THE WEEK:

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

Sixth Year.
Vol. VI., No 20.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, APRIL 19th, 1889.

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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

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

AN accumulation of testimony from various quarters, and from Liberal as well as Conservative sources, makes it impossible any longer to doubt that there are in Ontario many schools, classed as Public Schools and largely supported from public funds, in which the English language is neither used in teaching, nor itself taught with any degree of efficiency. The strong statement to the contrary made by the Minister of Education from his place in the House appears to have been singularly rash and ill-founded. Mr. Ross surely owes it to the public and to himself to offer some explanation. It seems scarcely possible that his words were misreported, nor has the correctness of the newspaper version, so far as we are aware, been called in question, unless, perhaps, by some of his friends, who, with indisputable evidence to the contrary before their eyes, find it difficult to conceive how the Minister's informants could have so misled him as to cause him to make the unfortunate assertion that English is now taught in every Public School in Ontario. Public interest in the question is now pretty thoroughly aroused, and, if it were not, a Cabinet Minister holding the important portfolio of the Education Department cannot afford to allow his accuracy in regard to a question of fact, touching a matter on which he should have the fullest information, to be openly called in question.

WHILE amending his Postal Bill in some important particulars, the Postmaster-General seems disposed to adhere to other objectionable innovations. As we have already observed, two cents per ounce is not an exorbitant charge for the delivery of dropped letters in a town or city, and the doubled rate is now made to apply only in those places which have free delivery. We still doubt whether resort to postal cards on the one hand, and to private agencies on the other, will not prevent any material increase of revenue from this source. Mr. Haggart has done well to abandon his intention to charge postage on all periodicals issued less frequently than once a week. There might, perhaps, be a good deal to be said, on business grounds, in favour of charging for the carrying and distribution of all kinds of postal matter, newspapers included, but it would be hard to give any satisfactory reasons for collecting postage on the Sunday and other educational fortnightlies and monthlies while carrying the dailies and weeklies for nothing. A largely increased fee for registration will, it may pretty safely be predicted, fail of its object, while the proposal to give postmasters power to register at the expense of the recipient letters supposed to contain valuable matter, seems arbitrary and unworkable in the extreme. By what means is a postal clerk to ascertain the contents of a given letter, or on what grounds is he to suppose it to contain "valuable matter"? Whatever may be the custom in Europe, or even in England, we doubt if the Canadian people will take kindly either to such scrutiny of letters as would be necessary to guide the officials to anything like correct conclusions, or to the promiscuous and capricious exactions which would result from guess-work. A better plan for discouraging letter writing and reducing postal revenues could hardly be devised. The effect must be in many cases either to raise the rate of postage to eight or ten cents for an ordinary letter, or to leave the writer in dread lest his communication should be made the means of inflicting a fine of that amount upon his innocent friend.

IT ought, one would suppose, to be accepted as an axiom in legislation that whenever a law which may in any way have found a place on the Statute Book is shown to be both indefensible in principle and vexatious or unfair in working, it should be promptly repealed. Such a law, clearly, is that clause of the Canadian Customs Act which adds to the value of articles imported from a foreign country the cost of inland transportation to the boundary line or the place of shipment. It is not easy to conjecture what mode of reasoning could have led, in the first place, to the adoption of such a practice. Why should the Customs Department wish to discriminate against an inland in favour of a maritime city, or against cheap or bulky articles in favour of costlier and smaller ones from the same locality? Whatever may have been the origin of the custom, no one seems to have attempted to defend it on its merits during the recent discussion at Ottawa. It is no wonder that Germany and other foreign countries should object to the exception which has hitherto been made in reference to Great Britain and Ireland, an exception which violates the spirit, if not the letter, of existing agreements. The wonder is that instead of at once repealing the law when their attention was called to it, the Government should have gone from bad to worse by proposing to extend its operation to the Mother Country. The plea based on the loss of revenue that would result from its abolition is manifestly insufficient to warrant the continuance of a practice which is based on no equitable principle. The voice of the mercantile community is emphatic in condemnation of the proposed change. It is to be hoped that the Government will finally yield to the strong remonstrances that are being made in the matter.

MR. HICKSON, general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, has given to a reporter of the New York *Times* his version of the difficulty between the Michigan Central and the Grand Trunk, which has led the former to appeal to the Inter-State Commerce Commission. The head and front of the Grand Trunk's offence is, according to Mr. Hickson, that it makes special rates for the carriage of coal from the Niagara frontier to Toronto, London, St. Thomas, Stratford and other places. These special rates, while not forbidden by Canadian law, are contrary to the regulations of the Inter-State Commission. As the Michigan Central rates are necessarily under the control of that Commission, that road is placed at a disadvantage to whatever extent it, as the Canada Southern, comes into competition with the Grand Trunk. The contention of the Michigan Central is that as the Grand Trunk receives the coal in yards on the American side of the frontier it comes within the jurisdiction of the Inter-State Commission. Very well, says Mr. Hickson, if so we will have the consignor deliver the coal on the Canadian side, which will put an end to the matter. But it is evident that it will not put an end to the grievance, if any really exists, of the Michigan Central, and the latter will naturally strive to bring to bear other kinds of pressure, such as the threat to shut out the Grand Trunk from American trade. Meanwhile, it is said, that "the Senate Committee on Inter-state commerce are to be in New York on May 1, to begin a general enquiry into the relations of the Canadian railroads and Canadian traffic to the Commerce of the United States, and out of that some important legislation may grow." It is a pity that in a case of this kind the relations between the Governments of the two countries cannot be sufficiently cordial and sensible to admit of concurrent legislation. American railroads, as Mr. Hickson points out, derive a larger revenue from the transportation of commodities for Canadians, than Canadian roads do from the transportation of commodities for citizens of the United States, a fact which American newspaper and magazine writers are too apt to overlook. The transportation systems of the two countries are so interlaced that a clear and amicable agreement should be made in regard to such matters. Perpetual threats of non-intercourse are unworthy of American civilization.

THE presence of Gabriel Dumont among the Metis of the North-West, holding meetings and discussing grievances old and new, is a fact to which the attention of the Canadian Government cannot be too promptly given, not with a view to imposing any restrictions upon the fullest liberty of speech, but in order that no shadow of reasonable grievance may be left to retard the complete pacification of this important element in the North-West population. If the Government have, as it is alleged, adopted the principle in settling rebellion losses that no claim for compensation, even though made by one who took part in the insurrection, shall be refused unless it be found that the half-breed so applying was a party to his own loss, it is certainly impossible to deny the generosity of such treatment. But there seems to be again danger of the delay which was the proximate cause of the last rebellion. The half-breeds are a simple-minded people, unversed in constitutional forms, and unable to understand the round-about methods and interminable delays of officialdom. If the Government is wise it will see to it that no combustible material, in the shape of supercilious neglect or long-deferred fulfilments of promise, is left scattered about for fire-brand orators. It is of the first importance to the peace and prosperity of the North-West that this hardy and energetic race be thoroughly conciliated if possible. As the original occupants of the country they are entitled to much consideration on the ground of justice, as well as on that of generosity and of good policy. If their demands are extravagant beyond measure, if they utterly refuse to listen to reason, and are determined to remain disaffected and hostile, there is, of course, no help for it, and they will have to be dealt with as occasion demands. But Canada cannot afford to have a disaffected and dangerous race within her borders if it is possible, by any process of kind and liberal treatment, to make them permanently contented and loyal.

THOUGH Mr. Clark Wallace's Anti-Combines Bill has passed the committee to which it was referred, there is not much probability of its being brought to a vote in Commons, much less becoming law this session. Perhaps it is just as well that another year should be given for fuller consideration of the question, and fuller observation of the methods and workings of the combinations. Mr. Wallace has pushed his Bill with ability and resolution, and is not likely to be discouraged by two rebuffs. It is clear from the criticisms offered by several legal members of the Committee, who were favourable to the principle of the Bill, that very great care will be required in order to legislate effectively on the subject, and at the same time avoid hampering legitimate trade. Perhaps by next session some one may be prepared with a Bill providing for Government supervision of Combines, somewhat on the lines laid down by Mr. Hemming in our last issue. As

we have intimated before, while we regard the self-constituted combine as inadmissible and dangerous, we are quite inclined to regard state-regulated combines as among the most probable solutions of the question. A Minister of Commerce or a permanent commercial commission might perhaps contrive to give the people the benefits of combination without its exactions and dangers.

THE amount of Dominion money that is now being spent or pledged for local works in the Maritime Provinces is startling. The policy of granting liberal bonuses in aid of provincial railways, if justifiable at all, can be justified only on two grounds. First, that the projects thus aided are of such a kind as to be of advantage to the whole country as well as to the localities particularly interested; and second, that the appropriation made will have the effect of stimulating, not superseding, local enterprise. But when such railroads are constructed wholly by the Dominion Government the evidence that they are of national benefit should surely be of the clearest character. How do these obvious principles apply to the three great Government works now provided for in the Maritime Provinces, viz., the Nova Scotia Short Line, and the New Brunswick Short Line Link, whose estimated cost is $2,000,000 and $3,000,000 to $4,000,000 respectively, and the Chignecto Ship Railway, to cost we forget how many millions? The first-named road will, it appears, effect a reduction of about ten miles in distance and will compete with the Intercolonial, another Government work. The Short Link from Harvey to Moncton will compete, we believe, with both the Intercolonial and the Canadian Pacific, and will save about seventeen miles in distance. Few of those who should be best informed seem to have any faith in the commercial value of the Chignecto Ship Railway. It is noteworthy that the Government made little attempt to defend either of the two roads first named, certainly not the latter, on its merits, from a Dominion point of view. Their construction as Government works, it is almost openly avowed, is undertaken simply in fulfilment of ante-election pledges. Were these works of such a character as to benefit largely the Maritime Provinces as a whole there would be much to be said in their support. They might serve as an offset to the large sums spent on the Canadian Pacific and the St. Lawrence canals, in which the seaside Provinces have little or no interest. But in these cases the roads are so completely local in character that there is not even unanimity on the part of the Maritime representatives in regard to their utility. Surely it is time that all good citizens, without regard to geographical section or political party, should unite in saying that such misappropriation of the public funds must cease.

AMERICAN newspapers, almost without exception so far as we have observed, take for granted that the President's proclamation forbidding the catching of seals in the territorial waters of the United States in Behring Sea, is really meant to apply to the whole sea. This view is directly opposed to the interpretation given to the proclamation by Sir John A. Macdonald in Parliament. It is also opposed to the natural meaning of the language used in the proclamation, though, as we have before pointed out, that language is obviously, possibly purposely, ambiguous. Such expressions as the "territorial waters of the United States in Behring Sea"—we have not the proclamation now before us and are not sure of the exact phraseology—if occurring in a Greek or Latin Classic, might give rise to endless disputes among grammatical commentators as to its true meaning. Should the U.S. Government get into difficulty in attempting to enforce the Proclamation as its own people seem to understand it, this ambiguity would afford an excellent loophole for withdrawal from an untenable position. There can be little doubt that opportunity will be afforded during the coming season for the Administration to show practically in which of the two senses it means to enforce the proclamation, as Canadian sealers will, no doubt, be found in the neutral waters of Behring Sea. The position taken, as American journalists understand the matter, is so untenable, so grossly at variance not only with previous contentions of the United States against Russia and with its own doctrine of headlands as maintained in the fisheries dispute with Canada, but with the virtual admission of the Cleveland Cabinet in its correspondence with the Maritime Powers, that it seems incredible that an attempt should now be made to revive this old, exploded, Russian contention. Unless the ancient spirit of Great Britain has wholly departed she will never accept such a contention, though she will, no doubt, readily come into any reasonable agreement for the protection of the seal fisheries.

THERE can be no doubt that the heroic struggle against "coffin-ships," commenced some ten or twelve years ago by Mr. Plimsoll, and carried on with such determination by him and others like-minded, has effected a great saving in life and property at sea. In a speech at the sixty-fifth anniversary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, a few weeks since, Mr. Chamberlain quoted returns showing that the number of lives lost in British and Colonial trading and fishing vessels had fallen from 3,512 in the year 1881-82, and from an average of about 2,700 for the last eleven years, to 2,071 in 1886-87, the last year for which returns were available. More significant still were the figures in regard to lives lost in missing vessels—vessels, that is, that founder at sea, and so were presumably not sea-worthy. In 1881 no less than 1,414 lives were lost in this way, while in 1886 the number had fallen to 356. No one would wish to detract one iota from the great credit due to Mr. Plimsoll in this matter, or to forget the outburst of noble rage by which, in defiance of Speaker and rules of order, he compelled an indifferent Government and Parliament to listen to his indictment of the powerful shipowners, and to take up the cause of the poor sailors. In an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Thomas Scrutton, who is President of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom, maintains that the present annual loss of property at sea is not more, on a fair average estimate, than five and a quarter millions, instead of twelve millions, as Mr. Plimsoll stated a few weeks ago. Mr. Scrutton says that, as a matter of fact, shipowners are advancing by "leaps and bounds" to a position of greater safety in regard to both life and property at sea. This is, he claims, largely due to steamships taking the place of sailing vessels. Evidence of the fact is afforded in the statement that since 1874 the underwriters have actually reduced the rates of insurance from 50 per cent. to 25 per cent. on the chief rates and for ordinary cargoes. The movements of every vessel in the mercantile marine—which has a capital of a hundred millions invested in it—are carefully recorded, and are known to the underwriters.

SENTIMENT can hardly be expected to count for much in international negotiations in these days, especially in the case of two nations so intensely practical as the Americans and the Germans. Were it otherwise it would be natural to suppose that after the disasters to the respective fleets at Apia, the International Commissioners to meet shortly at Berlin would come together in a softened mood which would make the process of adjustment easy. The loss of life already incurred ought to suffice for the settlement of so trivial a dispute. The brave and noble conduct of the natives in aiding the rescue of both American and German sailors ought to have its effect in securing full recognition and generous consideration of Samoan rights. The question whether a mutual understanding shall be reached easily or with difficulty will depend mainly, no doubt, upon the readiness or the opposite of the Germans to relinquish all claim to a preponderant influence in Samoa. The instructions to the American Commissioners are, it is said, explicit to the effect that full Samoan autonomy shall be strictly maintained. The latest reports from both German and American sources indicate that the most serious difficulty may arise in connection with the question of the part taken by American citizens in the disorders which led to the killing of German marines by Metaafa's followers.

LORD LONSDALE having survived his perilous expedition towards the North Pole, it is now announced that two other noblemen, Hon. E. W. Everest and Count de Saintville, are about setting out on the same route, sanguine, of course, of success where their many brave predecessors have hitherto met only with disastrous failure. If men of means and leisure can find no more useful outlet for their overplus of courage and energy, and choose to go on such adventurous journeys at their own charges, no one, we suppose, has any right to forbid them. But the public have long since lost all faith in the possibility of any good result from such expeditions. The attempt to reach the suppositional Polar Sea must now be regarded by most thoughtful students of circumstances and probabilities as a thoroughly useless, and hence worse than useless, waste of resources and risk or sacrifice of lives which should have been useful to the world. An expedition into an unexplored but habitable region like Central Africa has possibilities of usefulness which may be its more than sufficient warrant on both scientific and humanitarian grounds. But, even assuming the possible existence of a navigable Polar Sea, or a habitable Polar land, it is difficult to conceive of any benefit that could result to the world from the discovery. These regions are and must remain for an æon, at least, practically inaccessible. The world will become terribly over-populated before a body of emigrants can be found willing to dare the horrors of the route, even though they could be persuaded that veritable Islands of the Blest lay at the other end.

RUMOURS of an ominous anti-foreign movement in China have been in circulation for some time past, and have been but too well supported by news of serious attacks upon the property of British and American residents in that country. Recent despatches received by Secretary Blaine from the United States Minister to China, intimate, it is said, that foreigners there are now living in perpetual danger, and that the minor outrages that have been of frequent occurrence may shortly be succeeded and eclipsed by much more formidable riots. These advices will cause less surprise than alarm. Nothing can be more natural than that as the masses of the people on the Chinese coasts come to understand the kind of treatment to which their fellow-countrymen have been subjected in America at the hands of legislators as well as mobs, they will be disposed to retaliate in kind. If once the destructive passions of the Mongolian are let loose, he cannot be expected to make any nice discrimination between English and Americans. One can hardly quarrel with the logic of the Celestials, should they be constrained to say that since their people are not permitted to enter the "Melican" land, the "Melican" must make his exit from the Flowery Kingdom. The only wonder is that the Heathen Chinese should hitherto have shewn so little of the vengeful spirit in his treatment of the representatives of the Christian races who refuse to tolerate the presence of Chinamen in their country. To the credit of the Chinese Government and officials it is recorded that they have hitherto shewn themselves ready, not only to protect white residents from outrage, but to indemnify them liberally for losses and injuries suffered through riotous attacks. It is probable that their awe of British warships—they cannot certainly have much dread of those of the Americans—may have contributed largely to this result. But it is too much to expect that, even with this potent influence in the background, the disciples of Confucius will continue indefinitely to practise the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount.

EVERY careful observer of the currents of present-day thought must, it seems to us, see at least the beginning of a reaction against the materialistic drift of modern science. Some of the leaders of the new scientific school are tacitly or openly acknowledging the insufficiency of the Positivist theories to satisfy even the conditions of the problem of life as presented in the phenomena of sense-perception, much less those demands of the higher nature to which no materialistic speculations can make anyone wholly deaf. In an interesting article the *Christian Union* brings together a few of the evidences of this intellectual revolt against the bare and barren negations which have found so much favour with an influential class of modern scientists. A strong article of the kind alluded to has recently appeared in one of the French reviews, where one would have least expected to find it. The writer takes the position that modern science has, through its materialistic tendency, become a foe to the human intellect; that the tendency has been to shrivel up the higher activities of man, those of a spiritual or emotional nature, and to develop merely the powers of observation and scrutiny—faculties which belong to man's lower rather than to his higher nature. An article by Robert G. Ingersoll, in the April *North American Review*, affords an apposite illustration of this tendency. We do not, of course, suppose that Col. Ingersoll would be accepted as an authority in science, but for that very reason he is, perhaps, the better exemplar of the popular reading of the scientific teachings. In the article in question, Mr. Ingersoll reiterates, in all the various forms which his rhetorical versatility suggests, the statement that all "knowledge comes within the domain of the senses." This assumption lies at the basis of the whole argument in favour of Positivism. It never seems to have even occurred to him that there are such things as force, movement, matter, thought, of which the senses can take no cognizance, and materialism

give no account. Evidently, says, M. Levy-Bruhl, another of those writers who are just now making powerful assaults upon the dogmatism of materialistic science, "the molecular theory takes no account of objects and relations which exist in the universe, such as beauty, goodness, harmony, conscience. Shall we conclude therefore that these do not exist?" It is pretty clear that the pendulum of philosophy, having swung to the outer limit of its arc on the materialistic side, is now returning toward the centre to which it is constantly drawn by the gravitative force of the higher reason.

THE Democratic and independent papers of the United States are condemning with a good deal of vigour, and apparently with good cause, President Harrison's action in regard to the postmastership of New York. Mr. Pearson has been removed from that desirable position to make room for Mr. Van Cott. It is, we believe, admitted on almost all hands that Mr. Pearson was a model postmaster in every respect. His appointment, many years ago, was made on the sound principle of promotion, his qualification being able and faithful discharge of the duties of assistant. In recognition of his eminent fitness for the position and his general worth, he was, though a Republican, left undisturbed by President Cleveland. And now, though he has remained a Republican throughout, he is dismissed by a Republican President in order that his lucrative place may be given to a man whose chief claim to the position is that, though he knows nothing of the duties he is to discharge, he has been, as the *Tribune* says, "an active worker in behalf of his party for thirty years." The incident shows in a striking manner the beauties of the spoils system in politics. It also brings President Harrison's action into unpleasing contrast, not only with his professions, but with the record of his predecessor in office. It is noteworthy that President Cleveland seems to be steadily rising in public estimation since his dignified retirement. The merits of his administration are coming to be better appreciated than before he vacated the White House. Should President Harrison prove, as there seems reason to fear, not strong enough to resist the action of "the machine," it would be pretty safe to predict Mr. Cleveland's return to the chieftainship four years hence on the crest of a great wave of mugwump reaction.

"BOULANGER'S sympathizers are growing in numbers," says a recent press despatch. The statements of American correspondents in regard to European politics have usually to be taken with large grains of allowance, but the above corresponds so well with the shrewdest forecasts, based upon the course which the French Government and Senate are taking, that it but slightly taxes our credulity. If the authorities had been studiously aiming to give the demagogue a cry and the people a ground for suspicion and sympathy, they could hardly have taken a course better adapted to produce those results. Their refusal to bring the accused before a judicial court, and their determination instead to hale him before an extraordinary tribunal created for the occasion from the membership of their own body, could not fail to excite popular distrust. When it is now stated that a sub-committee has been appointed to examine more than ten thousand documents, including 3,000 newspaper articles, it becomes pretty clear to the simplest intelligence that no direct, unequivocal evidence of treasonable designs is to be forthcoming. A verdict resting on no more solid basis than the incoherent *residua* collected by passing such a mass of material through the fine interstices of a Senatorial sieve, will be more likely to arouse public indignation than to carry conviction. There are, we suppose, few disinterested onlookers who believe Boulanger to be anything better than a self-seeking agitator and political *charlatan*, but it is quite among the possibilities that those who just now hold the destinies of the French Republic in their hands may give him a chance to become a Dictator or the author of a *coup-d'état*.

THE contest between the Jute-Bagging Combination in the United States and the Southern cotton farmers bids fair to go on with increased vigour this summer. The combination has, according to the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, as its initial step, already cornered the supply of jute-butts. As the price, 12 cents a pound, demanded last year by the combination, led to the extensive use of substitutes, the price is to be reduced to 10 cents this season. In answer to statements made by those interested, that there is no combination and no corner in jute-bagging, the *Bulletin* says: "Nevertheless, the active parties in question have succeeded in shutting some mills and coming to an understanding with others, and as far as the consumer is concerned it is a matter of little moment whether the elevation of prices and the restriction of the supply of bagging is effected by an organized combination or merely by a general understanding between certain large mills whose individual agreements with other mills are in harmony with a single line of policy, resulting in a handsome profit in individual cases. The former plan of campaign was adopted last year, the looser but equally effective method is arranged for the coming season." The Southern papers are advising their readers to give early orders for some of the various substitutes, thus encouraging their manufacturers, and to refrain altogether from the use of jute-bagging. At a convention of the Farmer's Alliance of Georgia, which is said to have 80,000 members, those present pledged themselves by an almost unanimous vote to use cotton bagging instead of jute as a covering for their products. The great struggle will be watched with interest as a kind of trial contest between combination and competition.

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*RENAN'S HISTORY OF ISRAEL.**

M. RENAN continues his work of destruction and construction in the pleasant, jaunty, flippant manner with which he has made us familiar. He is, of course, an inveterate and incorrigible naturalist. Anything which savours of the supernatural must be explained away. There can be no revelation, because there is really nothing to reveal. Of course we hear of *Dieu*, but that is a mere figure of speech, standing almost for anything. If we will accept these negations as our starting point, and allow M. Renan to exercise his charming fancy in reconstructing the history, we shall accompany him on his way with a certain amount of pleasure and enjoyment.

But we are afraid that these concessions are forbidden, not merely by religion, but by science. M. Renan imagines his theories to be religious; they are merely sentimental. He speaks in grand words of the ideal. Again it is a mere sentiment. He is resolved to be scientific; but he is simply arbitrary, his science consisting in following "the devices and desires" of his own heart. We cannot say that his book is of no value. It really is of some value as showing to what straits unbelief is reduced, also as proving that the most sceptical mind is unable to resist the testimony of history altogether. Moreover it gives us many graphic pictures of incidents in Hebrew history.

This second volume (the second of three which are to make up the whole work), M. Renan says, contains what he regards as the most important part of the history of Judaism. It extends from the reign of David to the destruction of the kingdom of Israel by the taking of Samaria. Within this period, according to our author, "Jahvé, the national god of Israel, undergoes a complete transformation. From a god, local and provincial, he becomes by a kind of return to the ancient patriarchal elohism, the universal God, who has made heaven and earth. He becomes, above all, a righteous god, that which the national gods, naturally full of partiality for their adherents *(clientèle)*, never are. The entry of morality into religion is accomplished. Amos, Hosea, Micah, Isaiah, at the date at which the volume closes, have proclaimed it in passages, the beauty of which has never been surpassed."

The simple answer to all this rhodomontade is very simple. It is pure nonsense. It assumes that there is not and cannot be any revelation of a supernatural character made to man, and then proceeds to explain the progress of revelation on naturalistic principles. If it is said that Christian readers of the Old Testament start from the opposite assumption, namely, that God exists and has revealed Himself, the answer is simple. In the first place, religion does postulate the existence of a personal God, who can be known and worshipped. The assumption of atheism or pantheism or agnosticism can certainly not be allowed to settle this question. Which presupposition is the truer or the more reasonable must depend not merely upon abstract or *a priori* reasoning, but equally upon critical examination of that history which we believe to be supernatural, and of its culminating point in the New Testament, and more especially in the resurrection of Jesus Christ. This is a most important caution, since unwary readers may find that they are unable to escape from the tyranny of M. Renan because they have unwittingly conceded his fundamental principles. Throughout his whole writings there is a perpetual assumption that the Christian view of the Bible story is not to be entertained as a conceivable alternative, so that there is no weighing of the respective merits of the various themes. A good example of the somewhat flippant manner in which the development of divine revelation is treated on naturalistic principles will be found in his remarks on the relation of King David to the "progress of Jahvéism," in chapter V.

On this point very much might be said, far more than is here possible. It does not by any means follow that, because progress in the knowledge of God was very gradual, therefore the whole of that progress is to be ascribed to the mere efforts of the human mind. It stands to reason that God should educate mankind as wise parents educate their children, giving them in their infancy such lessons as they are capable of receiving, and suffering light to break in upon them, more and more, by slow degrees, as they can use it and walk in it. We maintain that such a theory of the progressive knowledge of God, obtained by the Israelites, is far more rational than that which ascribes it entirely to the peculiar action of the Shemitic mind. It is strange, indeed, if the whole religious history of Israel is to be explained on naturalistic principles, that the development of this people should have been so different from that of all others. The God of Israel progressively revealed in the Law and the Prophets, and made known in a supreme manner by Jesus Christ, is the God of mankind; and no one now could think of any other. How is this? On the Christian theory it is plain enough. Will any other account for it?

We have dealt thus fully with the fundamental question between M. Renan and the Christian believer, because it is only thus that we can put ourselves in a right position for the study of his book. Some parts of it are very provoking; but we are not insensible to many of its merits, its charming style, and the vivid and picturesque manner in which the events of history are placed before the mind. Occasionally we are impressed with even higher qualities, a kind of human sympathy and insight, by means of which he helps us to a knowledge of men and their motives, for which we sometimes feel grateful. Thus a great deal of the history of the reign of David is told with considerable point and force, and with charming lucidity and gracefulness, although every now and then the irrepressible levity of the French *litterateur* breaks out and annoys. For those who care to be amused by sacred literature, there will be no lack of entertainment in these pages. To M. Renan, of course, it is a mere coincidence that the name of Solomon should signify the Peaceful, and that peace should have been the characteristic of his reign; but science does not deal in accidents. In spite of occasional freakishness, there is a great deal that is very interesting in the author's elaborate treatment of the reign of Solomon.

We select some specimens: "Solomon does not count in the history of theology and of the religious sentiment in Israel, and yet he marks a decisive moment in religious history; he gave a house to Jahvé. Like his father, Solomon held Jahvé for the tutelar deity of Israel; he honoured Him in all the consecrated localities, made offerings on the high places, and burnt incense there. The most famous of the high places at that period was that of Gibeon. Solomon often frequented this place, and made superb sacrifices there. It is there that the legend places the dream in which Jahvé promised to give him wisdom." Here, as usual, M. Renan assumes the historical character of the narrative as long as it suits his purpose, and in the same arbitrary manner introduces the legendary explanation. The description of the building of the temple has the same mingling of the true and the fictitious. Here is not a bad historical parable: "Apart from external power, the reign of Rehoboam did not differ so much as might be supposed from the reign of Solomon. It was Louis XV. after Louis XIV. The prophetic movement seems to have been entirely null. The kind of mental enlargement, not without something of moral relaxation, which characterised the last years of the reign of Solomon, continued under Rehoboam. Religious eclecticism covered the country with high places, with sacred groves," and so forth.

The following is amusing: "Ahab, so much calumniated by the Jahévist historians (a bold statement! What authority has the author for it?) was, in short, a remarkable sovereign, brave, intelligent, moderate, devoted to the ideas of civilization. He equalled Solomon in openness of mind and 'wisdom.' He surpassed him in military valour and in the justice of his general views. He built several cities, developed Samaria, embellished the palace which had been commenced by his father, and constructed the residence called *Beth has-sen*, 'the ivory house.' Jezreel, thanks to him, received great expansion, and became like the second capital of Israel. Under his reign, poetry seems to have shone forth." All this is a very pretty mingling of history and romance. It reminds us of the rehabilitation of Henry VIII. and other potentates, and of the toast proposed by the old gentleman who had suffered much from the annoyances of little children: "Here's to the much calumniated memory of King Herod the Great!"

"The prophets of the ninth century [B.C.]," says M. Renan, "in spite of dark passions, and what we should call grave theological mistakes, certainly deserve to occupy a place of the first rank in the history of human progress." It would be a deeply interesting event if M. Renan should ever return to the faith of his childhood, and should rewrite these charming books. How much he might leave untouched. How much purer a light he might cast upon the story which he tells. "A peculiar feature in the history of the Hebrew people," he says, "is the fact that, in their case, the religious crises corresponded with the crises of nationality." This is true and important. How could it be otherwise with the people of God?

**Histoire du peuple d'Israel.* Par Ernest Renan. Tome Deuxième. Paris: Colmann Lévy, 1889.

A REPORT comes by way of Germany that a novel use of electricity has been made in India for the prevention of the intrusion of snakes into dwellings. Before all the doors and around the house two wires are laid, connected with an induction apparatus. Should a snake attempt to crawl over the wires, he receives a shock of electricity which either kills or frightens him into a hasty retreat.

OTTAWA LETTER.

SIX months ago His Grace Archbishop Duhamel left Ottawa to pay a visit to the Eternal City. His mission was to lay at the feet of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. the petition that the Ottawa College receive his special permission to be created into a Catholic university. Since the moment that His Grace entrusted his sacred person to the raging billows of the spring equinox to return, English and French have vied with each other in committee activity over schemes of welcome and fealty. As the ship dropped her anchor in New York harbour a deputation of one hundred Catholics proceeded to Montreal to convey His Grace in a special car from the commercial to the parliamentary capital of the Dominion. The journey was a royal progress, with addresses and replies at the wayside villages, and the arrival in Ottawa was anticipated by a crowding and cramming into the Basilica, and a rivalry in street decorations. As *the Church* does not indulge in the factious which seem to be at once the bane and the antidote of *the State*, the reception had no cold shoulder of opposition popes and archbishops wagging their heads in insincere approval. Two mounted marshals led the van, followed by standard-bearers guarded by glittering lancers and forty different societies or branches of societies. His Grace, accompanied by the Vicar-General, sat in a four-in-hand, protected from the vulgar touch by a mounted guard of honour, and attended by one thousand of his clergy in carriages. Amid floating flags, martial music, and dancing decorations, the procession made for the Basilica, where women were already being carried out exhausted with the crush. Welcomed and robed at the entrance, in full canonicals with mitre and staff, and supported by a large body of clergy, the sacred personage—the representative of Vice-Regal Pontificality—passed up the aisles, and with pompous meekness knelt before the high altar, the societies having preceded and taken up their respective places in the church. Special choristers sang "Ave Maria Stella" most exquisitely; the Te Deum sounded through the sacred precincts, and, with dainty and solemn tread His Grace descended to the chancel. Addresses of welcome were read: one from the English Catholics illuminated with borders of shamrocks, roses and thistles; another in French with the fleur de lis; and a third from the clergy of the diocese. His Grace made a reply which was pious, humble and reverent. He was gratified at the reception accorded him by the Holy Father, and proud at the success of his mission. He had had several audiences with His Holiness, though always under guard of a soldier. Yes! The Pope is a prisoner—a prisoner in his own palace—and deprived of all temporal power, and the heart of His Grace was deeply touched at the thought. But it had given him great satisfaction to learn that in his absence his flock had protested against this imprisonment, and it gladdened his soul to think that 250,000,000 Catholics would join their protest to that of his parishioners, and the injustice would be swept away. After some words of comfort in French, His Grace pronounced the Apostolic benediction with which he had been specially entrusted by the Pope.

That the average unit in the mass of the Church, even here where the State has crystallized into forms based upon a clearly defined non-recognition of moral or religious connection with it, is still as amenable as ever to what is known as "a good sermon," is a fact proved by the constant succession of crowds which gather in St. Andrew's Church on a Sunday evening. When the pulpit fails, the failure is certainly from the pulpit. Men imagine that the pulpit is an exception to the law of supply and demand; that it can continue to supply weak and insipid essences and expect spiritual and moral manhood to sow systematic evasions of every-day questions and look for grapes and thistles. The pastor of St. Andrew's is a revolution. Young, bold, earnest—he feels, he speaks, he hits. To a congregation of politicians and Pharisees he preaches practical piety, not mag-piety. "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" attracted even Sir John last Sunday. The Church and the State? They are two, and still one; diverse, but united. The clergy *must* look into politics. If the province of preaching be an explanation of the principles and practice of thought and action, upon what analogy do we exclude politics from the influence of such a power? Church and State are unfortunately separated where they ought to be blended, but under the Mosaic Law, a two-sided policy, one for the tabernacle and one for the tent, had never been dreamt of. In so far as the State resents interference from the Church, just so far is she in deadly need of it. The one is as much a divine institution as the other. The State can, as little as the Church, afford to become subservient to the special purposes of a particular sect, or act in opposition to the high and universal principles of Christianity. In presence of our two great creeds there are two courses open to us as a nation: to refuse to allow ourselves to be governed by a broad spirit of tolerance, and see history repeated in the extermination of one and the self-glorification of the other, or to let the "two walk together" even if not "agreed." That it may be done was decided on the plains of Abraham by the double monuments of Wolfe and Montcalm. Let vanquisher and vanquished, English and French, Protestant and Roman be welded together. While holding firmly by our ancestral principles, let others hold to theirs, and work manfully, hopefully, forbearingly for the national union of our great Dominion.

The First Assistant-Director of the Geological Survey, Dr. Robert Bell, gave a delightful lecture on our fur-bearing animals. Few men have a better right to speak on such a subject, and few are able to put their right to such charming use. His thirty years' wanderings in our North-West should be preserved as part of our Canadian Archives, and if written in the interesting and realistic manner in which, as occasion offers, they are talked of, they should form a fund of adventure and instruction for the rising and the next generation. The lecturer sketched the chief characteristics of our fur animals, and the causes of their temporary and local scarcity or abundance, which, though varying much in particular seasons, has maintained the same average for twenty years. He told how to choose a fur, how to prepare it and how to preserve it for market; and afforded a glimpse behind the scenes in "conversion" processes: that is, how the fur of the common musk rat is converted into river fur; German mink into Baltic seal; white rabbit into black coney or silver fox. The life of the Indian hunter and his modes of trapping furs supplied material for many Canadian "Kingstons."

A number of gentlemen interested in dairy matters met in a committee-room of the House of Commons to discuss the advisability of organizing themselves into an association for the purpose of remedying the frauds in factory and farm, to which their business is subjected; to improve the facilities for shipping dairy products without injury; and to secure a uniform standard for the manufacture of butter and cheese. In reference to the first object, it appears that the milk supplied from the farms to the factories is open to every ratio of adulteration, and inspection was urged which would secure a standard of butter fat $3\frac{1}{2}$, and solids other than fat $8\frac{1}{2}$:—in all 12 per cent. of solids. Regarding the second object, an example might be taken from the improvements made in the means for the shipping of cattle by the Stock Association. The third object will aim at raising the general standard of our dairy produce to one uniform platform, and at securing one common system of manufacture. Our American cousins, it appears, are in the habit of branding their own inferior grades as Canadian. The proposed name of the organization is the Dominion Dairymen's Association; an application has been made to Government for a grant of money; a committee was appointed to draft a constitution; and it was arranged to have a vigorous meeting at the opening of the next session of Parliament.

Lent in Ottawa is by no means a season of fasting, public or private. Indeed if an *e* be inserted in the word before *a*, a nearer approach to fact is arrived at. Sometimes the business of entertaining is so brisk that the orders first in are first served, and one does not need to refrain from the speculation for want of a good *raison d' être*. The member for Restigouche was presented with a pipe and a gold locket and chain by a few admirers, and all adjourned to the House of Commons restaurant. Besides a chronic indulgence in promiscuous invitations, the Press Gallery had its annual feast of eating, speaking, and singing; and immediately afterwards these popular and indispensable gentlemen were the objects of a special entertainment from three members, who invited the Hansard staff and a number of convivial bodies and spirits to meet them. Then when Government insists upon cutting off a mass of legislation out of which some fun had been anticipated, the members generally console themselves by spending a day with the "King of the Gatineau." His majesty is the member for Ottawa county, a man of princely popularity and patriarchal hospitality. Men of every nationality, party and province, meet around his smiling hearth, and since the sterner sex are not so sensitive as the gentler, it may be recorded that these feasts are historic, having been inaugurated contemporary with our Confederation. But for these glimpses into the human side of our Legislation, life in Ottawa would petrify into adamantine asperity and hopeless hostility. If the Premier, the Cabinet Ministers, the heads of factions could shuffle off their entertainments of prescribed partyism; if, when the House adjourns, they could disrobe themselves of their political prejudices and jaundiced sentiments, and don the mantle of human nature, there might arise in our Dominion a unity, strength and patriotism which would of itself settle the question of Imperial Federation, Annexation, or Independence.

RAMBLER.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE sombre moods of our Lenten days are gradually disappearing under gladdening April suns. The Misérerés are dying out, and we are attuning our hearts afresh for Easter joy. Mr. Lloyd has aroused a revived interest in the "Lost Chord" by setting it in a new relation—piano, organ, flute, violin and cello accompaniment. Miss Lessier, our blind sister in song, gave a farewell concert before her departure for Boston. She came on the platform with a double welcome: she is a Canadian, and she was heralded by her great Canadian mistress and patroness, Albani, who, after hearing her sing, could not leave without writing to her to say how much she had been enchanted with her voice. The songstress has achieved for herself a third element in her welcome: she is an artiste. Her perfectly sweet and sympathetic notes were a genuine treat; her fascinating tranquillity arrested the entire attention of her audience and concentrated it upon her voice; and she has gone leaving behind her a fragrance which will linger till her return.

The two Henschels gave a series of four concerts which for pure pleasure and moderate pathos were artistic features of the music of the winter.

Our two great rivals, the Mendelssohn Choir and the Philharmonic Society, have given us, for the first time on successive nights, a chance of comparison, if comparison be possible, the Mendelssohn on the 9th in its usual varied and sparkling programme, and the Philharmonic on the 10th and 11th in Longfellow's "Golden Legend," to Sullivan's music, and Gade's "Crusaders." To say that we have every winter an opportunity of proving that we can appreciate something which is Canadian in musical execution if not in composition is capable of a interpretation deeper than lies on the surface. To the Montrealer these two societies must be spoken of with bated breath, and written of with choicest ink. Their public appearances are the only occasions we possess of rivalling, in numerical audience, strolling minstrel troupes and premature prodigies; and their private practices and rehearsals are bread and water to the hungering and thirsting musical soul.

On Good Friday evening we are to have a performance of more than ordinary interest. The united choirs of two of our churches, fifty voices, are preparing "Holy City" and a selection of music for Passion Week. Two items, descriptive passages for the organ, while admirable as gymnastic exercises, shall afford us an opportunity of deciding whether the organist considers that the music exists for him or that he does for the music.

A generous-hearted lady, Mrs. Charles Phillips, interested in the praises of the Church of St. James The Apostle, which has so long enjoyed the paternal supervision of the Rev. Canon Ellegood, affectionately known among his people as Father Jacob, has bestowed upon the congregation the gift of a Chime of Bells. A correspondence was instituted by her attorney with English and American founders, and the tender accepted was that of Meneely Bell Company of Troy, N.Y., at a cost of $6,000. The bells are now arriving and are being hung in the belfry which has been prepared to receive them. The Chime consists of ten bells, in the key of E flat, which have been cast especially for the capacity and acoustics of of the belfry, and with their beams, represent an aggregate weight of 18,000 pounds. The work will be completed in time for the chimes to usher in Easter Morning. The founder, being an American, pronounces his own eulogy on his own peal as the finest on this continent, but we, as Canadians, accept his judgment as we do his greenbacks, when there is nothing better offered. Nevertheless, being the first and only musical bells of the Protestant Church in Montreal, their arrival is a red-letter day in our ecclesiastical calendar.

The late Rev. Mr. Sommerville, a clergyman of Montreal, left $4,000 to endow an annual course of Free Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects. The money was entrusted to the Natural History Society, who used it for their building, and came under an obligation to provide the lectures. For many years the subjects were of a desultory character; but recently an effort has been made to supply a connected course on different branches of the same subject. For the present winter the programme has comprised: "Agricultural Education," "Forestry for Canada," "Our Fruits, Past and Present," "Economic Entomology as a Branch of Agriculture," "The Food of Plants," and "Sugar Producing Plants."

The most recent addition to our societies, The Society of Canadian Literature, is just completing a satisfactorily successful first season. Instituted in order to cultivate a taste for our national poetry, romance, history, etc., it has inaugurated itself with peculiar vigour. Already "Mrs. Moodie," "Haliburton," "Frechette," "Heavysege," and "Octave Cremazie," have secured respective evenings, when to audiences well-sprinkled with ladies, papers have been read and discussed, which in sympathetic insight and patriotic appreciation prove that we possess a *clientèle* as importantly national as our literature. The opening address of the President was a scholarly and masterly presentation of the entire field. "William Kirby" has still a place of honour as last if not least on the programme, and thereafter the youthful society intends to proceed to take up its position socially by a Conversazione and Reception, at which Dame Rumour says some literary celebrities of the Queen City will be guests.

The movement on behalf of the Donalda Students to procure medical education in Montreal has taken a definite shape. A large meeting of the Ladies' Committee was held on the afternoon of the 12th, when after much discussion of the pros and cons of the scheme a unanimous decision was arrived at, to prosecute with all vigour the objects of the Association organized the week before. Lady Stephen was elected Honorary President; Mrs. P. S. Stevenson, President; and the duties of Secretary were urged upon Miss Octavia Grace Ritchie, B.A., now a student of medicine in Queen's College, and the graduate of the Donalda Course in McGill College, who, last year made herself celebrated by her valedictory address in which she gently but firmly gave the first fan to the flame which had been latterly flickering. An executive committee of ladies, and an advisory of gentlemen were appointed, and a communication was sent to the Medical Faculty of the University asking 1st, for a formal expression of opinion on the merits of the general question of women's medical education, and 2nd, for a conference with the Association as to the possibility of procuring said education in Montreal.

It must be odd for the denizens of the West from their standpoint of practical advance on this question to contemplate the glimmer of dawn in the East. The entire responsibility, however, does not rest on Montreal. The

University is far off from touch with the city; still farther from the Dominion; and sadly so from the Continent and the World. It feels no pulse but its own, and even in that excludes the healthy, active and wholesome heat of the graduates and undergraduates. These, whether consulted or unconsulted, constitute the real and vital sap of the University. *Consulted*, they should form a force at once conciliated, powerful, and enthusiastic. *Unconsulted*, they still remain a force, and one, either of actual opposition or, what is worse, of hopeless alienation and indifference.

Ville Marie.

THE TREE.

Was there no beauty, then, in barren stem,
No symmetry in jagged twig and limb,
That slow discarding lustrous diadem
Lay etched upon the sunset's orange rim?

Were it, too, better never to have been
A thing leaf-crowned and wholly, fleshly fair;
A being all benignant, purely green,
Sheltered and sheltering, innocent of care?

Strange—that for half the year the tree must go
Uncrowned, unclad, soul-shivering to the blast,
Each glossy leaf be trodden deep in snow,
Each acorn to the ground be roughly cast!

Careless of coming frost aloft it looks,
All confident of many another spring;
O'er'dry, brown fields and saddened, silent brooks,
And woods where not a bird is left to sing.

This the great secret of its grand content,
This the full meaning of its giant calm,
This the true measure of the reverent
Straight mien that springtime's sweetest airs embalm.

O, to have been the tree—and not the man!
To grow in ever wheeling, circling pride,
Conscious of all the noble, gracious plan
That smiled at Doubt, and gave a God to guide!

Think! to have harboured orange oriole,
And flaming tanager and chattering jay,
And wise gray sparrow—would not this console
The weariness born of many a leafless day?

Since it were known—they come again in five
Or six months' time of waiting, then to wait,
Even through songless seasons, were to thrive
On sweet probation, though in sombre state.

Were it not bliss, some melting morn in June,
To look and see among one's crumpled leaves—
Late to unfold, but deep at heart in tune
With all of green the young wood interweaves—

A flash of living light, incarnate gem,
That holds a voice in quivering ruffled throat,
That hangs, a jewel, on the budding stem,
That sings a song of Hope—Death's antidote?

Seranus.

LONDON LETTER.

To a part of London comparatively little known I pilgrimaged to-day in order to say my prayers in the riverside St. Mary's, over the low graveyard walls of which queer Georgian edifice Turner leaned to watch the brown-sailed boats slipping silently past to the sea,—that church where Blake was married, where Pope's St. John was buried. In the early morning, the sky, a wonderful grey of many shades, looked as if rain were imminent, but a chills wind swept the drops away directly they began to patter on the pavements, and soon beautiful white clouds drifted across the steel colour through which here and there a faint blue background was to be seen. Most cockneys become as weather-wise as are countryfolk and can foretell quite as accurately as the shepherd on the hills what prospect there is of a fine day; but in London who cares for such a trivial matter? One has so much else to think of that showers or fogs are hardly considered; *we* are above being influenced by atmospheric effects!

By Westminster Bridge I took to the water, leaving the streets behind me filled with the sound of church-bells, with great crowds trooping from every direction to go to the Abbey, to St. Margaret's to that hideous building in the centre of Smith Square under the shadow of which lives the Doll's Dressmaker, and as we cast off from the ricketty landing-stage and slowly began to make our way towards the Houses of Parliament, a ding-dong sounded from both sides of the land in the prettiest, most harmonious fashion. Then the mists, beginning to rise from over low-lying Lambeth and Vauxhall, showed me where the picturesque Palace stands with its face turned to the tide, that grave grey face on which the centuries have left so little mark; and mysterious Millbank on the right (one is reminded of Venice, "a palace and a prison on each hand,") seemed to melt into those rows of houses small and large which modern taste has planted on the marshy lands about the Grosvenor Road. And as the blue in the sky becomes deeper in tone, and the air all around altered in colour, the panorama unfolding itself on the right-hand bank disclosed first the trees and iron wickets of old Ranelagh Gardens, then the fire-red buildings of Chelsea Hospital, and, all too soon, the Apothecaries' Cedar by which Sir Hans Sloane stands on his pedestal in his wig and embroidered coat, while on the left (so like one's first view of Rotterdam) the serried ranks of warehouses and tall chimneys were broken by the shadowy lawns of Battersea Park. They may talk as they will of the Rhine and its wonders. The twopenny ruins, and pretty little mountains and disappointing vineyards, the glaring white villages, have been burnt into one's memory by the scorching sunshine, but one never looks back to the voyage from Cologne to Biebrich with half the fondness with which one remembers the shortest of journeys on our pleasant Thames. The legends connected with the ivied towers are much less interesting than are the stories of which our streets are full; the sharp outlines and bizarre hues of the dull settlements on the edge of the Rhine are not to be compared to the misty smoke-wreathed London suburbs with their dim background of vague meadow and hill, their surprising capacity for all sorts of artistic arrangement and symphonies. But ah, friendly reader, if you have ever indulged in the luxury of a steamboat down to Chelsea, you will remember better than I can describe the manifold charms upon which your eyes fell; and if on the contrary you were never unfashionable enough to travel that way there are a hundred chances to one against my making you realize the delight of such a proceeding. To anyone who had ears to hear the air was full of voices, the pathways crowded with old-world Quality, the Silent Highway teemed with the gay barges and quaint wherries belonging to another Time than our own. Hardly out of the sound of Bow-Bells, we yet are touching on either hand the *real* Country, as the children say, or at least as much of it as a Londoner can understand,—not the empty forlorn country, history-less, but commons peopled with one's heroes and heroines, lawns on which Horace Walpole went walking with my Lady Caroline Petersham, gardens where Pope and Chesterfield aired their best manners in the company of Queen Anne's faithful Secretary of State. It requires a deal of self-control to make me land at my proper destination; for Chiswick Mall, sacred to the memory of Miss Pinkerton, I knew to be round that silver-grey corner, and Kew Green, a little further on again, is of all places the most charming of a Sunday morning. But if I had not then disembarked—a great word, that, as applied to a penny steamer!—I would have been too late for any service.

On leaving the landing, you come very soon to the church which Mr. Gilchrist has described in his best Carlylese manner in the "Life of Blake," which building has altered very little since the poet and artist knelt by the side of his "beloved" here, except that the painted curtains and gold imitation tassels from the hand of the Vicar no longer drape the east wall in which the Elizabethan window is set over the altar. The lunettes of the Lamb and Dove, abhorred of Blake's biographer, are still in their places, and high up in the gallery there are fine medallions by Roubiliac of Lord Bolingbroke and his second wife, the French Marchioness de Villette. A chapel of some sort has stood here for centuries, says Thornbury, but it is to be hoped the older churches were in better taste than the present one (rebuilt in 1777), which is by no means a first-rate specimen of even the architecture of that tasteless period. The place, however, must always be interesting, because of the presence of the poet who wrote "The Songs of Innocence" (I take it for granted you know by heart "Piping Down the Valleys Wide," and "Little Lamb, Who Made Thee?") the artist who designed the fine illustrations to Blair's "Grave," and because that extraordinary genius Turner untiringly painted for hours in the vestry by the porch, enthralled with the shifting views of the river caught through the queer shaped window of the little room. He would come across from the cottage where he lived, and which still stands in Chelsea covered with creepers, and remain for hours, forgetful of time, absorbed in work. What a happiness to be possessed of a painter's soul, to be able to see all that Turner saw in sunlight, in a stretch of cloudland, in a tall-masted boat—the most beautiful thing man has invented—in the restless tide, these every-day wonders are always regarded, more or less keenly, but even the most observant of us, of course, don't realize half of what is before us. Not only to see more than others, as if some fairy had touched one's eyelids with a magic fluid, but to be able to re-create on canvas, what must that be like? Turner, the man in his gloomy Queen Anne street galleries, in the ivy Chelsea cottage, is not an heroic figure by any means, more's the pity; but after all it is only with Turner, the artist, that you and I have to do. Though the story of his every-day life is perplexing enough, and full of shadows, the light that never was on land or sea shines from his work, the work is the man, perfected. His brushes, speaking a language that is easily understood, tell of their owner nothing but good. It is useless to pay attention to the biographer. I doubt if Turner himself knew what to make of his blundering, weak *alter ego*, the other self who talked with a coarse accent, who drank with the sailors. The real man is the refined painter, who speaks the finest language in the finest way, the companion of kings and princes, he who shows us familiar English scenes, and draws for us Swiss mountain and German river, who spends his days at the feet of Nature. And we have no right to ask anything beyond what he has chosen to tell us.

The choir had sung their last hymn long ago, but I lingered still in the aisles, while outside, the congregation gathered in the fitful sunshine, discoursing of all-absorbing Battersea topics, or of the less interesting affairs of the outer world. I was fortunate enough to find someone who told me that part of Lord Bolingbroke's house still exists not far from here, and that the present owners take the greatest care of a certain cedar parlour (an apartment which always remind me of Sir Charles Grandison), supposed to be the writing-room of a little crooked poet, despised of Lady Mary Wortly Montague. He often stayed here, as is well known, with his beloved St. John, he who was among the few, as Pope told Spence, possessing the true nobleman-look—you'll recollect one of Hazlitt's Essays on the subject of this peculiar look. My friend was so communicative, and told me so much worth hearing, that it was late before I could tear myself away from the eighteenth century and the village of Battersea, so late that when at last I reached the other side of the river I found all the studios in Tite Street packed full of visitors, and the yearly round of picture-seeing in full swing.

I have the most confused recollection of the rest of the afternoon. I know I saw many clever pictures whose owners were very modest, who would hardly bear to listen to any commendation of their work, terribly nervous as they were at the chance of its getting hung in the Academy. And I saw a great many mediocre, or insincere, or affected pieces, the painters of which were in too many cases conceited and arrogant, scorning any word of advice. I can tell you how pretty were some of the visitors' gowns, how charming the low bonnets after the tall monstrosities that have been worn so long: and I have vivid recollections of stupid speeches made in the flurry of the moment by stupid would-be critics, and of a wise sentence or two spoken by someone who knew the right thing to say. Only the outsiders showed to-day: we have to wait another week till the Academicians and Associates arrange their canvases in the best light, fling open their front doors and invite us to tea and cake. Confused, we trailed in and out, following the same set of people everywhere, listening all through the afternoon to the same sort of remarks. If I am not able to describe accurately all the landscapes I saw, I at least heard a deal of gossip, and if I have only a vague recollection of some of the portraits, I don't think it mattered much to the painters. No amount of praise would have satisfied the conceited artists, and as for the modest ones, they would rather not talk of their own work. That Studio Sunday is successful as an entertainment no one can doubt, and it is one way of our seeing pictures for which, unfortunately, there may be no other means of exhibition.

Walter Powell.

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS—WITH OLD BOOKS.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES.

I WONDER how many people still read Nathaniel Hawthorne? I am afraid not many. In these days of making many books, the good old favourites of fine flavour and delicate aroma become too easily lost sight of under the piles of bran-new literature that load the shelves of our bookstores, tricked out in the most tempting of covers and "taking" of titles. Such monstrous or grotesque personages as *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and *She*, or such vulgar and commonplace ones as *Mr. Silas Tapham* and *Mr. Barnes of New York*, and their friends and acquaintances crowd to the wall the finely drawn and truly artistic creations of *The Marble Faun*, *The Scarlet Letter*, *The House of the Seven Gables*. This last I have been lately reading, as it happens, for the first time, and its perusal has greatly freshened and quickened an appreciation of Hawthorne, dating from a juvenile perusal of the *Scarlet Letter*, which a maturer judgment shows to have been not only well founded, but not nearly equal to the merits of this great artist. And, whatever difference of opinion there may be in regard to the "Tale of Fiction," the present mania for what is *merely* sensational and grotesque, as compared with far nobler and more enduring attractions, does not speak well for the true intellectual elevation of our much reading and writing age.

The "plot" of *The House of the Seven Gables*, is simple enough, and the "incidents" and "action" about as slight as can be conceived. There is only one exciting "situation," and that is exciting, simply because the fine, powerful drawing has so enlisted our interests in his hero and heroine—by no means interesting at first sight—that, for the time being, we live in their life and make their feelings and fortunes our own. The heroine of the story—if such we may call her—is a solitary, shy, antiquated spinster, of gaunt form, and with an involuntary "scowl" that maliciously belies her character, who is unceremoniously styled by her humble neighbours, "Old-Maid Pyncheon," and who, at the outset of the story, is in the agony of a conflict between a family pride inherited from generations of haughty puritan ancestors, and the prosaic necessity of opening a little shop to eke out her scanty livelihood. The hero is her brother—a newly released convict—amiably self-indulgent and pleasure-loving by nature, and seemingly rendered half imbecile by his long confinement within the prison cells. The light that irradiates these two sombre portraits is the self-forgetful devotion of the sister to her unfortunate brother—the one love of her otherwise loveless life. In strong and sweet contrast to these two owls—as the author himself quaintly calls them—is the fresh, fair, wholesome little Phœbe Pyncheon, with her country bloom, her gentle serenity, her practical New England common-sense. The

influence of her healthy nature on the morbid shrinking sensibilities of her kinsfolk—the old brother and sister—is told with that subtle grasp of the mysterious connection between the spiritual and the physical phases of existence which is so marked a characteristic of Hawthorne, and which gives so tragic a colouring to his most simple tales. Here, for example, is a true and subtle touch:

"Clifford, the reader may perhaps imagine, was too inert to operate morally on his fellow-creatures, however intimate and exclusive their relations with him. But the sympathy or magnetism among human beings is more subtle and universal than we think; it exists, indeed, among different classes of organized life, and vibrates from one to another. A flower, for instance, as Phœbe herself observed, always began to droop sooner in Clifford's hand or Hepzibah's than in her own; and by the same law, converting her whole daily life into a flower fragrance for these two sickly spirits, the blooming girl must inevitably droop and fade much sooner than if worn on a younger and happier breast."

Holgrave, "the photographer," is one of the minor characters, scarcely more than sketched in, and yet a typical New Englander in his way, as well as intimately and somewhat mystically connected with the main thread of the story, which is the re-appearance of family sins and their inevitable Nemesis, in generation after generation, giving the tale a deep moral meaning running like a characteristic warp through the woof of its human life. Holgrave's history, indeed, would scarcely be a possible one out of New England.

"Holgrave, as he told Phœbe somewhat proudly, could not boast of his origin, unless as being exceedingly humble, nor of his education, except that it had been the scantiest possible, and obtained by a few winter months' attendance at a district school. Left early to his own guidance, he had begun to be self-dependent while yet a boy, and it was a condition aptly suited to his natural force of will. Though now but twenty-two years old, lacking some months, which are years in such a life, he had already been, first, a country school master; next, a salesman in a country shop; and, either at the same time or afterwards, the political editor of a country newspaper. He had subsequently gone through New England and the Middle States as a traveller in the employment of a Connecticut manufacturer of eau de cologne and other essences. In an episodical way he had studied and practised dentistry, and with very flattering success, especially in some of the manufacturing towns along the inland streams. As a supernumerary official of some kind or other aboard a packet ship, he had visited Europe, and found means before his return, to see Italy and part of France and Germany. At a later period he had spent some months in a community of socialists. Still more recently, he had been a public lecturer on mesmerism, for which science, as he assured Phœbe (and, indeed, satisfactorily proved, by putting Chanticleer, who happened to be scratching near by, to sleep) he had very remarkable endowments."

But our author has reserved his strength, as usual, to paint in his deepest colouring the awful moral results of sin. The "villain" of the story stands in the sharpest moral contrast to the comparative innocence of the other characters—howbeit he is outwardly so little like a villain! The eminently respectable and respected Judge Pyncheon, with his spotless record and faultless attire, his benevolent smile and serene self-complacency, his ample proportions and moral and political weight in the community—we find it almost as great a shock to accept him as a villain as any of his admiring neighbours would have done. He is a real character, too, and, as such, a standing protest against a current idea that a man of long standing in the community is sure to be rated at his true value. This may be often verified in the case of simple or transparent characters. It is nearly as often falsified in the case of crafty and scheming ones, or of those whom unfortunate circumstances, added to unfortunate surface characteristics, have concealed their real value from general recognition. Hawthorne speaks more truly when he says: "It is very singular how the *fact of a man's death* often seems to give people a truer idea of his character, whether for good or evil, than they have ever possessed while he was living among them. *Death is so genuine a fact* that it excludes falsehood or betrays its emptiness; it is a touchstone that proves the gold and dishonours the baser metal. Could the departed—whoever he may be—return in a week after his decease, he would invariably find himself on a higher or a lower plane than he had formerly occupied in the scale of public appreciation."

And when the final tragedy relieves the tension of the situation and cuts off the career of the pompous judge, in the midst of his ambitious schemes and cruel, crafty, and unrepented villainy, the keen, remorseless irony with which the author pursues him through the unacted scenes of the day that never sets for him, almost touches us with pity for him who had none for others. The relentless laying bare of the situation seems almost too terrible. This was to have been such a busy day! Ah, he will not give himself the trouble either to bend his head, or elevate his hand, so as to bring his faithful chronometer within range of vision! Time, all at once, appears to have become a matter of no moment with Judge Pyncheon!

"Pray, pray, Judge Pyncheon, look at your watch now. What, not a glance! It is within ten minutes of the dinner hour! It surely cannot have slipped your memory that the dinner of to-day is to be the most important, in its consequences, of all the dinners you ever ate! The gentlemen, need you be told it? have assembled, not without purpose, from every quarter of the State. They meet to decide upon their candidate. And what worthier candidate—more wise and learned, more noted for philanthropy, truer to safe principles, tried oftener by public trusts, more spotless in private character, with a larger stake in the common welfare, and deeper grounded by hereditary descent in the faith and practice of the Puritans? What man can be presented for the suffrage of the people, so eminently combining all these claims to the chief rulership as Judge Pyncheon here before us?"

"Make haste, then! Do your part! The meed for which men have toiled and fought and climbed and crept is ready for your grasp! Be present at this dinner, drink a glass or two of that noble wine! Make your pledges in as low a whisper as you will, and you rise up from table virtually Governor of the glorious old State! Governor Pyncheon, of Massachusetts! . . . Up, therefore, Judge Pyncheon, up! You have lost a day. But to-morrow will be here anon. Will you rise betimes and make the most of it? To-morrow! to-morrow! to-morrow! We that are alive may rise betimes to-morrow. As for him that has died to-day, his morrow will be the resurrection morn."

And so the curtain falls on the tragedy of a misused and perverted life. The passage is one of the strongest in modern fiction, with its picture of the silent, helpless figure, stopped short in the midst of plans and activities, solitary and helpless in the old house that is the embodiment of ancestral pride and sin, while the daylight fades into night and the darkness brightens into moonlight that steals about the still figure, while spectral visions come and go, and the persistent, solemn ticking of the watch is silent at last, and the moonlight fades into dawn, and the early sunshine streams in, and a fly creeps unchecked over the set, motionless face—and we bid a final adieu to Judge Pyncheon. Surely no preacher ever more vividly analyzed the *cui bono* of a crafty, selfseeking life! Yet all Hawthorne's strength and popularity has not availed to stop the evolution of Judge Pyncheon, as we all, unhappily, know. But the Judge rarely *recognizes himself*, and if so, it is scarcely wonderful that he so long imposes on others.

All the accessories of this artistic work are finished with the loving care of the true life-painter. The old house, the garden, the garden talks, the philosophic "Uncle Venner," and the rapacious little devourer of gingerbread elephants and "Jim Crows," are portrayed with a graceful and quaintly humorous touch that is Hawthorne's own. Even the aged and aristocratic Chanticleer, with his two wives and the "venerable chicken," have their portraits sketched with a felicity that redeems trivial things from triviality and makes us desire to share with our friends the pleasure they bestow—a true test of genius.

Let me advise all who can to read *The House of the Seven Gables*. It is better worth reading than even the most "puffed" and vaunted novel of the day. To exchange it for some of our most "popular" modern novels is like exchanging a rare old vintage of exquisite bouquet for the coarsely exciting and injurious compounds of our modern bar-room. Comparing it with them, we can appreciate the maxim, "Never read a book that is not twenty-five years old!"

FIDELIS.

SUNDAY IN KRÄHWINKEL.

THE day begins later than usual in Krähwinkel on Sunday. The village rests from its six days of labour, and defers breakfast till the late hour of eight. The first signs of life are the children on their way to early Sunday school, wearing their stiff, uncomfortable Sunday coats and frocks, hair rigidly brushed, and faces washed till they shine. Sunday school begins at nine in the church, and the bell rings for it to open. By and by you can hear the children singing, and at the end of an hour the country people begin to arrive. The owner of the factory across the way hitches up his phaeton, and drives off with his stylishly-dressed wife and daughters to a distant church. There are other church-goers on the road. Tidy "democrats" roll past, laden with healthy, plainly-dressed rustic humanity, or it is the stout farmer and his wife that fill the well-used buggy.

The women who have come from the country congregate round the church steps, while the men walk slowly about the yard with their hands behind their backs and talk about the crops. The church itself is in no wise remarkable; it stands back from the road, in a little plot of ground of its own. It is built of rough-cast, with three tall windows on each side and a porch and tower in front. The bell tower is odd, and gives character to the otherwise commonplace building; it is short, and shaped like a Welshwoman's hat, or the one we commonly associate with witches, and set on a square, white wooden tower. The edges of the hat are curled up, as we see in pictures of Norwegian country churches, and in the open work between the hat and the main tower is hung the bell which plays such an important part in the life of Krähwinkel.

But the children are coming out, and the church bell announces to the quiet Sabbath that service is about to begin. Let us go inside. It is very old-fashioned; the tall windows have no blinds; some of them are open, and the sweet brier and elder bushes push in at the lifted sash. The place has that odour of sanctity that is not exactly stuffiness but goes with old Bibles and cushionless pews. These are painted drab, which has cracked all over with age, and have little doors closed on the outside by a brass button.

Many of the pews are square. Round the wall is a row of wooden pegs for hats. As each man enters he prays for a minute standing up, with his hat before his face, then hangs it up, and sits down. The congregation is divided, the men sitting at the preacher's left, and the women at his right. As a reason for this the Frau Pastor tells me, "There would be little devotion if the boys sat with the girls." The larger part of the congregation consists of women. In the front pew is the confirmation class; they meet at the Herr Pastor's house every week for instruction, and will be formally received into the church next Easter. They are mostly girls of about fourteen, and make a pretty piece of colour which is pleasant for the eye to rest on. The men and women look coarse and plain; you notice hard faces, and cunning faces, but you will look long before you see a weak or a silly one. Some old women, wrinkled and hollow-eyed,, follow the Old World custom, and bring little bunches of flowers, a wisp of mignonette, if nothing else, which they hold in their hands to smell at, or lay on the ledge before them. The withered cheeks beside the fresh, sweet flowers. The majority of them are plainly dressed in black, with black poke-bonnets; it is the factory girls who flaunt in new hats and bright colours. All sit quiet, and soberly wait for the service to begin.

We have time to notice one or two odd things. In front of the pews stands an ordinary table, draped by a black cloth which falls to the floor. On it lies a large Bible, and on each side stands a tall lamp. Behind this, and perched high on the wall, is a little round cup of a pulpit, just big enough to hold one man. It is painted white, with lines of gilding. Above the pulpit is the sounding-board, shaped like an extinguisher, also white. In front of the pulpit hangs a picture of Luther, and behind the preacher a print of the crucifixion. The approach is by a narrow flight of steps against the wall. At the foot of the stair and across the aisle is a sort of room, or stall, made of lattice-work, and about ten feet high. This is where the Herr Pastor stays at the proper times; on the outside hangs a small blackboard with the numbers of the hymns for the day chalked upon it.

As soon as the bell stops ringing, the choir, which is in a gallery at the eastern end of the church, after an organ-prelude, begins to sing the first hymn and the people join in without rising from their seats. And what singing it is! strong, heartfelt, forceful. The words are so strong; they are the old Reformation hymns, such as the Swedish army, kneeling as one man, sang in the grey morning of Lützen. Then the melodies have the stately, solemn movement of a procession of huge waves: the tune is good but there is opportunity for the sound to gather strength and way in its forward progress like a charge of cavalry. It is hymn-singing to remember, to dream of: but it is never heard outside a German church. At the close of the hymn the pastor stalks solemnly out of the lattice work to the black altar, turns to the congregation and with an imperious wave of the hand, motions them to rise. He is a tall, dark man with a heavy, black moustache which would look better on a cuirassier than a clergyman. He has the upright carriage that betrays the Prussian drill. In fact he was a lieutenant in a volunteer regiment in '70, led his men against the "Rothosen" more than once and slept in the trenches before Paris. You almost expect to hear the rattle of sword and clink of spurs under his black Geneva gown. In a fine, sonorous voice he reads the Gospel, Epistle, and prayers for the day, announces the next hymn and retires to the lattice-box. Again the congregation seem to pour out their very souls in a strong, rich melody and the first part of the service is over. Now comes the sermon. Book in hand the pastor slowly ascends to the little pulpit, shuts himself in, lays the Bible on the ledge before him, and, "My beloved," he invariably begins, "in the Evangel for the day we read these words."

He uses no manuscript in the pulpit, but all week and especially all Saturday, he has done little but write and con his sermon. Its literary character is good, and from first to last there is nothing slipshod or ragged in language, thought, or delivery. His manner is intensely earnest, without loss of self-poise and dignity; and he is listened to with rapt attention. His sermons are always tinged with the sad views of life which a disappointed man takes. Such phrases, "Kummer and Sorge, Trübsal und Noth," recur again and again, and he never wearies of such pithy proverbs as "Ehestand, Wehestand," "Glück und Glas, Wie bald bricht das!" Nothing here can bring lasting happiness; there is nothing bright but heaven. He often breaks into a short prayer in the middle of his discourse, and ends it with a climax of appeal. He announces the next hymn from the pulpit and slowly descends to his lattice-box. While it is being sung two of the hard featured "Vorsteher," or deacons in the front bench take the long sticks which lean against the lattice work stall, with the rusty velvet bag at the end and go about to gather the offerings of the congregation. The honourable pastor comes forward again to the altar. The flock rises and he reads the prayers for the sick, and for all sorts and conditions of men: then all join in the only responsive part of the service, the "Vater Unser." At the first words the church bell rings one, two, three, three times. Then comes the triple Levitical blessing and there peals forth the solemn, sweet doxology: "Unser Ausgang, signe Gott." As the last long-drawn notes die away, the people begin slowly to leave the church. The service is over. As soon as the pastor gets his dinner he will walk over to

his other charge four miles away and preach the same sermon, and it will be six before he gets back to his supper and Sunday cigar.

The main-street makes a pretty promenade in summer with its tidy look and rows of young maples and the Krähwinklers make good use of it all Sunday afternoon. Besides they drive about or visit quietly in the neighbours' families. The emancipated carpenter and the poetical house-painter meet with their fellows in the Turn-Halle to drink beer and sing German songs. And there will be more or less beer drunk in the half-dozen taverns that manage to exist in the place. The Methodist chapel is sure to be filled in the evening, and after that the revival meeting at the "barracks" of the "Army." The girls are taken home and long before ten o'clock the streets are quiet and the lights are all out in the most of the houses.

Archibald MacMechan.

SONNET.

The mountains are earth's emperors. They stand
  Eternal, each crest-crown'd with golden rains
  Of sunshine, and the Tyrian purple stains
Each cloud-robe worn on state occasions grand;
They lend their ears to heaven and withstand
  The whispers of the winds to learn the strains
  Sung by the stars; then teach by soft refrains
The wisdom of the sky unto the land.
Their voices are the ever-purling streams
  That pass like words between their rocky teeth
  To tell glad tidings to the vales beneath,
And lull the meads with beatific dreams;
  Whilst, like stone temples, those old Time-defiers
  Point up to God their everlasting spires.

Sarepta.

THE HISTORY OF PROFESSOR PAUL.

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I HAVE been asked so many times by my brother Artists, to whom I had read extracts from them, to transcribe my entire notes of the history of Professor Paul, that I have at last decided to do so.

They contain the story of his life almost word for word as he related it to me, for I always made it my first duty during the continuance of my interviews with him to write down each morning all that he had told me upon the previous evening. This I did with so much care, and at the same time endeavoured, as far as my memory would allow, to preserve the very language which he used in its narration, that the reader, who cares to interest himself in this history, will no doubt become quite as well acquainted with Professor Paul as I was myself.

These notes have been in my possession now for nearly seven years, and during that time, they have been read and handled so repeatedly by my friends, that when I came to transcribe them I found that in places the writing was completely obliterated.

Whenever this was the case, however, I did not hesitate to draw upon my memory to supply the missing part, as I always found it was very clear and decided; but I have never resorted to this expedient unless it was absolutely necessary for me to do so in order to render the story intelligible.

This has not occurred except at very rare intervals; and the reader may safely rely upon the accuracy of this transcription. Indeed I may add that after it was completed, it was carefully compared with the original notes, and was found to be correct in every particular, with the exception of the few passages to which I have have already alluded.

The reader will also find, related at the end of these notes, a brief account of some events in the life of Professor Paul, which afterwards came under my personal observation, and which I have found to be so intimately connected with the history as set out in the notes, that I have thought it would be unwise to separate them.

I am unable now after so great a lapse of time, to recollect how it was that Professor Paul came to single me out as the person to whom he should relate his history, but after reading the first few passages of my notes I find that it was evidently at his request that I first began to listen to it.

The notes begin as follows:

I.

I went down to see Professor Paul the next evening as I had promised. He had requested me to lay aside all ceremony, and come at once upon my arrival into the little room behind the shop, and this I accordingly did.

I found a bright coal fire burning cheerfully in the grate, and before it, in a large arm chair, sat the old man apparently in deep meditation. He was seemingly so engrossed with his thoughts, that he did not notice my entrance, and continued still to sit in silence, so without waiting longer I drew a chair up to the fire and sat down.

It was sometime after this, that awaking from his reverie, he happened to turn his glance in my direction and for the first time became aware of my presence. He looked at me for a moment with a somewhat questioning glance, and then as if recollecting something said slowly:

"Ah, yes, now I remember. It is very good of you to come, my friend. I am afraid you will find my history very uninteresting, but it has now at last become necessary that I should relate it to someone, and as you were a brother artist I somehow thought you would be the most likely to give me a patient hearing. I will try and make it as brief as I can, and as there remains a considerable time before the day upon which it must be finished, I will be careful to distribute it over as many evenings as possible, that you may not become too fatigued at any one time."

When he had said this he slowly settled himself back in his chair, and continued:

"My friend, before I tell you any part of my life story, you must first promise me that you will keep it a close secret within your own soul, until after the time of my death."

I nodded my assent.

"On your honour as a brother artist you will not allow a word of it to be known to any living person until such time as I have passed away?"

"Yes," I said, "I promise it, Professor Paul, and if I promise I will surely keep my word."

He seemed satisfied, but added, "It will not be anything which you would care to tell in any event, and my asking it to be kept a secret is only a whim, the result of a mere fancy. I have always been afraid that if it were known perhaps people would stare at me, and I wouldn't like that; I dread it. But my history will be safe in your keeping, my friend; I feel sure it will; and besides there is a reason why I am obliged to tell you, but this you need not know until the time is complete."

I had no idea then to what he referred.

I could tell from the dreamy look in his eyes, that his mind was ranging over a long period of years, at least something in his look gave me that impression, and when he next spoke it was confirmed.

"I am not relating to you my history because I find pleasure in dwelling upon the sad events which it chronicles, but rather because, to aid the purpose which I have in view, it is necessary that you should know it. Ah, no, my friend. I would willingly give one half of the years which may still remain to me, if by so doing I might blot out an equal portion of the past, but this it is not given man to do. Memory is eternal, and on its undying page my history is forever written.

"I do not wish to weary you, my friend, by telling you aught of my life save that which you must know, and for this reason I will be brief.

"I was an orphan, and lived with my aunt, except when away at College, until I had passed my twentieth birthday.

"Her home was in Seaton Village, and there I spent the only happy years I have ever known. It was a quaint old-fashioned little place, lying just far enough from the great London to have easy access to some of its luxuries, and still remain uncontaminated by its vices. There it was that I first learned to know and love the pure face of nature, and from the germs of that affection sprang my other love for that great art which is nature's second self.

"I determined to become a painter.

"I remember well my friend, that even as a mere child, when I lay sick, my Aunt could find nothing that would so well amuse me as some paper and a piece of charcoal. I think I always loved Art. I have many times spent the whole day wandering over the beautiful stretch of country that surrounded the village without once returning to my aunt's house until warned to do so by the approach of night. Indeed, I have at times spent the night as well as the day in the fields, that I might the more easily watch the delicate shadows, cast upon the grass by the moonlight falling through the trees.

"But I must not linger upon these minor events lest I weary you, though to me they are laden with much sweetness.

"When I became too advanced in my studies to continue longer at the village school, my aunt with many a loving admonition sent me to London to complete my education. I was there nearly four years, but during no part of that time did I give any but a very indifferent attention to my general studies, my fondness for art leading me to devote to it every possible moment. During the last two years, I occupied my time exclusively in its pursuit. I had already gained some slight distinction at school when the period, during which I was to remain in London came to a close and I returned to my home in Seaton Village without any intentions of a very definite nature as regards my future course.

"I had not remained long, however, in the quiet little place, before the dull monotony of village life became distasteful to me, and I resolved to go to Paris.

"I told my aunt, that unless my ideas and conceptions of art were for a time at all events moulded under the influence of the French school, I could never hope to attain eminence in my profession, and at length I succeeded in persuading her that this could only be accomplished by actual residence in Paris.

"Of my life there I need say little. I entered the atelier of one of the foremost French artists, and studied for nearly two years with all the ardour of which my nature was capable. Some of my work was at length highly spoken of, and presuming upon my success, I rashly decided to paint a picture for the Salon. I sent it in and it was rejected.

"I was always of a very impulsive disposition—in excellent spirits one day, and perhaps a fit of the deepest dejection the next—and so, when my picture was refused, all my successes were forgotten. I became disheartened and miserable, and in my despondency I resolved to give up art and return home. It was not long after this that I again found myself in the evening train that runs from London down through Seaton Village.

"I had not been home for nearly two years, but as I had always kept up a desultory correspondence with my Aunt, I knew that her affairs had not altered to any great degree during my absence.

"There was one change, however, that had taken place in the little economy of my Aunt's household of which I was then unaware, but which was destined to link itself with my future life."

At this point the old man ceased speaking, and, resting his chin upon his hands, gazed earnestly into the fire. After sitting for sometime without altering his position, he slowly turned towards me and continued:

"I have often said in my heart that my life might have been made easier for me to bear, but in these later days I have thought differently, and now I know that it was better so, and I would not have it altered if I might. No, my friend, not even if my last great hope should fail—it will not fail; but if the secret purpose that fills my soul should prove futile; if my long pondered calculations should be but a chain of sand; and the reality of my great plan prove only the thin vapour of a dream. I would then ask that no part of the past be changed, but that all remain. But they will not fail. My plan is not a dream. My calculations are based on facts, indisputable facts, and there is no one of them that I have not pondered over for days in nervous dread. They are true. I have authority for them; the best of all authority."

He had become quite excited, and as he continued, his dark eyes, usually so dull and lustreless, assumed a brilliancy that I had never before seen in them.

"Yes, my friend, the best authority that this world has ever produced. You will quickly see that I am not mistaken when I mention such names as Cardeaux, Gabriel Maundé, Geber, Artephius and Korah; and again when I speak of Virgilius, Bishop of Saltzburg, whom the Archbishop of Mentz consigned to the flames as a heretic for his devotion to science, or the great geometricians and chymists, Gerbert, and Roger Bacon, and to these I might add the names of others, many of whom, like the great Virgilius, preferred to sacrifice their lives rather than their learning. Can any one read the manuscripts of Urban Grandier, and say of any one part of them all, herein he was mistaken? I know what you would say, my friend, that the fly, which settled on his head when he was at the stake, was an evil spirit sent of the devil to take possession of his soul; but I tell you it is false. It was a base story circulated by jealous monks, who told the ignorant people that in the Hebrew Beelzebub signifies the God of flies. They had burned his body, and they were not satisfied with that but would have us believe they could also burn his soul. No, my friend, these men outlive the flames of their persecution, and their names are handed down to us with reverence."

He ceased speaking.

During the latter part of his remarks he had arisen to his feet, and he now stood beating his right fist against the open palm of his left hand.

As I was quite ignorant of the plans and calculations to which he had referred, I remained silent.

Suddenly, as though recollecting something, he turned towards me and said; "You will pardon me, my friend, but I must leave you alone for a few moments;" and he hastened towards the small door that opened on the hall, and went out. I listened to his footsteps upon the stairs, until they died out, and all became silent.

I then arose, put some coal upon the little fire, which had become low, for the night was cold, and then sat down in the large arm-chair that Professor Paul had occupied, and fell to musing upon what I had just heard.

What could this great plan be, about which he had talked so earnestly? Why should he go upstairs so unexpectedly, and what was he doing up there? These, and many other similar questions, passed rapidly before my mind. There was something mysterious about it all. I remembered that several of my brother artists, while at lunch in the restaurant one day, had made jokes at my expense, and questioned the old man's sanity. Well, perhaps he was insane upon some topic; if so, I had only to wait, and he would surely mention it. An insane man would hardly keep a secret.

I do not now remember to what conclusion I had come, except that I would await his return, when my thoughts wandered to the subject of the picture I purposed beginning next day. Now a young artist always believes his next work will be the one to make him famous, and, as I was no exception, at the same moment that I began to dream about that picture, I became utterly oblivious to time and circumstance.

I remember being aroused by the little clock in the outside shop striking twelve. Surely my ears had deceived me. Carrying the light into the shop, I examined the face of the clock, and found that it was nearly two hours since Professor Paul had left me.

I would wait no longer.

I placed a guard over the fire; pulled on my great coat; and after turning down the light went out, first taking care to spring the lock of the outside door after me.

II.

When I visited Professor Paul next evening I found him sitting as usual in the little back room before the fire and apparently in excellent spirits. He chatted with me gaily, upon various topics, without once referring to his hasty departure of the previous night, and afterwards, when our conversation somewhat flagged, proposed of his own accord that he should resume the narration of his

story. I at once assented, for I was beginning to feel a strange interest in the narrator.

"I think," said he, "that I spoke to you last night of the events which led me to leave Paris and to return to Seaton Village; I will now take up my history from the time of my arrival there.

"As I approached my aunt's house I saw a light shining through the window of the room in which she was accustomed to sit, and on my arrival I at once made my way towards this room, and opened the door expecting to find her within. I was disappointed, however, the only occupant being a young girl, who, at the time of my entrance, was standing in front of my aunt's chair with her face turned towards the door. She had evidently been sitting before the fire occupied with her sewing, which lay discarded upon the floor, and had arisen, disturbed by my footsteps upon the walk.

"'Oh,' I said, 'I beg your pardon; I had expected to find my aunt here when I saw the light in the window, but I see she is not at home.'

"'No,' she replied, 'Aunt Hilda is not at home; she went to a meeting in the church this evening, and has not returned. I suppose,' she added, 'you are her nephew from Paris; she said one was coming. Are you her nephew?' And then, not awaiting a reply, she continued. 'How thoughtless I am! It is my turn now to be sorry; here I have kept you standing all this time without asking you to be seated, and you must be so tired after travelling all the way from Paris, and then your long walk from the train.' She drew a second chair up to the fire and said: 'Won't you sit down here, Mr. ——;' she hesitated for a moment while I supplied my name, and then continued. 'Yes, I remember now, that was the name my auntie spoke of; you will be seated, won't you, Mr. Arrall?'

"I took the proffered chair; and as she continued her sewing and the conversation, I obtained a better view of my aunt's little visitor.

"I had, when I first entered the room, almost unconsciously noticed the pleasing effect of the dark red gown fitting closely to the slight girlish figure; and now, upon examining her face, I found it was not less deserving of attention. It was not a beautiful face, nor even one which might be called pretty, looked at from an artistic standpoint, and yet there was something about it that I certainly found pleasing. Her eyes, which were blue, seemed to have in them tears and laughter so closely blended that one could never say at any time which would come the most readily.

"I am not now, my friend, speaking solely of the impression I formed of her at that time, for I came to know her much better afterwards, but I do not think that at any time during the days which followed she ever appeared prettier in my eyes than she did during that first evening of our acquaintance. No, my friend. I have many times since, in the gay French capital, seen women with eyes like stars; with hair like the sunlight; and with the stateliness of a queen; but I have never since seen a face that spoke so quickly to my heart as did the one upon which I looked that evening.

"It would be impossible for me to give you any description that would adequately bring before your mind a true conception of her features, and fortunately it is not necessary for me to do so. Shortly after the time of which I have been speaking she gave me several sittings; and I painted a picture of her which I still have in my possession and which I will show you when the time is come.

"She still continued to talk of any thing which she thought might be of interest to me, evidently trying, if possible, to make me feel that I had at last reached home. When she spoke she seemed to have such an unbounded faith, that the village church, the new minister, her trip to London, and Aunt Hilda, must be most pleasing topics of conversation that I soon found myself an interested listener, become so by the unaffected innocence of her manner.

"After she had chatted in this way for some time I said: 'You spoke a few moments since of Aunt Hilda; is she really your Aunt?'

"'Oh, no," she replied, 'Aunt Hilda is no relation of mine; I just call her aunt because she wishes it, and I like to. I wish she were though; she is so good, and then you know I haven't many relations. It would be odd if she really were my aunt, wouldn't it, because then you see we would be cousins? But as it is; why we are no relation at all to each other although we both call her aunt.'

"'You seem very ready to disclaim me,' I replied, for I felt piqued, though I would not own it, at the way she had spoken. 'I suppose you also have heard of my failure in Paris; well, I might have remembered that bad news travels fast.'

"She took no notice of my first remark; but turning her face from the fire, into which she had been gazing as I spoke, looked at me in silence for a few moments.

"I remember there was a look of commiseration upon her face. My friend, I never was one of those who seek the opinion of their fellows, and I never asked nor cared for the sympathy of others in my misfortunes; but I remember well the unmistakable feeling of pleasure that stole over me as I saw the wistful look in those great blue eyes.

"Presently she spoke again. 'Did you really fail? I am sorry for you, very sorry. Won't you tell me about it? I wish you would. I think perhaps it would do you good to tell me. It always does me good to tell someone when I am in trouble.'

"So it was of my good she was thinking; well, I would tell her, and for perhaps the next half hour I found myself relating to this young girl the history of my struggle in Paris, of the technical defects in my picture, and even of the adverse criticism of the Salon jury. She listened to the story with rapt attention, though she could not have understood one half that I said, and when I had finished she sat for sometime gazing into the fire.

"I said nothing but waited for her to speak.

"Presently she turned again towards me and said: 'Yes, I am sorry for you, very sorry.' She hesitated, but seemed as though she would say more, so I said 'There is something further you would say; what is it?'

"'You will not be angry with me if I say it?'

"'No,' I replied, 'I will never be angry with you.'

"'Well then, I think, perhaps, you should have stayed in Paris and tried to paint a better picture that would not fail, but then you know, I am not at all sure that I am right.'

"I knew she was right, but before I could reply I was interrupted by the entrance of my Aunt, and from that time the conversation became general until we all retired for the night.

"It may seem strange to you, my friend, that I am able after so many years to recall those scenes so distinctly, but I have gone over them so many times that they seem as though they had occurred but yesterday.

"Winnie—that was the name my Aunt had called her—went away each morning after breakfast to her studies at the village school, and I, during the same period, usually retired to the little studio which my Aunt always fitted up for me when I was at home, and worked at my sketches. When the noon hour was come I almost invariably laid aside my brushes, and walked down towards the schoolhouse to meet her. She always seemed pleased when she saw me coming, and if I was a little late and one of the village youths had already accompanied her part of the way she would always dismiss him and return with me.

"I had no reason, however, to feel flattered by her preference, as she invariably gave as her reason for it, that we were both going to the same destination and of course then it wouldn't inconvenience any one.

"When she dismissed her cavalier, it was always with such a winning little smile, and with such genuine thanks for his trouble in attending her, that I never remember seeing one take his leave of her thus, without looking perfectly contented, and more than ever bewitched by the unaffected kindness of her manner: I believe that one half of the boys in that school had enrolled themselves under her colours, prepared without question to do her slightest command. If so they certainly had a very discreet and indulgent little sovereign.

"I remember being amused one day at her odd and charitable way of deciding a rather delicate question to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned, at the same time I became aware why it was, that she had quite as many friends among the girls of the village, as among those of the opposite sex.

"I had been busily engaged all the morning upon some sketches which I purposed sending up to London for sale, and as it had been raining steadily I had not noticed the lapse of time. When I looked at my watch, it was already considerable past the hour at which the school was usually dismissed, so I at once pulled on my cap and started out. I had not proceeded far however before I met quite a little procession coming towards the house, and what was my surprise to see it headed by Winnie's most ardent admirer. At his side walked one of the homeliest girls in the village, whom he was courteously shielding from the rain with a large umbrella. Next to these came another youth that I had only yesterday met coming home with Winnie, and by his side was a little lame girl to whom he was playing the chivalrous knight, while bringing up the rear, and entirely alone and unaided, trudged Winnie herself apparently the perfect picture of good-will and contentment.

"'Why, Miss Winnie,' I exclaimed, as I reached her side, 'what in the world does all this mean? It surely can't be possible that two of your most devoted worshippers have withdrawn to other shrines, and left yours deserted.'

"'Oh, hush,' she said, 'don't speak so loud or they'll hear you. It is so funny; but I'm sure I couldn't tell you now without laughing right out, and I know they wouldn't like that, so you will have to wait till we reach home.'

"When I had taken off her waterproof and rubbers, and she was snugly ensconced before the sitting room fire, she told me all about it.

"Breaking out into a little laugh she said, 'Oh, Mr. Arrall it was all so funny, so very funny. The way it was, was this: You remember yesterday, when Charlie and I met you on the road home, I promised Charlie before he left that he might walk up with me to-day. Well, this morning, as I was going to school, I met Hal, and he said it would surely rain before noon, and he asked me if he might come down with me in case it did. I said yes; because I always find it difficult to carry my books and an umbrella too; the books are so heavy you know.'

"I took occasion at this juncture to remark that I did not remember ever having seen her carry either until to-day. She however quite ignored my interpolation and continued:

"'When I came out at noon Charlie was waiting for me, and it was only then I remembered that I had promised them both. I couldn't think what to do about it, and while I was standing undecided Hal came up, and they began to get real angry at each other. I had just told them that I was very sorry, and that it was all my fault—because it was you know—when out came the two girls you saw with them, and as they never have any one to accompany them home, I thought that would be a good way to settle matters. So I told the boys they were to go with them and that I wouldn't walk with any one at all to-day, and they both said they would, and what is more, were very good and kind about it, but it all seemed so funny to me that I could hardly keep from laughing.'

"She sat for a few moments as if in grave doubt about something, and then added solemnly; 'Do you know, I don't think I can be very good to-day, or I wouldn't have wanted to laugh the way I did, would I?

"Poor little Winnie, she always had some question of casuistry, about which her conscience refused to be satisfied.

"And so the time wore on, lazily and monotonously, as it always does in the quiet life of a village, and yet each day as it passed was slowly weaving into my life a brighter ray of light than it had ever known before. I knew I could no longer conceal from myself the secret; I was in love with Winnie.

"My aunt, with a woman's quick intuition in such matters, had known it even before myself, and I well remember her saying to me one day, after Winnie had left us to go upstairs for somethimg, 'Be careful, Paul, be very careful what you are doing, remember that the world would scarcely be content to live in the darkness, after it had once known the radiance of the sun.'

"'Quite true, Aunt Hilda,' I replied, 'but why not always have the sun?'

"'Because it may be beyond the compass of your powers, Paul.'

"I knew well to what she referred, and said, 'I see no reason, Aunt Hilda, why I should not try to gain her love, except it be my own unworthiness, and if she ever truly loves me she is good, and I think she will forgive me that.'

"'There may be other reasons, Paul, of which you are not aware. Her mother when she died was a Roman Catholic; her father is one now, and Winnie has always been taught that it is to be her religion also.'

"'But Aunt Hilda, how can that be any reason?'

"'I have not finished yet, Paul. Her father, who is a pre-eminently selfish man, is an invalid in very straightened circumstances, and will undoubtedly wish her to marry for wealth, and Winnie is not the sort of girl for whom it will be difficult to find suitors.'

"'But Aunt Hilda,' I exclaimed, 'I shall not always be poor. You think because my picture was rejected that I am forever a failure. It is not so; it is anything but that. Why it was presumption for me to send it in; and I could expect nothing but failure. I would have won it in another year; and I will win it yet. I will work night and day to win it.'

"'No Paul, you do not understand me; there is no one believes in you more firmly than I do, yet it may be I am wrong; in any case, I see it is too late to warn you now.'

"We remained silent for sometime, until at length Winnie came in again, and I retired to my studio to work upon my sketches.

"It was not long after this that Winnie and I went out one afternoon sketching together. She had accompanied me upon several occasions, and on this afternoon of which I am speaking had begged so much to be allowed to go, that it would have taken a much harder heart than Aunt Hilda's to refuse her. Ah, my friend, that afternoon is at this moment before my mind as if it were yesterday. I remember well how pretty she looked as she walked merrily along, every now and again springing up the grassy bank that skirted the road to pick a wild flower or some bright leaf, which her quick eye had seen in passing. It was from one of these excursions, that she returned holding up a daisy in view, and calling upon me to wait. I did so, and when she had overtaken me and regained her breath, she began: 'Now Mr. Arrall I want you to promise that you will do something for me; you will promise won't you? Please do.'

"'Winnie,' I replied, 'I wish you wouldn't call me Mr. Arrall; I don't like to be called that by any one, and least of all by you. I would rather you would call me Paul; won't you call me, Paul, Winnie?'

"She remained silent for a few moments, and then said slowly, 'No, I couldn't do that; I never call any gentlemen by their first names; you see I am only a little girl, and it wouldn't be right; and besides I am quite sure Papa wouldn't like me to. No, I don't think I could ever do that.'

"I picked up my paints and easel, which I had laid down when she called, and we continued our walk in silence. When we at last reached the scene of my unfinished sketch I at once set up my easel and began work, as I hoped that afternoon would see it completed. It was Winnie's favourite spot, and the sketch, which was a rather pretty little water colour, I intended to give her when finished.

"She lingered around for some time, and then seeing that I was apparently so absorbed in my work, gradually wandered off about the field to gather the wild flowers and grasses of which she was so fond. After occupying herself for sometime in this manner, I observed that she was slowly making her way over to where I was painting, and as she sat down upon the grass near my easel, I noticed that her great blue eyes had a troubled look in them. I said nothing and continued my sketching.

"Presently she spoke; 'We have always been good friends haven't we?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'Miss Winnie, I think we have.'

"'And we are good friends now, arn't we' she continued?

"'Well,' I replied, 'perhaps my idea of friendship is

different from yours, but I don't see how we can really be good friends if we are always to be formal like this, and I am to call you Miss Winnie, and you to call me Mr. Arrall.'

"'Yes, but you don't need to call me Miss Winnie; I don't like you to call me that, ever. You may call me just Winnie, or Win, or Winifred, or Fred—Fred you know is really a part of my name, although by rights it ought to be only a boy's name—or you may call me anything else you please.'

"She had looked very pretty, as she sat there upon the grass repeating over the list of her names, and giving her head a quaint little nod as she mentioned each new one, and now after a moment of silence she continued, looking up half wistfully into my face:

"'Now we are best friends, aren't we; because that is a good deal you know; I don't let any of the village boys call me Fred?'

"'Yes, Winnie,' I said, 'but what are you going to call me?'

"Her face at once clouded over again, and she sat for sometime in silence while I continued my painting. When she next spoke, she did not refer to my question, but said slowly:

"'I asked you on the road if you would promise to do something for me, and you haven't told me yet if you would.'

"'You know Winnie,' I replied, 'I always do whatever you ask, if it is possible.'

"'Well then, will you do this; it really isn't anything, only I thought it would be good fun to see you? You will now, won't you?'

"She stretched out her hand towards me, holding in it the daisy which she had picked up by the roadside, and I reached over and took it.

"'Now, what do you want me to do with it, Winnie, you know you haven't told me yet?'

"'Oh, don't you know?' she replied, and then breaking out into a little laugh, continued, 'Why, of course I want you to pull the white parts off, and see if your lady loves you; that is all we ever do with daisies.'

"At first I thought perhaps she might mean something by it, but my hopes were short lived when I saw the utterly unconscious look upon her face.

"'No, Winnie,' I answered, 'what can be the use when I know she doesn't?'

"'But how do you know she doesn't?'

"'Because if she did she would rather call me Paul, and she has just said she would never call me that.'

"As I said this, the half-enquiring look with which she had been regarding me gradually died out of her face, and her cheeks became very red. She rose slowly to her feet, and looking at me reproachfully, said:

"'I don't think it was good or kind of you to bring me away off here alone, and then talk to me in this way; you haven't any right to say these things to me, and if I had thought you would say them I wouldn't have come.'

"At this point two big tears which had been gathering in her eyes while she was speaking rolled slowly down her face.

"Then she continued, 'I don't think I want to stay here any longer; I want to go home; I feel as if I never wanted to see this place any more.'

"I said nothing, but slowly gathered my painting materials together, and we walked back to the village in silence.

"The next morning I did not go down to breakfast until after Winnie had gone to school, and when I saw my aunt I informed her that I intended to take the noon train for London, where I purposed remaining a week to try and dispose of my sketches. She had evidently divined that something had gone wrong between Winnie and myself, for she made no objection, merely remarking that she would have my lunch ready in time. I thus left the village without again seeing Winnie."

When he had reached this point in his narrative, the old man ceased speaking for a few moments, and then turned to me and said:

"I am afraid I have greatly trespassed upon your kindness this evening, my friend, but I will continue to do so no longer; I will reserve the remaining history of my village life, until you are again with me upon some future evening."

"Your story has interested me very much, Professor Paul, and if you will not be otherwise occupied, I would be glad to hear it continued to-morrow night."

A pleased look came over his face as he replied:

"Ah, my friend, you are very good to me; it is good of you to say that when I have so greatly taxed your patience this evening, but I will try and be more brief in future. Oh, yes, my friend, if you will, by all means come to-morrow night; indeed it will be necessary that you should come almost every evening now, or my history will not be completed in time, it is becoming so much longer than I had expected."

After this I bid Professor Paul good night and returned to my lodgings.

(To be continued.)

People talk about the phenomenal sales of "Robert Elsmere" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and yet there is one book, issued from one publishing house, the sales of which quadruple all these taken together, and this book is the Bible. During the past year the Bible Society has sent out 1,326,672 copies, and in the seventy-two years of its existence the society has issued nearly 50,000,000 Bibles. At present the presses are turning off 4,000 copies per day of the Book.

THE SEER OF TO DAY.

He walks the world and hears its groans,
  He knows its doubt, he sees its sin,
But hope is ever in his tones,
  And peace his heart within.

For questioning of life and death,
  He stood at length with reverent feet
Upon a creed that centereth
  Where Faith and Reason meet.

'Tis God that reigns and right that guides,
  And love that in the end prevails;
'Tis but the noble that abides,
  The selfish ever fails.

Barrie. J. M. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHN BRIGHT.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—In The Week of April 5, there are some valuable critical observations upon the character of this eminent man. As in other journals, there have been untrue statements respecting him, which give false views of recent history, will you permit a Radical, who is not a hero-worshipper, to offer a few observations?

Although John Bright was born a Quaker, and so continued all his life—carrying his doctrine of peace-at-any-price to extremes—yet, nature evidently intended him for a fighting man. Till long past middle life he was decidedly combative. Men like him, although of a humbler grade, formed the backbone of Cromwell's Ironsides. Imagination pictures him as Captain Fight-the-good-fight preaching to his soldiers as was the wont of the Independents, choosing for his text "Smite the Philistines," and then straightway leading them into "the imminent and deadly breach" to carry out pulpit exhortations. At Naseby, such as he, rallying to the Old Testament war cry of "The Lord of Hosts," scattered Rupert's fiery troopers to the four winds and on that hard-fought field practically discrowned the false Stuart.

Although Bright was fairly intellectual, he was not a man of great ability. He lacked constructiveness and grasp of mind. He was thoroughly honest—no thought of gain or place or popular applause ever caused him in the slightest degree to deviate from what he thought was right. He was also truthful according to his lights. But to any one who will bring a judicial mind to a critical perusal of his speeches it must be clear, that when thoroughly roused, he often made statements which were totally unfounded—and having once succumbed to the virus, his mental constitution had not sufficient vitality to throw it off.

A master of unornamented, clear, pithy, straightforward speech (the exact reverse of Gladstone), he had great influence in the House of Commons, and also with the people. Whether you agreed or disagreed with him, you knew exactly what he meant.

What was required for his future fame was that there should have been in the House of Commons on the same side as himself, another man somewhat similarly gifted, who, with clear, plain brief words, would have manfully stood up to him when passion overmastered his sense of truth, and relentlessly and persistently demanded exact proofs of his heated statements. Had there been such a man, Bright would have been more careful—the tarnishing of his fame would have been avoided, and historical truth would have greatly gained.

Mr. Bright charged—and it is generally believed by uncritical people on this side of the Atlantic—that during the Secession war, there was a conspiracy in England to uphold slavery and to take sides with the Southerners. This was a pure invention on his part. Seemingly he did not believe in the proverb, "It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest." Both the Liberals then in office and the Conservatives out of office, were of one mind—that England should be neutral. The only exception among statesmen was Gladstone, and he limited his views to acknowledging the independence of the confederates. There are some curious facts respecting Gladstone's unauthorized speech in that able work "Ireland Under Coercion." The gifted American author shows what pains the British Government took to have Gladstone's secession speech officially and publicly contradicted and disowned.

You pertinently ask (p. 276) "Was it so very strange that those who had been accustomed to hear the shouts of American patriots boasting of the freedom of their self-ruling millions as contrasted" (with continental European semi-freedom) "should have made the mistake of supposing that it must be contrary to their principles to compel by force of arms the allegiance of a number of sovereign states?"

This was the opinion of the majority of all shades of politics in Great Britain. Even when Lincoln at last decided as a war measure to free the slaves, there were numbers who firmly believed that the British plan in 1834 of freeing their slaves by compensating their owners was vastly preferable to freeing them by fratricidal bloodshed. Cobden, at the beginning of the struggle, gravely doubted the righteousness of the war. He was won over by Bright, and then both of them vigorously denounced those who cried Peace, and falsely accused them of desiring to side with the Confederates. Suppose that you see A and B fighting, and you honestly believe that A could easily have avoided the quarrel, that is not to say that you are going to take a hand in the struggle and side with B. And if any one falsely accused you of intending to do so, you would feel indignant. You have a right to your opinion, and—except with extremists—it is no crime to differ in opinion from others.

All that has been said about Bright having been the means of keeping England neutral is without the slightest foundation. There was never the slightest intention of interference. Bright simply fought the air. There was some truth in Chatham's impassioned outburst, "Don't read to me history, for that I know *must* be false."

Up to the time of his death, Bright denounced the Aberdeen Coalition Cabinet on account of the Crimean War. The Earl of Aberdeen, unfortunately, was a feminine statesman, in contradistinction to Lord Palmerston, who was a masculine statesman. The Earl unintentionally strengthened the belief of the Russian Government that England was not in earnest. Bright never even dreamed that of late years there was no one surviving who had unintentionally done so much as he had to bring about this war. It is well known that the Emperor Nicholas complained that he had been led into the war by false representations, that under no circumstances would England go to war to hinder his designs. Bright and Cobden at that time were the leaders of a very small, but noisy Peace-at-any-price party. Their noise misled Nicholas, who thought that they were ten-fold stronger than they were. In that belief he acted and came to grief. Unfortunately, Palmerston was not Premier, nor even in the Foreign Office. Had he occupied either of those positions, there would have been peace. Or, if Cobden and Bright had died before 1853, there would have been no Crimean War.

Given a town in the far-west, where peaceable people have to depend upon themselves for the protection of life and property, R is known as a house-breaker and stirrer-up of strife. P is a resolute citizen holding a civic appointment. B is an influential, well-meaning, and peace-at-any-price citizen. R announces his intention for the second time to break into T's house and despoil him, and if resisted, to take life. P speaks up and says, "Clearly understand, if you attempt anything of the sort, I will, with the citizens, oppose and make an example of you." But B says, "I protest against your breaking into T's house, for it will be a crime. But, if you do so, I will use my great influence to prevent P from interfering with you. He is a fire-brand. He shall not use physical force if I can prevent it."

Which of the two promotes peace and prevents crime, and which of the two encourages violence and crime?

Of late years, Bright toned down. He learned to appreciate Conservatives, and to acknowledge that there are as good men to be found among them as there are among the Liberals.

In spite of great opposition of all kinds, he did yeoman's service in helping to prevent Civil War in Ireland, and the break-up of the British Empire. His sturdy common-sense was not to be imposed upon by false pretences. The practical appeal by hungry patriots to the Irish farmers—"Vote for Home Rule and your landlords' property"—was too transparent and too dishonest a trick to mislead him.

If, in Bright's early career, there had been a John Hampden among the Liberals, Bright, as an apt scholar, would have been a different man, and would have done vastly more good than he did do. Much that future Macaulays will regret, would, under such circumstances, have been unsaid and unperformed.

Toronto, April 6. Fairplay Radical.

We have received from Mr. Granville C. Cunningham a reply to Mr. W. E. Raney's "Objections to Annexation Considered," which we are reluctantly compelled to hold over until next issue.

ENGLISH ECONOMIC HISTORY.

Do you wish to hear only of such books as may divert you in your leisure hours? Or may I tell you of here one and there another which the inquirer into the great political and social problems of our time and of all times may be glad to have brought to his notice? If you want only to hear of the former, I can give account of about four books every month which, for the most part, are emphatically rubbish; books which are a busy man's lollipops and which some of us consume, as children do sugar-plums, with no other thought than of diverting ourselves between our "square meals." On one day a week when I am very weary and limp I usually consume a lollipop in the shape of a novel; and I do not think the average run of these productions is what it was a few years ago. When we have come to this, that publishers are offering prizes for the best story, such prizes to be adjudged by open competition, the examination system has indeed run mad. The result is that the supply of fiction is rapidly overtaking the demand, and with the increase of production the quality of the article supplied seems to me to be deteriorating. The last half-dozen novels I have read have been at once pretentious and dull, and as I could not venture to commend them, I will not proceed to name them.

But if you want to hear of a book that deserves to be spoken of with grateful respect and to be read "from cover to cover" by all who desire to grow in knowledge and wisdom, by all who are seeking for light upon some of the most perplexing questions that philanthropists, socio-

logists, and other *ists* and *isers* are occupying themselves with, then let me commend to you a small volume which, by its appearance, has marked an era. I mean Mr. Ashley's *Introduction to English Economic History and Theory.*

A man who lives in the wilderness may easily misjudge the direction in which the great currents of thought and inquiry are setting; and I am conscious that I may be quite wrong in thinking as I do; but I *do* think that, during the last ten years, fewer thinkers have thrown themselves into the study of political economy as a science than formerly. Somehow, they who occupy the place of teachers of the science seem to be adopting a quasi-apologetic tone; and more than this, there appears to be a growing feeling that political economy was by the bold self-assertion of its champions allowed to take its place among the sciences a little too soon. Nay! there are some Philistines who brutally bawl out that political economy is no science at all, but a mere elaborate scheme built up by a guild of empirics who have succeeded in persuading mankind that their assumptions are demonstrations, and their guesses are the formulæ which enunciate eternal laws. You know I am no Philistine—that be far from me! I side with David and Solomon. As to Dagon—I should have been glad to have a kick at that old stump if I had seen it lying in the dust, *auriculis nasoque carentem.* Nevertheless, I am not surprised that a certain languor should be observable among the votaries of the new science. There are several reasons why it should be so, and not the least of those reasons is this: that the earlier political economists when setting themselves to investigate certain phenomena, in the true interpretation of which the welfare of mankind is profoundly concerned, pursued their methods of inquiry with an almost defiant contempt of history, as if their assumption was that with the past they had no concern; and as if they thought all that the past had to tell, so far as it called upon them to take account of it, only introduced an element of disturbance and confusion into the analytical processes which they were employing to substantiate their theories.

Meanwhile there was growing up another school of thinkers who were not satisfied to rest in the things that are, without going on to inquire how these have got to be as they are, and who have seen clearly that the science of economics required to be studied from the historian's standpoint. When a thinker like Mr. Stanley Jevons—enamoured of the mere *terms* employed—attempted to lift political economy out of the group of mixed sciences into a place among the exact sciences, he dealt with the words wealth, capital, wages and the rest as if they were mere symbols that might be twisted about according to the methods of algebra. But when he went so far as to demand that his disciples should all be familiar with the differential calculus as an antecedent condition to the comprehension of his transcendentalism, some of us—fairly aghast—gave it up in despair. The school of historical economists have proceeded on an exactly opposite tack. "Money"—they have said—"Why, the coining of money in England is a thing of yesterday—how was it that it came into use at all? 'Medium of Exchange'—why, there was a currency which served as a common measure of value centuries before it was employed in daily life as a medium of exchange! 'Capital'—why, our forefathers lived happy and died contented and enjoyed a certain sort of civilization, for ages, as it appears, and all this time possessed and required no capital in the sense we use that term! 'Commerce,' 'Rent,' 'Wages'—why, all these words want looking into, and the only way to understand their meaning is to examine the records of the past!" The father of the new school of economists—the real father, that is, because the first who succeeded in gathering round him a band of disciples who took their inspiration from him—was undoubtedly the late Mr. Arnold Toynbee. I never saw him, but I am so deeply impressed with the conviction that England lost in him the man of larger promise and grander *potentiality* than any who has appeared among us during the last half century, that I cannot even now think of his early death without emotion, as if I had to deplore not only a national, but a personal loss. I have never seen Mr. Ashley, but I rejoice that he is proud to number himself among Mr. Toynbee's disciples, and has dedicated this volume to his master's memory.

The author presents us here no more than the first book of *An Introduction to English Economic History and Theory.* It is by far the ablest utterance which has yet sounded from that historical school of economists which holds "that it is no longer worth while framing general formulas as to the relations between *individuals* in a given society, like the old 'laws' of rent, wages, profits; and that what they must attempt to discover are the laws of social development—that is to say, generalizations as to the stages through which the economic life of society has actually moved. They believe that knowledge like this will not only give them an insight into the past, but will enable them the better to understand the difficulties of the present."

Accordingly we have here three chapters of the highest importance and interest; the first dealing with the history of the Manor and Village Community—the second with that of the Merchant and Craft Guilds—the third with Mediæval Economic Theories and Legislation. Was the original constitution of a manor monarchical, the lord being a petty king, and his tenants mere serfs or slaves? Was his power as despotic as that of a Fiji chief exercising the "lala" or the "lava" over his people? And has there been from prehistoric times a gradual tendency in the direction of freedom, the condition of the tenants ameliorating more and more as time went on? Or did the manor originate in a group of *freemen*—that is, was its original constitution democratic? Was it a self-governing community in which the Headman, when he first obtained recognition as such, was but a *primus inter pares*, though he ultimately succeeded in becoming an hereditary chieftain on whom, at last, all the rest became absolutely dependent? The German and English scholars maintain the one position. The French inquirers, with M. Fustel de Coulanges at their head, affirm the other.

Mr. Ashley leaves these questions undetermined. He takes the manor as he finds it at the time of the Conquest; and he gives us a masterly—and, in the present state of our knowledge, almost an exhaustive—presentment of the manorial system as it existed when it first came within the sphere of historic cognition, and he traces the changes through which it passes till the signs of its decay make themselves abundantly apparent when a new order has come into being in the appearance of a "money economy." Commerce and trade in manufactures have begun.

What a strange England it was when everybody who made a living by anything except agriculture pursued his craft, or carried on his trade, as the old files of pack horses pursued their journey, each tethered to another's tail! It was as if every artisan could only employ his skill after having taken out a license to work somebody else's patent. A great deal has been written, in a fragmentary way, during the last few years on this subject of the Merchant and Craft Guilds. But here is a man who has read everything, and by absorbing and assimilating that everything—as only a man of genius can—he has brought us up to the level of the last conclusion that specialists have established. It is provoking to find here a book that will save students in the future nine-tenths of the time and trouble that some of us have given ourselves. Three weeks hence I shall be sure to have some bright young fellow dropping in upon me to set me right on a dozen points that I have been worrying at for ten years in my stupid way. We dullards that go ferreting into odd holes and corners and puzzling ourselves at what we call "original sources" find our occupation gone, and ourselves reduced to ciphers, when a scholar with a grasp like this springs a mine upon us in a volume of little over 200 pages. The third chapter in the volume is, as an historical monograph, even more original and noteworthy than the other two, inasmuch as the history of mediæval legislation in economic matters has never yet been seriously attempted by any writer, English or foreign. If you want to read something quite refreshing for its brilliant array of facts, its philosophical suggestiveness, and the almost magical skill with which the author contrives to make every page lure one on to the next, till, when one gets to the end, one feels just a trifle angry at not having been able to skip anything, read Mr. Ashley's book; and, when you do, thank me, as you will be bound to do, for having told you to get it. Will you dare to say, "Oh, but it is such a dry subject?" My good friend, no subject is dry in itself. I've known a writer who could make the story of Jack the Giant-killer as dry as a bone. It all depends upon the handling; given a man possessing the *divinæ particulam auræ*, and he'll make you breathless by reciting the multiplication table!—*Augustus Jessopp in the Nineteenth Century.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The Torrington Orchestra gave its second concert of this season on Thursday evening at the Pavilion to a large and well pleased audience. Contrary to its usual custom, the programme was chiefly made up of solo numbers, the orchestra itself contributing fewer selections than usual. The orchestra itself was in splendid form, and numbered twelve first violins, twelve second violins, four violas, three 'cellos, five basses, three flutes, three oboes, three clarinets, two bassoons, one horn, two cornets, two trombones, one euphonium, and the drums. Quite a respectable showing for such a young institution. Its playing was, in many instances, better than on previous occasions, especially in the "Tannhauser" Festmarsch. This number was brilliantly played, and won an encore, to the great delight of all the Wagnerians in the audience. The noble melody was given out with stirring emphasis, and every one was carried away with its swing. Similarly good was the "Beautiful Rhine" waltz. The "Maritana" overture was not of equal excellence, suffering somewhat from faulty intonation. But in general, the intonation and accentuation was very good, Mr. Bayley as leader helping largely to this end. There was a bright, crisp tone and precise and certain attack, that shows that this body of young musicians is improving. The first movement of the Beethoven C minor concerto, op. 37, was a really admirable instance of the steadiness and self-reliance attained by the orchestra. It is a difficult work, and Mr. Torrington had his forces so well in hand that the most satisfactory aid was given to Mr. Field, who played the piano in this number.

The instrument, one of Mason and Risch's fine grands, showed an elasticity of action and brilliancy of tone that made it very suitable for their work, especially in the "Cadenza." Mr. Field was at his best, and played with rare technical facility. His rippling, pearly, crisp tone was delightful, and showed himself a thoroughly sympathetic student of Beethoven. His phrasing and expression were rich and genial, and he was not wanting in power and breadth. Mr. Ludwig Corell played his solos, an *Andante*, by Goltermann, and a *Rondo*, by Boccherini, with all the fulness and soundness of tone which was admired in his work in former years. His style shows improvement and increased refinement. Master George Fox again delighted the audience. This time his selections were perhaps not so exacting as at his first appearance, some weeks ago, but the beauties of Vieuxtemps' "Reverie" and of Wieniawski's "Fantasie Caprice" were deftly brought out by this lad. One great charm of his playing is the great purity of tone, which goes hand in hand with an artistic taste that is never sensuous, but always youthful and sweet. His correct execution and a certain fanciful sentiment found full expression in Delibe's "Pizzicato." Mr. H. L. Clarke won a stormy recall by his fine playing of his cornet solo, but the "Pilgrims' Chorus," from "Tannhauser," as played by four brass instruments, showed a woeful lack of rehearsal.

Mrs. Agnes Thomson added another leaf to her many laurels by her touching singing of "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," and by her brilliant rendering of the "Casta Diva," from "Norma." Her voice seemed to have gained in fulness, and she was in good practice, the difficult runs and chromatics of the latter number being executed with ease. Her "Old Folks at Home" was a gem of simple cantabile singing. Mr. Schuch sang "Norman's Tower," a song full of contrasts, with expression and enthusiasm, but evidently made an unfortunate selection in the Wagner number he essayed. Mr. Torrington deserves the greatest credit for the energy which made such a concert possible, especially as almost the whole programme was performed by local talent.

JOSEPH MURPHY.

Much has been said and written of the clannish disposition of the Scot, but rare as are Scotch dramas, when one does come we never find that Scotchmen and their families turn out and go to the theatre as do our Celtic friends when Irish dramas are being enacted. There is always an audience then, and trite as the wrongs to be righted may be, and antiquated as the jokes and repartee may be, sympathy galore is always to be found behind the footlights. Without instituting a comparison between Dion Boucicault and Joseph Murphy, these two actors may be said to constitute the cream of the Irish actors. This week the latter has been here, playing the "Kerry Gow," "Shaun Rhue," and the "Donagh." Seeing him in the first of these plays, I am afraid that Mr. Murphy is lapsing from what used to be an artistic piece of drawing. He seems negligent, and if not flippant, at all events without the concentration that formerly constituted his charm. His strong situations, in the shoeing scene, and in the prison scene, are just as effective as ever, but the rest of his work savors of perfunctoriness. This is probably the natural outcome of playing the same part for many years, but it is none the less probable that unless Mr. Murphy secures a new and strong play, he will lose his great popularity. His company, with the exception of Miss Belle Melville, is not strong and plays in the same leisurely, make-believe style. The lady, however, has strong points. A meagre array of personal charms is relieved by earnestness and emotional strength, and she is altogether a very satisfactory actress.

A QUARTERLY CONCERT.

The third of the current and second season of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, was held in Association Hall, on Saturday evening, and once more afforded practical evidence of the good work that is being carried on by this valued institution. So far as the pupils are concerned, criticism would be unnecessary, if not sometimes invidious; let us therefore state that they acquitted themselves in a highly satisfactory manner and with great credit to their respective teachers. All interested listeners, capable of appreciating good teaching, could not fail to be convinced that those who become pupils of the Conservatory are afforded exceptional opportunities for obtaining a thoroughly sound musical education. The programme was greatly varied in character, there being solo selections for piano, vocal, violin and 'cello students; concerted piano and string numbers (a trio and quintette); a violin solo accompanied with a quartette, while the Conservatory String Quartette Club and the Conservatory orchestra of some thirty performers gave a colouring to the entertainment of great weight and interest. The performance of the Quartette calls for particular mention. Two movements from Haydn's quartette in D, op. 64, being given with keenness and certainty of tone, grace in expression and a perfection of *ensemble* that proved a delightful surprise even to those who had anticipated much from this recent acquisition to Toronto's musical organization, the members of which are Mons. Boucher, 1st violin; Sig. Napolitano, 2nd violin; Sig. d'Auria, viola and Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli, 'cello. Not least meritorious in the concert under notice was the performance of the Conservatory orchestra in the overture to "Le Diadème" and the first movement of Haydn's symphony in D. Under the baton of Mr. Dinelli the members of the orchestra did their work well, a very fair compactness, boldness of attack, and precision as well as an observance of the *nuances* being noticeable. The programme, though very long, was rapidly pushed through under the energetic direction of Mr. Edward Fisher, the Conservatory's Musical Director, and the concert, all in all, was thoroughly enjoyed by the very large audience in attendance.

THE TORONTO CHORAL SOCIETY.

THE next work of this society, of which Mr. Edward Fisher is the musical director, will be a Cantata, the music of which has just been expressly written by Sig. d'Auria, and which will be produced toward the end of the current season. As an original composition it will be one of the most important ever attempted by a musician resident in Canada. Sig. d'Auria's well-established reputation is a guarantee all-sufficient that the work will be of a refined, dignified and musicianly character. The Libretto is the work of another member of the Conservatory Faculty, Mrs. Edward Jarvis, and the title will be "The Sea King's Bride." Rehearsals will begin on Tuesday next in the hall usually occupied by the Choral Society for that purpose in the Y. M. C. A. building.

THE second Henschel recital was given on Saturday night at the College of Music and was even more enjoyable than the first one. A brilliant programme was delivered with the refinement and artistic grace which have made Mr. and Mrs. Henschel famous.

THE Oddfellows' concert on Thursday, May 2, will have for its soloists Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Maud Burdette, of Belleville, Mr. Warrington, and others. Miss Burdette will be found a charming addition to our concert forces; her singing of Handel's "Lascia ch'io pianga" at the recent Service of Song at the Church of the Redeemer well displayed her fine voice and good training, as well as her sympathetic delivery.

WHAT would have been a general calamity to the stage has happily passed away without apparent permanent results. At Rochester, two weeks ago, Mr. Edwin Booth was stricken with paralysis, and his partner in work, Mr. Lawrence Barrett, was so influenced by the blow, that under the excitement of the moment he spoke of Mr. Booth's death as being impending. For this he has been severely criticized by the press, who have ascribed to him most unworthy motives. In the meantime, Mr. Booth is recovering, his illness having been caused by excessive smoking, and by this date he will probably have rejoined Barrett.

THE Conservatory String Quartette will give its first concert on Monday, 29th inst., when it will play Mendelssohn's Quartette, No. 1, Op. 12; Haydn's Quartette, in D Minor, Op. 76, both complete, beside Moszkowski's "Serenade," Op. 15, and a Minuetto by Pessard. Violin and 'cello solos, besides songs by Mrs. Clara E. Shilton and Mr. E. W. Schuch, will also be on the programme.

NEXT week, Thomas W. Keene plays an engagement at the Grand Opera House so varied, that it reminds one of the old days of stock companies and visiting stars. "Richelieu," "Richard III.," "Julius Cæsar," "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," and "Othello," make a bill of fare sufficiently varied to suit all tastes. Mr. O. B. Sheppard has his annual benefit on Monday evening, and for the splendid roll of attractions he has given us this year should be rewarded with a bumper house.

B NATURAL.

THE NEW MUSIC HALL AND ITS ADJUNCTS.

THE new Music Hall now in course of erection on King Street, west of York Street, was commenced with the intention of making it to seat an audience of 2,800. After visiting New York and consulting well known musical authorities there, the proprietor has thought it advisable to reduce the capacity of the auditorium and make other alterations from the original plans. Some musical enthusiasts advocate the erection of a hall to seat 4,000; but it is doubtful if an artist like Patti ever could fill such a building more than two or three times a year, while the interest and expense account would far exceed the receipts. In reducing the capacity of the new hall to 1,700 or 1,800 provision has been made to increase it another 1,000 by the addition of a horseshoe gallery whenever it appears that more seats are required.

The suite of reception rooms in connection with the building form a special feature and are the outcome of the existing social craze for large receptions, "At Homes," etc. These rooms are quite distinct from the large hall and consist of dressing rooms, supper room, drawing room and ball room. The latter will be a handsome room about the size of the dancing floor of the Pavilion, within the gallery posts. The whole suite will be handsomely decorated and furnished; and will easily accommodate a public ball of 200 couples. Without the ball room the suite will accommodate nearly half that number; and will be rented for private parties, dinners, suppers, etc. The café underneath will communicate directly with the supper room and will be in charge of a first-class caterer. Those of our readers who have attended "At Homes" of a hundred or more in houses which fifty would crowd will appreciate the comfort and convenience of these rooms where everything is ready without turning one's house upside down.

What is intended is to make the new Academy of Music *par excellence* the centre of high class music and art and to gather around it the influence and support of the cultured and educated classes. With this object an Art Gallery will be established and annual exhibitions of paintings held. The first of these exhibitions will probably be held in October next as soon as the building is completed when gold and silver medals will be offered for competition.

LIBRARY TABLE.

NATIONAL INHERITANCE. By Francis Galton, F.R.S. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

This is Mr. Galton's latest treatise on a subject and in a field of investigation which he has made almost exclusively his own. Whatever one may think of his conclusions, no one who has any adequate conception of "Science" can find fault with either the spirit of the author or the manner in which his investigations are carried on. It would be impossible here to do anything like justice to the details of his method, which is in general observation, experiment and generalization; but it is simple justice to say that no effort to reach general laws by an induction from phenomena was ever made with more scrupulous care, or with a more intelligent use of the inductive method. The problem he has undertaken to solve is one of extreme difficulty, and he does not profess to have done more than furnish a contribution toward its solution; but by publishing what this work contains he has made it possible to secure the intelligent co-operation of hosts of co-workers wherever his book is read, and in this way he has done a far greater service to Science than perhaps he thought of when he wrote it. Whether Science will ever be able to find out to what extent the nature of the child is determined by conditions antecedent to birth is still very doubtful; but if the doubt on the subject is hereafter set at rest, much of the credit of getting rid of it must always be accorded to Mr. Galton for the labour, the patience and the ingenuity which he has brought to bear on the question of heredity.

LE CANADA-FRANCAISE. Revue, publiée sous la direction d'un Comité de Professeurs de l' Université Laval. Quebec: L. J. Demers & Frère.

As a specimen of present day French-Canadian literature the *Canada-Français* makes an excellent showing. Considerable space is devoted to the treatment of historical subjects. In the April number there are two continued papers of great historical value: one by A. Gerin-Lajoie, on "Ten Years in Canada—from 1840 to 1850," and "The Country of the Great Lakes in the Seventeenth Century," by Benjamin Sulte. Papers on widely varying subjects appear, such as "On the Adoption of the Meridian of Jerusalem as the Standard of Cosmopolitan Time," and "State Socialism." Poetry and fiction have also a place in this able quarterly. Other features are a Scientific Chronicle and European Review.

THE chief articles in the current number of *Temple Bar*, besides the continued serials, are "Crown Prince Rudolph"—an interesting account of the tragic death of Emperor Francis Joseph's only son; "Round About Dotheboy's Hall"—an entertaining holiday ramble to the scene of Squeer's School in "Nicholas Nickleby;" and a gossipy article on "Disraeli the Younger."

OUTING, for April, has a varied and entertaining bill of fare, rendered the more attractive by its many beautiful woodcuts. The chief contributions for the month are papers on "Racing in England as it is," "The Larchmont Yacht Club," "Cricket in Australia," "Canoeing on the Tippecanoe," "Big Game Hunting in the Wild West," "Coursing in Ireland," "A Wheelsman's Fatalities," "Clumber Spaniels," and "Evolution of Form in College Rowing"—part II. There is also some very good verse in the issue, and an article on Sport in Canada, under the title of "Trouting Fishing in the Gros Bois," a lumbering region close by the stream known as Des Anges, some sixty miles east of Quebec. This, and the article on Yachting, will doubtless attract numberless readers.

THE more notable articles in the April issue of the *Magazine of American History* are the Editor's paper on on "Washington and Some of his Contemporaries," called forth by the approaching centennial anniversary of Washington's election as President of the United States; the Hon. Mr. McKerman's "Reminiscences of Washington City," and a contribution from the Hon. J. W. Longley, of Halifax, N.S., entitled "The Romance of Adèle Hugo," a pathetic story of love and desertion with which Halifax is identified in connection with the career of a daughter of Victor Hugo. We shall endeavour to find room for this sad story in either the present or in an early number of THE WEEK, therefore it is unnecessary to comment upon it, save to express our indebtedness to Mr. Longley for collecting the incidents and throwing them into form for publication.

THE present number of the *Andover Review*, besides its thoughtful editorials and book reviews, has three or four interesting contributed articles. To the literary student two at least of these articles will be found attractive, viz., Prof. Dewey's paper on "The Philosophy of Thomas Hill Green," the "Professor Grey" of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel "Robert Elsmere"; and Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie's paper on "The Poetry of Dante Gabriel Rossetti." The paper on Prof. "Green's Philosophy" thoughtfully sets before us the underlying motive, and something of the general character of that writer's philosophical work. For the preparation of this article the late Oxford professor's "Introduction to Hume" and his "Prolegomena to Ethics" have furnished material. From Prof. Dewey's criticism on Green's religious views we have space for one brief quotation: "Christ," he remarks, "was to Green, in actuality, what every man is in capacity; he was in reality what we are in idea. Undoubtedly he held that Christ was subject to the same physical powers as all men; he would allow neither a miraculous birth, nor miraculous, that is, supernatural power; but morally and spiritually, he held Christ to have embodied in His personality perfect union with the Spirit of God. Furthermore, the self-abasement and the self-exaltation, which are the highest attainments of the moral life, find their adequate expression in language when termed sharing in the death and resurrection of Christ. For it is the death and resurrection of Jesus as eternal facts, as the fundamental expressions of the true life of the Spirit, that are of avail to us. We share in the death of Christ when we share in His spirit of absolute sacrifice of all self-seeking and selfish interest and will; we share in His resurrection when we share in the unity of His Spirit and Will with God's." "This," observes Prof. Dewey, is the highest expression of the ethics of Professor Green." Mr. Mabie has written a sympathetic and finely critical review of Rossetti, which we commend to the admirers of this gifted poet-artist. He shows us what Rossetti owes to Dante, which is the key to enable us to understand much of the work of the modern poet. "Over the Household of the Exiled Italian Soldier," remarks Mr. Mabie, "the memory of Dante continually hovered like the presence of the genius of a race. The great Florentine was not a tradition, the shadow of a mighty past, to the childhood of the poet; he was a continual and pervasive influence, penetrating his inmost life in its formative period, and leaving in the mind an image as clear and familiar as it was inspiring." What Rossetti's ideal was is clearly disclosed in the two arts which served him as interpreters with almost equal fidelity and power.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ROBERT CLARKE AND COMPANY'S seasonable "List of Books on Angling, Hunting, Shooting, and Kindred Subjects" contains nearly five hundred titles.

MR. GAVIN HAMILTON has nearly completed a grammatical work on "The Moods in the English Bible." It will be published in Edinburgh.

THE "Life of John Bright," by Barnett Smith, is being entirely rewritten, and will no doubt be a standard on its subject. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have the work in charge.

THE first edition of 5,000 copies of Mrs. Burnett's new story, "The Pretty Sister of José," was exhausted several days before the book was published, and a second edition has been printed.

AN authorized translation of "Garibaldi's Autobiography," as recently published in its final form, will be issued in London this month with *fac-similes* of some of the General's letters.

FOR European tourists the Scribners are about to issue a new and revised edition of their "Index Guide to Travel and Art Study in Europe." This is the only European guide which is illustrated, and especially devotes itself to art subjects.

THE appearance of Matthew Arnold's letters seems to be awaited impatiently in London. It is said that in the hands of another Froude Arnold's letters might be found to vie even with Carlyle's in frank criticism of his contemporaries.

ATTENTION is directed to the "History of Professor Paul," the first instalment of which appears in this issue. It is the first effort at book-making by Mr. Stuart Livingstone, a brilliant young lawyer of Hamilton, and will well repay perusal.

THE beautiful little edition of "Elia"—the first of the Temple Library—recently published by Macmillan and Company, is shortly to be followed by "The Poems and Plays of Oliver Goldsmith," edited by Austin Dobson, who has written an introduction, and added notes on some points not elucidated in previous editions of the poet. The book will contain six etchings by John Jellicoe and Herbert Railton.

THE Rev. John George Wood, the well known naturalist, died recently in England. The deceased did perhaps more to popularize the study of natural history than any writer of the present age. He was the son of a surgeon who was at one time chemical lecturer at the Middlesex Hospital, London. He was born in London in 1827, and was educated at Oxford. His most important book was his "Natural History," in three volumes. Mr. Wood edited for some time *The Boys' Own Magazine*, the pages of which periodical constantly contained work from his hands. He left no fortune, and a popular subscription in aid of his family has been started.

THE London *Academy* has the following about a Canadian romance: "The Young Seigneur" is an ambitious book, for the author's aim is nothing less than "to map out a future for the Canadian nation, which has hitherto been drifting without any plan." At the same time it is not a political work—for which the muse of fiction be thanked. As for Mr. Wilfrid Chateauclair's qualification for his task there can be little doubt. He is obviously an ardent patriot and a careful and discriminating observer. His romance is, not less obviously, the production of a man of wide culture, refined taste and exceptional literary faculty; and as a picture of the most vital and characteristic aspects of French-Canadian life it is without rival. While everyone interested in Canada should read "The Young Seigneur," it deserves attention on its own merits as a romance. The *Atlantic Monthly* and other journals out of Canada have also spoken highly of the book.

EUROPEAN TRAVELLERS.

For the benefit of our readers who intend visiting Europe during the coming season we publish the following list of hotels in Europe which will cash the cheques of Cheque Bank, Limited, for hotel bills.

ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND.

Birmingham—Queen's Hotel; *Blaenau-Festiniog* (N. Wales)—London & N. West. Hotel; *Bletchley*—London & N. West. Hotel; *Bournemouth*—Mont Doré Hotel, Royal Bath hotel; *Brighton*—Bedford Hotel, Royal Albion Hotel; *Chester*—The Grosvenor; *Crewe*—Crewe Arms Hotel; *Eastbourne*—Cavendish Hotel, Grand Hotel, Queen's Hotel; *Folkestone*—The Lee's Family Hotel, Queen's Hotel, Royal Pavilion Hotel, West Cliff Hotel; *Hastings*—Palace Hotel; *Holyhead*—Station Hotel; *Leeds*—Great Northern Hotel; *Liverpool*—London & N. West. Hotel, Adelphi; *London*—Alexandra Hotel, Charing Cross Hotel, Claridge's Hotel, Euston Hotel, First Avenue Hotel, Great Northern Hotel, Great Western Hotel, Inns of Court Hotel, De Keyser's Royal Hotel, Terminus London Br. Hotel, Midland Hotel, Morley's Hotel, Victoria Hotel, Westminster Palace Hotel, The Langham Hotel, Metropole Hotel, Grand Hotel; *Manchester*—The Clarence Hotel; *Margate*—Cliftonville Hotel; *Peterboro*—Great Northern Hotel; *Preston*—Park Hotel; *St. Leonard's-on-the-Sea*—Alexandra Hotel; *Southampton*—Radley's Hotel, South Western Hotel; *Stratford-on-Avon*—The Red Horn Hotel, The Shakespeare Hotel; *Warwick*—The Woolpack; *Westgate on the Sea*—Beach House, St. Mildred's Hotel; *Dublin*—North West, Hotel; *Greenore*—Greenore Hotel.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

Amiens—Hotel du Rhin; *Amsterdam*—Hotel Amstet; *Andermatt* (Switz)—Bellevue & Kuhans Hotel; *Antwerp*—Hotel de l'Europe; *Baden Baden*—Hotel Victoria; *Basle*—Hotel Euler; *Bellagio* (*Como*)—Hotel Grand Bretagne; *Berlin*—Hotel Kaiserhof, Hotel Royal; *Berne*—Hotel Bernerhof; *Bologne*—Hotel Brun; *Bordighera*—Hotel Angst; *Brussels*—Hotel de France; *Constance*—Hotel Insel, Hotel Konstanzerhof; *Copenhagen*—King of Denmark Hotel; *Davos Platz*—Hotel Victoria; *Dresden*—Hotel Bellevue; *Ghent*—Hotel Royal, Hotel de Vienne; *Glion sur Montreux* (*Geneva*)—Hotel Righi Vaudois; *Grindlewald Bear*—Black Eagle Hotel; *Havre*—G'd Hotel and Brins Franscati Hotel; *Heidelberg*—Hotel de l'Europe; *Lausanne*—Grand Hotel de Richi Mont; *Leipzig*—Hotel Kauffe; *Lindau*—(Lake Constance) Bayerischer Hof Hotel; *Luzerne*—Hotel Luzernerhof, Hotel Schweizerhof; *Lyons*—Hotel Collet et Continental, Grand Hotel de Lyon, Hotel de L'Univers; *Mayence*—Hotel d'Angleterre; *Menaggio* (Como)—Hotel Menaggio; *Metz*—Grand Hotel (Ancien H. de L'Europe); *Milan*—Continental Hotel, Grand Hotel de Milan; *Monte Carlo*—Beau Rivage Hotel; *Murren*—Grand Hotel des Alpes; *Neuchatel* (Switz)—Grand Hotel Bellevue; *Neuhausen* (Falls of Rhine)—Hotel Schweizerhof; *Ostend*—Continental Hotel; *Pallanza* (Lago Maggiore)—Grand Hotel Garoni; *Paris*—Grand Hotel de'Louvre, Grand Hotel, Terminus Gare St. Lazare; *Pisa*—Grand Hotel; *Ragatz* (Switz)—Hotel Schweizerhof, Hotel Tamina; *St. Moritz* (Engadine)—Hotel Kulm; *Spa*—Hotel d'Orahge; *Stresa* (Lago Maggiore)—Hotel des Iles Borromees; *Como*—G. Hotel Volta; *Turin*—Grand Hotel de l'Europe, Hotel Feder, Grand Hotel de Turin, Trombetta Angleterro; *Venice*—Hotel de l'Europe; *Zurich*—Hotel Baur au Lac.

The Cheque Bank also issues cheques either single or in books for special use of visitors to the Paris Exposition. These cheques can be cashed without charge in seventy banking houses in that city.

"SWEET HOME."

"There is no place like home" runs the old song, and we know how true it is.

The impressions made in the home are lasting. A mother's words never pass from the mind. A father's counsel remains fresh so long as life lasts. The last benediction of parental love and solicitude—with what tenacity it clings to the memory when almost all else has gone!

How important, therefore, that the home be maintained intact as long as possible—a haven of loving counsel, of peace and joy to the growing children. How sad when death invades, when the fire goes out on the hearthstone, and the family is scattered. What the children lose by the death of a parent only those realize who have grown up without that love and advice which a parent alone can bestow.

There are tens of thousands of parents to-day in agony of mind through fear of death from kidney disease, who do not know they are doctoring only symptoms—such as wakefulness, nervousness, a splendid feeling one day and an all-gone one another, dropsy, weak heart action, pneumonia, neuralgia, fickle appetite, etc., while the real trouble is poisoned blood caused by diseased kidneys. Unless purified with Warner's Safe Cure they will just as surely die, as though poisoned with arsenic.

Doctors publicly admit that they cannot cure advanced kidney disease; they are too bigoted to use Warner's Safe Cure because it is an advertised remedy; consequently, unless you use your own good judgment, secure and use Warner's Safe Cure, a specific, which has proved itself in tens of thousands of cases to be all it is represented, your home, through your death, will be broken up and your loved ones deprived of that which money cannot purchase or friends supply.

SHREWD ADVERTISERS.

Readers of the newspapers of the day cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that the modern advertiser is progressive.

The value of printer's ink judiciously employed cannot be overestimated; it is the medium whereby a meritorious discovery is raised from local fame to a position in the public esteem. Hence the columns of the newspapers are daily used by hosts of advertisers and in the competition which is indulged in to attain the desired end, the reader is oftentimes amused.

The greatest of American advertisers, and it may as well be said in the world, is H. H. Warner of Rochester, N. Y., whose name has been made everywhere familiar in connection with Warner's Safe Cure, widely advertised because of its merit in the prevention and cure of kidney diseases.

By printer's ink this great discovery has achieved world-wide popularity and thousands feel grateful for the knowledge thus acquired of this greatest of modern remedies.

Furthermore, the public has been taught that disorders of the lungs, brain, heart and liver, which have hitherto been regarded and treated by the profession as distinctive diseases are not so in fact, but are the attending symptoms of disease of the kidneys; therefore, the consumptive, the apoplectic, the paralytic, and the sufferer from nervous disorders can be restored to health by Warner's Safe Cure, which will remove the true cause by restoring the kidneys to healthy action.

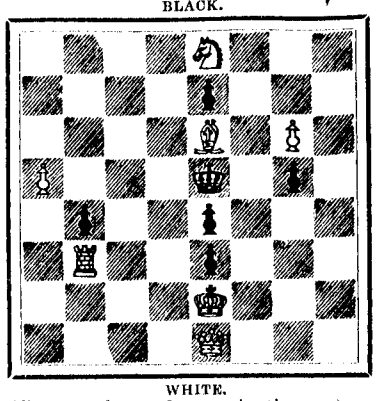
The advertising methods employed by this greatest of advertisers are invariably instructive and, although the reader may sometimes be "caught" in reading an advertisement, which was not at first supposed to be such, there is nevertheless no time lost, since useful information is invariably gained concerning life's great problem.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 349.

By Otto Meihline, Copenhagen.

BLACK.



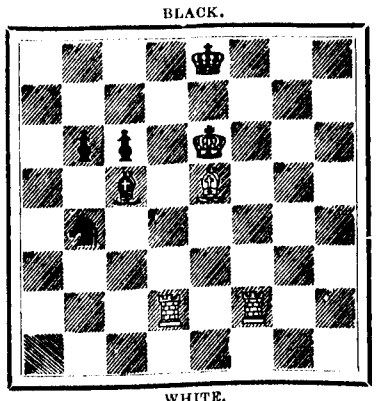
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 350.

By G. A. Noll.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 343.

White.	Black.
1. P—K 3	B x P +
2. K—R 3	moves
3. Kt—R 7 mate.	

No. 344.

White.	Black.
1. R—Q R 1	K—R 4
2. Kt x P +	K—Kt 5
3. R mates.	
	If 1. K—B 4
2. R—Q B 1 +	K—Kt 5
3. Kt or P mates.	

GAME PLAYED BETWEEN MESSRS. J. BAIRD AND DELMAR IN THE TOURNAMENT OF THE AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS.

Ruy Lopez.

White. J. Baird.	Black. Delmar.	White. J. Baird.	Black. Delmar.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4	20. Q—Q 2	P—K B 4
2. Kt—K B 3	K—Q B 3	21. Kt—B 2	Q—Kt 6
3. B—Kt 5	P—Q R 3	22. Q R—K 1	R—B 3
4. B—R 4	Kt—B 3	23. Kt—Q 1	R—Kt 3
5. Castles	B—K 2	24. Kt—K 3	R—K B 1
6. Kt—B 3	P—Q Kt 4	25. Kt—B 4	B—Q 5
7. B—Kt 3	Castles	26. R—K 2	B—B 4
8. P—Q 3	P—Q 3	27. R x P	B—Q 3
9. P—K R 3	Kt—Q R 4	28. Kt x B	Q x R
10. Kt—K R 2	Kt x B	29. Kt—B 4 (*a*)	Q—Q Kt 4
11. R P x Kt	P—Kt 5	30. R—K 1	B—Q 4
12. Kt—K 2	P—Q 4	31. R—K 5	R—K 3
13. P x P	Q x P	32. P—K B 4	Q R—K 1
14. Kt—Kt 3	B—Kt 2	33. Kt—B 3	B x K Kt (*a*)
15. P—K B 3	B—B 4 +	34. R x Q	R—K 8 +
16. K—R 1	B—Kt 3	35. K—R 2	P x R
17. B—Kt 5	Q—K 3	36. Kt—K 5	R—K 7
18. B x Kt	Q x B	37. Q x P	R x P +
19. Kt—K 4	Q—Kt 3	38. K—R 1	R x Kt

And White resigned.

NOTES.

(*a*) White had probably calculated on taking the Bishop, but now saw that he could not save the Knight.

(*b*) A beautiful sacrifice of the Queen, which finishes the game in Delmar's finest style.