

VOL. XIII., No. 49.

\$3.00 Per Annum.

October 30th, 1896.

Price 10 Cents.



THE WEEK

A JOURNAL FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

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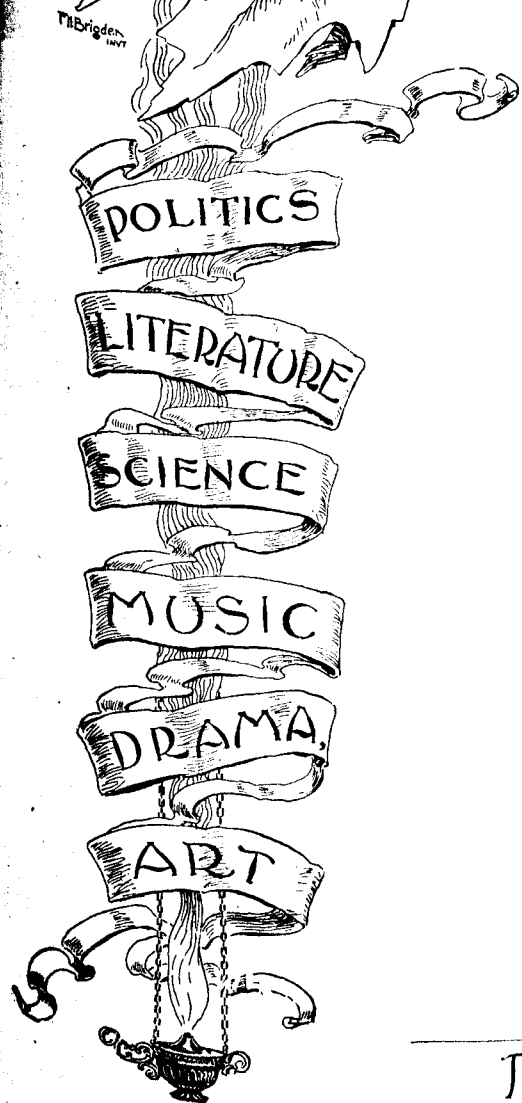
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as the Company. IV. The Face of the Land. V. From Champlain to Gooding. VI. The
Kings of the Canada Company. VII. The Colborne Clique. VIII. Gairbraid. IX.
Lunderston. X. Meadowlands. XI. The Canada Company vs. The People. XII. The
People vs. The Canada Company. XIII. A Social Pot-Pourri. XIV. The Heart of Huron.
XV. The Bonnie Easthopes. XVI. The Cairn.

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glimpses of the good old times, and many Canadians will join with me in thanking them for
allowing us to sit beside one of the cradles of our national life--inconabula nostrae gentis—
and hear some of the first attempts at speech of the sturdy infant."

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THE WEEK.

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THE WEEK: C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, MANAGER.

Current Topics.

The Howland Memorial Hall.

It is eminently fitting that the name of the late W. H. Howland should be perpetuated by the Mimico Industrial School, to the maintenance and development of which he gave so much thought and toil. It is a noble monument to his memory, and the friends who have undertaken to carry on his work in connection with it have acted wisely in calling the new building which was recently opened the "Howland Memorial Hall." His is a name to conjure with in soliciting contributions for the support of the school, to which he was himself so liberal a contributor. The aim of the institution should commend itself to the community at large. It is designed to prevent boys who have drifted into evil courses from becoming confirmed criminals, and to train to industrial habits those who have, from lack of parental control, become truants and idlers. Some complaint has recently been made that the number of inmates is decreasing. If this is due to a diminution in the number of boys who ought to be sent to such an institution, it is matter for congratulation, for no one would wish to deprive of their freedom those children who are fit subjects for the ordinary public school discipline. The allegation is made, however, that the falling off is due to an unwillingness on the part of magisterial officers to commit to the Industrial School boys of the very class for which it has been designed. If they exist in undiminished numbers in the community, what becomes of them when they pass under the surveillance of the police as cadets in vice or crime? To allow them to drift on in evil courses is not just either to them or to the public; to send them to a reformatory prison before that is absolutely necessary is to shut the door of hope to those whom every humane magistrate should be reluctant to consign to perdition. The new Provincial Secretary might usefully look into the matter, for no more important question is likely to come before him.

Early Closing
in Montreal

By a civic ordinance of the corporation the shops of Montreal are required to close at a certain and not very late hour. It has been found difficult to secure general observance of the regulation, and a number of shop-keepers have been fined by the Police Magistrate, who announces with equal frankness his disapproval of the ordinance and his determination to enforce it as long as it remains unrepealed. The opponents of the regulation threaten to apply to the Quebec Legislature for relief, but surely that body would be foolish to interfere with so purely a local matter. There is really no hardship inflicted on any class by requiring all shops to close at a reasonable hour, any more than there is by requiring all factories to limit the number of hours their employees are permitted to work during the week. It seems to be too late to protest against the ordinance on general principles, and now that the experiment has been started, it would be a good thing for other places to see it fairly tried in a great commercial centre like Montreal. One of the regrettable things about our modern civilization is its failure to lighten the burdens and brighten the lots of the toilers, and surely the salespeople in shops are entitled to some consideration. The purchasing public would not be seriously inconvenienced by early closing, but it does not seem possible to secure its general adoption except by the enforcement of a civic by-law such as is authorized by the early closing law passed some years ago by the Ontario Legislature.

Dr. Bergin

The death of Dr. Bergin, M.P. for Stormont and Cornwall, has removed from the arena of political life in Canada one of its better known and more interesting characters. He was in many respects a typical Irish Catholic, and was never disposed to apologize for being so. His fondness for horses was proverbial, and as he kept a farm he was able to indulge freely a taste which the introduction of the bicycle tends to obscure if not obliterate. Dr. Bergin entered the House of Commons in 1872 as the Liberal member for the town of Cornwall. He was defeated not long afterward, and having meanwhile separated from his original associates, he was subsequently re-elected as a Conservative. His high standing in the medical profession was recognized by the Government of the day, when he was appointed Surgeon-General of the forces sent to suppress the North-West rebellion a few years ago, and by the Ontario Medical Council when it elected him as its President.

"Ian
MacLaren"

The author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" is so well known to his readers, and is so popular with them, that he takes a great risk in the matter of reputation when he appears on the lecture platform. Few great writers are great speakers, and there is about the usual lyceum lecture an air of conventionalism that is very trying to people of taste. Coleridge drew large crowds to hear him, and so did Thackeray, and Carlyle, but their lectures were not of the conventional type. They were simply able and characteristic essays which were not intended to be used over and over again on

a prolonged lecturing tour. It is practically impossible for any man, however gifted or imaginative, to repeat the same lecture, time after time, in quick succession, without showing signs of mental inertia. This is the more likely to be the case when the lecturer deals with a trite theme and not in any markedly novel way. That Dr. Watson should have achieved a high degree of success in spite of the inevitable drawbacks, speaks volumes for his versatility. It must be said, however, that the impression produced on the reader by his books is far more favourable than the impression produced on the hearer by his lectures.

The Nelson
Anniversary.

The anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar has this year evoked more than the usual amount of spontaneous expression of feeling, which has found vent in the decoration of the monuments erected in Nelson's honour. The one in Montreal was wreathed with the British and French flags, a fact which has been variously commented on by the French journals. *La Patrie*, from which one might have expected more philosophical calmness and historical tolerance, regards the incident as a humiliation to the French race. *Le Monde*, which has not always been so free from prejudice, speaks of Nelson in terms of appreciation, and cannot see why both races should not revere his memory as that of a brave and generous man, as they unite in raising their hats to the Wolfe-Montcalm monument on the Plains of Abraham. In truth, Nelson was worthy of honour. He was a brilliant strategist as well as a brave officer, and he was as kind-hearted as he was competent. That there is no mistake in the popular instinct which assigns so much importance to the battle of Trafalgar has been shown anew by the publication of Gen. Bingham's diary of the events connected with Napoleon Bonaparte's banishment to St. Helena, where the writer was second in command. In one of his conversations with the distinguished prisoner the latter told him that he really meant to invade England with the great force which he assembled at Boulogne, that his failure to do so at that time was due to the failure of Admiral Villeneuve to join him, and that the final abandonment of the plan of campaign was due to the destruction of the French fleet at Trafalgar.

Upper Canada
College.

Principal Parkin, of Upper Canada College, stated in a recent public address that the number of resident pupils has been kept down by the practice of rejecting applicants whose presence in the institution would be objectionable and demoralizing. Tradition reports that a veteran master in the College once told a younger teacher, who was disappointed in the quality of the material on which he had to work, that the institution was "a cross between a reformatory prison and an idiot asylum, the boys sent to it being either too bad or too stupid to be sent anywhere else." Whatever ground there may have been for such a characterization in the past, Dr. Parkin is determined that there shall be none in the future, although he admits that "it seems difficult for some parents to get rid of the reformatory idea in connection with a public school." There is nothing surprising or unnatural in this, for a parent who has a bad boy very properly wants to have his character improved, and if he cannot have him admitted to a residential school established and endowed out of public funds, where is he to send him? The question thus raised is not easily answered, the more so as boys who have the reputation of being "bad" sometimes develop into men who, to say the least, are far from meriting that epithet.

Rev. Dr.
Milligan.

Twenty years ago the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, in this city, was divided into two. One section, retaining the name of "St. Andrew's" and the pastorate of the late Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, migrated to the corner of King and Simcoe streets, where it still worships. The other, under the name of "Old St. Andrew's" and the pastorate of the Rev. G. M. Milligan, continued for a time to occupy the historic edifice on the corner of Adelaide and Church, and then removed to its present building on the corner of Jarvis and Carlton streets. Mr. Macdonnell died a few months ago, but Dr. Milligan is still discharging his pastoral duties in his characteristic way and with unabated energy. The twentieth anniversary of his induction has just been celebrated, and to all appearance he is good for another twenty years. It is pleasant to be able to record that, in spite of the congregational cleavage, the fraternal bond between the two pastors was unusually close and enduring, though in personal idiosyncrasies they were markedly different. It is no less pleasant to bear testimony to the self-sacrificing and public-spirited way in which each of them took part in general movements for the betterment of the condition of society. "How the other half lives" was well known to each of them from long-continued and arduous devotion to charitable work.

The Archbishop
of Canterbury.

The position of ecclesiastical Primate of England, though not so important relatively as it once was, is still a very dignified and influential office. The promotion of Bishop Temple of London to the position has caused some surprise, not because his fitness for it is doubted, but because, while he has always been a personal friend of Mr. Gladstone, his appointment comes from Lord Salisbury. He filled for eleven years, from 1858 to 1869, the position made famous by Dr. Arnold, the headmastership of Rugby. Early in that portion of his career he won fame or notoriety, according to the point of view, by appearing at the head of the list of authors of the celebrated "Essays and Reviews." His elevation to the episcopacy as Bishop of Exeter in 1869, took place on the advice of Mr. Gladstone, whose Irish Church disestablishment policy he had warmly and publicly supported. In 1885 he was transferred to the See of London, over which he has ever since presided. The new Primate's advancement seems to meet with general acceptance on the part of both the clergy and the laity.

A Novel
Competition.

All who have anything to do with scientific or philosophical discussions are familiar with the fact that controversy frequently lapses into logomachy on account of the uncertainty in the use of terms. Polemics often think they are disputing about principles when they are really quarrelling over the meanings of words. Any effort to lessen this waste of intellectual acumen and energy deserves encouragement in the interest of truth, and for this reason we are glad to see that a prize of \$250 has been offered for the best treatise on "the causes of the present obscurity and confusion in psychological and philosophical terminology, and the directions in which we may hope for efficient practical remedy." The competition is to be academic, being limited to those who, before the first of October of this year, had passed the examinations qualifying for a degree in some European or American university. The competing essays may be written in English, French, or German, and those prepared in America are to be sent, with the usual precautions as to secrecy, to Prof. Titchener, of Cornell University.

A Canadian Scholar
Honoured,

Three names have been submitted to the Pope by the directors of Washington University, with a view to securing on his appointment a suitable successor to Bishop Keane. The first of the three is the Rev. Father Conaty, of Worcester, Massachusetts. He is of Irish descent, but was educated in the Sulpician Seminary at Montreal. As a writer and lecturer on religious and philosophical subjects he is already well known, and he has been for years a prominent advocate of temperance reform on the lines laid down by Father Mathew. Dr. Conaty's educational work has been done so far mainly in connection with the Summer School of Philosophy at Plattsburgh, New York.

The Anglo-Turkish
Treaty.

Mr. Gladstone, in a short article contributed to one of the English monthlies, puts his finger with unerring accuracy on the weak point in the present relation of Great Britain to the Turkish question. In 1878 a treaty was entered into between her and Turkey, by which the latter bound herself to carry out certain internal reforms, and the former bound herself to see that this was done. An essential feature of this agreement was the transfer of Cyprus to Britain, to which it still belongs. Obviously, if Turkey fails to do what she undertook to do, it is Great Britain's duty to apply force if that should prove to be necessary. Turkey has never granted to her Christian subjects the promised reforms, and for two years past the Sultan has been systematically massacring the Armenians with the most deliberate and fiendish cruelty. It is clear that Britain cannot honourably retain Cyprus, and it is equally clear that the Island must not be allowed to revert to Turkey; perhaps it would be best to hand it over to Greece. Britain seems bound in honour, as by treaty, to intervene forcibly for the protection of the persecuted Armenians, but this she cannot usefully do at present. The only course open is to take action in concert with Russia and France, and this seems likely to be done.

The Russian
Railway System

Prince Khilhoff, "Minister of Ways of Communication" in the administration of Russia, has been for some weeks journeying through the United States for the purpose of observing the railway system of that country. His sojourn was cut short by a summons to St. Petersburg to attend an important meeting of the Czar's Council, but during his visit he saw much that interested him and carried off many ideas that will no doubt be reduced to practice. He was greatly impressed with the cheapness of steel rails, which cost twice as much in Russia as they do in the United States. Russia has 34,000 miles of railway, and this mileage will be rapidly increased. It is expected that the Siberian railway, which will be 7,500 miles long, will be completed by the end of the century, and it will then form an important part of the fastest route around the world, the trip taking only thirty-three days instead of the present sixty-six. The Russian Government owns about half of the roads in the Empire, and it guarantees the other half. Many of them are built to open up new districts and to promote the agricultural industry in accordance with the persistent peace policy of the administration.

German Colonial
Policy.

Dr. Kayser, the chief director of the colonial policy and schemes of Germany, has found himself constrained to resign his official position, and in retiring from it he has given the public his opinions as to the wisdom and utility of German colonial projects in general, and of those in Africa in particular. Of their value to the Empire he is very doubtful, and outside

observers will regard this attitude as exceedingly moderate under the circumstances. Germany can never become a great colonizing country because the individual German does not take kindly to the task of developing a new country, and because there is no large area of the world left unappropriated in which to carry on colonization experiments. The German emigrant prefers the United States, where he can secure the advantages of a highly developed civilization, including abundance of cheap lager of excellent quality, to the German districts in Africa where he will for many years to come have no neighbours but untutored savages. As the British people, who make excellent colonists are of Teutonic descent, the difference between the British and German temperaments in this respect seems to be due very largely to the fact that for fifteen centuries the one has been developed in a sea-girt land, while the other has been developed in the heart of a continent.

Home-Made
Ships.

The German Emperor is reported to have expressed his determination that Government subsidies shall hereafter be paid only to steamships built in German ship-yards. The motive is to check the practice of getting vessels constructed in Great Britain, for which country the Emperor has a dislike that seems to be rapidly developing into a frenzy of hatred. In the present temper of the German people it may be possible for him to have his way, but sober second thought will ultimately condemn such obscurantist chauvinism. British experience long ago proved incontrovertibly that a nation's best policy is to treat all vessels alike in the matter of subsidies, so far as their place of production is concerned.

The French
Army

The insane military rivalry between Germany and France is to be kept up, the French Parliament having just ordered an addition of 8,000 men to the army. This brings its effective strength up to 550,000 soldiers. Each nation might just as well do with 100,000. Their huge standing armies make it necessary for Italy, Russia, and Austria-Hungary to burden themselves in the same way, though Italy has been reduced to the verge of bankruptcy by her efforts to fulfil her obligations as a member of the Dreibund. The maintenance of a costly armed neutrality in Europe is the chief cause of the hard times from which the whole civilized world has been suffering during the past few years. The ability of Europeans to purchase the food products of America has been enormously impaired by the withdrawal of so many men from the work of production, and by the heavy burden of taxation necessary to keep so many millions of troops in idleness, to say nothing of the permanently demoralizing effect of military life.

Princeton
University.

This will henceforth be the correct title of the great seat of learning which has its site in the famous little New Jersey town, and which has for two centuries and a half been officially named the "College of New Jersey." During several days of last week the "sesquicentennial" anniversary of the institution was celebrated, its first charter having been granted by the Governor of the Colony in 1746. It would be impossible to give here any idea of the very interesting proceedings, but some of the incidents may be mentioned. One was an address from the President of the United States. Another was the announcement of donations aggregating nearly \$2,000,000. A third was a banquet at which speeches were made by foreign academicians of world-wide fame, including Prof. Seth of Edinburgh, Prof. Klein of Gottingen, Prof. Hubrecht of Utrecht, Prof. Moissau of Paris, Prof. Dowden of

Dublin, and Dr. Goldwin Smith, formerly of Oxford. A fourth was the conferring of honorary degrees on distinguished recipients, including Dr. Goldwin Smith, Dr. Loudon of the University of Toronto, and Dr. Peterson of McGill University, each of whom was created a Doctor of Laws, and Dr. Caven of Knox College, who was created a Doctor of Divinity. Though Princeton is a venerable University, it could hardly be called a distinguished one until the late Dr. McCosh was appointed President about thirty years ago. Whatever may be thought of his erudition or his philosophical views there can be no doubt about his success in securing for the institution the funds necessary to enable it to take a high rank among the universities of America and of the world. During the past quarter of a century its expansion has been phenomenally rapid. Building after building has been erected on its campus, and chair after chair has been added to its professoriate. Dr. Patton, who succeeded Dr. McCosh five or six years ago, bids fair to rival his predecessor in ability to secure additions to the equipment and the endowment, while he is second to no former President in the already long line in purely academical qualifications for his high office. By a curious custom all the past Presidents lie side by side in Princeton cemetery. Since the writer visited the spot some years ago, Dr. McCosh, who was then a vigorous octogenarian, has taken his place in the sequence, and President Patton presides alone.

* * *

Educational Competitions.

IN a recent address, delivered on the occasion of the award of prizes won by successful competitors in Upper Canada College, Principal Parkin spoke regretfully of the lack of spirit in the competition, "especially in the upper part of the School." According to him, if he is correctly reported, "there is something lacking in a boy, or a class of boys, when honour and the desire to excel are not keen impulses to exertion, when they are willing to let even the ablest competitors win without a sharp struggle."

From my point of view this lack of competitive spirit is highly satisfactory, to whatever cause it may be due, and I hope the management of the College will soon follow the example of our High School Boards throughout the Province, and abandon the practice of offering prizes. Apparently one effect of the competition in the College is to check the activity of some of the pupils while it stimulates that of others. It has always been, and it always will be, so. The members of the class soon settle to their own satisfaction who the successful competitors will be, and those who have no hope of winning retire from the competition, while the few who are recognized as having a chance, work on with an ignoble purpose which crushes out of their minds alike the sense of duty and the desire of culture. This result is of such constant occurrence where prizes are given that I cannot see why Dr. Parkin should be surprised at it in the case of his own School.

In another part of his address the learned Principal takes up a position with which I am in entire sympathy, when he says: "I absolutely refuse to stake the reputation and character of the School, or its value for educational purposes, on its prize and honour winnings. My own plans do not specially look to a great repute for prize-winning as the best basis on which the College can be built up. Careful training and wise treatment for each boy furnish a more true and satisfactory basis. In fact, a school or college which stakes its reputation entirely on its prize-winning record lays itself open to the most subtle and powerful temptation to educational wrong-doing. That temptation is

to train the brilliant few at the expense of the commonplace many. It is easy to imagine a great prize-winning school which by that very fact is made an essentially bad school. If the chief energies of the teachers are concentrated upon the training of a few bright pupils, prizes can easily be won, while the general mass of pupils may be comparatively neglected."

My main purpose in quoting these remarks is not to emphasize the apparent inconsistency between the two passages above extracted from the address, but to express the hope that all who have to do with secondary education everywhere will discharge their duties in the spirit so well described by Dr. Parkin. It is quite customary for local authorities to publish the results of the midsummer Departmental and University examinations with a view to showing that their school has surpassed others in the number of candidates passed or of honours obtained. This spirit of childish rivalry has been intensified by the competition for the scholarships offered to matriculants by the University of Toronto. A belief that this would be the case, induced me to suggest to Mr. Edward Blake, before the scholarships were established, some other use of the money. Now that they have been established they are manifestly aggravating the very evil to which Dr. Parkin refers. If those responsible for the management of a school choose to refrain from competition in order to give their pupils the best training possible, their motives are misrepresented, and the persistent boasting about successful candidates elsewhere makes the path of perfect educational rectitude more difficult to follow.

The spirit of competition denounced by Dr. Parkin is quite as unjust and injurious to the teachers as it is to the pupils. The public who patronize the schools are educated by the teachers themselves into the belief that the success of candidates at a competitive examination is the best test of good teaching, and when, owing to causes beyond the control of the staff, the number and standing of successful candidates are low, the public naturally conclude that the teaching has deteriorated, when it may actually have been improved.

Protests against the use of false standards of excellence and misleading criteria of success may be unavailing, but I am none the less unwilling to take the responsibility of leaving them unmade.

W. M. HOUSTON.

* * *

Wellington.—I.

IT seems singular that, during the first extensive revival of the Napoleonic spirit, when ancient records are so minutely examined for the slightest relative fragment of intelligence relating to the man whose splendid visions were made by his supreme genius equally splendid realities, so little attention should have been devoted to the greatest of his conquerors, the victor of decisive Waterloo. That Wellington was overestimated by his contemporaries does not sufficiently account for his neglect by posterity. History, viewing as it does events with some degree of impartiality, has not yet attained that perfection, beneath whose transcendent inspiration it gives to all, even to the weakest, his proper share of praise or blame, measuring out to him when his age has revered beyond his work, less renown in the succeeding generation, while it gives to him who has been forgotten by his own contemporaries a fame far surpassing the fame which is his due until the neglect of the past mingles with the over-estimation of the present in such harmonizing proportions, that the proper average of fame has been attained. Justice and fame, however, are not equally meted out to all. Many of those to whom society, to whom even civilization itself is most indebted, have perished; no history contains their biographies, no painting preserves the shadowy outline of their features, no inscription or tablet or monument proclaims to man the tragic labour of their worthy lives. Then

glory shall remain as a spectral apparition until history itself shall have passed away. The neglect with which this generation has treated the conqueror of the bloody Belgian field, is, like the devotion with which it has glorified the founder of the Confederation of the Rhine, to be attributed not to the justice of the past, but rather to the circumstances of the present. Napoleon was the herald of confusion, of war, of destruction, of a chaos out of which there was expected to come an ideal society, an ideal continent, a hundred generations of peace after a hundred generations of war. Wellington came when the great Revolution—the sublime lesson to Europe—was at the doors of death. It had ignominiously failed to accomplish its tremendous design. It was therefore expected that its effect was at an end. Nothing more could it do. Still it had been mighty. It was meet, then, to its memory that it should greatly and grandly die. Wellington seemed to have been appointed to conduct its funeral rites. Under his supervision the mighty monster passed away. Such was the original Napoleonic period. A century subsequently—to-day—the spirit of Napoleon again revives. That it should do so is only what the reflective mind would naturally expect. The circumstances of the present are similar to the circumstances of a century ago. Peace has reigned in Europe for nearly a quarter of a century. But the peace has been only the sunlight surrounded by the shadow, all the brighter because of the gloom which is to come. Men are looking for a deliverer, a Napoleon who will bear with him a consecrated sword. And can it be considered strange that they should turn rather to the forerunner of a hopeful destruction than to him who gave to his generation the most unpopular of all blessings, the terrible blessing of a hopeless peace?

Notwithstanding the neglect of his early posterity, there is just at the present time considerable profit to be derived from a study of the life of the Iron Duke, not merely on account of the intrinsic advantage to be derived from the contemplation of a life eminently splendid as the unbroken series of its brilliant and successful achievements, but also as the most complete and the only reliable commentary on the adventurous career of Napoleon. Napoleon's greatness is not to be read in his own deeds alone, but also in the plans, in the schemes, in the plots and in the intrigues of his innumerable illustrious contemporaries. The lives of his Ministers, Fouché and Meneval and Talleyrand, cast a bright light on Napoleon's great abilities as a statesman. They show how he was enabled to employ the sharpest and keenest weapons to accomplish his vast and complex designs without any injury being given to himself; they indicate how his disasters served only to reveal latent capacities, apparently inconsistent with an energy and activity which he had already manifested. Cunning as were his Ministers, he was far more cunning; and strategic as were the measures with which they opposed his intentions, his measures were far more strategic still. Not one train of thought only, but many trains of thought—and those of numerous and diverse varieties—occupied his mind at a single occasion, from the carefully constructed plans contrived to enable him to receive an extra hour's slumber in a fortnight, to the herculean schemes whereby he would avert the catastrophe of a reaction when he should have laid the British Empire in confusion and in ruin at his feet. The life of Wellington, however, reveals another aspect, another chamber of the genius of the great French general, the department of mind in which is represented the myriad dramas of his military undertakings.

The man who was destined by a fate which seems to have controlled the eighteenth century to become the greatest of all English warriors, Arthur Wellesley, the future first Duke of Wellington, was born in Ireland—some biographers say at Dublin, others at Dangan Castle, County of Meath—on a date which as well as the locality is also disputed, but which recognized authority has since accepted as the first day of May, 1769. His father was a peer, the Earl of Mornington, through whom he traced his ancestry across the unsettled centuries of Irish history to the founder of the house of Wellesleigh, a devoted subject of King Edward the First of England, who, it is interesting to remember, commanded a rude army of the warriors of his native country during the fierce campaigns of a stormy Scottish war. The early years of the young peer are so uncertain in their details that they may be said to be hopelessly lost in the mystery of untreasured traditions. His

mother—the ordinary boy's best parent—was in his case the worst, and it is said that Lady Mornington always entertained an unconquerable aversion for her son who in his youth was afflicted with a painful physical malady. Wellesley spent many years of his boyhood at the schools of Chelsea and Eton, but his courses in both these historic institutions were distinguished by no manifestation of the mental greatness which, before another generation should have passed away, was destined to exercise an influence which has few parallels through the centuries upon the future history of the civilized world. A brief and interesting summary of those early years is recorded in a manner which indicates a rare skill and judgment on the part of the biographer, in the last—which is in many particulars the best—of the many worthy biographies of the Iron Duke.* To narrate the occurrences of those years would be but to quote the paragraphs which can be read to advantage only in Mr. Hooper's scholarly study of the eventful career of the greatest military figure that has ever appeared in the pages of history or of romance. A very early age found the future hero performing correctly the difficult task of choosing an avocation, and by the time he was twenty-one years of age he had become an officer in that army which, before he had passed his prime, he should lead, amidst innumerable perils, some recorded, and some forgotten, to the most momentous of victories.

Before he had attained to a very high rank in the army, Wellesley became a member of Grattan's famous Irish Parliament, but this honour he resigned ere yet he had achieved any great Parliamentary eminence, in order to enter as a soldier into that prolonged and varied conflict, which, after raging with intermittent continuation and uncontrollable violence in every continent on the globe, terminated only with the close of the military career of a general whose equal the world has never seen. At the end of a year of service on the continent, Wellesley's regiment returned to England, and he sought civil employment. His regiment was shortly after its return appointed to the West Indies, but the young officer was too ill at the time of the appointment to accompany his comrades to the West. As soon, however, as he recovered sufficiently to justify activity he accepted command in England's newest colony—in that empire which had been illuminated by the glory of brilliant names that were all fated to fade in the glory of a name which was greater and more resplendent than yet had been.

The eighteenth century had been a tremendous period in the history of the British Empire in India. Clive and Hastings had constructed from the mouldering ruins of many peoples, many states, and many thrones, a dominion more enduring and more splendid than ever had existed in India since that barbaric generation of kings who fell before the founder of the throne of the Moguls. That dominion, however, still contained many elements which were eminently hostile to its unity. The presence of the French—especially when in Europe they were at that time under arms—was not an element which would probably preserve peace in the land. On the contrary, they were the immediate cause of the boundless English conquests in the East. For in India alone, of all the theatres of action, during this universal dissolution of empires, there was visible a prize, which was indeed worthy of being won.

To dwell on the rapid succession of victories which were won by the young British commander, adding glory to the fame and territory to the dominions of the hereditary foe of France, would be to condense the most interesting chapters of the numerous well-written histories of English rule in the kingdoms of the orient. In Mr. Hooper's admirable contribution to this subject, he conducts with superior skill his entranced readers through the many memorable scenes which followed one another with extraordinary rapidity in the great eastern military drama. When perusing these pages, picture after picture floats in tragic and ghastly splendour before the animated imagination. The wars waged along the undefined lines, which, aided by the sword, mark the frontier, the conflicts in the dense jungles hidden deep in the lonely wilds of lovely Hindostan, the renown of the engagement at Sedascer, the glory of the battle of Mallavelly, the brilliance of the siege of Seringapatam, the

* "The Life of the Duke of Wellington." By Mr. George Hooper. (English Men of Action Series.) London and New York: The Macmillan Co., Ltd. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

successes at Scinda, Auringabad, and Argrun, and the magnificence of the immortal victory at Assaye—a victory which was glorified many years after by the genius of the great Irish orator Shiel—all return with realistic vividness in picture to the mind. And too returns in not less splendid colours the sublimer picture of the rapidly unfolding genius of the young but gifted commander, who, after extending the territories of Great Britain into wildernesses which were almost impenetrable to the tiger, was at length required to return to his country to save from the impending calamity of alien subjection the nation which his genius had made great.

Wellesley's return to England in 1805 was contemporary with his future foe's great undertaking of leading the army of France across the Rhine and into the central fastnesses of Germany. Not yet had the French general's continental successes discomposed the ardour or subdued the spirit of even the weakest among Englishmen. In the following year Wellesley entered the Imperial Parliament and was a member of that body when the tidings of the tremendous defeat of the allies by Bonaparte at the battle of Austerlitz hurried the younger William Pitt, broken-hearted, to an unexpected and untimely grave. In 1807, Wellesley became Chief Secretary for Ireland—a position which even then had acquired that unfortunate and hated notoriety which, at a later day, impelled a band of assassins to terminate the office of one of its occupants by a cruel murder. For two years he continued to discharge the difficult as well as despised duties of his position, but even this brief term was on two occasions interrupted—once by the outbreak of hostilities in Denmark and once by the commencement of war in the Peninsula. When the two years had expired, he resigned the Secretaryship to enter upon that undertaking which was to terminate but with the vanquishing of a conqueror whose vast designs were compassed alone by the impenetrable barriers of physical impossibility—the only obstacles which were incapable of being overcome by even the myriad resources of human genius.

ALBERT R. J. F. HASSARD.

* * *

The Statistical Year Book.

TWO works lie before me, one a pamphlet of less than thirty pages, the other a goodly volume of a thousand; both deal with Canadian statistics and bear upon Canada's future; their inspiration as unlike as their bulk: fitted for notice in one article by their very contrast. The one is entitled "Our Best Policy," which is defined as "by constitutional means, involving the consent of the Mother Country, to bring about the union, on fair and honourable terms, of Canada and the United States."

The larger volume is pitched in a far different key, and is "The Statistical Year Book of Canada for 1895," full as its predecessors of valuable information and permeated by the imperial spirit. For purely census returns there is nothing to add to that which appeared in the issue of the previous year, and to which attention was then drawn in these columns; the opportunity offered by the present issue, and the reception by the same mail of the pamphlet referred to, will be taken to note a few thoughts on our Canadian interests. And first some considerations of "Our Best Policy."

Let it be frankly stated at the outset, standing on the broad platform of a common Christianity, and recognizing universally the brotherhood of man, we should hail with delight the union, on fair and honourable terms, not only of Canada with the United States, but also of the entire Anglo-Saxon-speaking world at the same time. Yea, we would welcome as a reality the time when

—"the war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled in the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

And our little endeavour is to that end. We only feel that that end is not to be accomplished by severing the union that already exists. To our view the way is along the line of closer federation of the British dependencies and not by the course urged in the pamphlet. The one fault we have with the pamphlet is that it is venal in the presentation of motive. Great and pressing as commercial interests are, desirable as freedom from European entanglements in the event of war may be, to the noble mind they are higher considerations; and we should deeply regret the growth of

a spirit that would barter the memories of old, the ties that bind us to a national past, for enhanced commercial privileges merely, or immunity from the responsibilities of war should such be forced upon the nation. It may be true that geographically there are difficulties all but insuperable in consolidating the Dominion; but the endeavour to surmount develops a character which even on the low plane of survival of the fittest will not be hindermost in the achievements of life. Nor is it by any means established that in stable prosperity and true manhood we should even hold our own by severing the ties that bind us still in loyal love to Victoria's peerless throne. We gladly turn to the "Year Book" as less pessimistic, and more true to prevailing sentiment; and supplement in part our notes of February last.

Our loyal statistician has corrected what may be well deemed an unfair comparison as to Canada's trade and commerce. The British Empire is an unity in its diversity, and should for purposes of comparison be so considered if one would see how far trade follows the flag. To this end the different parts of the Empire are grouped together, as they should be, and not separated as they are by our good friends across the line and their sympathizers. We may thus learn who are our best customers. Our exports in round numbers to the United States for 1895 were 41½ millions; to Great Britain, including her possessions in the various parts of the world, 66¼ millions; over 61 to Great Britain proper. And yet we only imported from our best customer under 34 millions as against 59½ from our neighbours. It is, of course, to be assumed that this disparity was to our advantage, and yet it may appear to those who desire to draw the widespread parts of the empire more closely together that much remains to be done in the cultivation of closer trade relations under the flag, in other words, among ourselves.

Perhaps some side light may be thrown on the free silver coinage question by the fact that of 157 million dollars' worth of gold supplied to the world's market, 89 million came from under the British flag; the United States supplied 40 million. On the other hand, the latter country produced 64 million dollars' worth of silver as against 24 million from the Empire, and 60 million from Mexico. The possession by Britain of so large a proportion of the gold fields of the world may account largely for the warmth attached to the question of free silver and the Venezuela boundary. Canada appears to be developing in the production of the precious metal, her average for the past four years being little under a million; we have only to husband our resources, make haste slowly, and patiently develop; our future will be assured, our present ample.

There are many other items of interest in our "Year Book," but who can condense a condensation of a thousand pages? This item, however, may have interest and suggest enquiry. In the event of prohibition becoming law the question presses a practical statesman, from what source shall the deficit to the revenue from excise be supplied? If we can credit statistical returns, Canadians smoked over 100 millions of cigars in 1895. We are in doubt whether the 11 million pounds of tobacco given in the Inland Revenue report is to be in addition to this or inclusive. Giving my smoking friends the full benefit of the doubt, the question suggests itself: How many advocates of prohibition are smokers? And how many of them are sufficiently earnest in their endeavours to throw in their tobacco bill as a contribution towards making up the deficit? As the writer uses neither tobacco nor alcoholic drinks (not even in the form of Blood Bitters), he can calmly await reply.

"Let the galled jade wince; our withers are unwrung."

A land that can, with a population of five million, chronicle an export and import trade of 225 million dollars, boast of fisheries worth 20 million annually; forest and mineral wealth untold; with a hardy population; unrivalled systems of education, and a generally Christian tone of morality; may well be considered a favoured spot, and infuse in the hearts of the people a loyal love for "Canada our home." Nor is that home the less sacred and secure, nay, the rather may its hearthstone be esteemed the more hallowed, as over all waves the flag that is kissed by the breeze of every clime, the bond of brotherhood—the Union Jack.

Gravenhurst, Oct. 20, 1896.

JOHN BURTON.

* * *

There are no fewer than 11,000 rooms in the Papal palace, and many of them never receive a ray of sunlight.

Come Over and Help Us.

Oh for the voice of thunder ! Oh for the tongue of flame !
To bear forth the call to battle ! to war in the Holiest's name !
To war against rapine and murder,—in the might of the Lord,—to
quell
The furies that ravage His sheepfolds, that rage like the wolves of
hell !

Oh for the still, small voice, that speaks to the inmost soul,
Till, loosed by the Lord of mercy, one generous tide shall roll
Bearing the people's fiat—like the note of a trumpet-blast—
That the cruel fiends shall quake before Christendom roused at
last !

Long hath she tarried in slumber, while brothers and sisters bled,
Trampled 'neath onset of demons, till rivers of gore ran red,
While the wail of misery echoed, scarce heard, from those ancient
plains,
From women tortured, dishonoured, from men in the tyrant's
chains !

" Fair lie your homesteads scattered, sleeping in dewy light,
Tranquil the busy morning wears into purple night :
Daily ye go to your labour, with none to make you afraid,
Nightly secure ye rest, 'neath your roof-tree's peaceful shade !

" Little ye reck of our sorrow, as we weep o'er our mangled dead,
Little ye know of the terror that freezes our veins with dread ;
Daily the horrible spectre draws nearer—it comes apace ;
Will ye stand by and see us perish—the last of an ancient race ?

" For the love of the God of mercy ! for the love of wife and child !
Pity our wasted homesteads, our desolate hearths defiled !
Can ye sit in your homes and listen to the wail of agony ?
Can ye smile on your babes while ye heed not the innocent's dying
cry ?

" Up to the rescue, ye peoples safe and peaceful and free !
Up in the might of your manhood, till the cruel monster shall flee !
Scarce need ye level your guns ! At sight of your fleets that dare
To succour the perishing sheep, the wild beast shall skulk to his
lair !

" But if ye trifle and linger with craven, ungenerous heart,
Steeped in the pride of your riches, bound to the farm and the
mart,
Deaf to the cry of the perishing, dead to the desperate stress,
For you there's a reckoning coming, and an hour of bitterness !"

Though callous and cold you may turn from the cry of a perish-
ing race,
Will your careless bearing serve you when ye see the Shepherd's
face ?
How shall ye answer *Him* when His stern rebuke shall be,
What ye failed to do for *My* sheep, ye have failed to do for *Me* !
FIDELIS.

* * *

Field, Forest and Stream.

WHY have Canadian railway companies tacitly agreed to make their station houses as unesthetic as possible ? The practice was begun by the Grand Trunk away back in the fifties, but it was not at all incumbent on the Canadian Pacific to follow the example. A "freight shed" must be a shed of course, and a "railway yard" must be a yard, but the station house which contains the waiting-rooms, the ticket office, and the agent's residence, might easily and cheaply be made a little more stylish than it generally is. A small patch of green lawn with flower beds in it would add to the appearance where it is now impracticable to secure any architectural beauty in the house itself. What can be accomplished in the way of esthetic adornment of a railway station may be seen by the traveller on the Michigan Central Railway at Ypsilanti, a few miles west of Detroit. The station house is of stone, and is neat in architectural design. The walls are adorned with climbing plants, and all about there are grass patches and flower beds. Evidently the people of the place are proud of its unique beauty, for at the proper season of the year when the train stops, little maidens pass through the cars handing small bouquets free of charge to the passengers. A little attention to esthetics has a subtle but powerful influence in promoting civilization.

The part of Niagara River between the Falls and Buffalo is not so familiar to Canadians as it should be. To enjoy it one must take the Electric Railway through the Victoria Park to its terminus at Slater's Point, where he will

find a steamer for Buffalo. The river is quite as majestic here as it is between Queenston and Niagara-on-the-Lake. The way view includes Grand and Navy Islands, with their club-houses and yachts, and the whole of the Canadian shore up to and beyond Fort Erie. The steamer passes under the International Bridge before it turns in to what Buffalonians are pleased to call the "harbour." In his passage to the foot of Main Street the traveller threads a small maze of canals which are the recipients of the city sewage. The perpetual stench occasioned by incessant dredging and the action of steamer wheels and screws is not at all pleasant, but it is worth while seeing Buffalo from this side, and the rest of the trip is ample compensation for the offence to one's olfactories.

I had quite recently a great deal of pleasure in traversing a very interesting part of the County of Northumberland, Ontario, by that good old-fashioned conveyance, a country "stage." Leaving Norwood at six in the morning we had time to breakfast at Hastings, six miles off, and then completed the remaining ten miles to Warkworth. This place with the historic name is a pretty village nestling in the valley of an affluent of the Trent. The banks of this little stream are high, and at one point the spectator can see a great stretch of surrounding country. At the time of my visit the autumn leaves were still brilliant, and many patches of woods, composed mainly of deciduous trees, were clearly visible in their isolation from each other. Travelling along the stage road an observer cannot fail to notice, on a close view, that these groves, which are remnants of the original forest, are undergoing rapid destruction. Through many of them cattle are allowed to roam, killing the "underbrush," trampling the spongy humus hard on the roots of the large trees, destroying the forest flora, and promoting the growth of common grass. Every year the grove so treated suffers the loss of some of its large trees by the force of the wind, and as no young ones are allowed to take their places its area is sensibly diminished. Ten years hence the spectator on the hill at Warkworth will see fewer and smaller patches of woodland than I saw, and in twenty years scarcely any of the original forest will be visible. It is strange that such destruction should be allowed to go on when it might be so easily prevented. Even a ten acre patch of forest can be kept unimpaired by being simply left alone. If cattle are kept out, and the young trees are allowed to grow unmolested, the fallen leaves will furnish a spongy covering to the roots of the trees and of the indigenous wild plants. Wind-falls should be carefully removed, of course, and the largest trees may safely be cut down for fuel, because the annual growth of timber on ten acres will far more than compensate for the loss of a few giants. A thick growth is absolutely necessary to secure tall trunks free from limbs, consequently thinning, if it is practised at all, should be done with the greatest care.

The glimpses one gets of the celebrated Trent Valley by this stage route are very interesting. The Ouse, once an important source of water power, runs through Norwood, which is concealed by the banks of the stream from the traveller on the Canadian Pacific Railway. As its name suggests, it is a tributary of the Trent, which a few miles westward forms the outlet of Rice Lake. The road from Norwood to Hastings, down into the Trent Valley, is hilly, and the road up out of it from Hastings toward Warkworth, is still more so. The Trent is navigable all the way from Peterboro, where it is called the Otonabee, through Rice Lake to a point some distance below Hastings. At the latter place there is a lock to carry steamers past the dam which furnishes a fine water power. A single glance is sufficient to show that the river is fit for nothing but tourist traffic, and Rice Lake is well known to be extremely shallow. Hastings is beautifully situated on both sides of the river which here forms the boundary between Peterboro and Northumberland counties, though municipally the village has been placed by the Legislature in the latter. Approaching Peterboro from the east by rail the traveller crosses the excavation of the so-called "Trent Valley Canal," one section of which is to connect the Otonabee at a point below Peterboro with the upper chain of lakes at Lakefield. This twelve-mile section will be very costly of construction on account of the rapid descent of the river, and the frequent occurrence of rapids. When it is completed, navigation will

be continuous from below Hastings to Cameron Lake above Fenelon Falls on the Sturgeon River, and to Port Perry by way of Lindsay on the Scugog. Whatever one may think about the expediency of spending so much public money to put in this connecting link, there can be no two opinions about the interesting character of the route itself. It will have no inland rival anywhere in Canada for scenic beauty, and it has the additional advantage of being thoroughly historical. In the early years of the seventeenth century Champlain passed down it from the neighbourhood of Couchiching, where he wintered with the Huron Indians after he had reached their territory by way of the Ottawa Valley and Lake Nipissing. It is, in fact, one of the old canal routes, well known to the missionary and the *courreur du bois*, and, long before their advent, to the Indian tribes who passed and repassed it in their exterminating wars.

ON THE WING.

* * *

Hope.

From the German of Gaudy.

Hope slumbers deep in the heart, as in lily cups slumbers the dew ;
Hope bursts forth, as from clouds after storm breaks out the heavenly blue ;

Hope springs, a delicate blossom, on bleak rocks barren and steep ;
Hope shines through tears, as diamonds shine under the waters deep.
A thousand times disappointed, a poor weak heart of mankind,
Thou turnest again ever upwards with a joyous and trustful mind,
Like unwearied Arachne weaving her webs ever early and late,
To be daily torn asunder, by the cruel hand of Fate.

LOIS SAUNDERS.

* * *

Letter from Paris.

WHEN Parliament meets, Ministers will be questioned upon the subject of the Franco-Russian treaty. They could not be expected to make known all its clauses ; love letters are never published only in case of breach of promise, but they ought to state in plain language if any treaty exists, while firmly refusing to divulge what is private and confidential. That said, execute the old anthem about upholding the peace of Europe, that no power dare break without being experimented upon by the coalesced bloated armaments. Perhaps that union would not, in its collective heart, be altogether sorry to have a scape-goat upon which to try its 'prentice hand. Assuming that the treaty exists, either since 1889 or revised and enlarged in October, 1896, and that it contains "fee-faw-fum" offensive clauses, what is the dual alliance to attack? Germany, for Alsace? England, for Egypt? Turkey, for her spoils? That would be the suicide of the European Congress, and the Franco-Russian allies could not face the quadruple alliance that would be instantly sprung upon them, for diplomatists never put all their eggs in one basket, and have always more than one string to their bow.

To recast the Far East? That need not be a Star Chamber matter with China and France. China is large enough to satisfy all Western ambitions, all territorial appetites—all of a very marked family likeness. But fresh combinations would come into play, for the course of true love never yet ran smooth. It is not necessary for the European powers to transfer their cockpits so far. The continent still offers more convenient sites for these. When the heart and the head of a system are paralyzed there can be no life in the extremities. It was Cæsar's fighting maxim—strike always at the head. Of course every journal worth its salt keeps a Nestor diplomatist in its garret, or an influential personage in the cellar, who button-holes premiers and foreign secretaries. The potentiality of a Grand Lama resides in his invisibility. The moment the Son of Heaven allows himself to be interviewed as a Li Hung Chang, or a King of the Belgians, or of Sweden—with or without Norway—their charm will be dispelled.

Not the less a new departure, a fresh grouping of *ententes* has taken place between the governing powers of Europe. A good many old diplomatic weapons have been cast into the melting pot ; sovereigns have come into touch and have more or less unbosomed themselves to one another, or facilitated mutual pumping. Bugaboo personalities and

suspicious have been subjected to the Search Light. The Kaiser, after a quarter of a century of cock-a-doodle-dooism, has sunk to a secondary position. He has been dimmed by the Czar. He is but a second fiddle. His invocations to his grandfather the French now simply regard as high fallutin. The Czar is to be pitied ; he is at present the arbiter of Europe, as was once Louis XIV., Napoleon and William II. He has a plethora of lovers. Germany sues for his affection ; he coldly turns from her gaze. France objects to any flirtations ; and now England comes forward and says to Russia, "Let us two be friends at least." That reasonable offer has not been declined. She has a solid, disinterested and potential position in the European Congress. She has no axe to grind differing from that of her colleagues. She will never operate alone to reform the world ; she holds no brief for universal philanthropy—even that is not now kept in stock by the French. Like the other powers she decides that the Armenians may "all go topsalterrie O," while feeling certain that God will know how to take care of His own.

Britain has done well to end all her namby-pambyism about Egypt. Two of her Ministers have declared, with no uncertain sound, that she will never quit the Nile Valley till her mission be accomplished and that she will complete her Dongola commencement of smashing Mahdism. That is Cromwell backbone ; after chatting with the Czar it must convince France of the puerility of sticking any more pins in the occupation of Egypt. All the misunderstanding between England and France upon business has been due to the British allowing, while smiling at the impression to take root, that the French were necessary for the existence of the British Empire. Explode that nonsense and all will go merry as a marriage bell with the two nations. An *entente* between England and the Czar means the keystone in the arch of European peace. They have Turkey and China to fall back upon when they feel in want of fresh woods and pastures new. That will allow Cecil Rhodes to order locomotives and rolling stock to gridiron Rhodesia, and to convert the ex-rebel chiefs into industrials, railway directors, stock brokers and sedate John Gilpins. And when Sirdar Kitchener's work is done—with or without the "Caisse," the Soudan will erect a glory Granite Needle to him, not as its conqueror, but as its "Railway King."

Intense attention is being devoted by the French to the development of their commerce and industry. They will in time question the trading supremacy of Germany as they have that of her military and diplomatic pre-eminence. That's the real path of glory in this world ; it does not, like the other, lead to sticking-plaster and the grave, but to well-filled larders and well-lined pockets, what every fallen man desires. France is going heavily into the dock-yard building trade. She originally constructed the Fouchow arsenal, then bombarded it as unceremoniously as if an Alexandria, to show that China was a negligible quantity. Now Li Hung Chang has given her the contract to resume her Penelope duty. He ought to stipulate that France will not shell it again, and to arrange that the forts will have guns to play even upon the arsenal, as well as upon its sea approaches. France is also to construct the arsenal at Lisbon ; bring it up to date. Under Casimir Perier's Ministry, the French withdrew their Minister and intended relying on shells to secure payment of their loans. A few months previously the Marquis of Salisbury intended the British fleet to bombard Portuguese diplomacy into the paths of rectitude and peace.

What will be the output to our concessions of Li, to Germany, Russia, and Britain : he need hardly try to catch the latter, on the principle of baiting the hook with a sprat to land a salmon. The Celestials have yet to find the cash to resuscitate ; they want naturally to make the outside barbarian to pay the piper, by consenting to bleed himself, as the pelican for its young, by accepting an increase of the customs dues. As England supplies three-fourths of all this grist to the mill, and has John Chinaman on the hip, it is to be hoped she will never consent till all "the ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain," to which European commerce is subjected to as it works its way inland, be henceforth rendered impossible. That preliminary disposed of, in the interests of universal trade, England must be accorded a Fouchow *douceur*, pro rata to her exchanged concession. She could take care of Nankin at Chusang, while Russia would hold a pigtail grip of Pekin, from Port Arthur. Ger-

many is not very anxious for distant possessions; what she holds do not blossom like the rose and recall in nothing a garden of Eden. Further, she has to husband her strength at home. Her Alsace colony exacts much anxious care, and she still suffers from South Africa and Zanzibar on the brain, family jewels that His Majesty's grandmother will never part with.

The Czar's visit has created a new mania, not that of whistling the "Russian Hymn," the only air known—"for all the tunes that he could play, was o'er the hills and far away;" or attempting to pronounce Muscovite diphthongs that would crack even the trumpet of fame itself; no, the crank is, for the deluded to nominate himself to some elevated Russian function and expect the crowd to salute him *à la Shapka*. Generally they give their address the "Imperial Palace;" the police invariably conduct them there, and when they call for their ermine robes, they find the undress uniform of a strait-jacket. Suicides are painfully numerous: some from misery, and a few from love. In the latter, the unfortunates are young, and outlive their wounds—those of the heart included. But the dramas of misery, they have no shading. A few days ago, a son of middle age, and his mother, had descended from a fair social position to the last stage of want. They had not even hope, the medicine for the miserable. They managed to have a last breakfast at a restaurant. On returning to their rooms, they drew up a statement, that they had resolved to die; they signed the document, the old mother adding that it was at her request, and with full approbation she consented to being killed by her son—to be cured of starvation: she signed the codicil. She next took a seat in an arm-chair, her son did the same in one facing her; he applied a revolver to her right temple; the ball passed out through the left, lodged in the wall, after smashing the photo of her deceased husband. A second detonation: the neighbours burst open the door, and found that in death mother and son were not divided.

The bicycle tax, 10 frs. annually, the same amount as is struck on pianos, dogs and costermongers, is expected to be doubled next year. Ladies apparently met the "iniquity" by getting rid of the piano, that most costly of music and the most difficult to suppress, as Théophile Gautier and Victor Hugo asserted. The ladies must still economize by parting with their pet poodles. But the dearest friends must separate, as King Dagobert said when he threw his hounds into the river.

A special correspondent at Madagascar writes that the island has no roads and the towns no streets. Every Chinaman has his coffin and a work of art—like Sarah Bernhardt's, only she has decorated her own "box." Now every Malagasy has his own "mausoleum," in his garden. It is generally a brick construction of four walls, filled with earth and clothed with weeds. Like the Mussulmans, the Hovas like to have the dead near the quick. The *fosse commune* for the Armenians is the Dardanelles after massacre day. Z.

October 17, 1896.

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Pen and Ink Sketches in a Southern Republic.

St. Andrew's Gazette (Buenos Ayres).

AN old negro sat opposite the traveller on the trunk of a fallen eucalyptus tree. He had taken no notice of the stranger's approach, but when the latter addressed him, he looked up with an indifference that was surprising in so lonely a place. He took in, without interest, his interlocutor's worn appearance, and the weariness of his small horse. The traveller repeated his question as to the possibility of finding a lodging near. Though he spoke in the Argentine dialect, the negro replied in English, and the stranger was astonished at its correctness. As the two men walked side by side up the avenue, the stranger wondered more and more at his companion. He asked him one or two casual questions, only to elicit monosyllabic replies, which, however brief, were courteously spoken. The traveller noticed that there had once been a gravelled carriage-way where now was only a rough, thickly overgrown path. The avenue itself must have been over a mile in length, and was ended by a rotten wooden gate, supported by two very

beautifully carved stone columns. This incongruity was less striking than what lay beyond. A group of orange trees in full fruit gleamed like gold in the afternoon sun, and beneath one of them a woman sat, playing with a pile of the yellow balls as a child might have done. She built them up, and continually, as the heap gave way, she set to work to rearrange them. She took no notice whatever of the negro and his visitor, but, as they passed her, the latter had an opportunity of observing her peculiar beauty. It was the loveliness of a woman, but one whose womanhood had gone backward into childhood again.

The negro led the way through the little grove into the verandah of the house. The building lay partially in ruins, and one or two of the pillars which had once supported the verandah-roof had fallen. The stranger followed his guide round the corner of the house into a desolate *corral*, whose only occupant was an old and sorry-looking English mare, tied up to a broken post. Here the traveller's horse was bestowed, and the traveller himself was asked to cross the *patio* to the house.

Charles Lepage, as the traveller gave his name to his host, looked round him in a bewildered way. By what freak of fortune came an old French drawing-room into the desolation of the Argentine interior? The frescoes on the walls, the painting on the ceiling, though spoiled by damp, were still visible enough to show their extraordinary beauty. The floor had once been laid with mosaic: it was chipped and badly broken in many places. There was very little furniture, but what there was—a bed, a small table, and a single chair—was of richly-carved oak. There were one or two curious ornaments in a corner of the room, which the traveller knew, being somewhat of an antiquarian, to be genuine relics of the time of Marie Antoinette.

Supper having been arranged with some taste, and a candle fitted into one of the sconces on the wall, the negro turned to withdraw. But Charles Lepage made a final attempt to force him from his severe reticence. "Tell me, Don Pedro," he said courteously, "how you come to live buried here with the lovely girl who seems to be under your charge."

Pedro turned. "She is my charge," he replied, "till her death or mine. You do not know that she is mad, and, more terrible to me than that, blind."

"Why more terrible to be blind than mad?"

The negro hesitated. "Because," he said in a low voice, "of what her eyes closed on."

He relapsed into silence then and left the room. Charles Lepage puzzled over his words till his mind was strongly excited. When darkness had closed in Pedro reappeared to take away the supper dishes. "You're not afraid to sleep alone?" he asked in a curious tone.

Lepage smiled. "I have not travelled alone through the camp so far to be afraid when I have a roof over my head and a real bed to lie in," he replied.

The negro bade him "good night" impassively, and retired. Lepage amused himself for some time examining the room and its contents, but at last, drowsiness overcoming him, he threw himself on the bed and fell asleep.

It seemed to Charles Lepage that he had been sleeping a very short time indeed before he was suddenly awakened. The air was heavy with the smell of smoke. A dead silence reigned everywhere, but Lepage was absolutely sure that what had roused him was a shriek. Hastily throwing on his clothes he ran out into the *patio*. A full moon, riding high in heaven, cast one or two leaping tongues of flame into the shade. Lepage sought a way out of the enclosure to reach the burning corner of the house. He was still fumbling with the locked gate when he caught his hand on a broken spike and tore it open from the thick part of the palm to the wrist-bone. Barely noticing the pain, he turned and sought a passage through the house itself, and so came out upon the ruined verandah. His tongue refused to move; he stood like one made of stone, so still that he heard the furious beating of his own heart. Before him a man of the highest type of European cultivation stood bound, his body rigid, save when at intervals he trembled violently. Beside the captive a dark skinned native of villainous beauty looked from the Englishman to the woman Lepage had seen playing with the oranges. She stood about two yards away, in her eyes an indescribable horror. Lepage was not long in discovering the reason.

"And you think me guilty," she was saying in a low voice. "Peasant as I was when you took me from the street and made me your wife, peasant as perhaps I am still, I would sooner go back to my Castile than look at you again."

With a quick, passionate movement, half disdain, half supplication, she went forward, and, bending till her knees touched the stone, she kissed her husband's hands. The Argentine, who had listened smilingly, thrust the woman back with an oath. In less than three minutes he had struck off the hands she had kissed. At this point Providence interposed. A beam of the wooden roof, falling, struck the woman across the head and crushed her to the ground.

To Lepage it seemed that he had ridden leagues beside the Argentine and his captive. They had not even noticed his presence, and he could never remember afterwards how he came to be riding there at all. Power of speech for the most part had deserted him. When he had spoken, when he had striven to interrupt the scene on the verandah, none had appeared to be aware of him or his words. Now, as he rode along in the moonlight and listened to the foul taunts uttered by the native, he spoke no more. He heard how this revenge had been planned, and why. He was let into the private passion and hate of this brute for his neighbour's wife. He heard her innocence, before denied, acknowledged. He watched the European's face quiver when he was told how his negro servant had been cut down by treachery. Yet when Lepage reached out and tried to loosen the cords about the captive, the latter did not seem to notice. All around them the clear, cold moonlight turned the endless plains into ocean-like undulations, till it began to dim before the far-off dawn.

They came suddenly upon what had been a house. It lay in ruins. Here all dismounted. The Englishman struggled fiercely for an instant. It was the last effort. Exhausted and weakened he fell to the ground. With a devilry beyond words his enemy explained to the unconscious figure that underneath the ruined house was a vault stored with the dry hard biscuits eaten by the lower classes, and fed with water by a spring. His fate lay there! Lepage rushed forward, shouting aloud in his intense agony of mind.

Surely a mist had floated down with the dawn! He could see nothing, hear nothing, though he strained sight and hearing to the utmost.

Pedro stood beside the bed. "You called, sir," he said. Lepage raised himself heavily, and then fell back fainting.

"It was here," Lepage said, drawing rein at last. The negro threw himself from his mare and gazed eagerly round.

"True," he replied in a shaking voice, "that there once stood a house about here; but you see it now, overgrown like this, and it must be the growth of years."

"Pooh," said the traveller, "growth is rapid here. Let us get to work and search."

And search they did. When success came to them late in the afternoon, both men stood trembling to hear their knocks answered feebly from below. They had discovered a kind of brick shaft, very narrow, but wide enough to admit a ray of light to the vault below. By the next dawn, Lepage and the negro had achieved their end with pickaxe and spade.

A prematurely white-haired man, wrinkled and stooping like the very old, staggered out into the early morning sunshine. He gazed, not at his deliverers, not at the green plains around, but up at the blue of heaven. Stretching his mutilated arms upwards, and calling aloud in a muffled voice to the Deity whose sunlight he now felt for the first time for years, he fell forward, dead!

"But," Lepage protested, "why not take her away from these surroundings, place her where surely her wealth——"

Pedro interrupted him. "We have tried," he said; "there came once a lady and gentleman, calling themselves my master's cousins, who would have loved her, but she shrank from them. Sometimes they write for news of her, and send gifts. She has no thought for money, but she wants for nothing."

Lepage looked at him. His simple, straightforward way of telling the story, and the pathetic pride he showed in his mistress's dependence on him, touched the traveller deeply.

The negro was evidently a man of some culture; probably he had been a very constant companion of a clever master.

"I watch her at all times," he added, "and all through the night you dreamed I was conscious of something happening, for she was so restless, and wandered in and out of the house, listening always. That night was the same one as that on which it happened so long ago. Perhaps spirits——" and he crossed himself.

He was interrupted by a plaintive call. When he rose to answer it, Lepage sought his horse. A few moments later, Pedro and his mistress bade him farewell on the verandah. She stood with her sightless eyes fixed upon Lepage, and he, advancing, took her hand in his, asking her the commonplace courtesy as to how she had passed the night.

"No hay ni dia ni noche para mi," she answered gently, "es una larga y continua noche." Then she turned away, and saying a soft "adios," was led into the orange grove.

Afterwards, as Lepage rode slowly down the eucalyptus avenue, the negro accompanying him a little distance, he turned back once or twice to see Pedro's charge still building up her shining heaps of golden fruit. She had not looked up as the traveller passed her. Bending from the saddle, Lepage shook the negro's hand. Tears glittered in Pedro's eyes as he returned the "farewell." Then he went back to his neglected cage-making, and Lepage saw him no more. If you scoff at the story of the traveller's dream, he holds out to you his scarred hand. "Dream or not," he says always, "there is the scar for which I can account in no other way!"

Ireland! My Ireland!

Stephen Gwynn, in the Spectator.

Ireland, oh Ireland! centre of my longings,
Country of my fathers, home of my heart!
Overseas you call me: Why an exile from me?
Wherefore sea-severed, long leagues apart?

As the shining salmon, homeless in the sea depths
Hears the river call him, scents out the land,
Leaps and rejoices in the meeting of the waters,
Breasts weir and torrent, nests him in the sands;

Lives there and loves; yet with the year's returning,
Rusting in the river, pines for the sea,
Sweeps back again to the ripple of the tide way,
Roamer of the waters, vagabond and free.

Wanderer am I like the salmon of thy rivers;
London is my ocean, murmurous and deep,
Tossing and vast; yet through the roar of London
Comes to me thy summons, calls me in sleep.

Pearly are the skies in the country of my fathers,
Purple are thy mountains, home of my heart.
Mother of my yearning, love of all my longings,
Keep me in remembrance, long leagues apart.

Letters to the Editor.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

SIR,—In a recent issue of THE WEEK, the Rev. John Burton discusses the Lambeth Quadrilateral from the Presbyterian standpoint. He throws no new light upon the subject. He simply re-echoes what has been said by many leading ministers of the various Protestant bodies. But it is rather surprising to find a man of Dr. Burton's learning rejecting the doctrine of our Lord's descent into Hell on the ground that it forms no part of "our common Christianity." It is not a wise thing to begin tinkering with the Apostles' Creed. It is "the Faith once delivered to the Saints" for which we must earnestly contend (Jude 3). If you throw one article of the creed as a sop to the Cerberus of denominationalism, you will soon have to give him the whole creed piecemeal, as we plainly see from the controversies on the London School Board. If you are willing to strike out "He descended into Hell," on what grounds could you refuse to omit "He rose again from the dead"? There are already some Christians (if you can call Mrs. Humphrey Ward and

Music.

her set Christians) who tell us that the Resurrection of Christ is no part of "our common Christianity," but only an "exquisite fable!" and even Dr. Burton seems to have some doubts about the resurrection of the *body*. I know there is a widespread difficulty among Protestants in believing that our Lord descended into Hell. But this difficulty is not in the creed only, but in the Bible, for the *fact* of our Lord's descent into Hell may be clearly proved by most certain warrant of Holy Scripture. St. Peter, in his sermon to the Jews on the Day of Pentecost tells them of the Resurrection of Christ, and quotes the sixteenth Psalm as a prophecy thereof—"My flesh shall rest in hope, because Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither shalt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption." And then he proceeds to explain it by saying that "David being a prophet . . . spake of the Resurrection of Christ that *His* (Christ's) soul was not left in Hell," etc. Now, surely, if Christ's soul was *not left* in Hell, it must have been taken out therefrom, and I submit that it must have been there or it could not have been taken out. So we believe that while our Lord's Body lay in the sepulchre, His Soul descended into Hell. (See Acts ii: 25-32, also Eph. iv: 9, and I Peter iii: 18-21, especially verse 19.) Of course, the Hell into which our Lord descended was not Gehenna, but Hades, to which every human soul goes after death, to await the resurrection. The difficulty has chiefly arisen from the fact that various words in the Bible (Sheol, Gehenna, and Hades) instead of being transliterated, are all translated by our one English word Hell, which simply means the hidden or covered place. It has acquired its present sinister meaning by being misused to signify Gehenna. This whole subject has been much obscured by the modern notion that, as soon as a man dies, his soul goes straight to Gehenna or else to Heaven—a notion which is entirely without scriptural foundation, and which, in view of the resurrection of the body and the final judgment is utterly absurd and untenable.

I may add, in conclusion, that the fact of our Lord's descent into Hell was urged by the Fathers in refutation of the Apollinarian heretics, who were unable to deny the fact. How thankful they would have been for this suggestion of the undenominationalists—"It is no part of our Common Christianity."

Yours in the Faith,

FREDK. THOS. DIBB, Priest.

Odessa, Ont., 21st October.

* * *

Suspiria.

Over and over the round globe turns, and the months pass on, and the years,
And the bountiful spring returns, and the summer's breath is sweet ;—
It is we whose faces are faded and changed, whose cheeks are channel'd with tears,
Whose dancing steps from the fields are estranged that we trod with our childish feet.

Only our eyes are heavy and dim, and see not the glory of old,
Dull are our ears that the seraphim sang to in years that are gone,
And knowledge slow gathered with pain turns to bitter ashes and mould :—
Out of darkness to darkness again, and the curtain that lifts not is drawn.

As the beast dieth, dieth the race,—is there any pre-eminence there—
Each lying low in his place in the unpulsing bosom of earth ?—
What hath he gained who hath spent the strength of his manhood in care,—
Hath he found for his labour content, and of life and of living the worth ?

The sun moves on in his path, and the moon draws the affluent tide,
And human sorrow and wrath and endless endeavour and crime
Are pebbles and shells on the shore that gleam and are swept aside,
Swallowed and lost for evermore in the hungry ocean of time.
Kingston.

KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN.

* * *

It is said that Swinburne has a memory almost as wide-reaching as Macaulay had. Burne-Jones says that upon one occasion the poet recited verbatim several pages of Milton's prose, which he had read but once, and that twenty years before.

IN the death of the late Henry E. Abbey the operatic stage has lost one of its greatest promoters. Beginning his business career as a jeweller, Mr. Abbey early drifted into the theatrical profession, in which he met with many failures as well as with brilliant successes. It was under his management that many of the most distinguished of old-world actors were first introduced to the American public. But it is not in this capacity that his memory will be longest cherished. His career in later years, more perhaps than formerly, has been closely associated with the musical art. In this field of activity his efforts have been ceaseless. Since he secured control of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, a long series of grand operas have been there produced with much lavish splendour and with superb casts; such, indeed, as had never before been attempted upon this continent. To read a list of the distinguished vocalists he has had under his management—Melba, Calvé, Nordica, Eames-Story, Scalchi, the De Reskes, and many others of equal merit—is to conjure up a memory of all that is inspiring in the musical art. Mr. Abbey was accused of being a speculator, pure and simple. "He was never identified with the building up of art in any of its higher or nobler phases. His successes were those of reputations already established and made famous. He never attempted to aid an artist to make a name. He never was instrumental in bringing forth new artists or important works on their merits. He was a financial speculator." True as these words may be to a certain extent, it will scarcely be gainsaid that musical art in those centres that came directly under his influence was greatly strengthened. He ministered to all that was most beautiful in the realm of harmony. The long list of operas of the first rank produced under his direction attest the truth of this remark. His life is a monument of perseverance, pluck and energy.

Mascagni is to be in America during the coming winter. Leoncavallo is to be associated with him. It is probable that they shall each appear twice in each city they may visit, once conducting an orchestral concert, and once conducting one of their operas. They will bring no company over with them, but are satisfied that they can find sufficiently talented musicians on this side of the water. Selections from their own works and those of other great composers will form the programme of the concerts. By the way, Mascagni has composed a new waltz, which he will have played for the first time in America. He has also composed a new opera, but whether it will be performed here, or whether he will hold it until his return to Milan, it is impossible to say.

The sixth season of Theodore Thomas' concerts has begun in Chicago. As many as thirty-six novelties are promised by Bendl, Bereny, Busch, Chadwick, Cowen, Dvorak, Dupac, Fibich, Foote, Frank, Glazounow, Goldmark, Gilson, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Lorenz, MacDowell, MacCunn, Reznizek, Medbal, Martucci, Rontgen, Saint-Saens, Schillings, Smetana, Stanford, Suck, Weber. Glazounow, whoever he may be, has evidently captured Mr. Thomas' heart, for he is down for five new pieces.

Two new operas by Scandinavian composers are in course of being mounted at the Royal Opera in Copenhagen, viz., one in three acts entitled "Vifandaka," by Herr Alfred Toffs, and another, "Bagahjøl," the music of which is composed by Herr Emil Hartmann, the gifted son of the veteran Danish composer of the same (Christian) name.

Col. Mapleson has inaugurated a new operatic régime at the Academy of Music, New York. He has secured a number of artists never before heard in America, and the indications point to a most successful season.

Miss Tena G. Gunn, of this city, a talented vocalist who has not been heard here as often as one could wish, leaves next week for two years' tuition at the musical centres of Europe.

De Kontski, the veteran pianist, lately gave a series of concerts in Melbourne, Australia. He will play in Paris next spring.

Mr. Whitney Mockridge has arranged to visit America February next, making his first appearance in Chicago.

The Drama.

PROPOS of the thousandth performance of "La Dame aux Camelias," which is soon to be given in Paris, the Figaro has been looking up the early history of the famous play. "La Dame aux Camelias" had to wait some years for its first public hearing. The author first of all offered it to his father, the elder Dumas, who was then director of the Theatre Historique, but a few days after he received it his management came to an end. Another manager read and returned it; and D'Ennery, who at a later period took the Theatre Historique, declined the play as unsuitable for an opening performance. The Gymnase refused it because they were playing "Manon Lescaut" at the time and did not care to produce after it a piece so similar. Then the manager of the Vaudeville accepted the play, but he failed before it was ready for performance, and his successor sent it back to the author with the message that it would not answer his purpose. Dumas now took it to Dejazet, who told him that she did not feel equal to playing so sentimental a character as the heroine. M. Worms, however, the actor who afterwards played the part of the doctor, had heard the play read, and was so sure it would succeed that he persuaded M. Bouffe, who had joined the management of the Vaudeville, to accept it. The much-tried author was at last hopeful; but this time the censor interposed his veto, and another year passed before, thanks to the influence of M. de Morny, "La Dame aux Camelias" was at last performed, on the 2nd of February, 1852, and since then "Camille" has been played in every known civilized tongue.

Olga Nethersole has the pleasant consciousness that she has won the approval of the great Bernhardt, who has predicted for the young Englishwoman recognition and undying fame with all the pleasant accompaniments of fortune, friends, and happiness. Maybe Bernhardt is right about it, but the friends of Miss Nethersole should look into the matter of her physical strength. Miss Nethersole is simply using up her strength and vitality, and making no provision for the time when her overtaxed nature will refuse to respond to her demands. In her great emotional plays this young woman does not only act the parts wherein she is supposed to laugh and cry or to lose consciousness, but she lives them. Once, when going back to see her after a particularly fine production of "Camille," a critic was startled to see her lying unconscious in her dressing-room with a maid chafing her hands and temples. It was explained that this was not an unusual state of affairs, that frequently Miss Nethersole fainted at the close of some trying scene and was unable to respond to an encore.

Several very curious theatrical performances were recently given within the sacred precincts of the Vatican. They were not arranged for the amusement of the Pope, who is by no means the only occupant of this vast complex of buildings, but for the entertainment of his company of Swiss Guards. These poor hirelings in red and yellow coats have but little to do and sometimes suffer from ennui, because the Vatican is not at war with one or the other nation. For their benefit a few performances were recently given in a hall in the Belvedere Garden in the Vatican, where a small stage had been erected. The members of the Society of Saint Peter arranged what was announced on the programme as an "Academy of Music and Prose." There were several recitations, harp and violin music, a tenor and a male soprano were heard to great advantage, and the climax was reached when a comic trio of brigands appeared. The orchestra, which filled part of the evening, consisted of two ladies and a piano. The Swiss Guards had a good time, and the few outsiders, members of the Catholic aristocracy of Rome, were also very well pleased with the unusual entertainment.

"*Iachimo* is quite in Sir Henry Irving's line," says the London World, "and he makes a striking, memorable figure of him. Shakespeare probably conceived a younger, lighter, more irresponsible villain—a stinging gadfly rather than a rattlesnake. Sir Henry Irving's *Iachimo* is a subtle, tenebrous, deadly creature. But his acting is extremely artistic, both in what he does and what he refrains from doing. He seemed to me, in fact, to refrain almost too sternly from the cheap byplay of the commonplace villain. There were times, for instance, in the scene with *Imogen*, when his show of moral earnestness almost took him in for the moment. It is

a nice question whether it be not an over-refinement, a supersubtlety, to let the audience forget that he is playing a part within a part."

Justin Huntly McCarthy, who has written much for the English stage, but who is known principally to theatre-goers on this side of the water for his adaptation of "A Night Off," played with so much success by the Daly forces, is now busily engaged in dramatizing Anthony Hope's "A Man of Mark." Mr. McCarthy certainly has a task ahead of him, for to many minds "A Man of Mark" is lacking totally in the qualifications necessary to make it a dramatic success—that is, if the text of the book is followed. Yet, who can tell? "Trilby," as a book, was purely episodic, yet, as a play, it was a magnificent example of dramatic strength. So, after all, it may not be the play's the thing, but the man who writes it.

The player's art is transitory. He creates nothing, and leaves nothing behind him. He struts his little hour on the stage, weaving ephemeral scenes out of cobwebs, and outlining his notions of humanity on the baseless fabric of fancy. He comes like a shadow and like a shadow he goes. Within the span of his career he may bring into life a thousand characters, full of sound and fury, yet they signify nothing, for none of them can exist without him, and when he dies they are buried in his grave. Without the talents of the men who write about and the artists who paint him the actor's memory would not outlast a year.

Two theatrical events last week, cables a London correspondent, were of international interest. One was the first production of Edward Rose's dramatization of Stanley Weyman's romance, "Under the Red Robe," which must be recorded as a success of the highest order. The other was John Hare's farewell performance at the Lyceum, preliminary to his departure for America. It was one of those spontaneous outbursts of popular affection such as perhaps no other living English actor would be able to call forth from the English public.

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst says he has no prepossession against the theatre, but from information he has gleaned from theatre-goers, newspaper criticism, bill-boards, and "one of our most distinguished English actors" he has the distinct impression that "if the American theatre were suddenly to omit all its vicious accompaniments, and to come out frankly upon the ground of unequivocal purity, the theatre-going world would withdraw in impatient disgust and the whole business go into the hands of a receiver inside of a month."

Mr. Pinero recently returned from his holidays in Italy, and gave the finishing touches to Mr. John Hare's rehearsals of "The Hobby Horse," which will be played in America in the course of Mr. Hare's next tour. This, we believe, is the first appearance of this admirable comedy out of London. It was produced in the autumn of 1886, and, although it ran a hundred and nine nights, it was voted a comparative failure at the time. But it is a brilliant piece of work, full of humour and rich in character. Mr. Hare's tour on this side of the water commences at Montreal early next month.

The fact that a large number of first-class stars and sterling companies play one night stands this season is an evidence of the fact that they pay. Small towns yield a larger revenue in one night than many large cities, especially when the proper plays and the proper stars are announced.

Blanche Walsh will act with Henry Miller the leading roles in "Heartsease." This is the title under which "La Dame aux Camelias" was first acted in England.

Mary Hampton, whose work here two seasons ago in "Sowing the Wind," was so greatly appreciated, is to be Sothern's leading lady.

One of Amelie Rives' tales, "Virginia of Virginia," is to be dramatized. Minnie Maddern Fiske will take the leading character.

Thirty-two companies will start out after the elections across the line. Thirty companies were idle in New York last week.

Modjeska contemplates an "all star" Shakespearean comedy company.

Earl Li at the Fair:

When Kwang-Seu, brother of the Sun and Moon and Emperor of Cathay, sent his great Chang on a roving commission, he could scarcely have anticipated the royal reception he was to meet from the Pale-faced Barbarians. In Ontario, Niagara Falls and the Toronto Exhibition of Arts, Agriculture and Amusements delighted him. At this fair the smiling mandarin was carried about in orthodox fashion in his chair, and many notables were introduced to him by Sir Henry Joly, representative of the Dominion. Each in turn was asked, through Lo Feng Luh the interpreter, the now famous question, How old are you? The railway train with his Excellency's parrots, coffin and baggage waited while the visit proceeded. It was here announced that Her Majesty had conferred Knighthood upon Li.

I.

Kwang-Seu the Great, as He sat in state,
Said, "Li you're commissioned by Me;
To the land of the Pale-faces go,
See them smoke, eat their rice,
And how they drink their tea,
How the Pale faces drink their tea."

Li Hung Chang, ambassador of Kwang,
To the lands far beyond the Yellow Sea.

II.

Sir Li Hung Chang, that "grand old man,"
From China then came he,
With his yellow silk blouse
And his black pig-tail queue,
That reached down to his knee,
From his shaven poll down to his knee.

Li Hung Chang, yellow mandarin,
In silk and satin robed, fair to see.

III.

With a million of yen and three score men
All waiting on Chang, his tea
To stir, his pipe to fill
Who would not be Chang I
Celestial of high degree;
Earl, Knight and K.C.B.!

Li Hung Chang—mighty mandarin,
Earl, Knight and K.C.B.!!

IV.

He viewed our fair from his Sedan chair,
A whiff from his pipe puffed he,
Then most child-like and bland,
He smiled, shook each hand
And asked, "How old may you be."
"Pray tell me how old may you be"

Li Hung Chang, the grand old man,
Said, pray tell me how old may you be.

V.

Sir Joly came, in the Governor's name,
And salaamed low did he,
Wise Lo Feng Luh, in gown of blue,
Stood by, chin-chinned to all,
And merrily Chang laughed he;
With Sir Joly and Luh laughed he.

Li Hung Chang, the jolly mandarin,
With Sir Joly and Luh laughed he.

VI.

Gay was the crowd, of the coffin and shroud
In the baggage car ne'er thought we,
When the great mandarin
Saw the elephants dance, and the ballet advance
"This beats Chee-Foo Joss house," said he.
"Old Confucius ain't in it," said he.

Li Hung Chang saw the pretty girls dance,
Said, "Luh, ask them how old they may be."

VII.

There is something, I ween, of that sunny sheen
That ne'er forgot will be,
And so God-speed to the Flowery Land,
We wave to the great Chinese,
And pray "Au revoir may it be,"
Great Chang, "Au revoir may it be."

But Li Hung Chang, e'er you return to Kwang,
Pray tell me how old may you be.

J. C. HAMILTON.

Toronto, October, 1896.

The International Critical Commentary.

THE WEEK has already published reviews of the individual works in this great Commentary, which have so far appeared, from which readers will have derived some idea of the design of its editors, and of the very thorough way in which it has been executed. The object of the present article is to point out the significance for theological studies of such an enterprise, and to inquire what may be its influence in the sphere of practical Christian life and labour, for no thoughtful person doubts that movements of thought have sooner or later their outcome in action.

"The International Critical Commentary" on the Holy Scriptures is near akin to the International Theological Library, inasmuch as both issue from the same publishing house, that of Messrs. T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh, both have the same general design, and Prof. Briggs is one of the general editors of both the Library and the Commentary. Whilst the Commentary is limited to the books of Holy Scripture, the Library seeks to cover the whole field of theology. The latter will include twelve volumes of about five hundred pages each, of which four excellent volumes have appeared, viz., "Dewey's Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament," Bruce's "Apologetics," Smyth's "Christian Ethics" and Fisher's "History of Christian Doctrine." The following quotation from the Editors' Preface sufficiently indicates the method and spirit of this great undertaking: "Theology has made great and rapid advances in recent years. New lines of investigation have been opened up, fresh light has been cast upon many subjects of the deepest interest, and the historical method has been applied with important results. This has prepared the way for a library of Theological Science, and has created a demand for it. It has also made it at once opportune and practicable now to secure the services of specialists in the different departments of theology, and to associate them in an enterprise which will furnish a record of theological inquiry up to date."

Turning now to the Commentary, our attention is at once arrested by the word "critical." It is to be a critical commentary, by which the editors do not mean that they are committed to any particular theory, but that the commentaries "will be based upon a thorough critical study of the original texts of the Bible, and upon critical methods of interpretation." We are able, however, partly from the study of the volumes already published, and partly from the antecedent knowledge of the various authors, to describe some of the critical positions adopted. The Old Testament, as was only to be expected, will present results more radically different from the older views than the new. Professors Driver and Cheyne on Deuteronomy and Genesis will give no uncertain sound. Drs. Moore, Briggs, Davidson, G. Adam Smith, H. P. Smith, Harper, Toy, Kennedy, and Davidson, are all decided adherents of the modern critical school of Old Testament study. We shall therefore have a complete commentary of the Old Testament written by scholars mainly of one school. We are not of those who expect that the general results of either Pentateuchal criticism or that of the Psalms, Isaiah and Daniel will ever be reversed, but even if they were it would be a gain to have such a Commentary as this from which students may learn what really are the results of the critical study of the Old Testament. On the whole the ecclesiastical press has received with marked courtesy, and in many cases with cordial approval, the volumes already published, a fact which indicates a general opinion that Old Testament criticism in the present state of our knowledge has fairly established itself, and can only be disturbed by new light from the monuments or elsewhere.

In the New Testament the application of critical methods has had since the collapse of the Tubingen school no such startling results. It is true that there is a considerable number of scholars in Germany and elsewhere, who are dubious of the genuineness of some of St. Paul's Epistles, of the authenticity of the Acts, or who split up the Apocalypse into almost as many parts as the Hexateuch, but these opinions have not met with favour amongst English critical New Testament scholars, such as Sanday and Ramsay, men who are eminently trustworthy on the score of both scholarship and impartiality. In general it may be said that the Greek text of Westcott and Hort will be adopted, but we do not anticipate that the traditional authorship of any of

the books will be rejected, not even that of the Pastoral Epistles, which have been placed in the competent hands of Rev. Prof. Lock. Yet it must be borne in mind that the difference between the Old and New Testament commentaries will not be a difference of method but only of results. The same methods which lead us to radical conclusions in the Old, lead us to conservative conclusions in the New Testament.*

We next note as a pleasing sign of the times the word *International*. Both the Commentary and the Library are *International*. That American scholars are associated on an equal footing with the most eminent theologians of England and Scotland, speaks well for the seriousness and thoroughness of American theology. American students at present, after graduating in their own Universities, generally go to Berlin or Leipzig for post-graduate work. It is to be hoped the influence of the *International Commentary and Library of Theological Literature* will induce a larger number to visit Oxford, Cambridge, or Edinburgh. Nothing but good can result from such an union of English and American theological scholarship.

The practical result of this enterprise will be to assist the great and steadily progressing movement towards Christian unity. It is certainly a significant fact that members of the principal Reformed Communions can unite to put forth not only a library of Theological Literature, but also a Commentary on Holy Scripture. Nor have we thus far seen any protest against such united action from the High Church organs of the Anglican Communion. Surely when Anglicans, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Baptists (we do not know whether there are any Methodist writers) can harmoniously agree to co-operate in the interpretation of the Scriptures, which are the source and criterion of all Christian Doctrine, the differences between them cannot be so great as some would have us believe, nor can "our common Christianity" be such a slender residuum after subtracting from it distinctive doctrine, as a recent correspondent in THE WEEK supposes.

If divines of various communions can labour side by side in the interpretation of Holy Scripture, it is passing strange that there should be any insuperable barrier to their respective ministers and congregations worshipping side by side. If denominational differences prevented united action anywhere, certainly one would have supposed that it would be in the interpretation of those Scriptures wherein each finds the ground of its distinctions. The editors of the Commentary state that the particular commentaries will be international and interconfessional, and if a great and complete Commentary and Theological Library can be published on such a basis, is it altogether too visionary to suppose that there may some day be a great international and interconfessional theological college. Nay, may there not some day be a great English Church which shall not be one by crushing out or thrusting aside doctrinal differences, but by embracing them within the wider circle of a simple faith and an all-inclusive charity—a Church, therefore, that shall be international and interconfessional, the spiritual home, and the centre of unity of the free English-speaking peoples. Now that the Pope has once for all rejected the orders of the Anglican clergy, is it not worth the while of the Anglican Church to contemplate such an ideal, at once Scriptural and progressive, and to aim steadily at its realization. SIGMA.

Truth is naturally so acceptable to man, so charming in herself, that to make falsehood be received we are compelled to dress it up in the snow-white robes of Truth; as in passing base coin it must have the impress of the good ere it will pass current. Deception, hypocrisy, and dissimulation are, when practised, direct compliments to the power of Truth; and the common custom of passing off Truth's counterfeit for herself is strong testimony on behalf of her intrinsic beauty and excellence.

* In a most interesting article by Sanday, in the *Guardian* of September 23, the following is said to be Harnack's position: "As a critic Harnack's position is not extreme. . . . Where Baur accepted as genuine only the four great Epistles of St. Paul, Harnack, we believe, accepts the full Marcionite canon of the Epistles" (i.e., all but the Pastoral Epistles and that to the Hebrews). "His name is rather specially identified with the defence of the Epistle to the Ephesians. . . . There only remain the Pastoral Epistles and these, too, Harnack does not reject entirely, but adopts the theory of a genuine nucleus, especially of II Timothy."

Gems of Hope.*

WE have a good many birthday books, and some of them are extremely good. There may possibly be other books serving for the recording of the days of the death of friends; but this is the first that we have seen, and it is a very good one. Miss Bate says that the chief object of her book is "to keep alive, more especially in the family circle, the memory and the influence of the blessed departed to associate these memories with thankfulness and hope, and in some measure to bury our sorrow in their joy." Every month begins with a hymn or other poem, generally of five stanzas. Then every left-hand page has three texts and opposite to them three blank spaces for the names of the departed. After a careful examination we can testify that the poems and the texts alike are carefully and successfully chosen. Several of these hymns are put down as anonymous, and some of them are unknown to us; but surely the hymn beginning:

"In vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death"—

is Newton's, and perhaps Miss Bate, with the help of friends, may find out the authors of some more before she comes to a second edition, which she will certainly reach. The little book is admirably printed and prettily bound, and will certainly be a source of great comfort to the mourners who may use it, and who shall associate with their loss the "comfortable words" which stand over against the names of the departed.

* * *

Canadian Catalogue of Books.†

MR. HAIGHT'S long and patient labours have resulted in a volume creditable alike to printer, publishers and compiler. There are 104 pages of catalogue, a list of catalogues consulted, an index table of sizes (in inches), a title index, a chronologic index, and a list of subscribers. In addition to the full title page in every case, Mr. Haight gives the highest quoted prices of rare books and in many instances furnishes information not given in the title, such as "contains portrait" or "contains numerous illustrations," etc. This part supplies 1,006 titles, and it is Mr. Haight's intention to continue issuing the parts "until (as near as possible) a complete list may be obtained of all the books and pamphlets printed, or published in the Dominion, from the first printed book in 1767 to the end of 1895; and from that date to issue annual lists for each year, beginning with 1896." This catalogue and subsequent issues will prove of inestimable value to book collectors. The present edition is limited to 500 copies, and the book will doubtless soon be out of print.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

Kings in Exile, by Alphonse Daudet; *A Bachelor's Establishment*, by H. DeBalzac; *Tom Crogan*, by F. Hopkinson Smith. Macmillan's Colonial Library. London and New York: Macmillan & Company. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.—Daudet's novel, recounting the unheroic and for the most part ignoble adventures of the ex King of Illyria and other royal refugees in Paris, is crowded with characters and affords abundant opportunities for exemplifying the author's skill in analysis and portraiture. The translation is excellent, and the small but graphic illustrations by Bieler, Conconi, and Myrbach are so numerous that there appears to be one on almost every page.

"Un Ménage de Garçon" is translated by Clara Bell, and is one of the *Comédie Humaine* series of Balzac, the English edition of which is edited by Professor Saintsbury, who furnishes a preface to this volume. Professor Saintsbury gives it a very high rank among its companions.

"Tom Crogan," on its first appearance, was quite extensively advertised through a conflict of opinion between

* "Gems of Hope." In memory of the Faithful Departed. Selected and arranged by Fanny Bate. Price 75 cents. Toronto: W. Briggs. 1896.

† "Canadian Catalogue of Books." By W. R. Haight. Part One. Toronto: Haight & Company, 1896. \$2.50.

the critic of the London Athenæum and the critic of the London Sketch. The former pronounced it "trash," abused the author and read a lecture to the publishers. The latter entered the list on the other side, and made a vigorous and effective defence of the book. We have read it from cover to cover, and agree with the Sketch critic that while "it is not fiction of the first class, "Tom Crogan" is a fresh and exhilarating piece of work." The drawings by Charles S. Reinhart, who, we regret to see, has recently died, admirably illustrate the characters in the book.

The White Shield. By Bertram Milford. Illustrated by David B. Keeler. New York and London: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Toronto: Bain Book Company.—The story of "The White Shield" is supposed to be related by an old Zulu induna or commander, and it is well told. The action is rapid, the descriptions vivid; and when once the reader's attention is engaged it is retained to the end. For those who delight in tales of battle there is abundance of slaughter; indeed, the story shows that with many noble qualities the Zulus were

" . . . A heathen horde

Reddening the sun with smoke and the earth with blood."

The illustrations are numerous and very sensational, as befits the subject-matter of the story.

At the Gate of the Fold. A Country Tale. By John Fletcher. New York: The Macmillan Co. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.—This is a tale of English country life and has in it all the motives of an excellent story which the author has used to singularly good advantage. We do not remember a story of the unpretending character of this one in which the passions, jealousies and suspicions of simple village and country life have been utilized more effectively. The characters are well drawn, the contrasts striking, the development of the action natural, and the denouement, if not so sensational and tragical as one might expect, is reasonable and satisfactory. We must confess to an old-fashioned fondness for stories in which wrongs are righted before the closing of the last chapter. It is a story we can cordially commend.

Walter Gibbs the Young Boss, and Other Stories; a Book for Boys. By Edward William Thomson. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Heustis.—Mr. Thomson's reputation as a writer of stories is so long and firmly established that a new book from his pen is received with a confidence that is never misplaced. In all the stories in this book there is the feature so attractive to boys, of effort and adventure, and besides they have the advantage of being all distinctly Canadian. The first and longest in the collection, "Walter Gibbs the Young Boss," tells how a young fellow in his teens undertook to carry out a contract entered into by his father; and how he succeeded when failure would have been ruin. "Smoky Days" is a story of fire-fighting, and other adventures, and is full of stirring incident from beginning to end. All the rest are much shorter, but no less interesting. The book would make a most desirable birthday or holiday present for a boy.

The Regicides: A Tale of Early Colonial Times. By Frederick Hull Cogswell. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company.—The scene of this very interesting story is chiefly in and about New Haven, and the time shortly after the Restoration. Though principally concerning the flight and pursuit of Generals Whalley and Gaffe, two of Cromwell's officers who had signed the warrant for the execution of Charles I., there are throughout the book many entertaining incidents of early colonial life of special value, inasmuch as many of the characters are historical and the incidents themselves are taken from the old colonial records. There is, too, a vein of pleasant humour in the book which gives it an additional charm. Early colonial history presents an inviting but hitherto much neglected field for writers of historical fiction, and the author of this work is to be congratulated on the success with which he has essayed it.

The Fearsome Island, being the Modern Rendering of the Narrative of One Silas Fordred, Master Mariner of Hythe, whose shipwreck and subsequent adventures are herein set forth. Also, an appendix accounting in a rational manner for the seeming marvels that Silas Fordred encoun-

tered during his sojourn on the Fearsome Island of Don Diego Rodriguez. By Albert Kinross. Chicago: Printed for Herbert S. Stone & Company, at the Chap-Book offices, in the Caxton Building. 1896.—The above very comprehensive title sets out nearly all that need be said about this little story, which, by the way, is very well printed and tastefully bound. An ancient manuscript is found among the archives kept by the town clerk of the old Cinque port of Hythe, which the author modernizes into the form here given. The story is of the time of Queen Mary, and is full of perils by sea and more startling perils and adventures on land. Our readers will find it well worth perusal.

Sound Money and Solid Money. Silver vs. Gold. By C. M. Stevens. *The Nation's Greatest Problem: Arguments on Both Sides.* Compiled by F. Tennyson Neeley. (New York: F. Tennyson Neeley. Paper, 25 cents.)—These are all campaign publications, and they probably contain the most popular, if not the most conclusive arguments on both sides of the question now so profoundly agitating the United States public. The first expresses the views of the gold men, and is a compilation of the opinions of eminent American and other statesmen and publicists from Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson to President Cleveland and Chauncey Depew. The second, though uniform externally with the other, is very different in typographical appearance. The ornamental borders and loud type stamp it at once as campaign literature. There is even some verse in it based on Mr. Bryan's much quoted "You must not force a crown of thorns on the brow of Labour; nor crucify mankind on a Cross of Gold." The third book on our list has no poetry, but it has pictures, many of the campaign cartoons being reproduced in it. It professes to give the strongest arguments on both sides of the question; and the compiler seems to have done the work with very commendable fairness and good judgment.

Artie: A Story of the Streets and Town. By George Ade. Pictures by John McCutcheon. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co. 1896.—Artie, or "Mr. Arthur Blanchard, Esq.," as his sweetheart, Mamie, addresses him through the post-office, is a young clerk in some kind of an office, who discusses with his fellow-clerks and with others, men, women, ward politics, social ethics and things in general with great freedom, shrewdness and philosophical acumen. The trouble with Artie is that he talks on all occasions, and with all sorts and conditions of men, women and boys, in the dialect of the street gamin or the illiterate "sport." Indeed, in one reported interview with a messenger boy, Artie proved his complete superiority by the copiousness of his slang. These sketches originally appeared in the Chicago Record, and are said to have attracted much local notice. They have been revised and rewritten for this work which the publishers have brought out in a way altogether creditable to them; and the artist deserves credit for the way in which he makes his subjects speak. The wonder and the regret is that so much ability, skill and expense should have been expended in bringing out in so attractive a form what cannot be seriously regarded as, after all, but literary rubbish, or as a text-book of Chicago slang.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. evidently realize the increasing appreciation of English readers for the works of talented Frenchmen such as Balzac, Daudet, and Hugo. Two of the recent issues of their Colonial Library are translations from the French, "Modeste Mignon," by Honore De Balzac, translated by Clara Bell, and Daudet's "Thirty Years in Paris," done into English by Laura Ensor. Both translators have done justice in a marked degree to the original French, and the latter book is enhanced by tasty illustration. "Modeste Mignon" has a critical preface by George Saintsbury. This book, which first appeared in 1847, has its own place in Balzac's "Human Comedy," and is a striking example of the great novelist's psychological skill. In the same edition also appears a reprint of Rudyard Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills," already too well and favourably known to require comment here. These stories, which originally appeared in the Civil and Military Gazette, were the foundation of their author's reputation. Another recent book, in Bell's Indian Library, is A. Egmont Hake's book, "Gordon in China," which is practically a reprint of "The Story of Chinese Gordon." Copp, Clark & Co. are the Canadian agents for these books.

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DIVIDEND NO. 74.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after the 1st day of December next, at the office of the Company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide Streets, Toronto. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th November, inclusive.

By order of the Board
S. C. WOOD, Managing Director.
Toronto, 21st October, 1896.



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