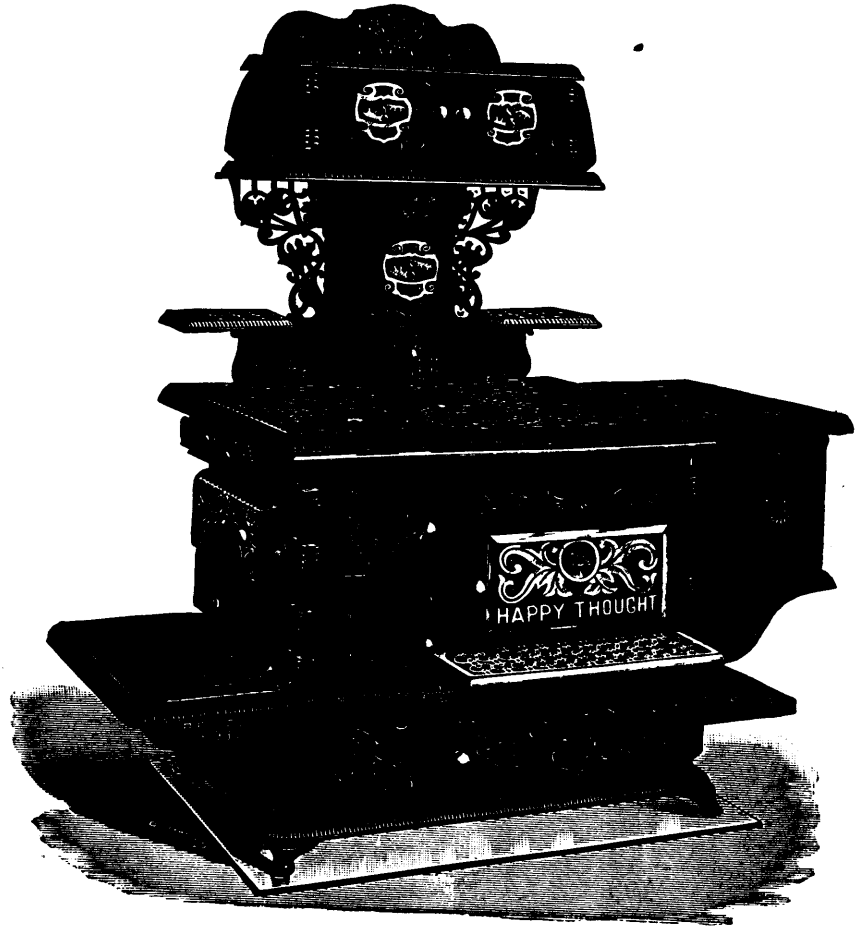

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