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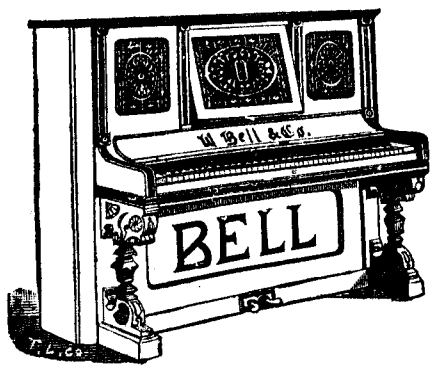
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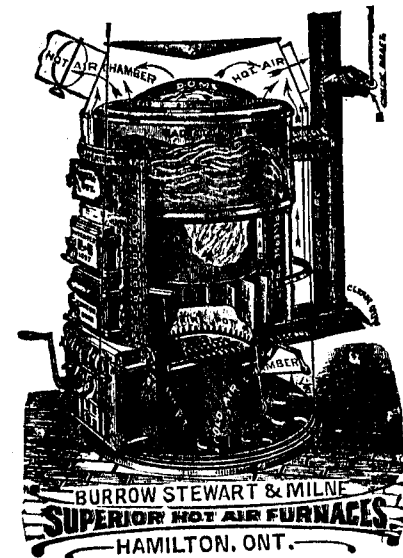


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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, but the influence of the day, as it is now usually observed in Christian countries, it would not be easy to overestimate. The coldly critical mind which sets out to search the historical records for proof that the 25th of December is really the anniversary of the "one great event of all time," which it is designed to commemorate, will no doubt come back disappointed. That question must be settled with Julius I., and the theologians of the Fourth Century. It need give little trouble to those who are wise enough to enter into the spirit of the day, without being too curious in regard to the history of its institution and observance. It is well that while the uncouth revellings of earlier times have given place to the quieter pastimes and more chastened joys of these soberer days, the spirit of gladness which is so healthful and so appropriate to the anniversary of the season has not been wholly lost. The essential element in the true Christmas observance is, we suppose, its unselfishness. The fact that for days and weeks and often for months before its arrival the coming of Christmas turns the thoughts of parents and children, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends, towards each other, and sets their wits at work devising pleasant surprises, and their hands busy preparing those home-made gifts which are often so much more expressive than the most costly purchase; this very fact has, in itself, a softening and educative influence which we could ill afford to lose. It supplies, in these days of all-absorbing toil and business worry, a much-needed counteractive to the selfish drift which, there is some reason to fear, is becoming more and more the characteristic of modern life. But there may be a large intermixture of this same selfishness even in our gift-making and family festivities. The best form of Christmas celebration provides a wholesome corrective for this tendency also, in that it bids us remember the poor and destitute, and do, according to ability, something for those who have no loving friends able and willing to gladden their hearts with tokens of kindly remembrance. In this respect the children's Santa Claus, the universal gift-distributor, is the embodiment of the true

spirit of the Christmas time. Moralizing is not exactly in our line, but perhaps we may be permitted to remind our readers in this connection that the man or the woman who has not done something to cast at least a momentary gleam of brightness upon the lot of some over-wrought and discouraged parent, or some starveling child, growing up without a childhood, in perpetual hunger of body and spirit, will not have entered into the highest enjoyment of the true Christmas.

WHO is to be the next Mayor of Toronto? What is to be the character of the civic councillors, the men to whom the citizens determine to entrust the commercial, financial and moral interests of the city for the coming year? It is safe to say that in no year since the incorporation of the city have there been so many and so grave matters of the greatest importance to come under the purview of the civic authorities, as those which will press for consideration and action during the next twelve months. We have but lately enumerated some of these weighty matters. It is not necessary to recapitulate. They are in the minds of all thoughtful citizens. The occasion evidently demands, and will severely tax, the brains and energies of the very best men the city can produce. Nor should the fact be lost sight of that one of the most important of the many questions coming to the fore is that of devising some wiser, more efficient and more economical system of civic government to replace the present, which is seen on all hands to be cumbersome, inefficient and wasteful of time and money. The first practical suggestion that forces itself upon the mind is that the citizens themselves should determine to select and elect their councillors on the sole ground of fitness. They should now, if never before, rise above all selfish, personal or party considerations. Neither friendship, nor favouritism, nor an amiable desire to oblige, nor anything but the merits of the candidate estimated with reference solely to his personal character and his ability to discharge the duties of the office, should be allowed to enter into the question. It cannot, we think, be out of place to add that in regard to the first and highest office, the mayoralty itself, the way seems happily clear. The present incumbent of the chair has performed its duties with so much dignity, ability and integrity—even those who were not originally his supporters being judges—that there can scarcely be two opinions, one would suppose, in regard to the wisdom of re-electing him, if he is willing to retain the position. It is not easy to point out in what respect a change could be for the better, while there are very many chances that it might be for the worse. It would be a great mistake to suppose that this or any other civic position is an honour which must necessarily be passed around. All civic offices are places of trust and of service, and the fact that any officer has proved himself a trustworthy and capable servant of the city is the best possible reason for reappointing him.

MR. MEREDITH'S speech before the Young Men's Liberal-Conservative Association of London, on Monday evening, takes away the reproach of silence which has been for some time past urged against the leader of the Opposition in the Local House by both friends and opponents. The speech certainly does credit alike to Mr. Meredith's ability and to his moderation. Whether it will satisfy the party for whom he speaks as a war manifesto, and a programme for the coming campaign, is more doubtful. He certainly finds weak points in the defences of the local Administration, and presses home the attack on those points with skill and courage, but it is not so clear that any breaches he may have made are large enough to give much hope of success in a general assault. The fact is that provincial politics in Ontario now offer too restricted a field to enable any leader of ordinary ability to arouse the enthusiasm which alone can carry a weak Opposition along on the lines which lead to success. So long as Mr. Mowat and his Cabinet continue to manage the affairs of the provincial municipality with a fair amount of ability and economy, and avoid any grave blunders in policy, or abuses of trust, it will be very hard to wrest the sceptre from their hands. The public is either too easy-going or too philosophical to make a supreme effort to overthrow a Government which seems to be doing

very well on the whole, in order to replace it with another which there is no good reason to suppose would on the whole do very much better. If there were but some one great issue on which the Government could be arraigned; if even the numerous slips and laches and minor abuses, which Mr. Meredith pressed home with so much clearness and force, could be gathered and compressed into one glaring, concrete blunder or political crime, it would afford a ten-fold more hopeful weapon for assault. A handful of pebbles flung with all the might of a strong man will inflict but slight damage; while a single ball of granite, of the same weight and hurled with the same force, might crush the skull of a giant. Thus it is that one arises from the reading of Mr. Meredith's speech with the feeling that several of the charges are well put and deserving of attention, but that, at the same time, the speech as a whole will fail of any great effect as a rallying-cry.

AMONG the charges on which the character and policy of Mr. Mowat's Administration were arraigned by Mr. Meredith, some deserve more attention, and should call forth more resentment, than is likely, we fear, to be aroused. The people are, unhappily, too well used to such things in politics, and too little moved by them. Whether or not the guilt of purposed centralization can be justly brought home to them in the matter of the licensing system, there can be but one opinion among honest men, with any sense of propriety, as to the use made of the power so gained, in Hamilton and elsewhere. The evidence given by Mr. Lottridge in court and the "unofficial" letter of Mr. F.W. Manning, read by Mr. Meredith, are not new documents, but that does not in the least detract from their significance. Anything more indecent than the spectacle presented of a License Inspector appointed by the Government going the rounds with the virtual proprietor of forty or fifty saloons, to canvass the licensees managing those saloons on behalf of the Government, it would be hard to imagine, even in party politics. So long as that Inspector remains undismissed and unproved; so long as that Mr. Lottridge's "private" circular note, warning the hotel-keepers in advance of the visits of the Inspector, is not shown to be a fraud or a forgery; so long as the writer of the letter signed "F. W. Manning," which was quoted by Mr. Meredith, remains "chief officer" of the License Department—it is mere trifling for the *Globe* to call such charges "ancient and long-exploded." We have on previous occasions given our reasons for being unable to agree with the censure which Mr. Meredith pronounces upon the policy of the Education Department in the matter of the French schools. With regard to the other, and, in our opinion, much more damaging, criticism of the amendments to the Separate School laws it would, perhaps, be amiss to say much while the question of the meaning and force of the most obnoxious of those amendments are *sub judice*. But it must be clear to every unprejudiced mind that Mr. Meredith is right when he says that the Act by which the assessor is required to take the statement that a given ratepayer is a Catholic, as *prima facie* evidence that he is a Separate School supporter, whatever may be its strict legal interpretation, must have in practice the effect that any Catholic who may desire, as many no doubt do, to support the Public Schools, is thereby compelled to take the initiative, and to accept all the unpleasant consequences of so doing. This law, says Mr. Meredith, ought to be repealed. We greatly mistake the state of public opinion in the Province, if it be not such as will force the Administration at an early day, either to bring about its repeal or to let it quietly drop into disuse. But while emphasizing as strongly as we can those of Mr. Meredith's charges which appear to us to be weighty and well substantiated, we cannot dismiss the subject without reference to the lamentable weakness of his position in reference to the Separate Schools themselves. Surely a public man, and the leader of a party, who is so fully persuaded that these schools are a mistake and an evil, should not content himself with meekly accepting them as perpetual. It cannot be that the free citizens of Canada, in accepting a compromise federal system, shut themselves up forever in the iron cage of an unchangeable constitution. We do not live in the days of the Medes and Persians, nor are our Catholic fellow-citizens wholly unamenable to reason, or destitute of a sense of justice.

THE *Toronto Mail* has been for a few weeks past urgently calling public attention to a matter of considerable importance, in its direct bearing upon the interests of farmers in Manitoba and the North-West, and especially in its relation to the still larger question of the fixing of railway rates. The specific charge urged against the Canadian Pacific Railway of discriminating largely against our own North-West and in favour of Dakota, Minnesota, and other places south of the line, is on its face substantiated by figures which we have not seen denied, and which are, we believe, admitted by the authorities of the railway in question. The defence, so far as any has to our knowledge been made, rests upon two distinct lines of argument. One, and the most plausible, is drawn from the alleged fact that it is necessarily more expensive to operate a railway and move freight when the route lies largely in an uninhabited or sparsely settled region than when it runs through a rich and populous country. The other pleads frankly the exigencies of the situation, as resulting from the absence of competition in the one case and the presence of very fierce competition in the other. There is unquestionable weight in the first argument, and even the second might not, in certain circumstances, be wholly destitute of force. But neither can avail, or should be expected to avail, to satisfy the Canadian farmer who finds himself placed at a serious disadvantage in comparison with his southern competitors, by reason of the more favourable freight rates given them by a railroad which was most liberally subsidized for his especial benefit with Canadian money and lands. Nor will it avail to satisfy him, to be assured, as he is by some writers, that other charges imposed upon the American wheat-grower by his own railroads or other conditions, restore the balance and place both once more on a footing of equality. He may very well contend that, under the circumstances, he is fairly entitled to any benefit that might accrue to him from the disadvantage at which his competitor is placed in his own country. We do not at present enter into the merits of the specific question. We wish merely to draw the obvious moral. That moral is that Parliament should without delay establish an impartial and authoritative tribunal for the investigation and settlement of all such questions. It is too late in the day to argue that railroads, above all railroads which have been constructed largely at public expense, should be free to fix their own rates, and impose their own terms upon the public, for whose behoof they were chartered and bonused. It is to be hoped that another session of Parliament may not be allowed to pass without the appointment of a thoroughly competent and reliable Board of Canadian Railroad Commissioners, with ample powers to see that justice is done in all such cases.

PERHAPS the two most salient parts of Mr. Dalton McCarthy's Ottawa speech were its historical sketch and its reassertion of his determination to move in Parliament for the abolition of Separate Schools and the dual language in the North-West. In pointing out that the special privileges which the French Canadians now enjoy in Quebec were not guaranteed by the Treaty of Paris, but bestowed by the Quebec Act of 1774, he no doubt removed a very common misapprehension. The *Mail* report represents him as saying that the secret history of the Quebec Act is unknown, and that we only know the fact that the status created by the Treaty of Paris was radically changed by that Act. Probably the statement was not thus briefly and broadly made, else it would require some modification. There is undoubtedly a mystery surrounding the origin of some of the peculiar and objectionable features given to that Act in its final shape. But it is not unknown that the period of somewhat arbitrary English rule, military and civil, which had intervened between the Treaty of Paris and the Quebec Act, had created intense dissatisfaction and unrest among the French, and rendered change of some kind necessary. Nor can it be said that any one who has read the Maseres Papers knows nothing of the process through which the Quebec Act passed prior to its final adoption by a majority vote in the House of Commons. The debate which took place on that occasion is very interesting reading, and the result is one of the best illustrations of "How not to do it," of which we have any knowledge. But past history apart, when Mr. McCarthy stands up in his place in the House of Commons to move for the repeal of the dual language clause in the North-West Territories Act, and for the abolition of Separate Schools, he will not only inaugurate a most interesting debate, but will set in motion a series of Parliamentary agitations which can scarcely fail to be productive of very serious consequences, good or ill, in the future history of

the Dominion. It can scarcely be doubted that many, though it is impossible to guess how many, of those who voted against Mr. McCarthy's motion for the disallowance of the Jesuits' Estates Act will regard the attempt to prevent the perpetuation of the dual language and Separate School excrescences of the North-West Act in a very different light. Mr. McCarthy has, nevertheless, set before himself an arduous task. It will be for the future to reveal in what degree he possesses the courage, persistency, enthusiasm and other personal qualities essential to the leadership in a great movement sure to call forth powerful and bitter opposition.

WE are quite willing to leave to the lawyers to determine the exact effect of the words, "or practice," in clause 22 of the Manitoba Act, on which Mr. L. G. McPhillips lays stress in his letter of last week. There is evidently room for an indefinite amount of very nice word-fencing in connection with this matter. The clause in question, which is correctly quoted by our correspondents, is an exact transcript of the corresponding clause in the British North America Act, save for the insertion of the two words referred to. It is but reasonable, we are bound to admit, to assume that these two words were incorporated in the Manitoba Act for a purpose, and that purpose is not easily explicable, save on the theory of an intended reference to some state of things previously existing in the Red River District. On the other hand, in any disputation about the meaning of words, the terms "Province" and "union" in the Manitoba Act also challenge attention, seeing that there was no "Province" of Manitoba in existence prior to its creation by this Act, and there could consequently be no "union" in the proper sense of the word. Both those terms are evidently copied from the B. N. A. Act, in which they had a definite and well-understood significance. Whether, then, the fact that certain schools may have existed under the control of the Catholic church in some portions of the Red River country before its incorporation into the Dominion can be fairly held to have constituted a "right," or "privilege" existing "by practice" at the "union," of such a kind as to put it forever out of the power of the Province thus created to tax Catholic citizens for the support of an unsectarian public school system, is, perhaps, a question with too fine a point to be settled by discussion in a weekly journal. To show our legal critics how far we are from wishing to "make the worse appear the better reason," we will give them the benefit of a clause of the B. N. A. Act which has, perhaps, escaped their notice. Since our last reference to the subject, our attention has been called by a high authority on legal and constitutional questions to clause 3, sec. 93, of that Act. It reads as follows:

When in any province a system of separate or dissentient schools exists by law at the union, or is thereafter established by the Legislature of the Province, an appeal shall lie to the Governor-General in Council from any act or decision of any provincial authority affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority of the Queen's subjects in relation to education.

The words we have italicised seem, it must be confessed, to settle the question of the right of appeal to the Dominion Government against any legislation that may be enacted by the Manitoba Legislature affecting unfavourably the Separate Schools in that Province. We leave to the proper authorities the legal aspects of the discussion, not without a mingled feeling of wonder and admiration, in view of the astuteness, amounting almost to prescience, displayed by Sir George Cartier and his Quebec associates on the commission which framed the Constitutional Act, in seemingly anticipating and, as far as possible, guarding against, the agitation which has but now arisen.

WE are glad that our critic has changed the arena of discussion to a higher plane. The question of the proper legal construction, or even the original intention of Acts of Parliament, will always seem to the non-legal mind to be of secondary importance as compared with the broader and higher one of the right and wrong of the thing itself, as determined by its relations to natural justice and the best interests of the community. Such a mind will be disposed to ask, with Mr. Dalton McCarthy, in regard to the question before us, why, if the Canadian Parliament could effect a change in the Constitution by petition to the Imperial Parliament in 1845, it may not do the same thing in 1890 or 1891. It is evident that the country, be it Dominion or Province, which cannot for sufficient reasons effect a change in its own constitution cannot be a free country. Mr. L. G. McPhillips' higher arguments resolve themselves into two. First:

A law which will compel the supporters of denominational schools to support also public schools from which they will derive no benefit will prejudicially affect the "right or privilege" which the Catholics of Manitoba have with respect to their denominational schools.

Second:

It matters not that our reasons are such that they [the advocates of public schools] cannot understand them; they are religious reasons, and the law has no more right to compel a man to pay taxes to or send his child to a school to which he objects for religious reasons than it has to compel him to pay money to or attend a church to which he objects for similar reasons

These points are well put, and the latter expresses the argument for Separate Schools in what has always seemed to us its strongest and most plausible form. But will either bear investigation? We think not. The first assumes, and the assumption is reiterated at the close of Mr. McPhillips' letter, that the Catholics can and will derive no benefit from the public schools, in the absence of the Separate. This cannot be taken for granted. It cannot be admitted. It has been again and again asserted that a large proportion of the Catholics of Manitoba do not, or would not, if left to exercise their own judgment and choice, free from clerical pressure, wish for Separate Schools, but would prefer the Public, knowing them to be more efficient. We do not know any means of absolutely proving or disproving this statement. But we believe it to be indisputable that in other places, New Brunswick, for instance, where no provision is made for Separate Schools, Catholic parents do as a rule patronize the public schools, and not only they but the clergy are fairly well satisfied with the result. Of course they have their full share of influence in determining the character of those schools. The second argument proves altogether too much. Accept the principle laid down, and it follows that, since the same rule must apply to all, any parent, or any number of parents may escape being taxed for the support of public schools by simply declaring that they cannot for religious reasons send their children to them. Such a principle would either make compulsory education impossible, to the great injury of the State, or would involve the establishment of as many systems of separate schools as there were denominations which might choose to have them. No intelligent man will at this day deny that compulsory education is a duty the State owes to itself and to the citizens who compose it. This granted, what more can reasonably be demanded for the fullest protection of the rights of conscience than that the State shall guarantee that no child attending the public school shall be required to attend any exercise of a religious character to which parent or guardian objects?

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Educational Journal*, himself head master of a public school, calls attention to a matter of the most serious import in connection with the working of the school system of Ontario. He quotes facts and statistics to show that at least one-half, and probably a still larger proportion, of the public school teachers now employed in the Province are under twenty-one years of age. The people of Ontario are proud of their school system. The Minister of Education himself evidently regards it as one of the very best educational systems to be found in any country, and does not hesitate to say as much upon occasion. In some respects this complacency is no doubt justified. But if the fact touching the age of the average teacher be as alleged, and it seems hard to resist the conclusion that it is so, the Education Department would certainly do well to restrain for a time its self-gratulations, and set about devising some means whereby the responsible work of forming the mental and moral habits of the Canadians of the next generation may be taken out of the hands of boys and girls, and given over to teachers possessing at least some fair share of the mental culture and ripeness befitting the profession. As the *Journal* observes, youthfulness is not a crime, but it is a very serious disqualification for a work requiring in an eminent degree developed intellect, maturity of judgment, and the wisdom which comes only from experience. If there were any reason to hope that the state of affairs described were merely accidental, we might counsel patience, consoling ourselves with the reflection that the defect is one which every day would be doing something to remove, seeing that the raw recruits of this year would become the trained and skilful educators of a few years hence. Unhappily, not even the Minister of Education can lay any such flattering unction to his soul. The evil is the result of a process of perpetual change. The High Schools and Collegiate Institutes—many of which are, we believe, doing excellent work—send forth every year large numbers

of pupils between fifteen and twenty years of age, whose first ambition is to enter the ranks of school teachers at the earliest possible moment. In many cases these succeed in passing the requisite third-class examinations, spend a few weeks at a model school, secure an engagement at salaries of from \$200 to \$300 a year, and enter upon the duties of what should be one of the most learned and honourable professions. Many of these have no intention of continuing to teach more than a few years. The business is merely a stepping-stone to some other profession or occupation. Even those who might have been willing to make teaching a life-work find it impossible to do so by reason of the low rates of remuneration. They have gained entrance only by underbidding and crowding out older and more experienced teachers who could not live on the pittance they were so willing to accept, and they in their turn will soon be crowded out by a repetition of the same process. That such a state of affairs must be fatal to true educational efficiency, no one can doubt. As it has its origin in the very natural, sometimes perhaps necessary, effort to keep school rates down to the very lowest figure, it is not easy to apply a remedy. The remedy indicated is clearly reduction of the number of competitors by raising the standard of age and other qualifications. This would mean a good deal of unpopularity for the Minister, and possibly in some cases hardship to the people. But surely it is high time that something were done.

THE verdict in the now famous Cronin case, in Chicago, is a curious comment on the judicial system which empowers the jury not only to pronounce upon questions of evidence, but also to determine the sentences of convicts. The acquittal of one of the accused, and the comparatively light punishment fixed for another, we may assume to be probably justified by the lack of proof in the one case, and by mitigating circumstances in the other, but to find the remaining three defendants guilty of murder, "as charged in the indictment," and then to let them off with anything short of the sternest penalty prescribed by law for the crime of murder, seems illogical in the extreme. It is hard to conceive of a crime comprising in itself all the worst features of murder most foul, and without palliating circumstances, than that charged in the indictment. The whole plot seems to have been conceived in the most hellish malice, and carried out with the most pitiless cruelty. If ever a crime merited the extreme penalty this surely was such a crime. It is hard to resist the conclusion that the sentence of life-imprisonment must be the outcome of a conviction on the part of some or all of the jury that the death penalty is not justifiable in any case. Such a view, no doubt, exists widely, and is probably spreading, not only in the United States, but in other countries. Into its merits we do not now enter. We are seeking to explain to ourselves the action of the jury in the case in question, in order that we may the better understand the working of this particular part of the judicial system in use amongst our neighbours. The question resolves itself, we suppose, into the more general one—Which is the more likely to pronounce a capricious sentence, one man of high character and culture, learned in the law, and skilled in weighing evidence and judging motives, or twelve men of average, or less than average education and capacity, destitute of such special training? The answer might seem easy were it not for the strange inequalities and eccentricities which sometimes confront us in the sentences pronounced by more or less distinguished British and Canadian justices. The memory of some of these constrains us to suspend the judgment we might otherwise feel ready to pronounce. On general principles, moreover, it might be difficult to give any good reason for believing that whatever arguments are valid in favour of a jury of one's peers to determine the question of fact may not be equally valid in favour of a similar jury to determine the degree of punishment. Reasoning thus, and recalling the old adage about glass houses, we are constrained to lay aside the stone we might otherwise have been disposed to fling at the jury in question, or the law which clothed it with such authority.

THE death of Robert Browning, while it has taken away one who will evermore stand, as he is worthy to stand, in the foremost rank of Britain's long line of illustrious poets, dead and living, has naturally enough revived to some extent the old controversy, as to the cause and character of the undeniable obscurity which marks and perhaps mars many of his productions. We say "undeniable," because we deem it no longer possible to deny the fact—however complimentary or otherwise may be its explanation. The very existence of numerous "Browning Clubs,"

many of them very likely mere imitative shams, but others composed of groups of thoughtful men and women intensely delving for the poet's deeper thoughts and meanings, is in itself a most practical evidence that Browning wrote not after the manner of other great poets; but in a kind and style peculiar to himself. The charges of being "wilfully obscure, unconscientiously careless, or perversely harsh," will, indeed, be no longer urged against him, seeing that he himself long since took pains to disclaim it, and assure his readers that he had "done his utmost in the art to which his life was a devotion." While Robert Browning will almost surely be always assigned a place, as we have said, among the most renowned of British bards, his exact niche in the temple will probably be long a matter of dispute. The final decision will, it is very likely, have to be left to a future generation, though it is possible that the profound and enthusiastic study of his new book, which by a pathetic coincidence, came into this world just as he was leaving it, may do much towards settling this question. Those who have rashly assigned him the very first place, will, we dare say, have no light task to defend their opinion. The admirers of Tennyson, who, at his best, has so well shown how possible it is for a great genius to be profound, without becoming obscure, and to clothe the subtlest thought, and the most entrancing imagery in monosyllabic Anglo-Saxon, will not soon admit any other living or departed, to a place beside their prince of poets. But we forget ourselves. The columns of a journal, and the limits of a paragraph, would afford little apology for the presumption that would broach in them a question so high and delicate. Let us hasten, as much better becomes us, to lay our homely wreath upon the tomb of departed genius, as we drop a tear in memory of one, who, whatever the merits or defects of the food he provided for our "deeper musings," knew well how to furnish exquisite amusement and instruction for the lighter hours of every genuine lover of poetry.

#### THE ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL.

OUR opinion of the expediency of establishing a Cathedral, with all its accompaniments, will depend upon the view which we take of the Anglican system itself. If we accept that system, even theoretically, in its essential features, we shall take one view. If we assume that we are at liberty not merely to adapt the system to present requirements, but even to reconstruct it, we shall take another. At the time of the "Great Rebellion," the Puritans not only did away with bishops, they also put down all the offices connected with the Cathedral—deacons, canons, and all the rest of it. No one needs to be told that, in thus acting, they were thoroughly consistent. They could not have done otherwise without stultifying themselves. But it was equally inevitable that when, at the restoration of the monarchy, the Episcopal system was reinstated, the Cathedral system should also be reconstituted.

Now, we have no mind in this place to discuss the advantages or the rightness of the different kinds of Church government which are adopted by the different Christian communions now in existence. Experience proves that any one of those systems, if faithfully and earnestly worked, will have a good deal of success; and further, that the more consistently the principles of any particular community are carried out, the more successful it will be. We do not mean to say that one body may not learn something from another, nor that the time may not come when a larger scheme shall be adopted on the basis of which a union of the Reformed Churches may be realized. But we mean that no community is likely to have success which is not true to its own principles, and to those principles as they have been illustrated in its history.

It is a very general opinion among thoughtful observers, both here and in England, that the English parochial system is becoming increasingly congregational. And this in two ways. In the first place, different types of service are found in different churches to a far greater extent than has ever been before. And, in the second place, the people do not keep to their parish church as they used to do, especially in towns, but go to the church which they like best, some for the sake of the preacher, some because of the ritual. There can be no doubt that this change has been beneficial to some extent, more especially in abating the rather extreme stiffness and rigidity of old Anglicanism; but it is equally clear that it has its dangers. Among these the chief seems to be the tendency to decentralization, the likelihood of congregations thinking chiefly of themselves and of their own interests and not very much of the needs of the community at large.

Now the Cathedral system, rightly understood and vigorously worked, has a tendency to counteract this particularism and to stimulate the whole diocese. It has been said by some persons, here and in the United States, that the Cathedral is neither needed nor likely to be useful in this new world. If these persons meant to argue that Episcopacy is unnecessary, we could understand them. No doubt, the arguments for a Presbyterian form or even for Congregationalism are so strong that they commend themselves to many learned and devout theologians. But this is not the present question. Given the Episcopal system, and the experience of Roman Catholics, Anglicans, and Episcopal Methodists would seem to prove that it is as workable as any other—given this system, is it wise to abandon an organization which has always, in some form or other, been a part of it?

It is indeed urged with a good deal of force that Cathedral establishments in England have too often been mere incumbrances in the dioceses, dead weights which have pressed heavily upon the life, vigour, and action of the Church, which should therefore be removed as soon as possible. But those who argue in this manner from the past can scarcely know the present state of matters in regard to the influence of Cathedral bodies in the old country. It is not merely that they have so woke up that they are becoming centres of life in almost every English diocese; but this revival has come about in great measure from there having been a fresh recognition of the intention and significance of the Cathedral system. Even a pronounced Liberal like Professor Freeman has again and again pointed out that so far are the original ideas of the Cathedral system from being unsuited to modern needs, that our failures have resulted from our having forgotten the true meaning of their constitution; and that we may expect them to be living and influential institutions when we go back to the ideas from which they originated and study the rules of their founders.

Whilst, however, it would seem in the last degree unwise to dismiss a part of the Episcopal system which is so identified with its history, it does by no means follow that a newly founded Cathedral should be a mere copy of an old one. There is no reason in the world why the founders of the new should not work freely on the lines of the old, making such modifications and adaptations as our own circumstances may require. The present Archbishop of Canterbury, when Bishop of Truro, is thought to have accomplished this task with great ability and success in the constitution of the Cathedral body for the new Cornish diocese. The Bishop of New York is commencing something on the same lines, but apparently with greater magnificence, in the great city on the Hudson. That two men of such practical sagacity as Bishop Benson and Bishop Potter should undertake such a work, involving heavy expenses, immense labours, and a large amount of anxious thought, might suggest a doubt to those who assert the uselessness of such institutions.

As regards the Toronto scheme, it is not quite easy to form a judgment. It was a somewhat deplorable necessity which constrained the respected Bishop of the diocese to leave the throne of Bishops Strachan and Bethune in St. James' Cathedral. We understand that the ruling powers at St. James' are now as fully aware of the evil as others have been for a long time; and that they are willing to meet the Bishop's wishes to almost any extent. It has been remarked that the removal of the Cathedral to Seaton Village is very much the same kind of thing as though the Bishop of London should remove his throne from St. Paul's to Sydenham. We fear it is too late to reconsider this part of the scheme.

As regards the constitution of the Chapter, to speak frankly, we are not sure that we understand it, either as an application of the older systems or as a scheme created to meet present circumstances and needs. As, however, it does not seem to be fully matured, a change having been made in the designation of its members, it may be useful to offer a few remarks on the scheme as a whole.

In the first place, the body is evidently too large. So many, however, of the nominees to offices have declined, that the number has been greatly curtailed. In the second place, there is a want of reality about the scheme. It appears to be a conglomerate hastily formed from the suggestions of a number of persons thinking and acting independently. It was a strange notion of bestowing honour upon some of the leading clergy in the city, to call them Minor Canons; since, according to all English usage, the Minor Canon is simply the Stipendiary Curate of a Cathedral. This mistake is supposed to be mended by calling them Prebendaries; but how the occupants of

Stalls which have not, and never have had, any *Præbenda* can be called by this name passes our understanding. It is a notorious fact that no Cathedrals in England of the new foundation have this title for any of their officials. Then the title of Canon Residentiary is an evident misnomer, seeing that there is neither endowment nor residence for any one of them. The honorary canons would seem to be the only class that are rightly designated; although, indeed, it is somewhat difficult to see the honour involved in being the third order in a Cathedral body, and this without duties or privileges.

For all this, the Cathedral body of Toronto may some day turn out to be a useful portion of the Anglican Church system. The best way would be to sweep away all this cumbrous and unmeaning machinery, and start by appointing twelve or twenty of the foremost clergymen of the Church to simple canopies. There is no reason why certain holders of these canopies should not hold distinctive titles as Chancellor, Precentor, and the like; and these titles might involve certain duties. These duties might afterwards be recognized by having some emolument attached to them, and by-and-by residences might be built for such officers as were required for work connected with the Cathedral. It was in some such way as this that the foundations were laid, centuries ago, for the Cathedral institutions which now exist, and common sense seems to dictate the same course of action in meeting our present needs.

M. A.

## LONDON LETTER.

IT was late when I turned the handle of the lecture hall door at the South Kensington Museum this afternoon; so late that Mr. Andrew Lang was already speaking from the platform, and his voice was ringing above the heads of the people; so late that it was with difficulty I found a seat at the back among some long-haired, keen-faced, art students. Settled to my satisfaction I turned to the lecturer, who by the ripple of genteel laughter about us was, I am sure, saying something very funny. But I found I could make out nothing by reason of a curious roll of the "r" and an occasional crack in the high-pitched tones which rendered his words unintelligible to me. Giving myself up for lost, then, I determined to take out the shilling I had expended in a manner most profitable to myself, so I spent the first ten minutes, while Mr. Lang alternately shrieked and mumbled, in noting the personal appearance of the poet, essayist and critic.

I have no fault to find with Mr. Lang's appearance, far from it. He was worth the entrance money, every penny. He is tall, and lissom, like the lily in his poem. He lifted eyes all ashine with humour to the ceiling as he nervously addressed his sympathetic audience. His "brindled" locks, smoothly parted, are long, as becomes a literary person. The outline of him as he stood under the gaslight was perfectly satisfactory. If you wished to be hypercritical you might take exception to his chin, which is weak (like Achilles, Mr. Lang has a vulnerable spot), but you would only do that if you were perched, as I was, on a back seat. There, in default of anything else to occupy your mind, you would concentrate your attention on that unfortunate feature, I have no doubt.

High above me rolled the "r's." About me the ends of the sentences finished in an "unintelligible whinner." I, and the young Raphaels and Reynolds by my side—gentlemen who possessed refined faces and most unrefined voices—caught a word here and there of which we tried to make sense. But the endeavour was fruitless on my part, so giving it up as a bad business I let my thoughts wander to another entertainment which I had attended a few days before.

There the lecturer was a philosopher, but a philosopher deficient in humour, who spoke in a commonplace fashion on a poetic subject, and who did not resemble one's idea of a philosopher in the least. The entertainment took place in a pretty Cheyne Walk house, the one in which for many years Rossetti lived, and which now Mr. Haweis of "Music and Morals" fame has made his roof tree. It was once honoured, so they say, by the presence of Catherine of Baganza, whose twisted initials are pointed out in the iron tracery of one of the balconies. Here in the long panelled drawing-room, still decorated with the colours chosen by the great pre-Raphaelite, Mr. Sinnett stood in our midst and discoursed in calm, grave accents on "Astral Philosophy."

The candles, flickering, lighted with little points of brilliance the dark corners of the charming old room. The firelight fell on the earnest eyes of the lecturer, who was impressive even to the most frivolous of his listeners by reason of an honest truthfulness of manner and voice. Every now and then some one, entering softly, would set tinkling the little Tangerine gong which is hung on the drawing-room door, and announces, in the shrill tones of the loved musical cart of one's childhood, the arrival of a new comer. Outside, the whistle of a passing steamer on the river or the roll of the cabs along the embankment. Inside, silence among Mrs. Haweis' guests, as we listened in different attitudes of attention to the author of "The Occult World," as, much in the tone of a person describing a recent visit paid, let us say, to the Army and Navy Stores, he spoke of the Astral Plain.

Mr. Sinnett, looking the personification of an ordinary prosperous, professional Englishman, spoke an hour by the clock about the Astral Plain and about the Astral bodies. I am afraid I cannot recollect much of what he said, though I know it was all very clear and direct, and as far as it went was very interesting. Mr. Sinnett stated his knowledge as if he were an honest lawyer certain of his case. There were no pretty embroideries; no dropping into picturesque reflections, or, like Silas Wegg, into poetry. Beginning with the departure from the earth-body of the Vital Spark we followed it from point to point of its after life. We watched how it left, after a time, a second envelope or body, on the Plain, which body does not die in our sense, but lives to frighten timid folks in haunted houses if its bent is that way inclined. On goes the Soul to higher climes, till, poor Soul, it returns again to this restless earth, where, with due consideration for its character and talents, it is placed, or boarded out, in a family who will be supposed to take an interest in it. Then come in swift succession the old, old griefs and pleasures, and then the familiar face of death. This round of adventures, says Mr. Sinnett, happens a thousand times to one life, and then Nirvana. "I'm not a-arguing with you, I'm a-telling of you," quotes Mr. Sinnett in effect, but from whom he has his private knowledge I cannot imagine. If from a Mahatma in the mountains of Thibet I trust he is a more reliable guide than he of the Fallen Idol. I must confess, and I dare say I was not the only one in the company who thought of it, that the cruel message on the twist of paper crossed my mind more than once. But our quiet Englishman is very different to Mr. Anstey's excitable German. It was all plain sailing in this Chelsea drawing-room; no attempt at posturing or tricks; just the unvarnished truth (according to Mr. Sinnett), told in the same level voice in which one would discuss a grocer's price-list. We of Kensington, Knightsbridge, and the adjacent districts, heard with our ears all the theosophist had to tell us. Then, afterwards, when I found myself on the river-walk, with the church clocks striking, I must confess I grudged the hour spent on Astral Philosophy. Better a penny boat down to Kew, in the dark, under the stars.

It's a far cry from Mr. Sinnett, so very much in earnest, and dealing with such a tremendous subject, to the humorous Mr. Lang making laughter to sound in the decorous little theatre in the museum. I, too, care to laugh, and it is tantalizing to be cut off from the enjoyment of one's neighbour. It was not till I had been sometime in the hall, and had moved my place, that at last I came within sound, and could make sense of what Mr. Lang was saying. Perhaps I cannot describe the lecture better than by telling you it was like a dozen new *Daily News* leaders, mixed together with two or three old ones with which one was agreeably familiar. Every now and then, among the ear-piercing cracks of the lecturer's voice, I heard sentences that I had read, and pondered on, over the breakfast table, ever so long ago. But that was pleasant and showed me that my memory was in proper working order.

After the lecture the first row rose as one man, climbed on to the platform, and surrounded Mr. Lang. Literary beings have rare privileges. Did I see him giving his notes to the ladies who closed around him? By my faith, it looked like it. I found a friend standing up in the middle of the theatre, immovable, glaring at the lecturer. "He has the true poet's eyes," she began. "But his chin—" I ventured to hint. "Don't," she answered. "How humorous he is! And how graceful!" And I left her, planted there in the middle of the stalls.

So poor old Martin Tupper is dead! I met him last at a suburban garden party (entertainments he affected and where he was immensely sought after), when he told me of his schooldays. He was at Charterhouse with Thackeray, and how he hated every minute of the time spent there, and how cruelly hard all the masters were! Indeed, he attributed a stammering he never lost to the nervousness which fell upon him in those deadly years. He did not strike me favourably. I thought his intolerable conceit amongst the least of his faults. "The moment a man can really do his work he becomes speechless about it," says Ruskin, an author with whom Martin Tupper had no sympathy.

WALTER POWELL.

A DISTINGUISHED company assembled in the Kensington Vestry Hall recently, when Princess Louise declared the building open in its new capacity of the Central Free Public Library of the parish. The Princess was accompanied by Lord Lorne, and there were present the Rev. and Hon. E. Carr-Glyn and Lady Mary Carr-Glyn, Sir Algernon Borthwick, the Attorney-General, Sir Lyon Playfair, Mr. H. C. Saunders, Q.C., and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lang. The Princess wore a black cashmere dress trimmed with velvet and jet, a grey bonnet trimmed with chinchilla, and a long grey boa. Mr. Saunders, in explaining the growth of the institution, admitted that London had been slow to follow the example of the great cities of the North in the matter of public libraries, and for thirteen years Kensington was indebted to the generosity of Mr. James Heywood for its library. Now, however, it has been found possible, by imposing a rate of a halfpenny in the pound, to provide three free libraries. The total number of books in these three institutions is over 15,000, and it is proposed to provide about 200 periodicals for the central library and 100 for each of the others. The Marquis of Lorne, in expressing the Princess's appreciation of the vote of thanks accorded to her, dwelt on the fact that books were valuable, not only as a relaxation after work, but as nerving to work.

## "DIED, AT VENICE, ROBERT BROWNING."

WHAT was that you said—  
"Robert Browning's dead?"  
No—it can't be!  
See, friend—all the world's alive,  
You and I move, eat, drink, thrive—  
There must be some mistake!  
See—it shan't be!  
We'll pledge him yet,  
We'll meet him yet,  
Somewhere over the seas, and slake  
Our thirst at the fount of genius, met  
With reverence, tears—I do not forget  
How much he was to you, I remember  
That night in a bleak and dark December  
When we bent together o'er "Caliban;"  
You cried—what a mind—what a man!  
So—Browning's dead,  
And here to hand is "Asolando,"  
What to do with it I hardly know.  
To "review" in cold blood when the blood is cold  
Seems cold-blooded. "Slow,"  
"Obscure," the critics who love him not  
Will dub the book, but to you and me,  
We who loved him, without a blot—  
Save tears—  
This last and precious page appears.  
See—the familiar odd contriving  
Of words, and all the quaint, strong striving  
After expression; then, there,  
Where you least expect it, a rare  
Thought like a full pure rose  
That pink in a garden of cacti blows!  
Let him twist, distort as he will,  
It is all with an exquisite skill,  
And he was human, our Browning.  
He wrestled, be sure, with Life,  
Something he knew of its Strife—  
I think—  
He will always wrestle.  
But I may be wrong,  
Even now, there may have come to his Song  
The calm sweet ending, the proud and strong  
As well as the restless, wistful. So—  
It is true then—Browning is dead;  
You and I, at least, weep, lower the head;  
We loved him—what more can be said?

SERANUS.

## PARIS LETTER.

THE sight-seeing public are no longer permitted to visit the exhibition building and grounds and enjoy the pleasure of witnessing the demolitions. In fact the best view, of the breaking up, is for the curious-minded to stop outside the gates and look at the drays laden with the vanished delights. Very curious machines are followed by cases of shrubs muffled up in straw; then succeed deities imploring to be lent an ulster to cover their nudity, when the thermometer is rapidly sinking below freezing point. Nothing is more desolating than the spectacle of statues, all standing naked in the open air of a keen, frosty, December day. There is a close relation between the fine arts and the thermometer. Frost adds to the tortures of a bound Prometheus; it takes away from Cupid all the charms of his power: his bow and arrow covered with two inches of a white frost is the symbol of utter helplessness. Diana chasing is more in season, only in addition to her Grecian jupon, she would be improved by the fashionable coachman's triple pelerine. Jupiter's beard was so heavily covered with the rime, that he might be labelled Old Time, or Father Christmas *en deshabille*. The most singular fact about the removals is the haste of exhibitors to get away, as if the Champ de Mars was a plague-stricken centre.

An American banker is purchasing all the unused exhibition tickets offered at the rate of fr. 2½ per 100. His client is said to be a shop-keeper in Chicago, who has struck on a way and means to utilize them. The artists continue to wage a fierce war against M. Alphaud's plan to transfer the holding of the Salon or Annual Picture Show to the Champ de Mars, in place of the Palace of Industry—its fashionable and central city home for many years. It would seem that the more closely the project, to preserve the exhibition and its grounds, is examined, the more it approaches to the white elephant glory. The latest proposition is to convert into a vast colonial and trade institute. But the main difficulty is to make the plan self-supporting. In summer, people avoid museums; in winter, they flock to them, but on condition that they be heated. To keep the exhibition buildings at blood-heat would exact a fortune. The Trocadero alone is shunned, on account of its Boreal gusts, and is said to be a favourite place for expectant nephews to bring rich, old and wheezing uncles; or sons-in-law to squat the angel of a household—a mother-in-law—for a few hours, to enjoy Chopin's Dead March or variations on Mozart's Requiem.

The strike among the carriage builders of the Great Western Railway has terminated. It is a victory for the men; but it is more, it has enabled the operatives to feel their way, and to form a federation with the employés of the other grand companies, as soon as the law on associations is voted. Seventy years ago the people of England could not combine. Did they hold a public meet-

## MONTREAL LETTER.

ing, such could be put down by force. In France, the majority of workers are paid by piece-prices, and this takes away the sting from long hours of labour. But there are, not the less, trades where men paid by the day are over-worked, though often they have a profit-sharing interest in their labour. And there are other occupations where the men working at task-tariffs demand the fixation of the hours of labour. The new phase of strikes in England is closely watched and eagerly followed by the *ouvrier* class here.

Dauga's, who has been tried for one of four murders that he committed, was the most complicated of indictments. At one time the case seemed likely to collapse owing to the very multitude of circumstantial proofs. The accused was an ex-gendarme; compelled to leave the police force, he resumed his trade of printer; some of the crimes he committed while in the service, and it was this circumstance that roused Nancy to the verge of a revolution. Had Dauga been acquitted, he ran the chance of being lynched, despite the presence of a large military force in the town. The inhabitants waited up all the night, till nearly four o'clock in the morning, to know the verdict, and the night was severely inclement. Even when the wretch had been sentenced to be guillotined, the crowd nearly overpowered the cavalry to tear him to pieces. The culprit's manner was odiously irritating, and full of dexterity and tact during the trial. He was all but too much for the judge. It was the evidence of a little girl at the last moment that decided his fate. On the night of the crime, she said she saw him before its commission, sitting on a seat a little distance from where she was; he had a large iron hammer under his blouse and looked terribly at her. She described the hammer as if it had been photographed. A messenger was sent to the printing office where Dauga last worked—he preferred to live by housebreaking; one of the four hammers of the office—all of a like pattern—was missing; a second was sent to the court; it answered the little girl's description, and fitted into the wounds of the fractured skulls—four exhibited in court—of the victims like a sheath. At this conclusive proof the prisoner fainted.

One might conclude that the "murdering season" had opened in Paris, so numerous are the assassinations. Yet the assassins merit to be complimented on their suspension of work during the Exhibition. The most fearful of these crimes was by an ex-lover of a scavengeress. The latter had a beautiful illegitimate daughter, so talented, that the municipality was educating her free. She was thirteen, the ancient lover had become reconciled to the mother, and while the latter was at work, he violated the girl and strangled her. The mother, alarmed at her daughter not coming home from school, went to seek her, and was informed she had not been there. Accompanied by the lover, they went to the police office to signal the disappearance. Two days later, the mother on making the bed, heard something heavy fall on the ground; it was the corpse of her lovely child, that the lover had murdered and placed between the mattresses and at his side of the bed, where he slept upon it for two nights.

Public opinion a few months ago was actively calling for a new Parliament. Now that it has obtained its wishes it seems not to display the slightest interest in the deputies or their proceedings. The truth is, people are tired of politicians and their politics. The belief, too, is making way, that after all the Triple Alliance means peace. The occupation of Egypt by the English does not rouse the journals as formerly; some influential journals are preaching that, pressing England to quit the Nile Valley, she might propose to do so on conditions that France would regret, and raise at the same time the evacuation of Tunis. A great many people would like to see the wonderful Stanley set to work to open up Central Africa to the world's trade, by nominating him generalissimo of a volunteer army, equipped and paid by the British East African Chartered Company, and pushing inwards from Zanzibar, with a railway to follow its heels.

Some commotion is taking place respecting Zola's candidature for admission to the Academy. That he has as much talent as half a dozen Academicians is not denied; but his naturalistic school is not in the odour of sanctity. The "Infectionist" School is the name given to his followers by their adversaries.

A souvenir of bloated armaments; in the time of Henri II. of France, a cannon throwing a ball of 33 lbs., was drawn by 21 horses; while a one-pounder cannon exacted four horses.

M. Guerraz relates, that while Emperor William during his visit to Constantinople was attending the German Church on a Sunday, the English Ambassador, Sir William White and his lady, were returning from mass; the police refused to recognize the Ambassador and would not let him cross a road; so Sir William commenced vigorously whacking the police with his stick, till the German Consul arrived and explained.

Signor Crispi, the Italian Premier, was a political refugee in England; in 1857 he received a letter notifying his father's death, at the same time informing him, for the first time, that four years previously his mother died. He was frustrated in his attempt to commit suicide at this double grief. His father, fearing he might risk returning to Naples to the funeral, purposely concealed the mother's death, but informed his son in every letter he wrote during four years after her demise, that she sent him her blessing and her love. Z.

TEN years younger and twenty years wiser the municipal magnates have returned from their trip to the West. The magnitude of our proposed harbour improvement and Hochelaga dock scheme has taken a back seat. Montreal is now to be the port of the continent. The council and the harbour commissioners must work in harmony. The steamship and railway companies must no longer stand idly by. All will strike when the iron is hot. Meantime an official report of the trip is being prepared, which will be duly submitted to the public. We need enlarged canals and locks for the vessels now built. Our tonnage must be doubled, trebled. If our protective duties have decreased our importations and rendered return freights from Europe unstable and unprofitable, and our through freight trade is being thereby tapped, we must—what? At least thanks were recorded and transmitted to the Canadian Pacific Railway for their munificent invitation and courtesy, and for the cordial reception and hospitality which the magnates received from municipal and commercial corporations, especially from St. Paul, Duluth, Minneapolis, West Superior and Winnipeg, from the Eastern Railway Company of Minnesota, the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway Company, the Chambers of Commerce of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, and from the Winnipeg Board of Trade.

In the absence of His Worship some things went right, others went wrong. The gentleman at whose mercy we are for our scavenging contracts became wearied of by-laws and their petty annoyances. Securing at a low price some lots of land which had the misfortune to lie a little lower than their neighbours, he is said to have dumped into them some two thousand loads of vegetable matter, discarded bones, antiquated fish and dismembered poultry, with the intention of levelling up for a high price of exchange. But it is evident that what is the finished product of one manufacturer may be the raw material of another. The following morning saw a score and a half of men of an inventive turn scraping, picking and appropriating the rags, bones, and nondescript sundries which go to make the stock-in-trade of a large and important substratum of our commercial fabric. The neighbours met and resolved that Monsieur the lot manufacturer must be compelled to remove his nuisance at his own expense. But they were too tardy.

The management of our incorrigible and irrepressible Street Railway Company has passed from the hands of the city scavenger into those of the chief of police (!), and merchants who have been in the habit of keeping us waiting four hours have been requested to reduce the blockade of the footpath to one hour. Nothing, however has been done in the direction of a shelter with Johnston's Fluid Beef.

The Colonial House, long celebrated for the quality of the dry goods retailed under its auspices, has given evidence of its business acumen by purchasing a large block on St. Catharine Street, where a mammoth establishment is being constructed with modern adaptations and increased facilities for the westward tendency of its trade. The eligibility of the old site, with a frontage on St. James Street and on Victoria Square, has set our architectural ambition on fire. We have, not very long ago, erected a most extravagant post office, but the chance of eclipsing it must not be lost, and a new post office must stand upon the envied site vacated by the Colonial. As effect follows cause, the French element is on the *tapis* to ensure that the English receive no "better terms," and comes immediately into the field with a counter suggestion, the property known as Mussen's, on the corner of Notre Dame and St. Lambert's Hill. "A shell for thee, and a shell for thee; the oyster is the third man's fee." It is proposed to please both English and French—i.e., to please neither—by setting the new post office of the commercial capital of the Dominion on the corner of Craig and Coté Streets. Nobody ever seems to dream that our post office service is of more consequence than our buildings—our poor, miserable, begrudged three deliveries in a day, the first at any odd mark between ten and twelve, and the last at four, which few ever think of using when there is speed in the question, and none when there is certainty, a fact which is receiving humiliating proof in the increasing and efficient, though expensive messenger services which are daily starting among us.

The Dominion Grey Cotton Association, with a dozen of mills represented, has held a meeting, at which the president reported the state of trade satisfactory, i.e., that the stock of cotton on hand is less than the production of six weeks (5,000 bales), that in order to prevent over-production it is necessary to insist upon strict conformity to the rules of combines as to the number of looms in operation. The price was reserved for future consideration.

In curious coincidence with this action of the Cotton Association comes an appeal from the Board of Outdoor Relief in connection with the Protestant House of Industry, asking for an unusually generous support in donations for the relief of an unusually great demand of suffering from want. That is, when we purchase a yard of cotton we perform two actions: we pay the combine for restricting the production of cotton, and we support the men who are thrown idle by it. The first we call National Policy, and the second, National Philanthropy.

The Medical Faculty of McGill College has received an addition to its force in the faculty of Comparative Medicine and Veterinary Science. The official inauguration of the new faculty and the installation of the professors took

place in the medical library, when the Principal of the University and the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine presided. The following is the professoriate of the new school: Dr. McEachran, F.R.C.S., V.S., Edinburgh, Dean of the Faculty and Professor of Veterinary Medicine and Surgery; Malcolm C. Baker, V.S., Professor of Veterinary Anatomy; Charles McEachran, V.S., Veterinary Obstetrics and Diseases of Cattle; Gilbert P. Girdwood, M.D., Chemistry; T. Wesley Mills, M.A., M.D., George Wilkins, M.D., Histology; D. P. Renhallow, B.Sc., Botany; Jas. Stewart, M.D., Materia Medica; W. G. Johnston, M.D., Pathology.

The taste for an improved architecture is growing. Following in the steps of the New York and Imperial Assurance Companies, the Sun Company has asked for designs from Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton architects, and has awarded four prizes to the best plans submitted to their referee. The building is to cost \$100,000, and is to be erected on the corner of Notre Dame, Alexis and Hospital Streets.

On dit that Mark Twain's new book, "The Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," has received so many cold shoulders from scrupulous publishers in England that its distinguished author proposes to make a sojourn among us in order to secure copyright. VILLE MARIE.

## MUSINGS.

WHEN we recall the pleasant Past,  
The Present to beguile,  
How oft the intervening years  
Will check our joy the while.

They stand like champions clad in mail,  
Their gauntlets on the ground,  
In challenge to the roving mind,  
Before it quits their bound.

With sorrows, cares, for swords and spears,  
They guard the enchanted way  
To the lost Eden of our youth,  
Where we would fondly stray.

And when they do not smite they frown  
On Memory passing by,  
Demanding in a trumpet tone  
The tribute of a sigh.

And thus the questions of to-day,  
In varied cloud and sheen,  
Yield as much joy as by-gone bliss,  
With such stern guards between.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

## THE ORIGIN OF THE SONNET.

"UPON a day Apollo met the Muses and the Graces in sweet sport mixed with earnest. Memory, the grave and noble mother of the Muses, was also present. Each of the fourteen spoke a line of verse. Apollo began; then each of the nine Muses sang her part; then the three Graces warbled each in turn; and finally a low sweet strain from Memory made a harmonious close. This was the first sonnet."

So wrote a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, in August, 1880, and so far as tangible evidence can state to the contrary this pretty conceit may be true, for the real origin of the sonnet is not at present known.

The derivation of the term itself has been a matter of dispute. The generally accepted etymology is the Italian *sonetto*, a little sound or tune, the diminutive of *suono*, a sound or tune: the Italian verb *suonare* or *sonare* signifies to sound or make a sound; to play upon an instrument or to ring a bell. The latter meaning is curiously connected with another derivation, first offered by Henry Kirke White, who wrote: "The name bears evident affinity to the Italian *sonaire*—to resound, sing around, which originated in the Latin *sonans*—sounding, jingling, ringing; or indeed it may come immediately from the French *sonner*—to sound or ring, in which language it is observable we first meet with the word *sonnette*, where it signifies a little bell, and *sonnetier*, a maker of little bells; and this derivation affords a presumption, almost amounting to a certainty, that the conjecture, before advanced, that the sonnet originated with the Provençals, is well-founded. It is somewhat strange that these contending derivations have not been before observed, as they tend to settle a question which, however intrinsically unimportant, is curious and has been much agitated."

On the above curious hit of Kirke White, Mr. Samuel Waddington has the following remark: "We may observe that the derivation assigned to it by Henry Kirke White, who suggested that it was a modification of *sonnette*—a sheep bell, cannot be received as correct, as there is little doubt that the derivation generally accepted gives the true meaning of the word, and that it is not to *sonette*, but to *suono* or *sonetto*—a little sound or strain, that the term owes its origin." Mr. William Sharp dismisses the matter thus: "It ought to be mentioned, also, that another origin has been claimed for the word, viz., that it is the French *sonnette*, and that its parentage may be primarily ascribed to the tinkling sheep-bells of Provençal days."

It is generally accepted that the word owes its origin to the Italian diminutive *sonetto*; but, another suggestion has been made. Warton says: "The oldest Italian poetry seems to be founded on that of Provence. The word *son-*

net was adopted from the French into the Italian versification. It occurs in the 'Roman de la Rose,' *Lais d'amour et sonnets courtois*.

Although the Italian owed much to the French and Provençal languages, the reverse cannot be asserted, and it was thought far more probable that the word was taken with the verse into Italy than that both were invented solely by some Italian poet. It used to be held that Guittone d'Arezzo was the actual inventor of the sonnet. Guittone flourished during the latter part of the thirteenth century. The earliest known example is now attributed to Pier delle Vigne (given in our sixth article). This Pietro de la Vigna flourished in the first half of the thirteenth century. Legend says he begged his bread in the streets; history records that he was minister or "master-councillor" to Frederick II. of Sicily; and Dante tells us of his suicide in that terrible thirteenth canto of the "Inferno." For betraying his royal master he had been blinded and imprisoned; but as Dante makes him say:—

L'animo mio per disdegnoo gusto  
Credendo, col morir, fuggir disdegno,  
Ingiusto fece me contra me giusto.

However, Pietro lived from about 1190 to 1249, and is known as one of the leaders of the Siculo-Provençal school of Italian literature. On the authority of an eminent Italian scholar, we mention that the inspiration of this Sicilian group of early Italian poets was directly obtained from the Provençal troubadours. They reproduced the heroic and erratic sentiments of love and chivalry which flourished in France at an earlier period; but which were only galvanized into a short struggle in Sicily.

Pietro de la Vigna's sonnet may be dated about A.D. 1220 with all fairness, and the poetry of the Sicilian minister was influenced mainly by the Provençal spirit of verse which had permeated all Italy.

Now the line from the "Roman de la Rose" belongs to the first and earlier part of that poem, and is allowed by all authorities to have been composed by Guillaume de Lorris, who, on the evidence afforded by his successor in the same poem, must have composed his portion before 1240. The reference is to *lais d'amour et sonnets courtois*, and in such a style as to intimate that they were well-known forms of verse in common practice. It has been urged that the terms were generic; but French *lais* were distinguished from other forms of *vers*, and the *sonnets* referred to were just as much distinct. Provençal poetry was most prolific in invented forms. *Vers* was the term applied to other than love verse, which was called *canso*. *Canso* is probably the earlier form, or, at any rate, a dialectic form of *chanson*. There were *chanson*, *tenson*, *partimen*, *pastoreta*, *serventesc*, *alba*, *balada*, *dansa*, *descort*, *sestina*, *planti*, etc., all forms invented by Provençal troubadours, among whom were to be found minstrel-poets of all classes, from the servant to the nobleman, from the monk to the knight. These troubadours in their wanderings besieged Italy, and took with them their verses to sing, and their lutes or harps whereon to play their musical accompaniments. In the twelfth century Provençal poems were written all over Italy. The native Italian forms were few compared with the Provençal. Later, we find the *ballade*, *rondeau*, *triolet*, *chant-royal*, *virelai* and other forms from the same prolific source. The indications, therefore, would appear in favour of Provence being a far more likely birth-place for the sonnet than Italy.

Now the word *chanson* is met with very early in French literature, and it has, therefore, been thought not unlikely that the diminutive *chansonnette* may also have had an early existence. *Chansonnier* is not unfrequently found. It has, therefore, been suggested that here may be found the real origin of the term, a contraction of the *chansonnette*, for the sonnet was originally sung to music, and, therefore, a little song, as the Italian derives allow. Even if the word is not found in the older Provençal literature, that is no evidence it was not used colloquially. At any rate, the word *sonnet* occurs in the "Roman de la Rose," and was not so likely to have been derived from the Italian *sonnetto*, as from the French. To those who have specially studied the Provençal language, perhaps, the clue might be found through the Provençal term *canso*, or the old French *chançon*. The celebrated *servente* composed by Richard Cœur de Lion during his confinement in the Black Tower in the year A.D. 1193 has been preserved both in the *Langue d'Oc* and the *Langue d'Oïl*, and the words *canson* and *chançon* occur in each version respectively. The term *chançonet* has no affinity with this proffered derivation, being very clearly allied to *canzone*, a song or ballad, sung without musical accompaniment. The suggestion has been made as a possible solution of a disputed point, which may help to throw back the ownership of the original form to the right proprietors, and there is certainly a strong tendency towards the Provençal bards, as the inventors of the sonnet. Further argument has been offered in support of this theory, as follows:—

Diminutives were in early use in French poetry, especially when describing the charms of the fair sex. The following are a few examples from poems of the thirteenth century:—

En ataches ou en joiaus,  
Ou en aguillettes d'acier.

De la Maaille.

Si me prendrai garde a la rose,  
Qui d'espinetes est enclose.

Le Dit de la Rose.

In "Des Deux Amans"—*bouchete*, *gorgette*, etc.; in "Le Sort des Dames," etc.—*simplete*, *gorgete*, *roziqnolet*, *ymagete*, etc.

It is possible that a diminutive of *chanson* may have existed, viz., *Chansonnette* was *chanson* contracted to *son*, a common word in French poems of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries! In "Resveries" occur the following lines:—

Je sai faire sons et lais  
Et serventois.

Je sai bien L. sons  
Toz provenciaus.

In "C'est li congiés Adan D'Arras," also,

Pour faire cans, ne sons, ne lais.

If *chanson* was contracted to *son*, it is not very improbable that the diminutive *chansonnette* would be similarly contracted to form *sonette*.

Sismondi writes as follows regarding the Provençal troubadours and their poems: "Some sonnets are also found in their language; but, at the same time, it appears to me, that they are posterior to the earliest Italian sonnet, and even to those of Petrarch."

It is true that the earliest known sonnet is Italian; but the discovery of that specimen is so recent that it would be rash to assert it to be the first one actually written. Provençal poems undoubtedly exist which have not been thoroughly examined by experts, and it is not unlikely that the suggestion made by a lady, perfectly qualified to speak on these matters, may be useful, and earlier gems are still buried in the long beds of the Romance periods.

So long as Guittone d'Arezzo was allowed the honour given to him by Redi, of being the inventor of the verse, the Italianists stood on what might fairly be called strong ground; but in finding the earliest sonnet known to have been written by a Sicilian poet, Mr. J. A. Symonds has largely helped to clear the way for proof of the Provençal origin. The influence of the poetry of Provence was acknowledged by both Petrarch and Dante, and as a matter of fact the Italian language was not formed graphically until the 13th century. Sicily was most thoroughly Provençalized.

The Provençal theory, however, has received its death-blow from Professor Paul Meyer, of Paris, whose knowledge of old Romance language and literature is unsurpassed. He has favoured us with the following note upon the subject: "In order to understand the derivation of French and English sonnet, it must be borne in mind that old French and old Provençal *sonet*, and Italian *sonnetto* apply to two entirely different sorts of poetry. In the old French and Provençal, *sonet* is simply a song; from such expressions as *sonet leng-er* in Provençal, it seems that it was a song of a somewhat popular kind. In fact the songs where the name *sonet* appears present generally a very simple strophic disposition. *Sonet* is of course derived (it is a diminutive) from *son*. It can have no possible connection with *chanson*, *chansonnette*. The *sonetto* is generally applied to a special kind of poetry, viz., to the 14 line stanza. That kind of poetry is certainly of Italian origin. There is no doubt about that. The authors who were inclined to assume a Provençal origin have been misled, either because they misunderstood the meaning of Provençal *sonet* (supposing wrongly it had the same meaning as Italian *sonetto*), or because they believed that the Provençals made *sonetti* in the Italian sense. Now there are some Provençal *sonets* similar in construction to the Italian *sonetti*; but they are 16th century forgeries. I proved some eighteen or twenty years ago in my 'Derniers Troubadours' that the sonnets edited by Jehan de Nostredame were forged by him, and it is sure now that Dante Maiano's Provençal *sonets* have not, as supposed, been written in the 13th century, but belong to the 15th or 16th. It is certain that the sonnet in the Italian sense (the 14 line stanza) has been adopted by French poets from Italian models about the end of the 15th century."

Amabrichi, who died in A.D. 1321, wrote a very perfect sonnet in Provençal to Robert, King of Naples; but this was an imitation of the Italian form. It is relevant to remark that some French scholars still claim the origin of the sonnet to be Provençal; but it must be admitted that, so far as direct evidence and rational argument lead to a conclusion, the Italian derivation and origin must be allowed to the sonnet both in name and form.

If any lover of sonnets would prefer another origin of this form of verse, there are several theories to select from. The Greek epigram, the Latin ode, the Greek ode, and the Arabian *ghazale* have been suggested; but in each case the theory is a creation of fanciful bias.

The Greek epigram was originally an inscription of some kind, and afterwards became the embodiment of a particular thought or fact; its satirical development being still more recent. The unity of idea necessary to epigrammatic expression has some analogy to the sonnet unity; but beyond this there is no similarity. In construction they are entirely opposed; the epigram not being structurally defined or limited, whereas the sonnet is rigidly prescribed as to form.

The ode has little to recommend it as the sonnet's ancestor. A regular arrangement of its parts—strophes, antistrophes, epodes, and antepodes—occur; and attention has been called to the fact that strophes and antistrophes of fourteen lines in length are to be found in the odes of Pindar. Certain unrhymed octosyllabic poems of Anacreon also contain the fatal fourteen lines, and the sonnet has been referred to these. The Arabians were particularly fond of rhyme, and the sonnet has found some admirers of Oriental taste, who prefer a Saracenic origin.

If, however, mere external form is to be considered, the sonnet may be ascribed to any poem, from a couplet to an epic. If, on the other hand, the essential unity of thought or feeling is alone looked to, the old Greek epigram, or the Italian *stornello*, have equal claims. The fact remains, however, that the sonnet has been always a combination of these two points: a definite structure of fourteen lines, only varied to be destroyed, and an expression of one thought or feeling. It is in this dual harmony the sonnet can only exist, and therein it also differs from any other known form of verse. The fallacy of deriving it either from mere structural analogy or from internal similarity is at once apparent. Such ingenuity is only fanciful, and there is no need to say more than that two sonnets are derived from a ballade because the latter is twenty-eight lines in length, and therefore contains the *raison d'être* of the sonnets.

Edwin Guest, in his valuable history of English rhythm, after speaking of some Italian staves, writes thus: "But of all the importations from Italy the most important was certainly the sonnet. This celebrated stanza is said to have been invented by the Sicilians; but to Petrarch it owes its celebrity, and to his works should we look for its peculiarities of structure."

We cannot altogether agree with this, for it seems only right that the whole range of early sonnet literature should be viewed in order to thoroughly understand its structure. The sonnet has had a remarkable development, occasionally retarded by periods of degeneracy. To learn fully the structure of a plant it is necessary to watch its growth from the first appearance, and it would be folly to ignore it until it came into full bloom. With Petrarch the sonnet was in splendid florescence; but we must find earlier specimens if we would learn its history and progress toward perfection. Mr. Theodore Watts has said: "That the sonnet was invented, not in Provence, as French critics pretend, but in Italy in the thirteenth century, is pretty clear; but by whom, is still, perhaps, an open question." The "perhaps" is an unnecessary limitation. It is undoubtedly, an open question, not only as to the actual inventor, but also as to the place of invention. Mr. Symonds' discovery of the Pier della Vigne sonnet of A.D. 1220 (circ.) dislodged the older pretensions of those who claimed Guittone d'Arezzo, A.D. 1250 (circ.), as the inventor, and changed the locality of the first sonnet from the Tuscan to the Siculo-Provençal school of poetry. SAREPTA.

#### THE WORLD.

THE world, 'tis said, hath never aught but thorns,  
Wherewith to crown her prophets, and she scorns  
Each word of theirs as idle, babbling breath,  
Till hands fall down and lips are mute in death.  
If this be true, let's look to it; for, to-day  
And always, prophets 'mongst us point the way.  
Let us their message read aright, and try  
Their hands to raise; for, oh, friend, you and I,  
We are the world!

KATHERINE B. COUTTS.

#### CULTURE AND PRACTICAL POWER.

WE have been frequently told that we live in a democratic country. Happy is that democracy which has an aristocracy of knowledge. The power of adapting means to ends is that which astonishes us in instinct, excites our admiration in man, and fills us with awe, bewilderment and worship when we contemplate the works of God. The power of adapting means to ends is what we call practical power, and in proportion as we can adapt means to ends are we practical men.

Man is distinguished from all other animals in that he can contemplate himself as an object of cultivation and improvement. Happily or unhappily we are debarred from applying heredity to man. But there can be little doubt that as education becomes more diffused, and the sense of duty to the future becomes more sensitive and vegete, principles of action will do for mankind what man does now for the lower animals. We all feel instinctively that the education of any human being should begin three or four generations before he was born. Why else do we want to know who was the father, who the mother of a distinguished man? Why does a wise biographer tell us not only about his father and mother but about his grandfather and grandmother as well? Why is it that men go still farther back? It is because we know from observation that not only does God visit the sins of the fathers on the children, but he has so ordered it that the character of each generation shall reflect characteristics of those immediately preceding, thereby making progress and deterioration possible, widening, deepening, lengthening responsibility, and giving a fearful meaning to the words "that no man liveth for himself." But when the ancestry has been all that we could desire or the reverse, the character and capacity of the mature human being will greatly depend on his environment during the period of growth, nay, our characters all through life to the last hour are shaped, coloured, qualified by the air we breathe, the food we eat, what we drink, our companions, the books we read, and to an incalculable extent by the ideas or no ideas we may have respecting the unseen world.

Therefore you cannot ask a more momentous question regarding a child than, How shall I educate him? I might have chosen to speak to you to-night on the religious sentiment as an educational force, and shown that an



enlightened theology is one of the most powerful as it is the noblest of the factors that can be brought to play in quickening, strengthening, enlarging the human intellect. As no doubt I am addressing many students, I might have dwelt on Method, and shown that in acquiring knowledge we may adopt means which will make the acquisition at once rapid and enduring; and there are many other standpoints from which I might have approached the subject. But considering the character of our population in Manitoba and the North-West; that we have no leisure class; that we are all the architects of our own fortunes, I thought, as I have said, I could not do better than speak on the relation between high culture and practical power.

When we see a man who adapts means to ends successfully we say he is a man of great invention, a man of resource, ingenious, crafty, skilful, clever, shrewd, sagacious, talented, adroit, sharp—epithets, all of them, having reference to the mind. Without looking at experience it would be at once concluded by a reasonable man that, in proportion as we increase the vigour and quickness of the mind and give it materials on which to found comparisons, we increase in practical power. We know that if we allow any function to lapse into disuse it grows impaired and sometimes loses all force. We know that in this respect there is an analogy between mental functions and the muscles of the body. The mind is a thing so complex and wonderful that no one material thing will furnish an adequate illustration of it. Therefore we speak not only of its strength, but of its capacity, as if it were a vessel. A barrel will hold more than a firkin; a hogshead more than a barrel; a great tank more than a hogshead; a vast lake more than a tank. We know we can enlarge the mind, increase its capacity for receiving ideas. A man whose mind has never been instructed, its capacity never enlarged, cannot take in ideas that you grasp instantaneously. If, therefore, we enlarge the mind, if we strengthen it, if we give it materials to work on, it follows that in every emergency of life, in regard to any problem or business it may have to cope with, it will have more resource, be more effective, more successful than if it were left uninstructed and untrained.

Yet there are not a few who think a liberal education calculated to retard a man in what in their view is the most practical of all things, the race for wealth. They think learning unfits a man for ordinary every-day life. Two things have given a semblance of truth to this error. In the first place, even here in this democratic country, but especially in England whence we receive so many of our ideas and prejudices, feudal notions have still a hold on the mind. The day has hardly passed away in the old country when men of what are called good families thought it a disgrace to have any relative of theirs learn a trade or go into commerce. In Ottawa there were civil servants earning small salaries who would not walk twenty paces in the public streets side by side with a man who kept a store. The consequence was that when a young man of the middle class was well educated he shunned the acquaintance of his friends and their occupations, turned in disdain from the business which enabled his father to send him to the university, and either went to the bar, or into the church, or into literature, for neither of which he may have had any aptitude, though had he gone to the shop and used his superior culture there, it is morally certain it would have told. In the second place, where men without mental force are highly educated—or rather go through a curriculum calculated to give a man who masters it a high education—they become pedants. Now a pedant is merely a fool on whom an education has been thrown away. With or without an education he would have been an incapable. Hypocrites do not prove there are no real Christians, counterfeits that there no genuine coins; neither does the pedant prove there are no scholars who possess their learning and are not possessed by it. Nay, are they not exceptions which prove the rule?

A great revolution is going on. Feudalism is becoming totally defaced. The son of the Duke of Argyll is in trade in New York; a near relative of the Earl of Shannon in trade in Winnipeg. Young peers are crossing the Atlantic to corrupt their blood and repair their fortunes by marrying the daughters of American tradesmen. Meanwhile education is becoming so diffused that the day is at hand when everybody will be pretty well instructed. In the end nobody will shrink from any honest employment by which a living can be made, as if to engage in it would lower his status before the world. Nay, it is probable that the day is at hand when the most offensive employments, which now yield the lowest wages, may be remunerative in proportion as they are offensive.

If you look at England, who are the first men in the church, in politics, at the bar? Why, they have all distinguished themselves at college. The ablest man who ever governed India was Warren Hastings, and was he not in the front rank at Westminster School? Another great Indian official was Sir Charles Metcalfe, once our Governor-General, and he was in the front rank at Eton, where also Lord Wellesley had a high reputation, as he subsequently had at Oxford. A similar remark would apply to Lord Ellenborough. Nor must we forget Lord Dufferin, whose practical genius has been the wonder of four empires. Mr. Gladstone was a double first at Oxford. The Marquis of Salisbury, the present Prime Minister, is a man of high culture, and during his father's lifetime practically made his living by his pen as a journalist. Mr. Disraeli—Lord Beaconsfield—was highly cultured in literature. We know what he was as a practical statesman. Macaulay was the most practical statesman who ever directed his mind to India. The Indian code and Indian

civil service reform attest the practical character of his mind. Well, he was the embodiment of intellectual culture. "He had," said Mr. Thornton, a partner in the firm of Messrs. Williams and Deacon, his financial agents, "as sound a judgment in city matters as I ever met with. You might safely have followed him blindfold." Voltaire, a man of genius and a poet, was one of the most successful speculators in Europe. Chinese Gordon was a highly cultivated man, with a capacity for all things, small and great. He could fight, ride, shoot, tinker, negotiate, conduct campaigns, and all with unhesitating self-reliance. Emin, who prior to his capture, was doing in Central Africa the work whence Gordon was taken, is also a man of great practical power. Who is he? Well, he is a German, who carried with him an heroic will and a university education into the heart of the Dark Continent. Who is Stanley? Who is the man whose African campaigns have been marvels of management? A journalist—a literary man.

As the individual star moves in the same orbit as the system to which it belongs and obeys the same laws, so there is a strict analogy between the progress of society and the progress of a single mind—between the evolution of mankind and the evolution of one of its units. What do we find in the history of a single nation? Consider Greece, which came to exceed in all arts, where the human mind in every walk attained to a height which has seldom been reached and never surpassed. What do we find? The first great note of civilization there as elsewhere was Song. The mind awakened by the poet and musician began to ask questions of the nature it adored; and so we see Greece climb up every circle and enter at every door in the starry spiral of science and the enchanted palaces of art. Athens stood first in Greece, because Athens was more highly cultured than any of her rival cities. The state which encouraged literature, philosophy and art also encouraged trade, and the products of Italy, of Cyprus, of Egypt, of Lydia, of Pontus—of the known world, flowed into the markets of Athens, which, like Britannia, ruled the sea. Hither, Xenophon and Thucydides tell us, came the products of all the earth, and Pericles and Alcibiades, the two most highly cultured men in Athens, superintended factories which they owned. In Florence we have merchant princes, great traders, who were the noblest patrons and the most diligent students of literature, and when the empire of commerce passed from Italy to Holland, the Dutch merchants (as the University of Leyden attests) were fully alive to the practical bearing of culture. Consider Germany—a nation of students—and see what they are doing in commerce, and recall what they did in the great war with the nation that for 200 years was the terror of Europe. Who was Adam Smith, who taught us the laws of trade? What was the training of Burke, Peel, Pitt, Sir G. C. Lewis, Mr. Lowe? All these practical men had the highest university training.

The progress of civilization has equalized the physical qualities of man. In years gone by the strong arm ruled. It is the strong head rules to-day. Force is dethroned, and where brute violence wore a coronet which sometimes gleamed with barbaric ornament, intelligence, wearing a diadem in which there is no false glitter, in which every gem is of the purest water, sits an omnipotent queen. A revolution, the most beneficent for man, has taken place, and it is the duty, as it should be the delight, of every citizen to cultivate his faculties. Bacon has said, "Knowledge is power." Knowledge is also pleasure. I think it is Sir Arthur Helps that says a man who goes through life knowing only the trade or profession by which he gets his bread is a poor stunted creature. There is a close relation between all the arts—between poetry, painting, music, sculpture—and genuine proficiency in any one of these prepares the mind to enjoy the productions of the others. You cannot really wake any faculty of the mind and leave the rest asleep. Happy is it for the uncultured that they know not what they have lost! When a man is destitute of some great physical attribute the most superficial observer recognizes his incompleteness. The blind can never see the purple coursers of morning chase night from marge to marge, or evening steep the landscape in every glorious and tender hue. For the deaf the birds sing, the voice of woman is low and musical and "the wind, that grand old harper, smites his thunder-harp of pines" in vain. So far as those who have no sense of smell are concerned, the care of nature in making every flower and shrub and grass odorous is bootless, while to the cripple the rapture of energetic movement is denied. In all these cases men recognize the absence of a faculty which would be cheaply purchased by colossal wealth. But how if we should want the seeing eye and the hearing ear in a more important sense than is covered by any physical deprivation? How if there is a subtle aroma about what has been said by highly gifted men we cannot catch, a flavour we cannot appreciate; if nature and art teem with beauty which is for us as though it never was; how if there is a music in the music which our untrained ears cannot catch? The men of genius come to us each with his mission. One takes us up to the highest heaven of harmony; another purges our eyes that we may see God's glorious works as they are. George Macdonald says Burns' mission was to show men there was poetry immediately around them, at their very door. Now, beauty and utility go hand-in-hand in Nature, and the same is true of all things which enable us to know her better. Take drawing and designing—and I was glad in visiting the college to find these will meet with careful attention—they increase the power of observation along the whole line, and develop accuracy in all matters on which the mind employs itself. We are

unthankful where we are not dull. If we felt as we ought, we should thank God at the sight of every flower, and send our hearts to heaven up the silver staircase of every starry beam. Think of all the beauty of the world; think of all that is glorious in literature from Homer to Tennyson—of all that is entrancing in song and music from David's harp, that could chase the evil spirit from an unworthy king, down to Handel, Beethoven and the other great composers of modern times; think how a great historian like Thucydides or Gibbon or Macaulay makes us live in past ages and under strange climes; think of the joy that the lyric poet can evoke in the heart; think also that the mind thus awakened and nourished is capable of doing better whatever it applies itself to, and then thank God we live in an age when all this may be brought within reach not merely of the rich and powerful, but almost of every child who has any aptitude and who is blessed with parents and guardians not insensible to the possibilities of the time and to their duty to their wards or offspring. Thank God that pioneers as you are—in a new country—in a small town—you can be not merely the architects of happier fortunes than could be within your reach in more crowded fields, but can have at your very door the means of the higher education for your children, where science, languages, history, the classics, political economy, the arts of commerce themselves, may be mastered, and on terms so moderate as to vindicate the essentially democratic character of the institution.

Education is a thing you cannot have too much of. Everybody sees the immediate advantage in the business of life of being able to read and write and cast accounts. Even the mental training of this much education and its consequences are not so well seen. Yet there cannot be the least doubt that such education will save men from the grosser aberrations from truth, will greatly aid them in forming just opinions on government. Hence Adam Smith lays down that if you leave the multitude uninstructed, religious animosities may produce dreadful disorders, and his words received a fearful illustration of the Lord George Gordon riots. "Educate the people!" was one of the watchwords, with which the Puritans of New England, woke up the sounding aisles of the dim primeval woods. It was the principal watchword of Penn, when he founded his peaceful colony, of Washington, addressing the nation he had saved, and of the sagacious Jefferson. Cultivate the people—infuse the charm and ennobling influences of art into their lives—these will be the watchwords of the future.

In making a plan of education for a young lad, the best thing is to let himself choose. A boy who has not a taste for literature will never get any good from the study of classics. He may have a taste for mathematics. If so, give him a good training in mathematics. He could have no better mental discipline. If he does not like literature or mathematics, he may like botany or geology. Let him study what he likes and master it. But if he has no strong bent, then give him a good general education, and when he is fifteen or sixteen see what trade or profession he would affect. If he would like to be a lawyer, he should always, if possible, have a good training in classics, in history, in philosophy, else you may have an acute lawyer, but a man who on any large question will be utterly unable to think with accuracy—utterly unable to take a broad view on any subject. A mere lawyer is always a pettifogger, and outside his craft an unsafe guide.

The curriculum of a public school or college is not the best part of the education a young man gets there. The Romans thought the education of their children a business properly belonging to parents. But the Greeks leaned to public schools. Mr. Locke, in his "Thoughts Concerning Education," hovers between private tuition and public schools, but he seems to admit that the public school will fit the lad better for playing his part in life. There is one great defect in private tuition. It gives no scope for emulation. A college is a miniature world where students meet as friends in the Common Hall, where life-long friendships are made, but, where, also, at every turn there is a strife for the mastery—in the class, in the cricket-field, in the debating society. Scipio discerned in the young Marius the great man of the years to come, and anyone observing students at college could easily pick out the men who would influence their fellow men. Cardinal Newman says that if he had to choose between placing a boy in private lodgings, sending him to the classes of the best professors, having him go up at intervals for examination and ultimately take his degree, and sending him to a large establishment where a number of lads of his own age should meet for four or five years, read what they liked and never attend a class or go up for examination, he would prefer the latter as sure to turn out men better educated—that is, men with all their faculties drawn upon with a knowledge of human nature and a knowledge of themselves. Cardinal Newman is one of the most highly cultivated men of the nineteenth century. His opinion is, of course, not conclusive, but it is that of a man who has observed many generations of students. I am glad, therefore, that the principle of residence is found in Lansdowne College.

Some of the best results of education are that it makes all the faculties of the mind strong, trains the reason to detect fallacies quickly, fills the imagination with the noblest pictures, stores the memory with facts—in other words, enables us to appropriate to ourselves the experience of hundreds, nay, of thousands of men. I think it is Charles V. who says that a man who knows two languages is twice a man. But take the case of a man who knows three or four languages—to whom the literature and history

of Greece, of Rome, of Germany, of France, of England, of America, is as familiar as the events of the day; who has been trained in logic, in mathematics, in experience—why, one has only to state the case—one need not argue—in order that you may see that, compared with the man who knows only his own language, and has a smattering of the history of his own country, with a little general information, he is what a man of large and varied estate is to the dweller in a cottage. If we look at the chances and calamities of life—the one has no resource in himself, the other is full of resource. He waves a wand, as it were, and the mightiest and noblest spirits of the past are in attendance. If an opinion is to be formed on a political question—the one can compare it with nothing in his brain, the other can ransack the events of the past in half a dozen countries for analogous circumstances. Let a sophist—and let me tell you there are plenty of them about—unconscious pedlers of fallacies, who can talk by the yard, but cannot think correctly—let one of these voluble vapourers, one of these blind guides—let, I say, one of these blind guides utter his glib fallacies, he is so eloquent and so earnest, the uneducated man swallows it all, while the man with trained mind, rapid as the lightning, syllogizes each windy sentence, has the major premise before his mind, which a fool would see to be absurd—and woe to the trafficker in fallacies if he follows him! Lord Macaulay said he would rather love reading, and have plenty of books, than be a king; and, indeed, the resources in reading, in times of sickness, in old age, are among the most blessed things in the lot of humanity.

Just now we are hearing a great deal about the Jesuits. I need hardly say I am not going to utter a word political here. But it so happens that their history illustrates the immense stimulus to practical power a high education gives. When Loyola was incapacitated for the life of a soldier he turned to the Church, and the first thing he did was to surround himself with men of native genius and education. Other founders of religious orders enlisted the prejudices, the outward senses, fanaticism. They appealed to ignorance. They rested on the love of the marvellous. They excited by rags and dirt the pity of the sympathetic and the reverence of the vulgar. But the broken soldier of Charles V. appealed to the cultivated mind. When he cast his eye over Europe he saw the abuses which had crept into monastic institutions, filled with idleness and luxury, supported by bequests and the gains of begging friars. Loyola's watchwords were activity, energy, work, learning. He gave ambition instead of mendicancy. He and his followers invented a system of education so advanced that it totally broke up the then machinery of the schools, a system on which we have hardly improved to-day. There was scarce a university in Europe where they did not break new ground. The old system died hard, with ludicrous convulsions. What were the results? For two centuries nearly every great man on the continent had to thank the Jesuits for his education. Descartes came from their College of Laflèche. Torricelli, the inventor of the barometer, was educated at their College of Favenza. Poetry owes them Tasso; criticism, Justus Lipsius; and when we amuse children with a magic lantern we seldom remember that we are indebted for the ingenious plaything to the Jesuit Kircher. In 1758 the London Royal Society sent Father Boscovich to California to observe the transit of Venus. Bossuet came from their College of Dijon, and the genius of Corneille was cradled in their College at Rouen. Molière grew up under their guidance to be the greatest of comic writers. By them Rousseau was taught, and Voltaire's young spirit trained and matured. In war, in literature, in law, there is hardly a great name for two centuries which does not shed lustre on their system, their enlightenment, and their energy.

I want to speak directly to the students for a moment. What I have said thus far was addressed to all. Now I speak to the young who are fitting themselves for the battle of life—for life with its trials and pleasures, some of its pleasures more dangerous than any trials. If I were asked to put into the fewest possible words the best advice to young men, I would say to them, Bring *will* into your life. I have often thought how much men might do if they early gauged their powers, calculated not the opportunities visible, but the chances of opportunities in the course of a life, and fitted themselves for these. As a rule, the opportunities come and men are not fit. What may be done in a lifetime, when one commences under the greatest disadvantages, is admirably exemplified by the life of Disraeli, of John Stuart Mill, of Warren Hastings, of Clive. Take Warren Hastings. Do you not all know his history? Has not the bosom of everybody in this great audience glowed as they read of the ancient and illustrious race to which he belonged; how the lords of the Manor of Daylesford in Worcestershire were ruined by the Civil War; how Warren Hastings was left an orphan a few days after his birth; how poor his friends were; how he was sent to the village school; how the daily sight of the lands which his ancestors possessed filled his young brain with wild fancies and projects; how, when seven years of age, lying on the bank of the rivulet which flows through the old domain of his house to join the Isis, he formed a scheme which, through all turns of his eventful career, was never abandoned—that he would recover the estate which belonged to his fathers, and would be Hastings of Daylesford; how this purpose, formed in infancy and poverty, grew stronger as his intellect expanded and as his fortune rose; how he pursued his plan with that calm but indomitable force of will which was the most striking peculiarity of his character; how, when under a tropical sun, ruling fifty millions of Asiatics, his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance, and legisla-

tion, still pointed to Daylesford; how, when his long public life, bright with glory and dark with obloquy, had closed, to Daylesford he retired to die? There was a life worth living.

Now let me say to you that if you would live a life like that—a life of great achievement—if you would be felt in your time, you must have a sound mind in a sound body, a strong mind in a frame capable of enduring mental toil. Like an horse that, leaving all behind, flies to the goal, you must have grit and go and wind and bottom. Mr. Gladstone is now an old man. He has as much power of work as any man who ever lived. Indeed, I do not know where the memory can light on a man with the same power of work. He was old seven years ago, and I remember that, when addressing a meeting very like this at Liverpool, he said he knew no training for the conflict and toils of life which did greater justice to the receiver than the old training of the English public schools and universities. That training has given us men who could concentrate all the mind's force at a given time upon a given point—upon a proposition, and follow it out through all its ramifications without letting anything else disturb; upon a debate, and reply to every adverse statement and argument without a note, as I have seen Palmerston do. Meanwhile, remember how Mr. Gladstone has kept himself vigorous by felling trees. In cultivating your mind do not forget the laws of health.

I am glad to know that special attention will be given at Lansdowne College to the training of girls. There is no surer mark of the enlightenment of our day than that on all sides we have thrown wide the gates of the higher education for women. So long as the woman was considered to be the inferior of man, subject to him, her duties were held to be confined to bringing up children and exhausting her genius among the pots and kettles and pans. It was supposed she would be a bad housewife if she were well read. But happily it would be an insult to this audience to waste time showing how fallacious were such views. Even still, however, false views respecting women's education are only too wide spread. One hundred years ago, Addison complained that the daughter of a gentleman was handed from the nurse to the dancing master and from the dancing master to the music teacher. She was taught how to hold herself, bow, curtsy, and all this to fit her for a husband. All the care and all the money were lavished on making her externally an agreeable person. The result was her natural vanity was abnormally stimulated and the natural coyness of the sex was educated into coquetry. The same complaints might have been made fifty years ago. All this is, on the whole, changed. But still, as a rule, the education of our women is wretched; nothing has been done to train their reasoning powers. The thought of suiting their training to their special gifts has, as a rule, never been entertained. Yet it is not less ridiculous to spend years and money on the musical training of a girl who has no talent for music than to force a boy who has no taste for literature to spend years and health on the study of the great writings of the world. The new view in regard to women is the most remarkable feature in the social evolution of modern times and its consequences must be in the highest degree good and great.

I find I have used the word "evolution." We hear of nothing but evolution to-day. Think you Darwin's work is the work of a Dry-as-dust scientist? No indeed! It is a true work of the imagination, a magnificent dream—an epic of development, and men who doubt what, compared with it, is demonstration, have accepted his theory, because not only has it imposed on their imagination, but it fits in with a noble conception of a divine order. It is a glowing hypothesis which has been welcomed by a sceptical age—as the atomic theory of Lucippus and Democritus was thousands of years ago. We have learned to smile at the atomic theory, and perhaps our descendants will smile at the theories of the leaders in the science of to-day considered as last explanations of phenomena. We have positive and transcendental philosophies; Herbert Spencer's development with an unknown reality beneath phenomena; Matthew Arnold's "Powers not ourselves that make for righteousness" and

Professor Huxley has essayed to bridge across the chasm  
"Twixt matter dead and matter quick by means of protoplasm,  
And to his doctrine now subjoins the further grand attraction,  
That consciousness in man and brute is simply "reflex action."

But, as Newman says: "False ideas may be refuted by argument, but by true ideas only are they expelled." We do not need to take the wings of thought and the measuring line of the mathematician and his through suns and systems to the barriers of creation—the smallest fruit, the tiniest flower demonstrates a God; and the Sermon on the Mount, which beggars the writings of all the moralists, sophists, and philosophers, with Plato at their head; the life of Him who was the incarnate sign of heaven over human woe, these carry to me more conviction of a Divinity that shapes our ends and hovers around our erring steps than all the miracles; and as religion is the most practical of all things, and next to religion politics, I could easily show, were there time, that the greatest statesmen and the men whose minds have been most imbued with the sense of a spiritual world, have been those who owned the highest culture of their day.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

ALL truly wise thoughts have been thought already thousands of times; but, to make them truly ours, we must think them truly over again honestly till they take root in our personal experience.—*Goethe*.

## WINTER ROSES.

WINTER has roses—warm, red flowers  
Of burning beauty and charming powers.  
Within the grate that cheers your room  
Is where they grow to perfect bloom;  
Best seen at night, when, reading late,  
A tale makes one forget the grate,  
But, quitting the pages, look, and lo!  
Roses amid the embers glow.

CORT. FERRIS.

## TRUE TALE.

NOT a flake of snow would form, not a star would crystallize, not a crystal gleam in the damp, murky air. This Christmas Eve? Nonsense! No one would believe it, looking at that dim, dark sky, that spiritless dome, innocent of a single gleaming star, feeling the damp, dull air as of late autumn or early, immature spring. This Christmas Eve? Pure imagination! While streets and paths, trees and stones, are naked, as yet unclotted upon of the soft, clustering snow; while there lacks the bright crispness of winter in the air and the sparkle of winter upon the roofs of the houses. Not a sleigh-bell, not a crack of whip, not a crystal on the coat sleeve, not a star upon the hair. Not the Christmas of the past.

Men and women hurrying, to be sure, but not the hurry of the past. Eager, anxious, strained, and wrinkled faces. Keen, staring, glaring, shrewd eyes. Resolute, ambitious, pushing, active, independent children. A green Christmas, indeed. View the windows—packed, draped, festooned, littered with all sorts of things. Where is the German Saint? Somewhere in the background, perhaps, but we cannot see him. Not the windows of the past.

Books, books, and still books. Pictures, and plenty of them. What do they say? what do they show? Flowers, beautiful blossoms, fruit, and gems; shapes of girlhood, childhood, bird life, music. All graceful and enchanting things, but where is the Christ-child? Somewhere in the background, perhaps, although we do not see Him. Not the visions of the past.

Two strange figures wander up and down outside the gleaming windows; one, hardly bent upon purchasing, to judge by his dejected mien. This is Romance—and a very sorry air is his, clad in worn and antiquated garments that seem sadly out of place. His companion, neat and respectable, is Realism, wearing a fierce moustache and a most determined expression.

He pulls poor Romance along. "You would waste your time looking at these tawdry gimcracks!" says he to his tottering companion. "Here! You are in my way—in everybody's way. Good enough for children, and for you—octogenarian that you are, but not for me." A jaunty fellow, Realism; kind in his way, too, but abrupt.

"Since you went to Russia," whines poor Romance, clinging to his friend, "you have become so changed. You keep Christmas still, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, after my own fashion. With a little extra eating and drinking—that's about all. But the spirit of Christmas is fled—and a good thing, too. Only worn-out, tattered, dejected failures, like you, still affect to observe it."

"Affect it!" excitedly says Romance, picking his way carefully along the muddy, puddled street, and no wonder—are not his shoes full of holes and the edges of his cloak trailing upon the ground, soaking up all the mire and horror?

A true genius of the old school, Romance!

"Affect it? What do you mean? I affect nothing. I am as honest, as real, as genuine as you. I feel it, I adore it, I reverence it. Christmas is to me the most precious, most beautiful season of the year. I affect nothing, I am what I am, just as truly as you are what you are; only I am old."

And poor Romance clings tighter than ever to the sturdy and robust arm of his new friend, Realism.

"But consider," remarks the latter. "To be old is to be useless. No matter what you feel or what you believe, you cannot any longer make people feel and believe with you. That is what it is to grow old. And all the old fuss about Christmas vanishes with the other things that will vanish when you—my old friend—depart. Well, it is a law of what people call nature."

"It is God's law."

Realism shrugs a shoulder. "If you like. As for Christmas, the plain thing is to go and do some good. Organize—be charitable, be kind; open coffee-houses, eating-rooms—cheap, mind you—soup-kitchens. Leave all your carolling, your feasting, your church-going, your anthem singing. Organize. Be practical."

"You"—turning suddenly upon Romance—"are to blame for this whining, wheedling cant about the poor, for the senseless extravagance among the rich, for the un-Christian state of society everywhere. I have seen this day sent to a rich man's house a bill for floral decorations and ivy and mistletoe, that would keep a dozen poor families for a year. What do you make of that? I make it—charged to your door. When you were younger you had that insinuating, wheedling, fascinating air about you that few could resist. You made all this fashionable—you and your creator, you know well enough whom I mean, the Englishman who set you up on your flimsy throne, and made you a king. You can't deny it."

"Yes. I was a king once."

"And shall be again!" A third voice, bright and eager as the morn, broke upon the astonished ears of the two friends. It proceeded from a young and spiritual-

faced man, upon whose warm and picturesque garments the freshly-fallen snow was still sparkling, and within whose deep yet brilliant eyes a glorious hope was shining. A fine rebuke glowed in his stern yet mobile face as he turned to the self-satisfied Realism.

"It hath always been the custom to wait until the king is dead to say 'Long live the King!' See—the miracle of the snow which I bring with me is not greater than that which shall yet be worked, under these very skies and fed by these same snows."

And as he spoke the beautiful flakes began to descend, at first fitfully, then steadily, determinedly, quickly.

"Romance may die. In his own good time, he knows it. But he will die to live again, in Me. Under the spell of these northern stars, beneath the domes of these virgin forests, beside the wastes of shimmering waters, I shall reign over as wide a kingdom and as vigorous a line of subjects as you, Realism, even when you lived in Russia. For I am Romance, the younger, son of the being you despise, and not all your gibes and taunts can daunt me or lay me low—ay, or the Spirit of Christmas either. See, the flakes continue to fall, and all around rejoices. Welcome the sweet visions, the simple tales, the pure delights of the Past. Side by side with the force and vigour of the Real let even the beings of Imagination reign."

#### ART NOTES.

L. R. O'BRIEN, the President of the Royal Canadian Academy, has returned from England and is again at his studio on College Street. He has brought back a number of carefully finished transcripts of English scenery, with which he was of course much delighted.

THE Ontario Society of Artists, having about completed the revision of their constitution, are proceeding with their scheme for erecting a building for exhibition purposes and art education. It has been proposed that a site should be granted for this purpose on the Normal School grounds; it would at all events be an appropriate adjunct to the present pile and would complete our educational system in Ontario.

THE long promised exhibition of English paintings opened in the rooms of the Art Association of Montreal, Phillips Square, on the 6th inst. A very elaborate catalogue has been prepared by the secretary, in which a considerable amount of information is given about the artists presented. As to the pictures themselves, the place of honour has been given to Solomon's "Niobe," (No. 31), a picture now pretty well known by photographs and engravings. It is perhaps fifteen feet high by eight or nine feet wide, and the story, painful as it is, is well told as well as excellently painted; the handling and technique generally being all that could be desired. The *abandon* and apparently accidental posing of the dead children on the steps of the stone stairway down which the horror-stricken mother is carrying the limp form of one of her offspring are finely conceived, while the introduction of the pigeons is a happy thought and relieves the dread monotony of the scene of Death. Very different in subject but wonderfully clever and artistic are two pictures by W. Logsdail, "Views of the London Streets." The larger, the "Bank of England (No. 19), is a wonderful piece of work; small as are the forms the treatment is broad and bold and the effect of perfect finish is given without any apparent effort of painful labour. Even the expression of the faces of the outside passengers on the omnibus can be plainly perceived although the picture comes well together and is very effective as a whole. As two examples of contemporary life in the largest city of the world they will go down to posterity increasing in value as the years go by. Another fine bit of work is "On the Opposite Sea," by Colin Hunter (No. 15); the open air freshness of the sky and sea in this little coast scene easily accounts for his rising reputation. More difficult to understand is the reputation made by Henry Moore, who has just received a medal, at the Paris Exhibition, for landscape. His larger work here (he has two), "The Open Sea," has such an intensely dark blue sky that we wonder in what latitude it was painted, while the water is, in our opinion, not comparable to some of Turner's wonderful seas. His smaller work, "Morning on the Sea Coast," does not call for special remark. It is disappointing to find Sir Frederick Leighton represented only by a small outline sketch of girls throwing balls, which has been reproduced in fac-simile in the *Magazine of Art*. Walter Moore, a brother of Henry Moore, has two very clever pieces of decorative treatment of the draped figure (Nos. 23 and 24); the larger, "Summer Noon," might be termed a symphony in white and yellow, as light and shade are ignored and the figures made entirely subservient to a decorative arrangement of masses of orange yellow, lemon yellow, grey and white. So in the smaller, called "Tulips," a well-drawn study of a draped model subserves a scheme of pink and white decoration. Burne Jones' "Tower of Brass" (No. 1) shows that the old pre-Raphaelite School is not yet extinct, although Millais, Rossetti, and most of the other disciples outgrew its peculiar creed long ago. In this picture the familiar gaunt and bony female cranes her abnormally long neck to look out a doorway at the building of the tower in which she is to be immured, and the spectator becomes reconciled to her fate as he gazes and thinks it was not so much to be wondered at after all. The peculiar colouring of the carefully arranged and impossible drapery and of the foreground remind one strongly of a stained glass

window, a branch of art in which this artist excels. Of Cecil Lawson's two examples the best I can find to say is that the smaller one reminds the spectator of O. R. Jacobi, but is not by any means equal to that veteran colourist at his best. "Love and Life," by G. F. Watts, R.A., and "Love's First Whisper" are thoroughly representative of this painter's style. Imagination is his strongest point and realization his weakest, while his view of life is so lugubrious that even his mirth is mournful. The latter picture would, however, be very pleasing if the young shepherd's skin were a little less like leather. P. H. Calderon's "Enone" is a fine study of the nude; good in colour and drawing, it is an attractive piece of artistic work by a hand evidently in its prime; the archaic treatment of the landscape marks it however as a simple study of the nude model, most likely done in the life school. On the whole, small as the collection is, a little over thirty pictures in all, the public of Montreal are to be congratulated on the opportunity given of studying these works which, although not by the greatest men of the English school, are by well-known and respected painters.

TEMPLAR.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE "Von Bülow Recital" is fixed for the 7th of April. Judging from the reception afforded to Coquelin, Otto Hegner, G. W. Cable, and other performers of renown outside Canada, it is none too soon to tell people what they may expect. Von Bülow is one of the representative artists of the age—of the century.

On Thursday evening of last week a "composer's" concert was given in the Toronto College of Music Hall, which was well filled. Signor Rubini, whose compositions were given at this concert, is one of the professors of singing at the College. He came here a year ago from London, England, being forced by ill-health to leave the fogs of the metropolis, where he had a large and influential connection. He was also Maestro al Cembalo at the Grand Opera, Paris, for some years. His compositions are bright and melodious, bearing the mark of a truly musical mind. Those selected for this occasion were well varied in character, being a 'cello solo, capitolly played by Mr. Ernst Mahr; two piano numbers, played by Mr. Harry Field, who won a double recall; a violin solo, by Mr. Robert Mahr; an "Offertorium," for organ, by Mr. G. H. Fairclough; two songs by Miss Lizzie Kraft, and a duet, "Salve Regina" by Misses Sutherland and Kraft.

THE event of the week was of course the appearance of the wonderful boy Otto Hegner. More than one good concert has been ruined this season by incapable management, and it is a source of regret that this remarkable child and the Mendelssohn quintette which assisted him were allowed to visit Toronto and perform to so small an audience. Our musical and society people have, it is true, many claims upon them at this time of the year, but had the legitimate and necessary amount of advertising been indulged in by those managing the concert the audience might have easily been twice as many. Those who had the sagacity to be present went away amazed and enraptured. Master Hegner received great praise in London in October last, nearly all the critical journals pronouncing him superior to Josef Hoffmann, and in New York his appearances have caused considerable of a furore. It is to be supposed that the Toronto people had never heard of him, and that the prices did not suit their pockets. Be that as it may, those who did not hear the truly gifted boy lost one of the greatest delights of which it is possible to conceive. The great Waldstein Sonata, played unerringly from memory testified to his possession of every quality necessary, not only to a prodigy, but to a great pianist. For this child of twelve is in every respect an artist and well equipped to enter the lists with older performers. Indeed, a degree of conscientiousness, a care, almost morbid, in phrasing, and a delightful earnestness of manner were, after surprising technique, his chief characteristics. What is to be his future who can tell? No signs of the nervous strain are yet visible, unless it be in occasional exaggerations of head and limb. The little lad has almost to rise from his seat in order to reach the extremities of his instrument. Otherwise he is as sweet and unconscious as can be desired. His performance of the difficult "Valse Caprice" was a *tour de force*, reminding one in its extraordinary leaps and jumps of the Titan Rubinstein himself. Let Master Otto come again and let a Toronto audience show its appreciation of *genius* by mustering in large numbers. The quintette club did some good work, bringing with them an especially fine violinist.

SATURDAY, Nov. 30th, being the sixtieth birthday of Rubinstein, the leading Russian newspapers published articles dedicated to the eminent pianist and composer, who also celebrated on Saturday the jubilee of his entering the musical profession. Special concerts in honour of the event were arranged in St. Petersburg.

"JEANNE D'ARC," a drama by Jules Barbier, will (says the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post*) probably be produced with certain alterations at the Theatre St. Martin, during the course of the next month. The role of Jeanne will be played by Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who is expected to achieve in it one of her most brilliant successes. M. Gounod himself is engaged in composing the additional music to the piece necessitated by the alterations which it has undergone. The spectacular effects are expected to be very fine, no less than 500 new costumes being employed.

ONE of the most famous Roman Catholic choirs in London sang on December 1st, for the last time. The Cathedral of St. George, Southwark, has a more than metropolitan reputation for the manner in which the music of the services has hitherto been rendered. For upwards of thirty years, Herr Meyer Lutz, the conductor of the Gaiety orchestra, has been organist and choirmaster, while amongst the members were well known vocalists like Mr. Aynsley Cook, Mr. Furneaux Cook, Mr. Bernard Lane and Mr. Edmund Cook. The best and most difficult masses of Mozart, Hayden, and Weber, could always be heard on Sundays at the Cathedral, and under Bishops Grant and Danell the "Stabat Mater" was given with unflinching regularity once a month. In the operatic season one or other of the stars could generally be heard at the high mass. The names of those who have sung in the Cathedral at one time or another would be sufficient to fill an album. St. George's choir was one of the few Roman Catholic paid choirs in London, and this is the reason of its abolition. The congregation is a poor one, and the present Bishop of the Diocese, having made extensive changes in the seat rents and other matters of internal economy, has decided that the choir shall in the future be a voluntary one.

UNDER the somewhat fantastic title of "The Drama in Blue and White," Mr. Henry Arthur Jones recently gave a lecture on modern dramatic art at the Lambeth Polytechnic. The title was derived from Rabelais's description of Gargantua's colours, "white signifying gladness, pleasure, rejoicing, and blue, celestial things." Taking this as his text, Mr. Jones declared that the mission of art is to gladden and exalt. The form of drama that now enjoys exceptional popularity is calculated to do neither. It is the art of the music hall—pert, catchy, empty, leering, its only wit consisting of cloaked but perfectly palpable impropriety. This is to be found not only on the music hall stage, but in the theatre itself, and Mr. Jones held, that the success of the one or two Shakesperian productions, dependent perhaps upon the vogue of an actor, or on scenic effect, was of less vital moment than the growing acceptance of the music-hall ideal on the English stage. At the same time, Mr. Jones advised music-hall managers to agitate by all means to obtain the right to perform good stage plays, and thus get rid of the empty folly of the entertainment they now provide. With regard to the objection that this trash is amusing and a genuine study of life, Mr. Jones protested that not even a tragedy should be dull, for in it even the gloomiest side of human nature might be rendered dignified if it were rightly treated, and virtue, even when not rewarded in the common way, would shine out as pure, unselfish, and self-sacrificing. But at present black and dun, signifying gloom, sorrow, and business trickery, are more characteristic of English life than blue and white, and Mr. Jones believed that there can be no good art until it reflects the noble, healthy life of our sons and daughters.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA. New York, Chicago and Atlanta: John B. Alden.

The nineteenth volume of the "Manifold Cyclopaedia" maintains the high standard of the preceding volumes. For popular use it will be found quite as serviceable as works of greater pretensions and considerably greater price. In the present volume such topics as "Home Rule," "Homestead Laws," "Homœopathy," nearly seven pages; "Horse," "Hydropathy," over six pages; "Hospitals," eight pages; "Immigration," "Imports," "India," thirty-five pages; and others are treated freshly and fully, statistics being brought down to June, 1889. Biographical articles will be found on Homer, Hood, Hopkins, Horace, Howard, Howells, Hugo, Humboldt, Hume and Hunt.

THOMAS NAST'S CHRISTMAS DRAWINGS FOR THE HUMAN RACE. New York: Harper and Brothers, Franklin Square.

Hitherto the privilege of an interview with the Good Genius of Christmas tide before the advent of his traditional annual visit has been restricted to a favoured few. The magical skill of Thomas Nast, aided by the artistic arrangement of his publishers, has, however, overcome the difficulty, and henceforward anyone who so desires can, at a small outlay, enjoy the society of Santa Claus and his friends. It is true that it is a little anomalous to find the good saint attired at this season of the year in a linen duster with curious embroidery, but on laying aside his outer garment we find him to be the large-hearted, fur-clad ideal of childhood's dreams. The twinkling eye, broad, jolly features, flowing beard of this rotund and opulent personage animate the sketches from the opening one representing the vision of the child, until, after various adventures and having danced with our old time friend—Mother Goose—the laughing saint is off once more with his sled and reindeer, "whose flying feet flash through the viewless air," leaving his pack of treasures distributed in many stockings and "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a Good Night." This first collection of Thomas Nast's works has received the title of "Christmas Drawings for the Human Race," we are informed in the preface, because they appeal to the sympathy of no particular religious denomination or political party, but to the universal delight in the happiest of holidays, consecrated by the loftiest association, and endeared by the tenderest domestic tradition. It is an admirable book for the season, and will commend itself to children of all ages.

AMERICAN WAR BALLADS AND LYRICS. Edited by George Cary Eggleston. In two volumes. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Co.

These latest additions to the "Knickerbocker Nuggets" are excellent samples of American enterprise and national prowess. In looking over them—burning, crude, unconventional as some of them are, others tame and uninspired to a fault—we are, however, certain of one thing, the intense love of country which animated a generation now almost entirely passed into oblivion. With the famous ride of Sheridan, with that of Paul Revere, with the disasters of Gettysburg, the *Alabama*, the *Cumberland*, with "Keenan's Charge," the "Burial of Latané," "Stonewall Jackson's Way," "My Maryland," and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," Americans of to-day seem to have but little in common. They have not lost their love of country, they have not all turned Anglo-maniacs, they are still patriots to the core and proud of some memories of the past while sensitive about others, yet there seems a great gulf fixed between the citizen of the Republic in 1889 and the patriot of 1863 or 1812. The poems included in the collection are for the most part of surprisingly good stamp; here and there the names of James Russell Lowell, Thomas Buchanan Reid, Longfellow, Whittier and Stedman attest to the presence of gems in the midst of crudities and imperfections such as must occur in any collection of the poems of a people, while classics like "Marching through Georgia," and the "Star-Spangled Banner" have wisely, we think, been accepted by an editor careful to note every aspect of an interesting and thrilling theme. The preface is characterized by several markedly sensible and timely statements, and it is a matter for national congratulation, as the editor observes, that in the entire body of American war poetry, of the ballad and lyric class, there was not found, during his examination of the same, one unmanly or cowardly line—scarcely an ungenerous one.

REDEEMING THE REPUBLIC. The third period of the War of the Rebellion. By Charles Carleton Coffin. Price \$3. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Even if this portion of the history of the American Civil War has not quite the interest of some of the earlier parts or of the closing scenes, still there are thrilling incidents by sea and land related in the volume before us. Practically, we may say, it begins with the appointment of Gen. Grant to the command-in-chief and closes with the fall of Atlanta. Mr. Coffin was a newspaper correspondent attached to Grant's army, and he draws his information partly from his own notes made on the spot, partly from other original sources, Federal and Confederate. The point of view from which the history is written is naturally that of the Union; but we find no evidence of misrepresentation or of unfairness towards the Confederate officers or soldiers. The splendid courage and other high qualities of the men who were, most of them, fighting conscientiously for a losing cause are cordially recognized in these pages.

We believe that there is now a generally prevalent opinion that the military ability of Gen. Grant has been underrated; and Mr. Coffin is evidently among those who consider Grant to have been a very great soldier. In fact he puts, as the heading of the chapter in which Grant's appointment as commander-in-chief is recorded, the words, "The Great Commander." In several cases he shows that, if Grant's orders had been properly carried out by his subordinates, the war would almost certainly have been brought to a more speedy conclusion.

In spite of the great losses sustained by the federal troops in the terrible struggles in the Wilderness and at Spotsylvania, one certainly gets the impression of Grant being not merely a great fighter, but a fine soldier; although in this latter respect he must be placed below his great rival, Gen. Lee. In reading of these two men we can hardly fail to be reminded of two great contemporaneous generals of France, Turenne and Condé. Turenne was a general of the first rank, of the order of Alexander, Caesar, Frederick, Napoleon, a man endowed with the vision which belongs to the very few, one of those who are able to effect their purposes with the smallest possible sacrifice of their men, and with the greatest possible amount of certainty. Condé was also a soldier of high ability. This was recognized fully by Turenne himself. But Condé's ability was shown in obstinate fighting rather than in the highest form of strategy. It strikes us forcibly that there is the same sort of difference between Lee and Grant. It is by no means certain that Grant would have succeeded if he had not had the inexhaustible resources of the North behind him. It should be remembered, however, that Grant had shown great military qualities before he was called upon to cross swords with Lee. He had "won the victories of Donelson and Shiloh," and "had planned the strategy of Vicksburg and Chattanooga."

The terrible story of the continuous fighting which took place in the first half of the year 1864 is told here in a graphic and animated manner, with all necessary detail, and yet without needless amplification. We have referred to some incidents in the struggle; but others are here recorded which are not of less interest. Among the most exciting of the narratives are those which are concerned with the fighting at sea. Mr. Coffin gives the story of the *Alabama* and the *Kearsage* with an enthusiasm which rises higher than is his wont, and also with a touch of bitterness to the old country which even the receipt of fifteen millions in compensation does not seem to have

abated. But even more interesting and exciting is the story of Admiral Farragut's splendid achievement in Mobile Bay which led to the most important consequence of depriving the Confederates of one of the remaining ports which were available for blockade running.

One feels, in reading this volume, that the end of the gallant struggle cannot be far off, and in fact ten months more saw the end of it. Sherman had begun that wonderful march which astonished the whole world, and proved that the power of resistance in the South was less than had been expected. Atlanta has fallen and the way is open to the south-eastern coast, and a basis of operations has been furnished for assailing Petersburg and Richmond from behind. This work, when completed, will furnish a useful and trustworthy memorial of the great war.

THE STRUGGLE FOR IMMORTALITY. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Several of these essays—seven in all—are reprinted from the *North American Review* and *The Forum*, where, it is safe to say, they attracted a great deal of the attention of thinking people, and attested to the capacity of exceptional womanhood to deal with theological subjects in a fearless, direct and vigorous manner. That quality of directness is one of Mrs. Ward's peculiar gifts; not so, however, the habit of strict self-discipline and self-restraint, particularly in the matter of the emotions. Yet in these remarkable essays, the region of sentiment is rarely invaded, and only then where such an excursion becomes an imperative necessity. Where thought is of so much moment, as in topics like these: "Is God Good?" "What Does Revelation Reveal?" and "The Christianity of Christ," style may well be relegated to a secondary place, yet the author exhibits a very powerful and unusual style, indeed, throughout her work, thereby enhancing and enforcing the statements themselves. Admirers of Henry Drummond's matchless book, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," will be reminded of its eloquent beauty as they read Mrs. Ward's graphic pages. There is the same train of thought, the same fearlessness, the same curious command of antithetical illustration. Taken all in all, the name of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, among the most gifted of America's living writers, is worthy of standing on the title page of this thoughtful volume, as its contents themselves are worthy of her previous fame.

THE *Quiver* is always delightful and improving, and its December number contains several seasonable papers, as well as a Christmas anthem by Joseph Barnby (Precentor of Eton College), and many charming illustrations. Side by side with *Cassell's Family Magazine*, rich in short stories, scientific chat and good poetry, the *Quiver* holds its own to-day amid a myriad of younger publications, and numbers scores of interested readers in all quarters of the globe.

READERS of Hawley Smart's hunting serial, "Fly-Catcher," in *Outing*, will be sorry to discover only five pages of it in the December number. The "Game of Curling" receives due and scientific handling from James Hedley. "Women and their Guns" is a new departure for the fair and always progressing sex. Florida, Nova Scotia and Lake Superior, all figure as *locales* for the differing sporting papers, and the poetry, not necessarily concerned with alligators, moose or bicycles, is particularly good and plentiful. Mr. Henry Sandham's spirited illustrations are a feature of this number.

THE *Magazine of American History* opens with one of the editor's carefully prepared papers upon "The Early Career of Lord Brougham," containing numerous illustrations of Holland House, and portraits of Lord Brougham, Jeffrey and Sydney Smith. The *raison d'être* of this article is a trifle obscure. Nevertheless it is a matter of history that Jeffrey's second wife was Miss Charlotte Wilkes, the daughter of Charles Wilkes, the first treasurer of the New York Historical Society, and President of the Bank of New York, whose residence was in Wall Street. There is a short tribute to the memory of Hooper Cumming Van Woorst, late President of the Holland Society. The other illustrated articles are on the "Drawings of a Navajo Artist," and an "Acrostic" by John Quincy Adams.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* issues a special Christmas number full of charming things. Hamish MacCunn, the rising young Scotch composer, contributes the first of six love-songs, a circle of poems, written by the veteran librettist, Joseph Bennett. Grant Allen, W. Clark Russell, Walter Crane, Violet Fane, and Mme. Guizot de Witt, are among the distinguished contributors both with pen and pencil, and we must make special mention of a pathetic short story entitled, "A Modern Problem," by Sheldon Clarke. The illustrations, however, do not appear to be as soft and clear as usual, particularly in the case of Mr. Grant Allen's paper, "From Moor to Sea," where the pictures are singularly coarse, and in the style of the woodcuts of twenty-five years ago. There are eighteen items in all, making up an exceedingly pleasant and profitable number of this justly popular periodical.

DECEMBER'S *Temple Bar* includes the last chapters of the three interesting serials, "Sir Charles Danvers," "Arminell," and "Paul's Sister." All three are novels of the English domestic type, "Arminell" containing some isolated passages of exceeding beauty and nobility, though, as a whole, it is scrappy and unequal, and the final step taken by the heroine in marrying the consumptive, "Jingles," is somewhat out of key with what has preceded it. James

Walsh, the journalist, is quite a creation, and together with his vivid monologues, his epileptic cook, and his wife "Tryphoena," recalls some of the best character-painting of the school of Besant, David Christie Murray, and William Black. The paper on "Lord Chesterfield" is sufficiently careful and emphatic to prevent anyone from attributing too much virtue to that singular and unhappy man. "Recreations of a Dominican Preacher" make a readable article, being in part a review of the life of Father Tom Burke, the Irish Massillon, friend of Longfellow and antagonist of Mr. Froude. The versatile and voluminous Fred. Weatherly contributes a poem, and Arthur Montefiore, F.R.G.S., wages war against some transatlantic short-comings in a slashing paper, "Among the Americans." Two new serials for January are announced, by Rhoda Broughton and Mrs. Annie Edwardes.

THE list of names figuring as contributors to the December *Forum* is not, perhaps, a very brilliant or distinguished one, yet, as we are frequently indebted to the rank and file of men and women for much that is excellent and useful in life, we discern even in this somewhat unequal number things of exceptional interest. The subject of "Divorce" is commented upon by Edward J. Phelps. Professor Henry Scamp treats us to some thoughtful paragraphs on the race problem as it exists upon this continent, and Dr. George Gould asks the question, "Is Medicine a Science?" The Rev. M. J. Savage's "Experiences with Spiritualism" savour of nothing remarkably novel or thrilling. The practice of requesting papers on settled subjects would appear not to be always fraught with success. Spiritualism and the occult will now, it is supposed, take the place of divorce and electricity. The chief article of interest, however, to Canadian readers will be that on "Religious Teaching in Schools," by Bishop B. J. McQuaid. Right Reverend B. J. McQuaid, Bishop of Rochester, was born in New York City in 1823, of Irish parentage. He was the founder and for ten years the president of Seton Hall College and Seminary in New Jersey. In 1868 he was consecrated first Bishop of Rochester. He is well known as an advocate of religious schools, and has written and lectured extensively on this subject. He was present at the Vatican Council in 1869-70. The discussion of the relation of the Roman Catholic Church to the public school system has been carried on in *The Forum* by the ablest advocates of both sides of the controversy. Among recent articles bearing on this subject are the following: The Rev. J. R. Kendrick, "Romanizing the Public Schools" (September, 1889); Cardinal Manning, "The Bible in the Public Schools" (March, 1889); Professor G. P. Fisher, "Cardinal Manning and Public Schools" (April, 1889); Monsignor T. S. Preston, "Socialism and the Catholic Church" (April, 1888); Bishop R. Gilmour, "What Shall the Public Schools Teach?" (June, 1888); Monsignor Léon Bouland, "Romanism and the Republic" (July, 1888). Bishop McQuaid remarks:

"There are men to-day who lose their wits when the spectre of Jesuitism or Romanism dances before their affrighted imagination. It is hard to reason with these disturbed but well-meaning gentlemen. They speak and write of Italy and Ireland, when others are studying American problems; they write of 'dumping' European criminals on American shores, when serious men are planning how best to keep down the breeding of criminals in our large cities; they picture the Pope in the supposed act of nullifying our national laws, when citizens to the manner born ask that our laws shall not ride rough-shod over parental and conscientious rights. It is hard to carry on reasonable discussion with men sure of their personal infallibility; with men whose thoughts and ideas are warped by the battle cries of fifty years ago. Thoughtful men do not to-day fall down before the state-school system as before a fetich to be blindly worshipped. It is a system of schools thoroughly godless, in name and in law, established and maintained by the state for the secular education of the children of the people who are satisfied with a partial, ineffective, and unjust arrangement, and who are willing to accept pecuniary aid from poor neighbours for their offspring's schooling. Catholics are unceasingly hectoring about their attempts to overthrow and destroy the state-school system. Attention is thus drawn away from real dangers altogether inherent in the system itself. It is a system liable to blunders innumerable, to insufficiency of accomplishment, and to the perpetrating of injustices."

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE is said to be writing her 101st book.

PROF. CLARK MURRAY, of Montreal, will appear as a contributor to our next issue. A paper is also promised by Mr. O. A. Howland.

REV. HERBERT D. WARD, husband of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, has nearly completed a novel, archæological in character, with the scene laid in Babylon.

THE new London weekly paper devoted to the Gladstonians, and which is looked on as a rival of *The Spectator*, will be called *The Speaker*, and is to be edited by Wemyss Reid.

KATE FIELD'S new weekly paper, *Washington*, will be issued at the national capital towards the end of this month. It is designed to cover the whole ground of a high-class weekly.

MR. WHITELEY, of London, who is believed to be the biggest shopkeeper in the world, has commenced a new monthly, intended indirectly or directly to help his business, called *The World's Provider*.

DURING his imprisonment Mr. William O'Brien has been engaged on a novel which he expects to finish by Christmas. It is to be called "When We were Boys," and will probably be first published in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

THE *Critic*, of Dec. 14, announces that, with the new year, Dr. W. J. Rolfe, of Cambridgeport, Mass., the distinguished Shakspearian scholar, will take charge of a department in that paper to be entitled "Shakspeariana."

A NOVEL feature of the "Windsor Peerage," now nearly ready in London, will be the omission of the ladies' ages—an innovation which it is expected will meet with favour, though it must detract from the real value of the record.

THE sudden though hardly premature death of Robert Browning dwarfs all other aspects of the literary world. A notice of his last book, "Asolando," received only two days before his death, will appear in the next issue of THE WEEK.

THE John W. Lovell Company announce a new "Library." It is a series of Foreign Literature, to be edited by Edmund Gosse. The first number, to be ready this week, will be "Joshua: a Biblical Picture," by George Ebers.

THERE is talk of a new English journal being set on foot in Paris, under the name of *The International Times*. Mr. Bottomley, who recently, as a Gladstonian, stood for Parliament in Hornsey, and Mr. Leopold Graham, a London journalist, are the promoters.

THE *Forum*, for January, will contain an article, by ex-Speaker Carlisle, on "How the Tariff Affects the Farmer," in which the Protectionist arguments are taken up one by one, and a statistical view of the condition of agriculture as compared with other industries is presented.

Ivan Panin, the Russian *littérateur*, was baptized in the Central Baptist Church of Chicago recently, after his renunciation of infidelity. All his life, up to the time of his graduation from Harvard in 1884, Panin was an infidel. He went to Minneapolis, a year ago, to deliver a few lectures. Since becoming a Christian Panin has renounced lecturing on worldly topics and will henceforth stick to the pulpit.

OF the Eiffel Tower, W. C. Brownell says, in the January *Scribner's*: "It was, however, not only not vulgar, but agreeable. Technically the Tour Eiffel was superb. It may have been intended merely to be astonishing, but in reality it was in the highest degree impressive."

THE *New-Englander* appears to be in trouble. That at least is the inference from a circular hinting that it cannot go on unless an endowment of \$6,000 annually for three years is provided. The precedents of the *Princeton, Andover*, and *Church Reviews* are cited, and it is pleaded in justification that organs of culture dispensing with fiction, pictures, and such popular lures cannot hope to be a financial success. Appeal is made especially to the 14,000 Yale alumni.

WE beg to draw attention to the glowing address by Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P., condensed upon another page for our readers. Mr. Davin's style is always unmistakably that of the scholar and born orator, and while it is graphic and fervid, as becomes an Irishman, is tempered by general culture and sound literary opinions. Talleyrand said: "Above all, no enthusiasm." But he spoke to the Gaul. Mr. Davin does well to instil his pet virtue of enthusiasm into the colder Canadian nature, and we are grateful to him for it.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY will publish at an early day a new brochure by Prof. E. N. Horsford, on "The Discovery of the Ancient City of Norumbega." The substance of the book was communicated to the President and Council of the American Geographical Society, at a special session in Watertown, on the 21st of November last. In addition to the historical address, there will be photographs of the site of the ancient city, sixteen maps from Icelandic sources down to the United States Coast Survey, and the original map of the valley of the Charles River from Stoney Brook to Cambridge.

THE close of the Parnell Commission is to be signalized shortly by the publication of two volumes. One is "The Diary of the Parnell Commission," by John Macdonald, revised from the London *Daily News*, which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish. The other is Mr. Davitt's speech, which he has carefully revised for publication. It is to be called "The Defence of the Land League," and will

be issued by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. A feature of much interest in the latter volume will be its appendices, in which many matters objected to by Sir James Hannen, when about to be referred to by Mr. Davitt, will be included. In addition there will be an array of facts covering the whole field of the Irish struggle for land and liberty.

THE first 1890 protected party of the Church Emigration Society will leave England for Canada early in April. The party will consist of good farm hands, single or young married couples being preferred. Those desirous of joining should apply to the Secretary, Church Emigration Society, 49 Victoria Street, London, S. W. Single girls, domestic servants of good character, able and willing to undertake general work, should apply to Miss C. E. Denison, Hon. Sec. Ladies' Auxiliary, 196 Cromwell Road, London, S. W. The Bishop of London has, by the way, accepted the office of the Vice-President of the Society. The Bishop takes great interest in emigration, and his active co-operation with the work of the Society should be of valuable assistance to the Committee.

WHAT is meant by the following notice, culled from *The American*, is not quite easy to gather:—

"If it be the purpose of poetry, as Mr. Stopford Brooke has told us, to give pleasure, then few men of the century had a better right to the name of poet than Martin Farquhar Tupper, whose death was announced from London, on the 20th ult. What writer of verse in our day has reached and pleased so great a number of persons? He went down as low as Burns in the stretch of his influence, and he certainly did his readers no harm, while he added some colour to their lives by his writing. His vast popularity showed that while the educated classes had passed that stage of mental development in which gnomic poetry is relished—a stage represented by Solomon and Hesiod in the ancient literatures—the masses had not done so, and they found in him what they did not in Tennyson or even Longfellow. It is to be remembered that while 'Proverbial Philosophy' was his most popular and his best remembered book, he wrote many others between the issue of the earliest, in 1838, and his latest, in 1863."

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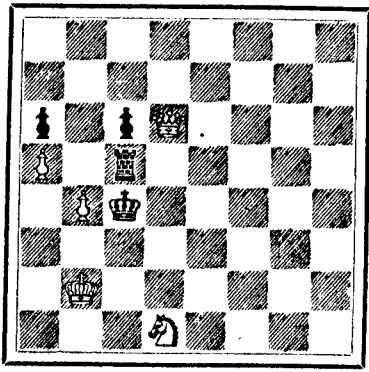
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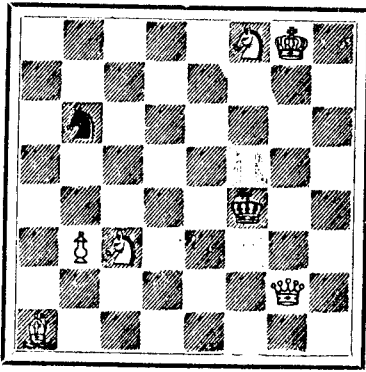
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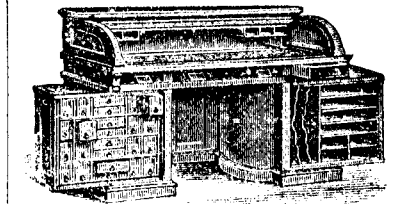
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