

THE WEEK:

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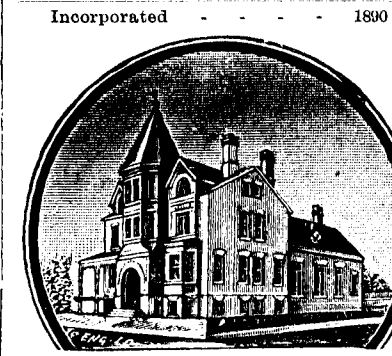
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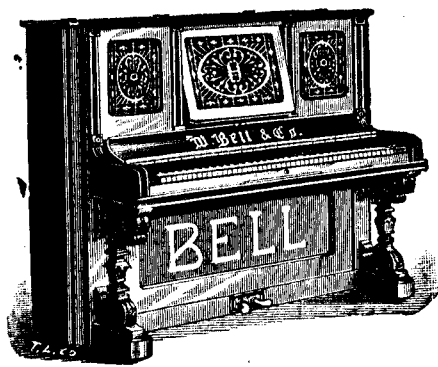
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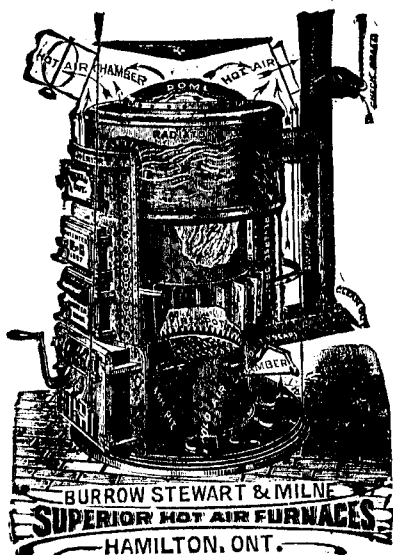
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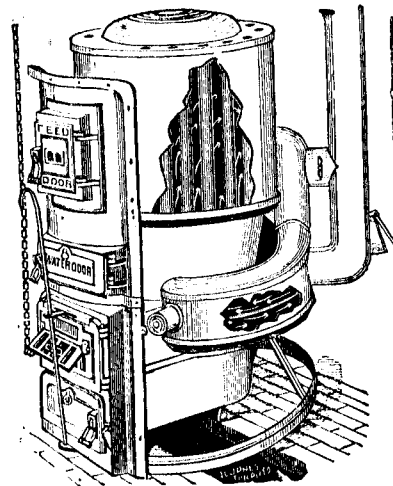
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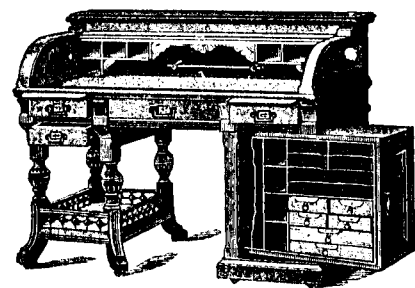
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

TO CANADIAN WRITERS.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

PRIZES of \$50, \$30, \$20 and \$10 will be given for the FOUR BEST SHORT STORIES by Canadian writers only on subjects distinctively Canadian, on the following conditions:—

- 1.—The MS. must not exceed six thousand words and must be written on one side of the paper only.
- 2.—It must be delivered at THE WEEK office, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto, not later than 1st November, 1890.
- 3.—Each competing story must bear on the top of the first page a motto and be accompanied by a sealed envelope marked with the same motto and the words PRIZE STORY COMPETITION, and enclosing the name and address of the writer.
- 4.—All the MSS. sent in to become the property of THE WEEK.
- 5.—THE WEEK will award the prizes and will be judge of the fulfilment of the conditions.

Owing to a generally expressed desire THE WEEK has decided to accept MSS. sent in for the Short Story Prize Competition whether typewritten or not.

CONGRESS, it must be admitted, placed the Canadian Government between the horns of a somewhat embarrassing dilemma in the matter of the export duty on logs. The Premier and his colleagues had to choose between continuing the export duty to the great loss of those who had manufactured lumber to sell, as well as of those who wished to sell the logs themselves, and relieving both classes of exporters, by an act which may be construed as a humiliating admission that Canadian trade is, to that extent, at least, at the mercy of the United States. It is well, no doubt, that the Government has had the moral courage to choose the latter alternative, even though it may have done so, simply because the other course open to it would have required moral courage in yet higher degree, that needed to face the indignation and possible loss of votes which must have resulted from continuing the export duty and depriving the lumber manufacturers and the country of the proffered commercial advantage. Nor is it to be forgotten that in removing the obnoxious duty the Government has discontinued a kind of tax which is, equally with its antithesis, the bounty system, one of very questionable expediency in any case. We are, indeed, inclined to think that the real or seeming hesitancy of the Government to meet the American advance in this matter really made the "surrender," if such it be, only the more conspicuous. Had the action now announced followed

closely upon the heels of the Congressional Bill, it would, at the same time, have appeared more graceful, and have been easily defensible on the ground that Canada is, as has been so vigorously asserted, quite ready to meet the United States half way in any movement looking to better trade relations. It is, of course, to be regretted that Congress did not see fit to include spruce lumber in the category to which the more favourable tariff would be applied upon the condition named. But the fact of its omission simply illustrates the supremely selfish character of the tariff legislation of our neighbours. We cannot indeed impute such selfishness as a special fault of the United States, seeing that every other nation acts upon the same principle in framing its commercial policy. The question is, we suppose, really but one of greater or less enlightenment and scope of vision in questions of economics.

IN connection with the foregoing it may not be amiss to enquire whether those members of the Dominion Cabinet, and of the Canadian press, who persist in alleging that the tariff legislation of the United States is conceived in a spirit of hostility to Canada, and with the distinct purpose of compelling her to sue for admission into the Union, are not doing us an injury. An influential Washington journal recently took occasion to deny the imputation in the most distinct terms, and to declare that it is absurd to suppose that the McKinley Act was designed and passed with any other view than that—however shortsighted and mistaken it may prove—of benefitting the United States by protecting its industries from foreign competition. It is not easy to see how any one who has followed the course of this legislation could reach any other conclusion. Had Canadian annexation been the aim, or even one of the chief aims of the framers and supporters of the Bill, it is inconceivable that the fact should not have cropped out in the course of the debate. Politicians who could seriously believe in the possibility of being able to coerce Canada into the Union by such means, and could enact hostile tariff legislation with that end in view, would scarcely even care to conceal their purpose throughout a warm and prolonged discussion, much less could succeed in doing so. They might well suppose that their object would be promoted rather than retarded by letting their aim be made known. By permitting the object of the Bill to appear they might reasonably hope, not only to secure its readier passage (assuming that the desire to secure Canada was general in Congress and in the country), but to accomplish that object the sooner by showing the Canadian people the futility of hoping for a lowering of the tariff wall until their political absorption should have been accomplished. As a matter of fact there was throughout the debate an utter absence of any clear note of the kind indicated. Nor do we know any good reason for doubting that the great majority of the people of the United States, with the exception of those living near the border, are quite indifferent to Canada, or that many of their most influential leaders are quite sincere in declaring that they do not desire to see the territory of the Union enlarged in any direction. In fact a large majority of both politicians and people evidently know little and think less about Canada. Their mental attitude towards her is one of almost absolute indifference. Such an idea as that in question may have never entered their heads until it was suggested by telegraphic reports of such speeches as those of Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir John Thompson. Whether it is desirable or wise that the idea should be planted there by the highest authorities in Canada is a question worth considering. It cannot, certainly, tend to promote the influx of capital and population our country so much needs, to have the impression go abroad that the members of the United States Congress believe Canadians are living on their sufferance, or tottering on the brink of annexation and liable to be carried over at any time by an additional turn of the tariff screw. Of course their holding such an opinion and legislating accordingly would not change the fact, but it would not be without influence at home and abroad. It is well, therefore, that it should be understood, not only that their tariff measures cannot bring about the result indicated, but that they are not shaped with reference to it.

THE trial of Mr. McGreevy's action against Mr. Tarte, on the charge of libel, will probably be in progress before these paragraphs go to press. The case is remarkable by reason of the sweeping nature of the allegations on which the action is based, and which the defendant has so boldly undertaken to prove. Comment on the probabilities would not, of course, be permissible while the case is *sub judice*. But without committing ourselves by any expression of opinion in regard to the truth or falsity of the charges, it may not be amiss to note the heinousness of the offence of which one party or the other must be held guilty. Either Mr. Tarte has made himself a criminal by one of the most outrageous slanders ever promulgated to destroy the reputation of a public man, or both Mr. McGreevy and the Public Works Department of the Canadian Government are corrupt to the very core. It would be hard for an unprejudiced mind to determine which of the alternatives is the more improbable. If it is hard to believe that a man of Mr. Tarte's intelligence and reputation would commit the folly and atrocity of inventing such a list of crimes, and laying them to the charge of an innocent man, it seems no less incredible that not only Mr. McGreevy, but other men high in office and in public confidence, could conspire to betray a solemn trust and rob the public treasury, as asserted. Mr. Tarte's charges are too numerous to be recited here, and are, doubtless, too generally known to need recapitulation. They all in common state that Mr. McGreevy did, on the various occasions, and in the various modes specified, make use of his position and influence to obtain surreptitiously such information from the Department of Public Works as enabled him to secure for certain firms Government contracts, and that he received in payment for the information thus furnished, sums of money ranging from \$20,000 to \$30,000 in each case. In the face of such allegations, Mr. McGreevy had, evidently, no resource but the present prosecution for libel. The issue is a very serious one, and it is to be hoped, in the interest of the country, that the facts may be probed to the very bottom, whoever may suffer in consequence.

THE delegates to a Woman's Missionary Society, which met in Montreal a week or two since, protested in an indignant resolution against the operation of the law which caused a Christian Chinese lady to be deprived of her liberty and conveyed through Canada in bond, like a bale of merchandise. A remonstrance was, we believe, drawn up and forwarded to Sir John A. Macdonald. It will, of course, be fruitless, as the bonding arrangement was, no doubt, the legal and logical outcome of the legislation which places a special tax on Chinese immigrants. But the ladies did well to protest. From the missionary point of view, such an incident is a deplorable outrage. One can fancy the thoughts and feelings of an intelligent and educated Chinese woman, who has been led to embrace Christianity as the embodiment of the broadest doctrine of human brotherhood and the highest expression of universal good-will, on visiting, for the first time, a Christian country, only to find herself deprived of her freedom, and hurried through the country with probably a ticket attached to her, for no other offence than that of having come to the country. It would, we fear, take a good deal of explanation to show the traveller, however intelligent and clear-minded she might be, that cheerful submission to such an indignity was a duty owed to the Christian science of political economy. In connection with this unquestionably difficult Chinese problem we observe that the people of San Francisco propose to push the policy of exclusion to its logical extreme, by expelling all Chinese from the city and county, on the ground that their presence imperils the health and morality of the community. If the description given of their filthy, vile and criminal habits is true, or approximates truth, there is certainly a demand for vigorous measures. But why may not both this difficulty and the closely related one caused by Chinese cheap labour, be met by the enactment and enforcement of such regulations in respect to modes of living as the laws of sanitation and morality demand? No Christian sentiment could be outraged by forbidding, for instance, that more than a certain number should

occupy a house of certain dimensions, or by compelling conformity, in other respects, to the outward requirements of health and civilization. Such laws might, if necessary, be made to apply to all citizens, irrespective of race. They would, if strictly enforced, go far to cure the wage difficulty, by rendering it impossible for Chinese labourers to live on the miserable pittance which now suffices them in their crowded dens. Such regulations would also tend to check Chinese immigration, without the invidious and unjust distinction of the obnoxious poll-tax.

TWO of the great religious bodies of Great Britain have recently held their anniversaries. The Congregationalists have had their "Union" at Swansea, in Wales, and the Established Church its "Congress" at Hull. To the student of current events one of the most marked features of these influential gatherings was the prominent place given to what are coming to be known as "Social Questions." In the Congregational Union a lengthy and most interesting report was presented by a special committee, which had been appointed to deal with this subject. The key-note to this report is given in a striking passage, in which the committee point out that, whereas the educated and well-to-do classes, from which the persons who have hitherto taken the lead in Christian work have come, have almost exclusively been accustomed to regard human interests as those of individuals, the decided and strong tendency of our workingmen is now to take the collective point of view. Instead of starting from the individual, and regarding public authority as merely a means of guarding his rights, they start from society as the unit, and deduce alike the rights and duties of individuals from its interests. "In this country," say the Committee, "alike in Gospel and in law, the individual has been first and last. The demand now made with more and more emphasis is that the good of the whole shall stand first, and determine the attributes of each of the parts." "This," they affirm, "is the proper and non-invidious sense of a much-abused but indispensable word which it is time to reclaim and restore to its rightful use—this is the true meaning of Socialism." Socialism and Individualism, it is argued, are not opposed to one another as good and evil. The affirmation of one is not the contradiction of the other. One system regards society as the highest aim of moral development; the other makes the same claim for the individual. In ideal Christianity each has its place, each enlightens, guards and completes the other. Christianity, it is maintained, does not deal with human society as simply a concourse of human atoms. Its founder distinctly proclaimed a "kingdom" with laws protecting the weakest and most lowly of His subjects, and binding the proudest to do His will. The idea of solidarity, of organization, in which every part exists for the whole, and the whole for every part, seems, the Committee aver, to have fallen into abeyance. A return to the simple and sublime morality of Christ would make it once more resplendent. This suggestive and somewhat remarkable deliverance, which was adopted without cavil by the Union, closed with a recommendation that a "Social Questions Committee" be formed in connection with the Union. The principal function of this committee is to be to "give information, advice, and other assistance, in furtherance of upward social movements."

THE Church Congress at Hull was even more practical than the Congregational Union in the choice of its subjects and the tone of its discussions. Papers by able writers on such topics as "The Church's Attitude towards Strikes and Labour Disputes," "Sanitation," "Betting and Gambling," "Socialism and Christianity," "Free Education," "The Ethics of Commerce," etc., were read and discussed in a most earnest spirit. The President (Dr. Westcott, Bishop of Durham), referred, in his address, to the "burning questions" on the programme, which "gave a most conspicuous place to social questions." He rejoiced in the selection of such topics, because the social question, in its complete range, was a religious question—the religious question. Christian faith dealt with all life. If many were overworked and underpaid, the Christian must face the evils and endeavour to remedy them. What law could not do, the personal ministry of love could do. Social questions, then, must be religious questions. They touched the unseen in their essence. The competition of trade had been assimilated to war, and thereby condemned. Nowhere was the change passing over contemporary thought more impressive than in the writings of the latest school of economists. It would be useless to attempt to

summarize, within the compass of a paragraph, the views expressed by prominent clergymen on the various important subjects with which they dealt. It is quite possible that the range of vision of some of the speakers would be regarded as narrow by those more accustomed to study and discuss these large and complicated questions, and especially by those having a living personal interest in them. The significant facts are the recognition, implied and expressed, of the supreme importance of this class of themes, and the general sympathy shown with the great movement amongst the labouring classes for the attainment of a better position and a higher intelligence. The Bishop of Manchester declared, in an eloquent sermon, that social movements, largely due to the Gospel, were bringing them to a better understanding of that Gospel. Christian men had long lived lives so utterly unlike that which their Master set forth by His teaching and example that we had felt it necessary to bring precept and practice into some sort of tolerable harmony by all kinds of ingenious and non-natural interpretations. It had seemed to us that the Lord could not have meant His words to be taken literally. Such an acceptance of them would involve nothing less than a social revolution, a change which would unsettle everything. It could not be said that all this was changed, but assuredly all was changing. In similar strain and spirit other speakers addressed themselves to the great practical questions of the hour. Whatever may be the direct results of this change that is coming over the spirit and conduct of the Churches, one of its indirect results is already, it seems to us, pleasingly apparent. We refer to the gradual breaking down of the social barriers which have so long separated between the clergymen of the State Churches and the Nonconformist ministers. Such events as the entertainment of Nonconformist ministers by the score at luncheon, by a distinguished Bishop of the Church; the reception of Nonconformist delegates into the houses of bishops and other clergymen of the Church; the reception of delegations, etc., are, if not absolutely new, at least extremely rare in religious circles in the Mother Country. It has long seemed clear to us that those who set about promoting union of the Churches by proposing doctrinal bases, and common lines of church polity, are beginning at the wrong end, and spending strength for naught. But when the clergy and laity of the great religious bodies begin to fraternize in each other's homes, and to combine their energies and efforts for the promotion of great religious and social movements, then, and not till then, may we look for the gradual crumbling of the walls of intolerance and a cordial reunion of the evangelical Churches in a grand federation for practical Christian endeavour.

THERE is, perhaps, no other sphere in which the democratic method of government has come so near to serious failure as in the municipal administration of towns and cities. Here incompetency, wastefulness, favouritism and corruption seem to be almost universal. In the largest city in America the administration of civic affairs has long been notorious for all the above-named sins, and at the present moment the leading clergymen, and many of the best citizens of both great parties and of all classes are engaged in what may, with slight hyperbole, be called a life-and-death struggle to rescue the city from the hands of a corporation which has long ruled it in the interests of monopolists and knaves. In many other cities of the union the state of things is better only in the degrees of evil. Our readers know but too well the great need that exists for municipal reform in most of our Canadian cities, and especially in Toronto. It is happily true that the faults charged in most cases are not so much gross corruption or malfeasance in office, as incompetency, narrowness and favouritism. The causes of this great evil on both sides of the line are not far to seek. They have their root in the apathy and mistaken selfishness of the better classes of citizens who permit themselves to become so absorbed in their own private affairs as to pay little or no attention to the duties and obligations of citizenship. The natural and inevitable result is to throw the management of civic affairs largely into the hands of those who are willing to give them time and attention, too often for personal or partisan ends. Such men find but too ready means for their purposes in the partyism which is unhappily so prevalent, in the selfishness and greed of individuals and of wards, and in petty, personal aims and ambitions. It would be unjust and unwise to deal in wholesale and indiscriminate denunciation. We do not forget that in our city councils, as no doubt in those of most other cities,

there is an admixture of good men and true, and competent. But the event usually proves the numbers and influence of such too small to overcome the traditional and almost inveterate tendencies to extravagance, if not corruption. The constitution of our city councils, combining as they do legislative and administrative functions, yields itself but too readily to the manipulation of the forces which make for inefficiency and waste. But had the citizens made their best and ablest men their civic rulers, these would surely have long ago wrought out a better system of city government. It is the duty of everyone who has faith in democratic institutions and wishes to see a vigorous and economical administration of the business of the city to study the question, and give time and energy to the work of civic reform. Whether such reform is possible under the present system, whether it can best be accomplished, as some propose, by separating distinctly the executive from the administrative function, whether the former work, at least, should not be entrusted to a half-dozen or less of thoroughly trustworthy and competent citizens, who should be fairly paid for devoting their whole time to the duties put upon them,—these and related questions demand the immediate attention of every good citizen. When the citizens refuse time and again to vote the funds asked for by the councillors whom they have themselves chosen to manage the city's affairs, it is evident that the wheels of civic administration are nearly at a deadlock, and disastrous consequences may at any moment ensue.

TO those who look at the matter from a theoretical point of view, nothing seems so natural as that the misunderstandings between labour and capital should find their ultimate solution in some application of the principle of co-operation, or at least of profit-sharing. It is pleasing to learn that the latter method of harmonizing the interests of employer and employed is making substantial progress on both sides of the ocean. At a recent meeting of the Unitarian Club in Boston, Rev. Dr. Gilman sketched the main features of the profit-sharing system and gave some interesting facts touching its successful application. The feasibility and economic value of the system are attested by the fact that it is now in operation in 250 or more firms. Seventy of these are in France, in which country the idea was, it is said, first reduced to successful practice. The *Maison le Claire*, in France, after forty-eight years' trial of profit-sharing, is to-day one of the most admirable industrial organizations in the world. Several well-known English firms are, as we have from time to time noted, applying the principle with excellent results. More than a dozen large American firms are cited as employing it, all of them eminently practical, driving business concerns. Their experience, it is asserted, removes all doubts of the practical advantages of this system. There is also abundant testimony as to its good moral effect. Roland Hazard, of the Peace Dale Mill, which uses this system, said at the Boston gathering that there was a better feeling between employer and employed. Rev. Brooke Herford told the story of the Briggs collieries, in South Yorkshire, England, where profit-sharing was begun in 1865, and which broke down after about seven years' trial, not because of the strain of failure, but because of the strain of enormous success. While it lasted it turned an employment which had been a misery into a blessing, and made a good class of citizens of men who had formed the worst class in Yorkshire. The objection has sometimes been made that if the employees are to have, in addition to their wages at current rates, a share of the profits of the concern with which they are connected, in its successful years, they should, by parity of reasoning, bear a share of the losses in unsuccessful years. In regard to this point Dr. Gilman said: "If the commercial department shows a balance on the wrong side at the end of the year the workman gets no bonus, but he cannot in right or reason be asked to contribute to make good losses which he had no share in incurring, as he had no power over the business management." Many of our readers will probably recollect, however, the incident in connection with an English firm, which was noted in these columns some time since, in which the workmen voluntarily surrendered a portion of their wages in order to share with their employers the loss on an unsuccessful year's operations. That one fact, attested at the time by the manager, or one of the members of the firm, speaks volumes in behalf of the good moral effects of a system which must surely be destined to have a much wider application than it has yet received.

MR. WANAMAKER, Postmaster-General of the United States, has written two letters, advocating the establishment of a limited postal-telegraph system, in the interest of cheaper telegraphic rates and more efficient service. He argues that, in order to accomplish these ends, it is not necessary for the Government to buy out the telegraph companies, or even to increase the number of its employees. He would have the Government furnish merely the means of collecting and delivering the postal telegrams, and offices in which to carry on the new business. The telegraph business itself he would have awarded to private companies under ten-years' contracts. The maximum charges he would fix at fifteen cents for twenty-word messages between stations less than three hundred miles apart, and twenty-five cents for messages sent half-way across the continent. The *Christian Union*, from which the above facts are gleaned, says that the Postmaster-General believes that it would be easy to get telegraph companies to accept such contracts. No reasons for this belief are given, and it certainly does not seem a probable one. Unless in special cases, where the competitors are unusually numerous, or specially antagonistic, it would seem more natural for them to combine and bind themselves to accept no contracts on a much lower scale of rates than at present in vogue. It is not easy to see why they should voluntarily agree to do the work for the Government at charges so much smaller than those by which they are now enriched. Of course, as is suggested by the *Christian Union*, it is in the power of the Congress to reduce telegraphic rates by law, as the prices of gas and telephones have been reduced by some of the Legislatures. In that way the companies could be brought to terms. The Western Union Telegraph Company having claimed that its present rates are not exorbitant, Mr. Wanamaker replies that, according to uncontroverted statements, the capital stock of this Company in 1858 was \$358,000. The stock dividends declared between 1858 and 1866 amounted to \$17,800,000. In 1866 new stock was created to the amount of \$20,000,000, and the present capital is \$86,000,000. One thousand dollars invested in 1858 would have received up to the present time stock dividends of more than \$50,000 and cash dividends equal to \$100,000. Mr. Wanamaker further maintains that the Western Union plants, exclusive of its contracts with railroads, could be duplicated for \$35,000,000, and that its net profits the past twenty-five years have amounted to \$100,000,000. Certainly, if these figures make any approach to accuracy, the charge of extortion is proved to the hilt, and the Government and people will be strangely unwise if they do not promptly sanction Mr. Wanamaker's proposal and instruct him to put it into operation without delay.

ACCORDING to statistics furnished by the Odessa correspondent of the *New York Herald*, Russia is the most formidable competitor of the United States among the grain exporting countries of the world. The comparative statement in question shows that, though the United States exported during the period 1885-87 upwards of fifty per cent. more wheat than Russia, the total grain shipments of the latter country were the greater. An American exchange, quoting the figures, pertinently observes: "If they (the Russians) have been able to obtain this advantage despite our superior farming methods and machinery and our extraordinary facilities for transportation, what may we not expect in the near future as the Russian railways shall penetrate the grain-growing areas of that vast empire, and as our system of commercial warfare shall narrow the market for our surplus? We are doing our best to make smooth the way for the Russian export trade in every European market heretofore largely supplied by ourselves." This fact, so clearly foreseen by many of the more thoughtful among our neighbours, can probably be taught the politicians only by hard experience. As the politicians are mainly controlled by the monopolists whose interests are at stake, it may be that even experience may not soon suffice to convince the members of Congress of the need of tariff reform. But hard facts like those contained in the table of statistics from which the above is taken must sooner or later produce their effect upon the minds of the people. And the power of the people is, in the last analysis, the supreme power, to which both monopolists and politicians must bow.

AMONG the various schemes that are being devised for improving the condition of London's degraded poor, that of General Booth bids fair to take the palm for boldness and originality. This scheme is formulated in a book of

300 pages, and the policy outlined appears certainly to be one of "thorough." Its very largeness is likely to have a repellent effect on the minds of many by whom it will be at once pronounced impracticable and visionary. This same feature of it may, however, produce just the opposite effect upon others of more sanguine temperament. However stupendous and costly such a proposal may be, it must be admitted that the desperate nature and extent of the evil demand heroic projects and herculean efforts, and it may be that many will be ready to join in these, if only there can be held out, in connection with them, a reasonable hope of some measure of finality. As the *Daily News* says, "there is something captivating about the grandeur and completeness of the scheme." This scheme may be described as a series of transplantations from one colony to another until the colonists have reached a stage of development at which they may be trusted to stand and flourish alone in their final allotment. The hungry and homeless of the Metropolis are first to be removed to a city colony, where they will be employed at certain kinds of rough work such as they may be assumed to be able to do. Here they are to be supplied with broken victuals, old clothes, etc., sufficient for their needs, by a "salvage brigade," operating in the Metropolis. The second remove will be from the city colony to a farm colony in which other work of a somewhat higher kind will be provided, the salvage basis of support being continued. Each man here will be required to build his own house, or shanty. The third and final transplanting will be to a foreign colony, on a tract of land in South Africa, to which only the best workers of the farm colony will be promoted. It is better, certainly, as the *Daily Telegraph* says, "to dream of a social panacea than to acquiesce in things as they are," and, however defective General Booth's scheme may prove in point of practicability, or in working details, he deserves the thanks of the Metropolis and the nation for having thus suggested that the complete physical redemption of the lapsed, degraded and suffering tens of thousands in the great city is a thing to be thought of as a possibility and a duty. A new and startling idea, thus dropped into the fertile minds of a philanthropic generation, is pretty sure to bring forth sooner or later a grand harvest of results.

LEGAL REFORMS.

THE object of law was described by the great Roman jurist, Nepean, in these words: *Suum cuique tri buere*—to render every one his own. That principle seems so clear that the uninitiated are apt to wonder why the operation of an apparently simple rule should be fraught with such difficulty as is really the case. The test of applying the Roman jurist's principle, far from being simple, is one over which the brightest intellects have laboured sometimes vainly. Not only is it difficult in many cases to know which of two contestants has the righteous claim, but the claimants themselves do not arrive at a stage where their claims can be even heard until an infinite deal of routine has placed the matter in proper shape for hearing. From the time when kings themselves used to hear and decide suitors' claims beneath a pastoral oak (as described by Hallam) to the present time, when suitors rarely appear in person, however clear the justice of their cause may be, vast changes have taken place. Some of them no doubt are indispensable in an age that has reached an advanced stage in civilization. Others, it must be confessed, are the outcome of arbitrary, unreasonable and technical rules. Some consideration of this kind no doubt occasioned the saying of one of the greatest living American lawyers, who said that it was melancholy to reflect that after all the advances we have made in civilization and knowledge, the only way that a simple question of law or fact can be decided is in many cases by litigation lasting for years, after countless appeals and enormous expense.

It would, however, be hardly correct to say that the English-speaking race are retrograding in legal matters. Within a very few years legal procedure in England and in Ontario has been much simplified. That many unnecessarily technical rules still exist is only too true, but a reasonable man could hardly expect to see a system that has existed for centuries swept away in a moment, to be replaced the next moment by a complete and improved system. Slowly and gradually legal procedure is becoming simpler, partly owing to direct legislation which on the whole tends that way, and partly owing to the indirect legislation effected by judicial decisions.

So far as the principles of law are concerned, British lawyers and law-makers have been very conservative in regard to matters of procedure, much more so, indeed, than our American kinsmen. It is by no means meant that our legislators have not passed innumerable statutes on nearly every subject under the sun, nor that they have not tinkered with them, until those who are under the necessity of comprehending them (which the legislators seemingly are not) are driven to the verge of desperation. But statutes on special subjects might be passed every day in

the year and amended equally often, without actually touching upon the principles of law which remain to us as British.

Much less chary of change have been the Americans, who, inheriting and adopting the principles of English common law, so far as applicable to their changed condition, have not hesitated to modify or to annul principles of the common law wherever it appeared expedient so to do. In Canada many a reform has waited for English precedent; that is to say, Canada has moderately adopted English amendments, and not until the Mother Country has moved has she moved. However, conservative or not, it is safe to say that the next twenty years will witness many alterations (doubtless reforms) in the law, some of which have long ago been made in the United States, and it is almost equally safe to say that those who are living at that time to enjoy them will wonder that any other system was tolerated by a civilized people.

Perhaps the criminal law demands more sweeping reforms than law on its civil side. The theory of criminal law, which is always impressed upon juries with great fervour by counsel for the defence, is that every man is to be presumed innocent until he is proved guilty. Nevertheless, the presumably innocent man is not permitted to give evidence, whether for or against himself. Statements he may make, but he cannot be a witness for or against himself. It may be said that in most cases a man accused of crime, especially if guilty, would certainly not wish to give evidence, as he would be subjected to a cross-examination. Probably this is true, and the right, if it existed, would not be made use of by one man out of ten. But an innocent man, accused of crime, would almost certainly offer his evidence, and it is not hard to imagine some cases in which it might turn the scales in his favour. In nearly all the States of the Union there is a provision whereby the accused is not a compellable witness on his own behalf.

The question of the right of appeal in criminal cases is one which will probably be settled within the next few years, in one way or the other. In England the question is more discussed than here, the famous Maybrick case having brought it into the sphere of practical problems. The scarcely less famous Birchall trial has caused little discussion on the question of appeal, because the evidence upon which he was convicted was so strong that an appeal would have been useless. But every conviction is not made upon evidence so clear and convincing as that laid before a judge and jury in that celebrated trial, and the bare statement of the fact that in an action involving a square foot of land an appeal will lie, whereas in an issue involving the life of a human being there is none, is sufficient to carry condemnation of the system with it. That juries are not infallible where questions of property are concerned is admitted, but they are supposed to be infallible whenever the question of the commission of a crime arises. It may be said that in the United States the system of appeals prevails and that the delays in justice arise often from that very feature, but the reply is easy: that there should be a check upon the privilege of appealing. What that check should be would be a question to be decided when the greater question was decided of permitting appeals at all.

Will grand and petit juries be with us, like the poor, always? It would be easier to foretell the fate of the grand than of the petit jury. The old fiction, that the grand jury "stood between" the crown and the subject, is recognized nowadays as a very useless fiction. In backwoods' communities serving on the grand jury affords a species of education which is not without value, and that may also be said in regard to service on the petit jury. But happily backwoods' communities are lessening and education is spreading, and in a few years the grand jury will not even act as an educating influence. It is safe to conclude that it will ultimately vanish without in the least endangering the British Constitution. The petit jury, however, stands upon a different footing and its functions are widely different from those of the grand jury, where matters of fact are involved. Where the question is one of dealings between man and man then a jury is perhaps as likely to strike the truth as a judge would be. Nevertheless, it is always the opinion among lawyers that a jury is the last resort of a bad case.

The prejudices which always animate juries are a subject for calculation. Their dislike for corporations; their gallantry towards women; their distrust of policemen and detectives—all these are strings touched very vigorously by the legal profession, to which juries always respond. Yet the masses and the bulk of the people believe in juries, and, if they are satisfied, those who are only indirectly interested should not resist.

In one point of legal procedure, England, the very shrine of conservatism, is in advance of us. There, before bringing a criminal action for libel, a judge's order, permitting it to be brought on the criminal instead of the civil side, must be obtained. This is a great protection to the defendant, and, no doubt, when criminal actions for libel become more common in Ontario than they have been hitherto, the English practice will be introduced.

It is possible to imagine other sweeping changes in the mode of administering justice. They will all be in the direction of simplicity, and certainly anything that will shorten proceedings will be welcomed. The congestion of some of the American courts, on account of the immense number of cases which the judges have been unable to dispose of on account of stress of work, has led to numerous suggestions from various states as to the proper remedy.

In Ontario the state of affairs is not so serious by any means, nevertheless there is a widespread feeling among thinking men that greater simplicity should be sought in legal matters. Whether anything approaching simplicity will ever be attained is hard to say. Rules there must be; however technical, they are better than none, but technical rules are antidotes to simplicity. Perhaps the ideal to be aimed at is a state of affairs when lawsuits shall be unknown, although there is nothing at the present time to indicate that we are approaching such a state. B.

LONDON LETTER.

OF all vulgarities the vulgarity of Pretension is surely the most odious. I think I never felt the force of this truism as I did this morning, when, armed with a catalogue, I tried to do my duty by the Arts and Crafts, an exhibition held by the Superior for the Superior in the charming, cheerful New Gallery of Regent Street.

I remember some verses by Miss Levy, in which she alludes to the scorn of the *Æsthete* for the Philistine, and the callousness of the smiling Philistine as regards the opinion of the grieving Philistine. I thought of this as I watched a regiment of queer folk wandering among the embroidery groves, gazing at the wonderfully bound books in their glass cases, standing absorbed in front of a Burne-Jones cartoon or a drawing by the gifted Madox-Brown. I thought of what would be the horror of these prigs in apple-green cloaks or shrimp-pink neckties, if one should say to them: "This is an unwholesome admiration. Better cultivate a love for the Landseers and Websters, Leslies and Phillips of the old school. At all events, they were honest and could draw. For a change, bind in the finest tooled leathers volumes of Thackeray, and Scott, and Dickens, rather than numbers of *The Dial* or *The Germ*, or the poems of Mr. Michael Field or Mr. Ernest Radford. Turn from your pieces of pretentious furniture. Above all cease thanking Heaven in so arrogant a fashion that you are not as other men." Melancholy faces—across the gayest occasionally flitted the ghost of an Early English smile—hemmed one in on every side, for Bedford Park had given up its votaries, and from out the lonely defiles of the Hampstead hills long-haired pince-nez hermits with their hermitesses had wandered to worship at the shrine of St. Morris. Melancholy figures fell into Anglo-Saxon attitudes, reminding one of the Messenger in "Alice's Adventures through the Looking-Glass." Here and there I came upon a kindred Philistine spirit, sniggering; and then, foregathering in a corner, we settled, these Superior People were more than we could bear. "Didn't you believe in your innocence the craze had died out?" sighed one of us, as a particularly aggressive group collected over against Mr. Parnell's National Banner, and spoke low to the children of the time when the brilliant folds of that flag should wave in the *Battle and the Breeze*. "Died out?" echoed some one in passing, who halted a moment with us, but whose heart was with the other side. "Why, no; more numerous than ever, I hope. In this hard and cruel world we are they who alone think, and dream, and strive"—with which incoherent remark he, with his fixed Holbein expression, turned and drifted from us.

And ridicule can't touch them, for they have absolutely no sense of humour ("I judge of a man's intelligence by the quality of his mirth," said Dr. Johnson), and never listen to any voice on any subject except the voices of their own two, three prophets. They will hear of no poets but Blake and Rossetti, Chaucer and William Morris; no novelist but George Meredith; no painters but Madox-Brown and young Madox-Brown, Burne-Jones and young Burne-Jones; Walter Crane and again Rossetti. In all the long range of science, and literature and art the *Æsthete* chooses one name here and there, and then, ludicrously narrow, shuts his door in the face of most of that great crowd whom the world elects to honour. When misunderstandings come among these people with no sense of humour, there is no attempt to hide the fact, and be ashamed. Have you read Mr. Whistler on Mr. Wilde, and Mr. Wilde on Mr. Whistler? Are these Men who behave so, or scolding girls from a fifth-rate boarding-school? 'Tis something degrading, and is like to make the despised Philistine blush for the cultured *Æsthete*.

Almost the first thing that catches one's eye in the exhibition is that selfsame banner presented to Mr. Parnell, which Miss Taylor (daughter of Sir Henry Taylor, the poet) has worked and Mr. Walter Crane has designed. The subject is thus described in the Catalogue: "Sunburst breaking into Celtic Cross ('Igsplain this, men and angels'), embossed by Irish harp, surrounded with the motto, "*Children of the Gael, shoulder to shoulder*," the whole assisted in the process by armorial bearings and the autograph of the Irish leader. What is the meaning of this piece of foolery? Is the flag to take the place of the Union Jack, and will it wave o'er the head of King Charles Stewart as, amid the acclamations of the crowd, he is crowned in Westminster Abbey? In the meantime it hangs tamely enough on the walls of the west gallery of this embroidery and furniture mart; and whether the trophy will ever be required, except as a decoration, no one can say. And the apple-green cloaks and salmon-pink ties murmur in front of the golden and coloured folds, while Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien, ploughing the high seas, cry "Success to our arms and our Banner."

Upstairs and downstairs you find rampant this same aggressive Pretension and I think it was by way of the

strongest contrast I could find that, turning my eyes from the queer tints and shapes and drawings about me, I read a letter written from Lowestoft by Mr. Frith. Close by a little fountain tinkled into the marble basin and vulgar red gold-fish swam among vivid green weeds, and the company in their weird garments—not too great a crowd for this isn't an entertainment attractive to the ordinary public—passed along through the hall to the galleries. For the most part such a crew; such an ill-kempt, ill-looking superior inferior crew.

"I didn't reach this awful spot till a quarter to nine last night (says Mr. Frith, writing of Lowestoft, a Norfolk bathing place). One side of my portmanteau was filled with Leech material, including about half a volume of my own manuscript. I had a presentiment that I should lose that unreplaceable property, and you will see by perusing this story that my fears were well grounded. The luggage was labelled and put in the van and my sensations may be imagined but cannot be described when on arriving at this romantic place everything was found all right barring the portmanteau. 'Perhaps it's somewhere else,' said a porter who examined every possible carriage. Well, thought I, Leech's life will be the death of me. As to writing again those polished periods that took so much polishing it's out of the question. Besides the names, dates, and the rest of it are gone, lighting somebody's fire at that moment. As I stood ringing my hands and stamping on the platform, an official hearing the cause of my emotion offered to take me to the missing luggage office, where a description was given of my dear portmanteau, and I was assured all enquiry possible would be made. Nothing more could be done, so I told the cabman to take me to Kirkley Terrace, number 1. He looked dazed and said 'there ain't no such a place not here, there's Kirkley Willas,' says he, 'I've been a driving about Lowestoft for ten year and never see Kirkley Terrace.' 'Well,' says I, 'Go to Kirkley Willas,' where the people who had taken the lodging for me were staying. They hammered something into the driver's head and he landed me there, swearing even when he got to the door there was no such a place, nor is there, unless one little house tacked on to a row of little houses called Lorne Place can be called a terrace. The sitting-room measures ten feet in length and seven broad; very clean certainly, but not exhilarating after losing the only part of my luggage I cared about. The bed-room matches the drawing-room, the whole reminding me of a mixture of a ship's cabin and a doll's house. Where was I to write? Well, it didn't matter as I had nothing to write about on Leech. Leech, with your lively imagination you can picture the feelings with which I retired to bed last night. This morning came and a biting north-easter with it. (Lowestoft is the most easterly point in England.) I stood disconsolate at the cabin window listening to the howling blast, when presently an open fly, with nobody in it, having evidently lost its way, was driving slowly past the house, a brown portmanteau reposing by the driver. 'Great goodness, can that be mine,' I shrieked louder than the wind. The driver stopped. I rushed down and falling on my knees returned thanks to the proper quarter for the return of the prodigal which was lost and is found. Eureka!

"I have seen a good many of the sea-sides of this country, but for ugliness and healthiness Lowestoft (pronounced Lowstuff by the natives) beats 'em all. I look over a piece of waste land and see the sea three or four hundred yards off. In a year or two's time this waste ground will be covered with houses, so I've come just in time. There's a fine pier and a big harbour, and leading up to these attractions and facing the sea is a row of villas simply inconceivable in its ugliness. Among the visitors are many people who judging by their appearance must have quitted comfortable homes for this desolation of desolations—Why?

"I'll tell you a curious fact. This afternoon some children began to beg, calling out 'Largesse! Largesse!' I fancied myself in one of Scott's novels, back in the middle ages, and looked for my doublet and hose. 'What do you mean?' I said to them, and they answered: 'Coppers, please sir.' Isn't it odd that the old cry of the crowd which hasn't been heard in London for a couple of centuries at least should be in use here?"

The sun shone through the glass dome on to the decorations of all sorts and descriptions, they of the Arts and Crafts' exhibit in their galleries. Such a beautiful October afternoon to waste among crewel-stitching and gesso-working, or in trying to discover the tangled meanings of the cartoons. So, in the vulgar Philistine tongue, I "cut" and did not breathe easily till I reached the National Gallery where the great jewels, blazing serenely, mock with their steady radiance those false gems it is the fashion of the hour to adore. WALTER POWELL.

MEN'S behaviour should be like their apparel,—not too straight or point device, but free for exercise or motion.—*Bacon*.

ACCORDING to an interview printed in the *New York World*, Tolstoi thinks it would be a good thing if every author would pigeon-hole his manuscripts and publish nothing during his life. "Then," said he, "there would be less printed paper in the world, and people would find time for reading what was really good." No author, he argued, ought to receive any compensation for his work either in money or fame. His reward should be the satisfaction of having done, or having tried to do, something for the improvement of his fellow-men.

HORACE: CARMEN IX., LIB. III.

HORATIUS.

WHEN I was loved and cherished by thee dearest,
When there was none to share that love but me,
Should e'er the world itself seem at its drearest,
Still were it pleasure but to think of thee.

LYDIA.

While thou didst not forget thy feelings tender,
And seek to win another's hand and heart,
Then all my love in homage did I render,
Of ancient Ilia a counterpart.

HORATIUS.

No longer am I free to love another,
Sweet Chloe sways me with her sweetest strain,
And all my former joys has sought to smother,
Till I could die, her love to ascertain.

LYDIA.

Dreaming, I think of one who truly loves me,
For whom I would give all to spare him pain,
An offering to appease the Fates above me,
If only by my side he would remain.

HORATIUS.

But what if o'er our hearts there steals a zephyr
Of parted love returning but more strong,
If we should feel we can no longer differ,
And none can keep our souls apart for long.

LYDIA.

Then, though I sacrifice a thing of beauty,
For thee, more fickle than the Ocean's wave,
I'd take thee once again, e'en 'twere a duty,
And love thee—should it lead me to the grave.

JOHAN K. PAUW.

PARIS LETTER.

IN what does M. Carnot lack prestige? Is he too stout, as Louis XVIII.; too thin, as Charles X.; too heavy, as Louis-Philippe, or too sleepy and short-legged, as Napoleon III.? Does he not exhibit reasons of state in his smiles, and put a free-masonry grip in his diplomatic shake-hands? The cut of his black coat is irreproachable, so much so that a popular song sets forth, that, by that alone the chief magistrate can be anywhere recognized. The fact that the President looks small when surrounded by *militaires* in dazzling uniforms is excused; but he would be positively shunted into the back ground, were he to drop in on a foreign potentate, should he take the notion to indulge say in a few hygienic diplomatic promenades, like William II. Perhaps, among sovereigns, fine feathers make fine birds. Napoleon III. paid and received a great many purple visits in his day, yet the exchange of courtesies secured him no ally in 1870.

It was only when Prince Louis Napoleon quit the civic costume of President of the Republic, and smuggled himself into the gala uniform of a general, that he really captivated the crowd, and was enabled to execute the *coup d'etat*. As Bixis once remarked, it was Dusanoy, the Bonapartist tailor, that founded the Second Empire, just as Paulus and Tattersall created Boulangism. The moral of this ought to be, that a plain black coat is the best preservative against juggling the Republic. Under the First Republic, David the painter designed costumes for all ranks and conditions of men, as Leopold Robert did hats and Watteau toilettes for the fair sex; he even sketched a costume for the "free man," who wished to wear the slavery of a uniform; Barras, the chief of the Directory, had a costume five times more gaudy than that of his five co-directors. A well-fleshed leg was requisite to bring out the points of the artistic dresses of David; that would be no difficulty, were his ideas revived in honour of the Centenary. A pair of calves can be purchased for three francs, which would swell the pipe-stem legs of an Arab into an orthodox volume exacted for the limbs of a Belgrovan James.

When M. Carnot visited, at last year's Exhibition, the blacks from the French Colonies, they bestowed all their admiration, tendered all their homage to his aide-de-camp, Colonel Bruyère; and when it was explained to them that the small gentleman in black cloth was the chief, the King of France, they could not believe it; they said he had neither rings in his nose nor feathers in his hat. And who carried off the diploma of honour among all the foreign-potentate visitors? Was it not ebony King Dinah-Salifou, from Senegal, who strutted about in a second-hand chasuble, with the embroidered cross removed from the back, that the secretary of the colonies presented to him—to run against the Shah of Persia's diamonds and portable jewellery shop? It is not a little strange that a century after the famous night of the 4th of August, when France immolated the privileges and the baubles of feudalism, to see Parisians still longing after the flesh-pots of Egypt, after gold lace and plumes—this from a people so severe on human weakness in their caustic vaudevilles. Vive Mangin, the mountebank, who made his fortune selling pencils and anti-toothache pastes, costumed in a tin helmet and ditto cuirass, and draped in the toga of a Roman emperor.

The Anti-Slavery Congress, under the direction of Cardinal Lavigerie, has executed good work, and closed its proceedings with everyone's good wishes. The presence of

LIFE ON A CATTLE SHIP.

(Concluded.)

representatives of the English Anti Slavery Society was a gage, that the labour for the suppression of catching and exporting African blacks was not the monopoly of any creed or of any nation, and was to be executed in all times and seasons, and territories. The most important resolution was that to allow the domestic side of slavery to rest in obedience. Attack the sources, the purveyors of the slave trade, and this will dry up the channel of domestic slavery. To keep the rooks from returning, destroy their nests.

The McKinley Bill causes us many anxieties—as the depopulation difficulty. France must reciprocate by admitting American pork and cereals, if she desires to work off stocks of pictures, bibelots, silks and wines. In the reciprocity negotiations each nation will naturally endeavour to have it like the Irishman's—all on one side. Between augmenting her own customs tariff, and fighting the import taxation of foreign markets, France has no reason to rub her hands over the commercial future. Her budget is crying like the grave: "give, give"; the annual deficit has only two sources from which to raise the wind: increasing the tax on alcohol, and on land.

The dwindling population of France is telling on the electoral lists. In 1889 there were 10,465,989 registered electors; at present there are 60,000 less.

Strikes in France are, at once, endemic and epidemic. The wall-paper makers of Paris, employed in nineteen work shops, have struck, and the demand for increased wages is nearly different in each establishment. The strikers in some cases have been conceded 8½ frs. instead of 7½ frs. per day of ten hours; the men do not work on Sundays and only for half a day on Mondays. The miners in the Pas-de-Calais are no sooner in than they are out again. They are in the latter position now. The demands are for 4 frs. a day, a modicum less for some workers; 5½ bushels of good coal and 4 of poor coal, per month, per miner; bachelors to receive the same quantity; overseers to be more respectful towards the men; stokers to be paid the same as engine-drivers, and the Benefit Funds to be applied solely to the necessities of the workmen and to be managed by them. The majority of colliers' strikes take place on the same lines.

Here is an instance of two of a trade not agreeing. The Prefect of the Police is invited by the native glaziers to suppress their foreign companions—proof additional that the brotherhood of man is based on self-interest. Every morning between eight and eleven, one of the most strident street-cries is: "Ohé l'vitrier!" "Do you want the glazier?" He is a more convenient ambulatory institution than you would at first imagine. If you break a pane of glass you have not a shop at hand where you can go and tell the glazier to be sent. When a shop of that kind exists, its owner is a glass merchant, and will execute your wishes when he has time and charge high. You must pay for the time expended in his coming to measure for the new pane, the price of the glass, of course, and fitting it in.

The street-glazier only looks at, and looks up at, the facade of the houses; how he manages to pick his way along the crowded foot-paths is a mystery. He carries on his back quite a work-shop; a rack for glass of all dimensions; places for putty, measures, diamonds, and the removed glass. At first sight he no more attracts your attention than the artisan who squeaks through a penny trumpet: "Does the kitchen cistern want a cock?" or the fellow with stentorian lungs who bellows into the courtyard: "Have you any empty wine barrels to sell?" or the cooing tones of the perambulator artiste, that announces his *tripe, à la mode caen*. Examine the glazier closely; he is a hermit creature, with peculiar aspect; he belongs to a guild whose members are sober, frugal and independent. For him, life is nothing without broken windows.

No matter how small may be his daily earnings, he will put by a few sous. That's the best antidote against debt. He is a member of a community, composed of fifteen to twenty chums, occupying a dormitory-living room in common. They breakfast on a morsel of dry bread; in the evening they dine together, chiefly on preparations of macaroni. There are 6,700 glaziers in Paris; 4,700 are Italians; 1,100 Swiss, etc., and only 500 French. The latter consider the temple of Ephesus to be in danger, and hence the usual appeal to Jupiter. It is petitioned that the foreigner be compelled to take out a license, in the form of a brass medal, like costermongers and old clo' men, to identify them. But their moral bill of health at the Prefecture of the Police is sound.

The ambulatory glazier works for one-half the price of his shop rival; he earns about 2,500 frs. yearly, and puts by 1,500 frs.; he avoids Panamas. At the end of six years he saves sufficient to set up as a sweep. What a drop you will say, from light to darkness. He is not a sweep in the sense of cleaning chimneys; he is *fumiste*, not a *ramoneur*; that is, he repairs and cures chimneys, stoves, etc. When he relinquishes glazing he sells his beat, as one ragman does his rounds to another. When he has made enough as *fumiste*, he returns to his native Alps; buys a chestnut plantation, and fits out men to go to Paris to sell roasted or steamed chestnuts. Often he invests in cows, and joins a co-operative dairy industry; he may rise to become a town councillor of his native village; perhaps its mayor. He weds; if he has a son, he will strive to make him a doctor or a lawyer, never a clergyman; if he can work a caucus, his sons may count upon civil service berths. His daughters marry grocers, or keep a dairy; many trend to Paris and buy the good-will of a tavern, or a small hotel. Z.

The next morning all the confusion of the previous day had vanished. Each of us settled into his place; and the regular routine began which lasted till the end of the voyage. At four o'clock in the morning the bosses rooted us out and we went below to water the stock. One man dipped out of the casks, the rest of us carried the filled buckets, two at a time to William who dashed the water into the troughs, beginning with those farthest away. How the poor brutes did lick up the water! They must have suffered a good deal, for it was always stifling hot between decks; and our cattle were near the engines. This was a nasty job, particularly in rough weather. There was not only the difficulty of walking loaded on the unsteady deck, but the "alleys" were narrow, and the cattle would stick their heads through the bars and upset the pails in their eagerness to get at the precious fluid. We were usually soaking from the waist down before we had finished. Then the order would be given: "Pile them 'empties' and come on deck." We packed our dozen patent pails together and followed William up the iron ladder to the main deck, where it was at least cool and light. Then we watered the six hundred sheep, following the same plan as with the cattle. It took a long time for the sheep troughs were outside the pens and leaked badly. They needed a great deal of water, and the deck and pens were running in streams. The noise they made was almost deafening. As soon as they smelt the water, there was a head between every two slats, ba-a-ing with all its might. Then we went below and gave the cattle their hay. We tumbled the bales along the passage to William who cut them open with his hatchet; tore the compressed hay apart with our hands and stuffed it in armfuls between the head-boards to the beasts. This was hot, dusty work and hard on the hands, for the hay was full of thistles. William had a peculiar way of encouraging us at it. Once "Brum" had paused to pick a few of the thistles out of his fingers, and William roared: "What are ye sittin' and lookin' at it fer, like a crow in November?" It nearly startled poor "Brum" out of his skin, and he abounded in pleasantries of this kind, did the humorous William.

It was worse still when it came to feed the sheep on the upper deck. In pulling the hay apart, the wind blew the dust about in clouds, and we had to card it more thoroughly for the sheep than for the other cattle. William was hard to please in the matter of quantity, and the degree of looseness of the hay suitable to a sheep's digestion. As a consequence of stuffing the hay between the slats, our fingers were like horn before the voyage was over. The dust blew, the sheep ba-a-ed, the thistles pricked and William stormed. One day a sailor was passing through the hurly-burly, and whispered to me:—

"You've got a good job there, take care you don't get drunk and lose it!"

Then the meal and oats were carried in buckets and put into the troughs, our foreman spreading it out with his hand. It took us nearly two hours, without resting a minute, to satisfy the beasts. Then the pens were inspected to see that no sheep had died, and lastly the dirty "alley-ways" were scraped down and the refuse hay and oats thrown over-board. We were busy as nailers from four till eight when we had breakfast. The ingenious William had plenty of odd jobs for us till noon but from dinner time till about half past three, we were free. We could idle, talk to the other men or sleep. Then the greater part of the morning's programme was repeated; watering, feeding, cleaning and so on. At six we had supper, which was breakfast without the porridge and hard tack instead of bread. There was very little to do from six to eight, when some man got a lantern and went on watch till twelve. Then he woke up someone else, gave him the lantern and turned in. It was rather hard on a landsman, after having been worked all day by William in the way I have described, to get only four hours' sleep; for if you went on at twelve you had to turn to at four with the rest of the gang. The greatest difficulty was in keeping awake. The heat on the boiler deck in midsummer was overpowering, and if you once lay down you were done for. There was very little to do except make your rounds and poke up the steers that were lying down. Once the bull that was in a pen by himself broke loose; but he was too much frightened by his novel situation to give us much trouble in getting him back. It was hard to fight off drowsiness, but woe to the man found asleep on his watch.

Johnson and I soon got into the hang of the work and after the first three days I found it hard to believe I had ever been anything else than a cattleman. School teaching seemed a profession that I followed in some dim prenatal state of existence.

On the fourth day part of my work was changed. A very important matter was the daily filling of the water casks, about the disposal of which the mate and the foremen had their little difference of opinion. One of the crew, Jacob, the lamp-cleaner, had charge of this. He was a huge Norwegian, whose massive shoulders had contracted a permanent stoop from his inability to go along ordinary passages, without knocking his brains out. It was managed in this way: Jacob saw that the hose was carried from cask to cask, and watched the filling of them. Another hand was stationed at the engine-room door, with a whistle to let the "donkey man" (the manager of the donkey engine) know when to turn the water on and off.

He was guided by Jacob's whistles. At first there was a good deal of blundering. The signals were misunderstood or not heard and the decks would be flooded and the water wasted. The cattlemen cursed, Jacob was furious, and one signal man after another was dismissed with hard words. After several failures Jacob came to our gang for a man and William detailed me for the post.

"Now Jacob," said I, as he put the marline with the whistle round my neck, "tell me just exactly what to do, for I'm pretty stupid."

"This is all," said Jacob, "fen I blow de feesle once, you blow de feesle once, an' fen I blow de feesle two times you blow de feesle two times."

It was rather simple. All I had to remember was which signal I gave last, and of course the next one would be the reverse. One whistle was "stop!" and two meant "go ahead!" I may say with pardonable pride that I filled this difficult position to the complete satisfaction of all concerned. Jacob told William in confidence that I was a "smart boy," and my "boss" had a better opinion of me from that day. My promotion amused the other hands very much. They called us the boatswain and his mate; and "Fen I blow de feesle once" became a by-word on the ship. Once or twice one mischievous foreman got me into a mess with my superior officer by telling me to whistle before the right time, but Jacob soon put that down. We became close friends and he would have nobody but me for his lieutenant to the end of the voyage.

It was rough, hard, dirty work, and plenty of it, with coarse fare and coarser mates. Cattlemen are the offscourings of the earth, and the hardest worked, worst paid labourers to be found anywhere. Usually they are picked up by the foreman, just before starting, from the loafers round the docks; poor wretches that are glad to work their passage back to England this way. Those who wish to come back to Canada are often swindled out of their passage and left without a penny in London. Many of the hands are cockneys eager to get back to the old country, after having done little good in this. The common sailors were infinitely their superiors and looked upon them as little better than the brutes they tended. Well, in spite of all, we got fat and strong and brown on it. After a slight attack of sea-sickness, which did not keep me from my work, I enjoyed everything and took my "scouse" and hard tack with keen relish. I did not even turn up my nose at the "salt horse," over which Yorky said the only grace on the voyage,

Old horse! old horse! what brought you here?
From Sacarap to Portland Pier,
I've carted stone this many a year;
Till killed by blows and sore abuse,
They've salted me down for sailor's use.

It was tough but we never found the horseshoe in the soup, that Sam told us we might expect.

The strangest part of the performance was being at the beck and call of a rough Irishman like William, after being the petty tyrant of a country school myself. But that was part of the adventure and had only to be borne for a couple of weeks. It was compensation enough to breathe the wonderful sea air and look on the strange sights in sky and water. The hardest part was keeping watch; for the green hands were imposed upon and had to do the most of it; I was on every other night, all the way over. But between my rounds, I would go off and talk to the man on the look-out as the good ship *Arcola* ploughed her way along in the clear, starry, summer night; or watch the ghostly furrow of phosphorescence at the bow; or other wonders of the night. I made up my sleep by long drowses on the sweet hay or the clean-smelling pine planks over the sheep-pens. The weather was beautiful all the way across, the old hands called it a river trip, for its smoothness; and so, I do not think, I can call my experience a hardship.

Our last day on the *Arcola* was a memorable one. The strong head-wind of the previous day moderated and we had a glorious sail up the Channel. It seemed full of vessels of all kinds; little black coasters and colliers, plying inshore; great full-rigged ships, outward bound; yellow-sailed fishing smacks and trim, saucy pilot boats that cruised under the very nose of the huge liners. Early in the morning we passed the Isle of Wight, looking like a dream country in the clear light and terraced St. Katharines, a fairy-like carven city on the rock. This was the first close sight of English land for we passed within a mile and a-half of it. Early the previous morning as we turned out to our work we saw the waves breaking over the low outer rocks of the Scilly Islands. We had seen distant green fields on the top of high cliffs, but never could make out the landscape so clearly as now. Then we passed out of sight again till we reached Beachy Head about noon, and then we came to the long narrow sand spit of Dungeness, and under its lee a crowd of ships wind-bound. Here the *Arcola* slowed her engines for the pilot. The boat did not venture to come alongside, but sent out the dingy. The crew had a hard pull to reach us; but, after some manoeuvring, the pilot came up the side and the little dingy was rocking far astern. The pilot, a big roast-beef Englishman in a fine blue uniform, went directly on the bridge, shook hands formally with the captain and took charge of the steamer. We were now quite close enough to the shore to make out the various watering places along the coast and even see the swift Channel packets lying at their wharves. Some of them passed us; looking very low and sharp built, with the huge paddle-boxes seemed out of all proportion to the rest of the steamer. About six we passed Dover; all we could see was the

grim old castle over the town, the beach and the tunnelled rock, while away on the starboard side, a faint white streak told us where France was.

These were only glimpses; I had little time for the interesting sights, for this last day was busier than any since we started. All the unused meal and hay had to be hauled up to the main deck, sorted out and piled in separate lots. We rigged up a tackle over the main hatch and while some of the gang were hauling, the rest were carrying away. It was a hard, long continued strain, and the bosses below seemed to take delight in getting as many bags and bales into the slings as possible. But at last they were all stacked neatly on the main deck, the foremen had wrangled over the prices of the unused fodder till a sale had been effected, and then we had supper. Before dark we were at the muddy mouth of the Thames and the low shores of Kent. Here we had to anchor, off the North Foreland, and wait for the turn of the tide. "Rough-weather Jack" was at the wheel during this operation, in pilot-coat, sou'-wester and boots, as if the *Arcola* was fighting a hurricane. This man was the butt of the crew.

It was my last watch that night, and I had very little to do. Everything was quiet and the beasts hardly stirred as the ship lay like a log at her anchorage. William had stated that the cattle often went wild as soon as they could smell the land; but this may have been said to rouse me to greater diligence. I made my rounds in the dim passages as usual, and fought against sleepiness till twelve o'clock when I went to find the man who was to relieve me. I turned in and was not awakened with the rest at three to feed and water the sheep so that they might present a good appearance when going ashore. When I came on deck, the *Arcola* was slowly forging through the dark brown water, under a cheerless rainy sky, to the little dock of Thames Haven. The great square openings were gaping in her sides again and all was in readiness for the discharge of our living cargo. On the wharf a group of about twenty men and boys were waiting for us. They were armed with sharp sticks and their caps, waistcoats and gaiters looked exactly like those in "Phiz's" illustrations of Dickens. These are the unloaders, for the cattlemen's work is over as soon as the ship is fastened alongside the English wharf. The foremen went along the passages, cutting the knots in the head-ropes of the cattle and breaking down the partitions between the sheep-pens. As soon as the steamer was made fast, the Englishmen spread themselves through her and the work of driving out began. In general, it was an easy job, for the poor brutes were glad to get their freedom, and set foot on the solid land. But sometimes a sheep would balk at the step between the deck and gangway. Then the man in charge would strew a little straw on the place and stir it to and fro with his stick, at the same time making a queer sort of hissing, gurgling sound which induced Mr. Sheep to jump over. It was better than beating or carrying the obstinate ones. Out they streamed, the steers first, the ropes still dangling from their horns, into the white-washed pens. Then the sheep scrambled and bleated and ran in different directions in a panicky way. We had nothing to do but watch the proceedings; indeed any interference or help would be sharply resented. In two hours the ship was empty; broken pens and heaps of filth only showing that cattle had been on board. The cattlemen had gone through the ceremony of dressing to go ashore, and I was much "chafed" for not changing my brown overalls. It was a motley set that landed there that morning to make the best of our way to London, where the men are paid. At last we filed out also, and in a few minutes the customs officers were feeling our pockets to see that no man had more than his legal pound of tobacco, and the *Arcola* was steaming up the river.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

THE following is a description of what is said to be the largest sailing ship in the world. It was launched from the yard of Messrs. D. and W. Henderson and Company, at Partick, on the Clyde, on Tuesday, September 2. The vessel is also remarkable as being a five-master. This vessel, named the *France*, is for the fleet of MM. Ant. Dom. Bordes et Cie., of Bordeaux, who have been noted for their enterprise in ordering vessels of large dimensions. The *France* is 360 feet long, 48 feet 9 inches broad, and 30 feet deep. Her gross tonnage will be about 3,750 tons, and the dead-weight carrying capacity 6,150 tons. The vessel is fitted with a double bottom, with capacity for 1,000 tons water ballast, while amidships there are several water-tight compartments for 1,200 tons of water. These holds are formed of two transverse bulkheads, 54 feet apart, divided by a similar transverse partition in the centre, and by iron decks, the height between these varying from 6½ feet to 10 feet. There is a central well for the mast. Four of the five masts are square-rigged, the mizzen having fore-and-aft sails. The area of all sails will be about 49,000 square feet. The mizzen mast is in a single piece 140 feet in length. The lower and top masts in the other cases are also each in a single piece, and the lengths above deck vary from 159 feet to 167 feet. The diameters vary from 17 inches to 30 inches, that of the top gallant masts from 10 inches to 16 inches. The length of the lower yards is 82 feet, of the upper yards 75 feet to 77 feet, the top-gallant yards 59 feet to 64 feet, and of the royal yards 47 feet. The masts are spread 68 feet apart. The bowsprit is 50 feet long, and from 12 inches to 30 inches in diameter.

CANADA.

How fair her meadows stretch from sea to sea,
With fruitful promise; changing robes of green
Varying ever, till the golden sheen
Of autumn marks a glad maturity.
How gay 'mid orchard boughs the russets be;
The uplands crowned with crimson maples lean
Long cooling arms of shadow, while between,
In sun or shade, the flocks roam far and free.
From east to west the harvest is her own;
On either hand the ocean; at her feet
Her cool lakes' sweetest waters throb and beat
Like cool, firm pulses of her temperate zone.
Gracious and just she calls from sea to sea,
"No room for malice, none for bigotry."

EMILY McMANUS.

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU.*

AT 7 a.m., August 2nd, 1890, we left Munich for Oberammergau, passing on the way the lake where the unfortunate Ludwig drowned himself. The train was full and, when we arrived at Ammergau, we found a caravan of carriages which were quickly filled with fashionably-dressed people. We got a van and set off with the rest.

It was a striking sight; these carriages and their occupants looked so strange and out of place, coming from the little village up the lonely mountain road. The scenery was very fine; on either side the towering mountains; below the little sparkling river. The road was so steep that the horses had to walk all but the last few yards, and it took over two hours.

Just before entering Oberammergau we passed a large white monastery, with a black dome—Ettal—a noted place of pilgrimage, and a short distance farther on came to the village itself, a little irregular place, very clean, with here and there an extraordinary looking house, white, with its walls painted in bright colours, generally representing cherubs, angels, a Holy Family or some such subject. The place was swarming with strangers. I noticed Americans, and a great many priests. There were people from all parts of Europe, contrasting markedly with the simple villagers. We drove straight to the Rathhaus for the tickets and waited while F. went in. She was gone a long time, and found there were no tickets to be had; hundreds were going away without them. However we had written before hand and thought at once that our host (he took the part of Abraham) had them, which fortunately was so. While waiting we saw several of the actors in the play pass—we could tell them by their long hair; Judas was talking to a lady quite near us; we recognized him at once from the photograph.

A dense crowd kept pushing backwards and forwards before the Rathhaus' door, while the single policeman of the village told F. that he was glad that in ten years more he would be too old for the place, as he had been standing from morning till night trying to keep the people back, most of whom jabbered at him in unknown tongues. We saw several Tyrollers, men in knee breeches fastened with green riband, and wearing green stockings, beginning below the knee and ending above the ankle. Except for low cut shoes the rest of the leg and foot was bare.

Then we went to Abraham's. We found everything quite too clean to touch; old Sarah, a nice, simple old woman, who examined my waterproof, and admired the stone in the top of my pencil, showed us three spotless rooms she had kept for us and gave us tea. The house is small, and besides our party there was a German gentleman, two priests and a boy. Sarah and Abraham slept in the kitchen. I told you there were no little Isaacs, but Sarah told F. afterwards, that she had a son, who was a hunter, and a daughter, who was a singer in the Court Opera at Munich, of whom she is justly very proud.

Abraham came in with the tickets a little while afterwards; he is a nice looking old man, with long, grey, curling hair. While we were upstairs Sarah said to F.: "Ah, I see you have brought a lot of English girls who don't understand a word of German." F. said she told her to wait and see. We knew nothing of this till afterwards, and were rather surprised when Sarah began to tell us how the English travelled so much, yet so many came to them who could only say "coffee," "eggs," "tea." We sympathized with her, and I suppose got through the interview creditably, for she often talked to us afterwards. I found her a little hard to understand, as she uses the Bavarian dialect, turning the o's into a's. We spent the rest of the day in walking about, and went into a garden restaurant where the girls had some beer! They seem to like it. I have taken it sometimes when very thirsty. Abraham carves beautifully. I saw his tools; they are very much like those we used at Hellmuth. Two of the girls bought carvings; one was a beautiful crucifix, over a foot long, and must have taken a long time to do, but all that was asked for it was ten francs; I should not think it was a paying trade, though they seem to make a living by it.

They interest me very much these Oberammergauers. I should like to spend a few weeks among them and get to know them a little. As we stood at the door in the evening a big boy went by wheeling a baby-carriage at a furious

*The great interest taken in this extraordinary Drama, and the report that it was acted for the last time this year, will make this vivid and impressive account of it from the diary of a young Toronto lady, now travelling on the continent, both instructive and opportune.—Ed.

pace down the road; in it was a little girl about three years old enjoying herself immensely, while a smaller boy was running beside as a kind of tiger. In a little while they came back and we stopped them; the girl was very beautiful, with dark blue eyes and yellow curls, dressed in one little cotton garment, looking as if she had been made ready to go to bed before she took her evening promenade à voiture. I asked her to come to me, which she did over the palings and declared I might take her home with me, too! The boys were very proud of her; the little one was her brother, a little actor in the play. If that child lives, she may take the part of the Virgin thirty years hence.

At five o'clock on the morning of August 3rd, a cannon shot wakened us, calling the people to mass, and at seven, after the celebration, the musicians marched through the village playing, as a warning that the passion play was going to begin. We were there before eight, and the place was crowded. Many had to wait for Monday, as they always give it again next day, when all are not able to get places. We were right at the back, but the place is built on such a steep incline that we could see perfectly well. There can be no doubt that the people regard the play as a religious ceremony; besides early morning mass they all assemble for prayer behind the scenes just before the play begins, and after the Franco-German war it was given as an act of thanksgiving.

As such a thing as this must have a great influence on the minds of the people, I was very curious to know what form it took. Either a fatal familiarity, or making it a part of their lives. I firmly believe the latter is the case. Old Sarah once said to F., in speaking of her children being constantly away from her: "But we have God, and He is all we need." There was such a simplicity in the way she spoke the truth which so few recognize, that it seemed to be a fixed principle in her mind. It would be evident to anyone who knew them that their chief employment had given a tone to that household at least. I noticed on a door in the kitchen a picture of the Virgin with the dead Christ's head resting on her lap. There are such pictures, and also others, in all the rooms I saw. On the peak of almost every roof in the village there is a cross, and on the highest mountain top overlooking the place they have put a tall, shining cross, which is the first thing one notices. The motive with which they do it must be the secret of the wonderful success they have in the representation of the scenes in the Life of Our Lord. The spirit shows itself in tiny things, which in simply giving a dramatic performance would be passed over, which need the homage of the heart to be there at all. For instance, John at the Last Supper, after the washing of the disciples' feet, puts on Christ's mantle, and takes his hair from underneath it with such a loving, reverent touch, one feels sure no drilling could have given him. This disciple's protecting care of the Virgin after the betrayal is also very natural and real. John is a boy of nineteen, and acted for the first time this year, but he represents the "disciple whom Jesus loved" very well indeed. As to Joseph Maier, who takes Our Saviour's part, it is wonderful how well he does it, an inconceivable character, and, from a dramatic point of view, a very hard one, because there is so much passiveness in the part, so much that depends solely on expression and manner, you would hardly expect a peasant to be capable of it. Yet he is not exactly a peasant; he, as well as many other of the principal actors, employs all his time not given to the play in wood-carving, which would, I should think, have a more refining effect than field-labour. His skin is colourless; white as a woman's. We were told he was ill, but Abraham, who knows him very well, says it is not so; we were also told that he drank; Abraham says that is also not true. It is one of those malicious stories some people are so fond of circulating.

The scenery and costumes are all new this year; they calculate it will take them until September to pay for them; until then they gain nothing for themselves. The stage is entirely open, but in the middle is a part with a curtain, where the changing scenes and tableaux are given. To the right is the house of Annas the High Priest, to the left that of Pilate. On either side of the middle part with the curtain is an arch and road leading into the city. Through these one sees the time-stained walls and eastern houses of Jerusalem, and a fresh-looking green palm, hanging over a wall, trembled as the light rain fell upon it. During the whole extent of the play there is no pause. Between the active parts there are either tableaux, or else the chorus of about twenty-six, dressed in white Eastern robes and coloured mantles, who sing in solos, duets, and all together; or explanations are given of what is about to be presented. The music is a surprise. The orchestra is small, but plays well; all soft, sweet music, very fitting I thought, and the voices are well trained; some of them are very fine. All through there was no stumble, or breaking of the time. Where the music itself comes from I do not know. F. said she recognized bits from old masters; it certainly was very good.

The first two tableaux include the whole scope of the play. The Fall. Expulsion from Eden. Adam and Eve fleeing before the Angel with the flaming sword, and, purely symbolical, the adoring of the cross by angels. Then comes the entry into Jerusalem. Hundreds of people take part in this; they come down one of the side streets, across the centre division, from which the curtain has been raised, into the opposite side street, and then on to the open stage in front. Small children, old and young people, all waving palms, and singing "Hosanna! Hail to the Son of David!" They stop, turn, and stretch out their arms to the still invisible Christ, who comes in the

middle sitting on an ass, led by John. As He passes the middle place the curtain falls, for it must be changed into the Temple.

Christ comes upon the open stage, now dismounted, and speaks to the hushed multitude. His voice strikes you at once as distinctive, and even more appropriate than His person; calm and full, heard without an effort at the back where we sat, although He does not speak loudly. His voice, in the moments of His trials, touchingly patient, in speaking to His mother, friends, or disciples, is very tender. The little band of followers gather around Him, all carrying staves in their hands, and He addresses them all, using the Lord's own words: "Unless a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone," and signifies, in words they do not understand, His death. He is dressed in an under-robe of grey, with a scarf-like mantle of deep magenta. I think there is a signification in the colour; the red, perhaps, was also royal. Of course, purple in those times would have been out of place. He is tall, with a well made figure, a noble, majestic presence, and graceful in every movement, a perfect dignity and tender humility of expression, and withal such simplicity. He gives one the impression of seeing in the future, what the others had no foreboding of—Calvary—in strange contrast to the paintings of Christ, with delicate beauty and high arched eye-brows, His eyes being deep set; but I find the manliness of the face infinitely preferable to the effeminacy which those old painters gave to our Lord.

You must not be disappointed if you see little or no beauty in the photographs I sent you. Why should we expect it? We are told that "He shall have no beauty that we should desire Him." Look at the photograph of the Last Supper. Can you not see "The Man of Sorrows?" Also the patient pain in the scene of the crowning. That was after He had been scourged and mocked, struck in the face and pushed from His stool to the floor, helpless, with His hands bound, yet every brutality reflects on His abusers, and but adds to His maintained dignity and kingly majesty.

The Temple is now opened; the scene is splendidly represented; tables of money-changers, cages of doves, sheep, jars of oil, and the merchants leaning over their tables, bargaining excitedly. The by-play throughout the whole is very good, even in those who have no part assigned to them.

For a moment the Saviour regards them; then advances and reproaches them in Scriptural words, and then turns to the priests. "Who is this man?" cries one. "The great Prophet from Nazareth," answer the multitude. Then Christ takes some little cords, ties them quickly together, and strikes a few light blows. In an instant all is confusion; they are driven before Him like a herd. Doves loosed fly over our heads, jars and tables are upset; one cries "my lambs!" another "my oil!" and many get down on the floor picking up the coins. The Saviour's dignity is in contrast with the violence of the High Priest who comes upon the scene and, finding he cannot overawe Him, denounces Him as an enemy of the Laws and the Prophets, crying: "Moses is our Prophet; all who are faithful follow me!"

Christ takes leave of the people and goes with the disciples to Bethany.

The next is a tableau. Joseph's brothers seeing him afar off plot to take his life; this is given as an Old Testament type of the meeting of the High Council conspiring against Christ.

At the end of the room is a low balcony, on which the High Priests sit; the others are at the sides in rows. The meeting is stormy; and very well acted; Caiaphas declares that Christ will cause the downfall of the Temple, and is an enemy of the Law, that it is better that one man should die for the people. This, the Bible says, "he did not say of himself but being High Priest he prophesied." They all pass the sentence of death on Him and next consider how to get Him into their power. It is decided to ask the help of the traders of the Temple. They are brought, and, indignant at the way in which they had been driven out of the Temple, willingly promise to further the design. One says, he knows a disciple who he thinks would be capable of betraying his Lord. The idea is accepted, and so they separate. One of the most touching scenes, the parting from His mother and friends at Bethany, is prefaced by two tableaux: "the Lamenting Bride of the Song of Solomon" and "Tobias' Farewell." Christ comes talking with His disciples, telling them that He must go down to Jerusalem; that all that was spoken of Him was about to be fulfilled; that He is about to leave them. Judas stands apart; he fingers the purse which he carries, and says to himself "If He leaves us without provision what will become of us? There is hardly anything here."

They pass and the scene is changed to the house of Lazarus. Christ and the disciples come and seat themselves at the table. Martha serves, and by and by Mary comes, kneels before Him and anoints His head and feet. She can say nothing but "Rabbi! Rabbi!" The covetous Judas asks the Lord to reproach her for the waste of the precious ointment, and Christ answers: "Let her alone, she has wrought a good work on me." Judas seats himself aside and broods over the emptiness of his purse, and the 200 pence which might have been got for the ointment which Mary Magdalene brought to Him in penitent love.

We next see Him on His way to Jerusalem. Bethany lies in the distance, and He turns saying farewell to it, sorrowful that He shall never enjoy its peace again. His mother and her friends come to say good-bye to Him.

The scene is not, of course, in the Bible, but it is beautiful. He tells her He is going down to Jerusalem to sacrifice, and she says she has a foreboding as to what sort of an offering that will be. She asks to be allowed to go with Him, and He says "not now, but in a little while." He says farewell to them all, and Mary, weeping in the arms of one of her friends, watches them disappear.

The tableau of the elevation of Esther represents the acceptance of the Gentiles and the Jews' rejection. Vashti kneels with her face hidden in her hands, at the foot of the throne, up the steps of which the king is leading Esther.

Christ is on the road with His disciples. Jerusalem is seen from the crest of Olivet, on which they stand, with its fortified walls and domes. Christ weeps at the sight, and John asks Him why He is so sorrowful. "The fate of the unfortunate city," says the Lord, "goes to my heart." What is that fate? they ask; and Christ tells them how her enemies shall encompass her round about, and the reason, because she had rejected the Prophets and would kill the Messiah. "Let us not go down to Jerusalem," they say in fear. He answers: "The cup which my Father has given me to drink shall I not drink it?" He speaks further of His death, and they not understanding, but in sympathy, are sorrowful. He sends Peter and John with instructions to prepare the passover for them, telling them how to find the house. They kneel and say "Master, thy blessing," which He gives, and they go on in advance. Then He addresses the others, as He often does, saying: "Come, Children, for I desire to enter my Father's House once more," and they follow on the road taken by Peter and John. Before He goes Judas asks Him what is to become of them if He leaves them, and He answers gently: "O Judas be not more troubled than is necessary." Judas now remains behind. He says to himself "shall I follow or not; He himself says He is about to die; He has lost the power He once had with the people, and the High Priests are seeking to kill Him." The remembrance of the ointment comes to him and he exclaims: "No, I will be no longer His disciple." Just then the messenger of the High Priest, who has been standing behind him, touches him on the shoulder. He starts, turns and asks what he wants. The man questions him about his Master saying, he, too, would become a disciple. "How goes it with Him?" he asks, and Judas answers "not well." The man then declines to be a disciple, and asks Judas why he continues with Him. Others come and persuade him very cleverly to show them the place where his Master is, and which is He. Judas agrees for money and they depart.

The next scene is one of the most real-looking in the whole; the scenery is very good. John and Peter follow the man with the pitcher to his house, and ask for the upper-room, which is willingly, joyfully granted. A street in Jerusalem is very well represented, the old stone walls, the well from which the man is drawing water, even to some rubbish thrown at the back of a house.

(To be Continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LABOUR QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Labour agitations in the first instance spring from a better knowledge of what is due the labouring classes, contingent upon the enlightened ideas of an educated community, who have by their ability to discern and by the necessities pressing upon them come to the conclusion that "in unity is strength," and that if they are not to be made the slaves of others, public attention must be drawn to the relative position of labour and capital. The working classes of to-day are an important factor of the electorate, and under good organization a power in the land. The possession of this knowledge by a well educated class of men is a natural incentive for a demand for better terms, and is an indication of a spirit of progress, which is the sequel to civilization. We hear people talk of the dissatisfaction of the working classes as though it was a crime, whereas it is an evidence that the blessings of education are being felt on all sides, and men not only live, but live and learn, and that what was sufficient for an uneducated community falls far short of the wants and necessities of an educated one. To endeavour to better our condition is a duty devolving upon each one of us, but in doing so let us not infringe on the rights of others, and let the motto of "live and let live" be more generally thought of and acted upon.

The grievances under which the labouring classes suffer have been the growth of years, and have been borne patiently, with only an occasional murmur, and it is only during the last few years that their exhausted patience has given itself vent, in the forms of labour demonstrations, strikes, and labour unions. By these methods they have shown a knowledge of the injustice of the position they occupy (especially in large cities under what is known as the sweating system) and have been able to attract public attention to their just claims. That these agitations are more than mere ripples upon the surface no one who reads the public press of the day will deny. The Emperor of Germany, looking to the interest of his empire, has identified himself with the labour congress lately held in Europe, and shown, by the personal interest he has taken in the subject, that he recognizes that some remedial legislation

is necessary to protect the interests and facilitate the improvement, progress, and happiness of the country.

His Holiness the Pope, having due regard to the interests of both Church and State, has requested the prelates throughout Europe to procure all information possible on the same subject to see what can be done to ameliorate the present condition of affairs. Unless some legislation is soon introduced to allay the growing uneasiness among the working classes and counteract the grasping selfishness that is daily gaining ground amongst the wealthy, the gulf between the two will grow broader and deeper and get beyond the control of those who now try to hold it in check. It is of the utmost importance to the whole community that the deliberations and resolutions of the late labour conference held in Ottawa receive careful and unbiased consideration at the hands of the Government of the Dominion, and measures adopted to bring about a better and more satisfactory understanding whereby the interests of employer and employee will be rigidly guarded.

First and foremost comes our emigration policy. A country should conform its emigration policy to the requirements of the day and not foster indiscriminate immigration to the detriment of the interests of the majority of the public.

The system of assisted emigration (especially in a country like ours, having a protection policy) should be abolished.

Past and present experience show that through it very undesirable additions are made to our population, that no consideration is given to the fitness of the parties emigrating or whether there is profitable employment for them. Labour should be worth a certain figure to enable a man to keep himself as becomes a civilized member of society, and therefore the supply should be regulated by the demand, so that a man may get a fair day's pay for a fair day's work.

We, in fact, get, in the majority of cases, the refuse of the over-populated towns and cities of the old world to swell our criminal classes, and help to bring here the very surplus they are only too glad to get rid of. This is an agricultural country and every inducement should be held out to bona fide agricultural emigrants, who, having means of their own, are willing to invest them in securing homes here and in endeavouring to better their condition. Other matters which need some restrictive legislation are stock speculations in the necessaries of life, and combines.

The former by corners made on exchange enhance the price of food far above its actual worth, and the poorer classes are the principal sufferers. No thought is given by the moneyed speculator who corner grain or other products (and gives them an inflated value) of the deprivation he causes to the poor consumer, or whether he ruins half a dozen others in his desire to get rich. Then we read that in some cases, not content with cornering the market, he wilfully destroys tons of meat, fish, and fruit.

By methods such as these the full benefits of bountiful harvests are not felt, because the products only get to market by small quantities, the design being to keep up prices.

Regarding combines, they are of recent origin. Not content with the profits of trade on a fair competition, they endeavour to kill out competition altogether, get their own price (see some of the prospectuses in the London papers) and of course pay as small a scale of wages as possible. Enterprises of this kind seem to be looked upon as legitimate, but combines of labour are hounded down as being socialistic in their tendencies and a menace to the public peace. This comparatively new monopoly seems to be specially adapted to countries living under a protective policy, and the United States and Canada seem to be the fields best suited for the purpose. English capital is invested and the investors are mostly British manufacturers of various kinds, who do here what would not be tolerated and what would not pay in a free trade country, and are morally committing crime, and the Governments that permit it are accessories to the fact. The saying that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor is here exemplified. Another measure of legislation want in introduction is that provision be made for a "Board of Arbitration on labour questions."

A board of this nature composed of employers and employees of the different trades, with powers to call for evidence in cases of dispute, and amply provided with reliable information as to the requirements of the labour market, would be a step in the right direction. If the public interest is to be attended to, and the progress and prosperity of the nation to be felt by all, measures some what of the nature herein advocated will have to be brought forward, so that the bounties which Providence sends to rich and poor may not all be grasped by the former and considered their special inheritance, to the deprivation of the latter, but that each may labour to advance the common good of the country, and that during the remaining years of this nineteenth century such a change may be brought about as shall usher in the next with peace and kindly feeling amongst us all.

Ottawa.

JOHN DARBY.

WHOSE turn may it be to-morrow? What weak heart, confident before trial, may not succumb under temptation invincible?—*Thackeray.*

SORROW is knowledge; they that know the most must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth; the tree of knowledge is not the tree of life.—*Byron.*

THE RAMBLER.

THE "star" system is not as yet, no matter what newspaper seers may say to the contrary, a thing utterly of the past. We have seen, during the past week, an excellent opera singer of unquestioned ability and no little fame, occupying a large space in the daily journals in the capacity of a social success. It is not enough that we are treated to harrowing recitals of hair-breadth escapes by sea and by land, but we are compelled to hear also how, when she is at home, her time for study and devotion to her art is greatly endangered by numbers of Knickerbocker callers thundering at her front door. It is not enough that we are informed à la Mary Anderson of the charming personality, the high virtuous standard of daily living, and the filial devotion of the fair songstress, but we have also to listen complacently to the account of her social triumphs and the fact that she is "received" into the best circles, and largely sought after by the Ward McAllister of the day. Now, it is not in the spirit of detraction that I say this. Artists are men and women, and, especially in these latter days, very hardworking, earnest, exemplary, and often delightful and conscientious, responsible and kind-hearted men and women. The musician need no longer fear to be considered only a mountebank. The painter is not always a pariah, misunderstood, snubbed and patronized by his superiors in cash. A good deal of this has gone by, though each caste, whether of blood or of brains, still reserves its rights in all sensible countries, and protects them, too, from immoral or audacious infringement. And it is just because of this improvement in the social status of the artist that over-advertising has come to be such bad form. If your voice be your fortune, or your brush, or your ten fingers, or your brain, you are right to make just as much of fingers, brain, brush, voice, as you please—toes even. If you were blind and without hands, and yet had been taught to use a pen and needle with your toes, I could conceive your being very proud of such accomplishments. So that happy exaltation of one's self and one's talents, strong points, enterprises, is not a bad thing, nor an unnecessary thing, nor an ambiguous or despicable thing. But exaltation of our virtues seems, at least to me, always such a poor thing. True, the Stage has been very immoral, but chiefly so in times when all Society was immoral. The Drama has indeed been debased, but, again, so has Literature. By one individual's efforts to proclaim personal morality and freedom from irresponsibility, a stigma is cast upon the profession. It is better that the fame of an artist should rest upon excellence in art than upon exceptional perfections of character. In the long run, character will tell, for excesses, and tempers, and extravagances, and uncharitableness do alienate in the artistic professions just as in other walks of life. In a word, the artist who advertises either her costumes or her eccentricities, her relations to her family, or her standing in society is equally guilty.

After all, it is the great artists of the world who have seen the hollowness of Society. The late lamented Sothorn did many a cool and telling action in return for the snubs with which his distinguished patrons sometimes treated him. Such a man could never be ill at ease anywhere, and even his revenge was unimpassioned, while original. To take what Society gives, and no more, and to take it discriminatingly and philosophically, according to its right value, and no more, may be difficult, but is the only proper course for the professional man or woman.

I saw Mr. Paul Peel's pictures with much pleasure. His work has, of course, the faults of the French school as well as its virtues; this, however, is inevitable. His flesh-painting is far and away the best thing he does. I do not say this glibly, because other people say it, but after reflection. I should prefer, notwithstanding, one little Canadian sketch by L. R. O'Brien, to those dusky Moors, whom, surely, I have seen so often before in foreign and New York galleries.

One of the daily journals remarked of Mr. Peel's work, that he "chose" to conduct such a sale in Toronto, instead of in London or in Paris, from patriotic considerations, we are led to infer. Now, is this absolutely true? It is the right of every Canadian of genius to go where he can get the best market, and if Mr. Peel could have held such a sale in London or Paris and got even the prices he can get, presumably, here (not very bad ones), I think he was very foolish not to leave his pictures on the other side and sell them there. Take the case of an author. If a novel could be accepted, were sure to be accepted by a London publisher, a novel by some Canadian writer, that writer would be most excessively stupid if he said to himself he would rather, all things considered, bring his book out in Canada. In fact, by refusing the London offer, he would probably be deferring the making of his reputation for ten years, and by his own act. It is the same in all the creative walks. You must go where your market is. I am not implying that Mr. Peel has only a Canadian market. But I venture to suggest that the idea engendered by the word "choice" is scarcely the correct one. I imagine that Mr. Peel, while bidding his time in London and Paris, saw fit to take sensible and natural advantage of a stay in Canada, and therefore arranged that sale of his most charming pictures of which I am speaking.

The Women's Advancement meetings were decidedly novel and successful. As is frequently the case at conventions, the papers I wanted to hear I did not manage to

hear. But I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and of hearing the vigorous and humorous Miss Mary Eastman speak. The latter delegate impressed me as a woman of most rare gifts. Racy, fluent, original, she was quite a personality on the platform. There was a modesty, a toleration, and a logical thoroughness displayed in the papers which gave courage to some who attended those meetings, fearing that women's rights of the most virulent type would be in progress. Not so. The chief women's rights are moral ones, and this fact was amply dwelt upon by the speakers of last week's convention.

But, on the whole, I think most conventions are frauds.

GIANT CAPITAL.

No fabled monster slain of old,
Were it all truth the poets told,

Was dread as that which reigns to-day,
And which nor strength nor craft can slay :

No mightiest Titan of them all
Was strong as Giant Capital.

He and his sons control the world :
All else is into nothing hurled.

Trade, Railways, Politics and Law
Are gulped by his insatiate maw.

The wealth of river, sea, and shore,—
He swallows all, and gapes for more.

Rude Brawn is rutherfuller than he ;
Cold Thought has greater charity :

He rates us but as beasts of burden ;
Still harder work is hard work's guerdon.

At home, abroad, in church, in state,
All good to him doth gravitate.

He spreads his dark wings o'er the earth :
He questions all men at their birth ;

Disputes their title even to live ;
Robs them of what the gods may give :

He cuts their cloth and deals their bread ;
With one share ten are clothed and fed ;

Locks in his coffers all men crave,
And leaves them nothing but a grave !

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

EXCEPTING perhaps the Russian plan of execution by the knout, beating the life out of the victim with a loaded lash, the dreadful element of pain to the individual is hardly worthy of consideration. The guillotine is certainly very rapid in its action, and, as far as can be judged by analogy with similar phenomena, all sensation is abolished on the instant of the stroke. The communication with the pain centres is at once cut off, and the sensation current is instantly interrupted. The only revolting part of the proceeding is the necessary shedding of blood; but this, Scripturally speaking, should render the killing contract more valid. As to rapidity and effectiveness the same thing is done with the heavy Japanese sword, and with scarcely less precision. The Spanish garrote crushes the cervical spine and upper spinal cord by means of a screw quickly working through the back of an iron collar. Death here is practically instantaneous. The same may be said also of hanging. The instant the noose tightens its choking grip, consciousness is gone. The contorting spasms of the larger muscles are merely involuntary movements that have no connection with appreciable pain. At least, this is the testimony of men who have been cut down while insensible from attempted suicide by such means, or who have been similarly rescued from accidental hanging. When there has been bungling, the rope should not be blamed. Even the electric chair may not have had its chance.

The objection to hanging on the grounds of simple humanity has been that some moments must elapse before actual death can be a certainty. When the neck is not broken (and this is the rule), the heart continues to beat in a more or less irregular manner for several minutes after the suspension. But if the hanging is properly done, death is always sure and there are never any attempts, reflex or otherwise, at respiration. The victim, free from pain and absolutely unconscious after the first convulsive throes, swings motionless, in mid air, a limpid nothing of humanity. Unconsciousness and consequent loss of sensation are in such instances evidently due to the combined effects of the shock of the fall and of the congestive brain pressure caused by the grip of the noose.

Of the five forms of execution now in vogue, that adopted by military tribunals is open to the most objections. The bullet oftentimes misses its aim and a vital part is not always struck. There is a sentiment associated with dying a soldier's death that cancels in a measure its otherwise revolting aspect. It is well known that no indi-

vidual of the firing squad is aware that his particular rifle is loaded with ball and he naturally hopes it is not. There is never a heart in the work of shooting a comrade. The aim is almost purposely wide of its mark and consequently with a risk to the condemned man of pain and suffering when death is not speedy. In times of war, when military executions are most frequent, the life of an ordinary soldier is of such small value that little if any attention is given to technical details, and still less is any criticism invited as to the mere humanity of the proceeding.

To such as believe in the deterrent effect of execution it may be well to consider the uncertainty of convictions for murder. It is fair to presume that the reasonable hope of escaping the gallows offsets in no small degree the fear of it. No sooner is the crime committed than the legal adviser is consulted, and, in the majority of cases, fulfils his promise to obtain a verdict of acquittal. Conviction thus becomes the exception rather than the rule. The criminal classes know this and act accordingly. An experienced criminal lawyer of New York is quoted as saying that of nearly six hundred cases of murder, of which he was the counsel, scarcely a score were punished. The lesson which this teaches cannot be misinterpreted; the criminal who is actually sentenced and executed is looked upon more as an unfortunate victim of the law than one who justly deserved his punishment. He has a funeral largely attended by sympathizing friends who never tire in praising his noble, plucky, but untimely death. He is the hero of the hour, with virtues that invite emulation, rather than the criminal whose disgraceful end should be a lasting example to all evil doers. Of course it is hardly to be expected that the murderer should confess his guilt. He thus leaves nothing behind him for good. He simply goes to glory an innocent man and the hanging lesson thus endeth. A lie is, to all intents and purposes, not a lie when uttered under the gallows. A murderer facing death is the last person in the world from whom a good moral precept can be extracted. As an example he is by no means a success, and consequently has no very striking deterrent effect upon the community. What could be expected from hanging what the victim says is an innocent man? We get him out of the way in a very radical manner, to be sure, but do we do so as a warning to others of his ilk? Do they profit by it? Take up the morning papers and read of murder everywhere. In the next column to the report of the execution is that of an assassination in broad daylight and in a public thoroughfare. The execution was horrible, so was the new murder. They occur entirely independent of each other, it is true, but the coincidence is quite striking enough to shake our faith in the deterrent theory. Even to ordinary observation it is quite evident that murders are not on the decrease; on the contrary, if we interest ourselves enough to count them as they are reported almost daily, we are inclined to take the opposite view. If, however, we attempt to solve the reasons for the commission of crime as we would any other problem and look for an explanation of apparent inconsistencies, some very interesting and instructive explanations offer themselves. And, strangely enough, all these facts are directly opposed to the ordinarily accepted doctrine of prevention; in truth the fear of death by execution is so far in the background as hardly to be worthy of consideration. To properly appreciate their significance we must study the philosophy of crime not only as regards the individual criminal, but also in his relation to society.

Let us get at this part of the question as directly as possible by asking: What is murder? In the vast majority of cases it is an accident of passion in an individual who has lost his self-control. He is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a weak vessel, a crooked pot that has been jarred out of his equilibrium. He tumbles over and we smash him in pieces accordingly. He was born crooked; we are hardly prepared to discover that the criminal is born not made. But this can be proved to be true, nevertheless. There is as much heredity in crime as in consumption, cancer, or insanity. The statistics of prisons show that crime in one shape or another can trickle through families even to the sixth generation. With insanity this is notoriously so. The records of our insane asylums are filled with such histories. Occasionally the criminal proclivities, eccentricities, and other mental defects of ancestry are the subjects of legal enquiry before the courts, but as this is done more to prove hereditary insanity than to excuse crime, sociologists have been compelled to look to other sources for their data. The criminal belongs to a class distinct in itself, which has its own peculiarities, its own statistics, its own laws, and its well-defined relation to society. He comes into the world with a defect in his moral constitution and unless this is counteracted by the proper educating influences, he is in the long run as sure to commit crime as are the sparks to fly upward. The seed always produces its kind in the proper soil. The criminal will always fit his environment. The murder, for instance, is the fruition of the seed in the proper ground. The act is almost an instinct of his living. To prevent it would be to kill him before, not after it is done, or, better still, we should be able to forbid the matrimonial bans of his ancestors. All this goes to show how far back lie the causes of the crime. It is a latent principle in his very blood that awaits the ferment of unguarded passion.

It may be a comforting thought that crime is prevented by punishment, that a great many who might be murderers are deterred from becoming such by the death penalty, but we have no means of proving it. It is hard to estimate how a thing which does not happen is prevented from happening. When we argue from such premises, we are

swinging around a circle of negative proportions. When, however, we start from a fixed point, when we actually know the exact rates of certain crimes, we expect if there is any good in certain so-called deterrent influences, to see the results in lowering the crime record. If the fear of death has had any real influence in that direction, it should have shown itself long ago. It has had no effect on the criminals who crop up year after year, keeping the roster full. Why did not the last murderer fear the gallows in time to avoid it? We know he did not, that the next criminal will not, and yet we go on talking of the necessity for capital punishment. If fear of the death penalty deserved a tithe of its claim as a preventive of murder, the crime would long ago have been banished from the face of the earth. It should certainly have proved its utility by this time. No matter what theory may be advanced as to the prevention of murder, it is quite evident that the fear of execution is not one that can be demonstrated by the facts of experience. So far as we can see, the dread does not show itself until the criminal cools his passion and has opportunities for reflection.

Naturally at this stage of the discussion comes the question: Why kill the criminal at all? If society wishes to enforce the estimation of the value and sanctity of human life, why does it take life itself for any reason? Even an enlightened and powerful commonwealth has no excuse for allowing two murders for one crime. If we really desired to show our horror of killing, we should have it understood by word and act that so precious is human life that even the murderer shall not be deprived of it.

When we are unable to prove that execution has a deterrent effect upon murder, when we do not wish to have it said that such a punishment is dictated by revenge, the real question narrows itself to that of protecting society by doing away with the criminal in the simplest and most effectual manner. Practically in the present state of our knowledge everything must turn upon this. But must we necessarily kill him to get rid of him? Life imprisonment becomes the only satisfactory solution to this problem. Society by such means absolves itself from the crime of a second murder, and as securely guards itself from future harm as if the criminal were dead already. The culprit is simply left to his own punishment, which is ample and severe enough. What, indeed, is more dreadful than the remorse of a blighted life; what greater torture could be devised by the most revengeful man? No argument is needed to prove this. History and fiction vie with each other in depicting the horrors of a bad conscience. The most thrilling terrors have it as their dark background. It is the cold shadow by day and the black wing by night. There need be no fear on the part of those who even believe in the severest measures on punishing murder that imprisonment for life is not sufficient. Even the majority of criminals prefer hanging when they know that this form of confinement is sure. In order to be effective, however, it must be so. The conviction of the murderer must be certain. Let the trial be as thorough as law and justice can make it, but let the sentence be final, without the chance of technical appeal, executive clemency, or other hope for pardon. Let the criminal know and feel that there is nothing for him outside of his cell, that he is as dead to the world as if he had swung upon the gibbet. When he is made to realize this, he has the mark of Cain upon him, and his punishment is as great as he can bear. It is not difficult to imagine that the knowledge of such a fate awaiting the wrong doer would have a far more deterrent effect than the most horrible execution imaginable. It has been often said that you cannot put a man to a worse use than to kill him. This is eminently true, even with a criminal. Something good can be obtained from the most depraved characters. They can at least be made to work and thereby benefit society. Better still, perhaps, they may be forced to support by their labour the family of their victim.—George F. Shradly, A.M., M.D., in *The Arena* for October.

ART NOTES.

"IN LOW RELIEF," the forthcoming novel in the *Town and Country Library*, is a story of life among the younger artists and literary men of London.

AN attractive book to be issued this autumn is the autobiography of Jules Breton, which will have the title "The Life of an Artist." It is a work of much personal charm and interest, written with an entire absence of reserve. It contains recollections of the Barbizon painters and others of world-wide reputation. Will be published by D. Appleton and Company.

BOSTON artists are calling for greater studio accommodations. It is stated that, at present, the demand is greater than the supply. Many of the old houses on Boylston Street have had a skylight added, and, thus equipped, the top floor, without an elevator, without running water, or heat, except by using a stove, or any conveniences whatever, rent from \$600 to \$750 a year.

IN Chicago the demand for suitable studios will be met, partially at least, by the new Athenæum building. Unfortunately the demand is not very large. When any number of Chicago artists have incomes sufficiently large to warrant an expenditure of six hundred dollars or more for rent, it is safe to say that there will be plenty of opportunities for them to secure proper places in which to work.

THE FUTURE OF ART.—The evidence of the near approach of an era of splendid creative art is everywhere apparent to the thoughtful observer. In architecture especially do we already detect a new power and grace. While the reign of individualism prevents the erection of work of great magnitude, in many smaller buildings we see a most satisfying unity, power and beauty; and the general average of architecture in buildings of small cost, the cottages of the people of moderate means, as well as in more expensive buildings, is far superior to any preceding average, and indicates a diffusion of tastes upon which, more than any special manifestation in isolated cases, rests the future of this art. With better co-operative methods, resulting in the greater massing of capital, we may expect to witness the rising of structures whose dignity and splendour shall far surpass the creations of earlier days. The generation may yet witness the rising of the walls of a cathedral whose magnitude and grandeur shall surpass that of St. Peter's at Rome. Already the spiritual foundations of a great temple of humanity are being laid—a temple which shall combine in one the science and noble freedom of the modern world—a mighty sacro-secular pantheon, dedicated to the unification of all lines of thought in one grand centre of light and truth. It is yet too early for such a monument to be built, but every year brings us steadily towards it. For the present we may well be content that this noble art has fairly burst from its shell of conventionalism and begins to manifest something of the spirit of the age. Viewing in the light of the present the ideals of the middle centuries, what do we find? What do we find in the Madonna but apotheosized womanhood and motherhood? All the framework of legend and the the supernatural in which she appeared to Fra Angelico and Raphael but served to express to an age not too susceptible to profound impressions the sanctity and divine beauty of ideal womanhood. Legend supplied a setting, the scenery in which the Madonna was "framed," modified in expression and bearing by the *motif* and *genius loci*; but may not the actual life of woman in the larger sphere in which she is finding her place—may not this suggest a setting for the representation of ideal womanhood as varied and commanding as the Madonna legend? Surely art will never have done with this theme, now as ever the most attractive of any with which it has to deal. The escape of art from the commonplace must be the escape into the region of the ideal; and certainly it need not tie itself to camera work when the life of to-day is full of ideal suggestion. And since the dress of moderns, well adapted as it may be to the business habits and pursuits of our people, does not approve itself to the artistic sense, this fact of itself necessitates the advance of art from the actual to the ideal in its dealings with the human form. Recurring again to the provision which the present era makes for art, we may discover in the world of modern science and present thought-forms the materials of an epic as grand as Homer, Milton or Dante saw in the mythologies and legends of their day. The world of to-day is not wanting in poetic or artistic suggestion to one who grasps the true significance of its thought and life. The reign of law but awaits the artist and poet so imbued with its deeper meanings as to feel their inspiration. Where is the artist who will give to the world an inspired and worthy embodiment of the genius of science? Who will carve in marble the angel of human fraternity or the spirit of universal religion? Who will compose the anthem of freedom, celebrating the advance of the race into the liberty of great ideas and universal science? Surely, if the present is without inspiration, the promise of the future is full of noble suggestion. But what well may be, will be. Already we may discern a widening and deepening of human thought in all lines of science to a recognition of the profound spiritual significance of its revelations, the splendour both intellectual and moral of her plainest truths. We find also in the general excellence of the work being done—excellence of drawing, colouring, finish—and in the outbreking gleams of a noble spirit here and there, an assurance that art is already beginning to feel the breath of a new renaissance. To say that the art of the future which is to be worthy art must spring from the deepest life of that future is to repeat what should be a truism. Not to the presence and popularity of art schools primarily do we look for the promise of a noble art to come, but to the upbuilding of a true intellectual life among our people.—F. O. Eggleston, in the *Unitarian Review* for October.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

AT the Grand Opera House this week the talented versatile and deservedly popular Rosina Vokes, with a good support; has been presenting a varied programme of high merit.

NEXT week, at the Academy of Music, Madame Januschek will walk the boards and present to us several new pieces. She is well supported by Messrs. A. H. Stuart and J. W. Rennie, both well-known and popular artists.

A MUSICAL recital was given Thursday, 16th inst., at the Association Hall, by Miss M. Irene Gurney. The programme was well selected, and calculated to show to advantage the technical efficiency of the Interpreter. Among the pieces, the rendition of which were deserving of most praise, may be mentioned the "Nocturne from Schumann," the "Soirees de Vienne," and the "Witch Dance," by Macdowell. Miss Gurney's playing is chiefly noticeable for its decision and clearness, and her sympathetic rendering of

some portions of her programme show that she has learned, though still young, how to obtain a true conception of what she may be playing. The audience was large and appreciative, and the young *artiste* was recalled several times. She was assisted by Mrs. Adamson, and Messrs. Anderson and Mahr, in the Beethoven Quartette, and by Mr. Charles Kaiser, who sang his number very acceptably. The whole concert was very well received by the audience, and we trust during the coming winter to see and hear many more of the same nature.

JUCH AT THE ACADEMY.

THIS week has seen, perhaps, the largest houses that the Academy has ever held, and a more than satisfied audience has left the building every evening. The operas presented consisted of "Lohengrin," "Rigoletto" and "Les Huguenots." Miss Juch's impersonations of the various characters are deserving of the highest praise, and go to show that she is an actress of no mean order. But apart from that her singing would be sufficient to atone for all other defects. Among the company Georgina Von Januschowsky, Payne Clarke and J. C. Miron are deserving of much commendation. "Lohengrin" is well known here, and a description of the opera would hardly be necessary. "Rigoletto, or the Fool's Revenge," is less famous, but, notwithstanding, has proved a great success. In this opera Otto Rathjens, in his character of jester to the Duke, comes especially to the fore. The plot is fanciful in the extreme, and is made subservient to dramatic effect, and opportunities for the display of the vocal abilities of the chief characters, and as such tests the powers of the performers.

CIMAROSA'S "Secret Marriage" has been revived at Cobourg.

BERLIOZ'S "Beatrice and Benedict" is to be produced at Riga this season.

A BRILLIANT operetta season at Baden-Baden has just closed with Offenbach's "Life in Paris."

"STANLEY in Africa" has been taken out of the bill at the Victoria Theatre, Berlin, after a run of 362 performances.

SIGNOR FACCIO has gradually gone from bad to worse, so that now there is no hope whatever of his recovery, and his friends have decided to place him in an asylum.

DURING the first week of the Berlin opera season four of Wagner's works were presented, viz.: "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "The Flying Dutchman," and "Tristan and Isolde."

THE Municipal Theatre at Cologne has opened for the season with "The Magic Flute." The first novelty of the season will be Chabrier's "Le Roi malgré lui," to be followed by Goldmark's "Reine de Saba."

THE Municipality of Genoa has now voted the subvention of £2,400 required by the manager of the Carlo-Felice Theatre, which must, therefore, be struck out of the list of Italian theatres closed.

THE town of Pouzzales, which was the birthplace of Pergolesi and Sacchini, has done honour to both composers by the erection of commemorative marble busts. Pergolesi is also buried there, and a fitting monument has been placed over his grave.

THE directors of the Crystal Palace have fixed the following dates in 1891 for the 10th great Triennial Handel Festival: Friday, June 19th, grand full rehearsal; Monday, June 22nd, "The Messiah"; Wednesday, June 24th, Selection; Friday, June 26th, "Israel in Egypt."

THE Spanish papers announce the tragic death at Buenos Ayres, of Señor Bartholomé Blanch, a well-known Spanish musician. On the morning of the 27th July he was dressing when a bullet from the street warfare killed him. Señor Blanch was born on the 30th November, 1816, and was an old pupil of the college of Montserrat.

THE Italian papers have lately contained advertisements for a musician to discharge the following duties in a certain town: To conduct a symphony orchestra and the town band; to compose or transcribe the music for both bodies; to play the church organ; to be ready when called on to take first violin in the orchestra; and to teach gratuitously eight pupils, two of them on the organ. The salary offered is—a pound a week.

AN interesting collection of old instruments has recently been exhibited at Berlin, among which, it is said, were a spinet of Frederick the Great, a piano which was for twenty years in the possession of Weber, one which belonged to Mozart, and Mendelssohn's Erard grand. *Le Ménestrel* questions the authenticity of some of these relics, and asks how many pianos formerly belonging to Mozart or Beethoven have been discovered during the last quarter of a century?

THE exhumation of the remains of Glück, the famous composer, took place recently at the old Währing Cemetery, Vienna, which is now closed. They will be reinterred in that portion of the Central Cemetery which has been set apart for the reception of the bones of the great men of Austria, among which are those of Beethoven, Mozart, and Schubert. Glück's remains were found in a good state of preservation, nearly the whole of the skeleton being intact, even the hair on the skull remaining, although it is 103 years since the great composer died. The remains were placed in a new coffin before reinterment. The members of the Opera sang a chorus from "Orpheus" at the open grave.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE *Queries Magazine* for this month is as fresh and full of information as usual. There is a bright article on "How Hawthorne Found a Publisher." This number has answers to the many questions asked in August.

THE September number of *The Review of Reviews* has brief articles on and illustrations of Cardinal Newman, Lord Wolseley, Lord Salisbury, and contains an article from Goldwin Smith, "Are We Nearing a Revolution?"

THE *Dominion Illustrated* of the 11th inst. contains a varied treat both in engravings and letter-press. Eastern and Western Canada are represented in the illustrations—the Maritime Provinces by the second tennis tournament, the North-West Territories by the Battleford Cricket Club, and Central Canada by a fine assortment of views of noteworthy scenes. Some of these are of current, some of antiquarian interest. In the letter-press is an article on Canadian literature, based on some recent criticism in American periodicals. There is a poem of Mr. Douglas Sladen well worth reading.

Poet Lore for October contains the following articles: "Dante's Imperialism," by A. R. Wall, "Antony and Cleopatra," by O. Farrar Emerson, and Shakespeare's "Less Greece," by Eugene P. Quirk. The first of these is exceedingly interesting. The latter two partake more of the character of a discussion and as such express views with which all will not agree. A clever translation in verse of "The Happy Land," Cynewulf's Phoenix, by Anna Robertson Brown, is commendable. This number also contains a description of the "First American Shakespeare Society," with many interesting records, also notes on the various societies and books calculated to interest its readers.

EVERY reader of the November number of the *Quiver* will be interested in the opening article, which is a sketch of the life and work of Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss, the author of that popular book, "Stepping Heavenward." In Charlotte Mason's account of "Our Wilful Boy" the author tells how wilfulness may be overcome. "The Merited Palm" is a paper by the Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens. "The Luxury of Woe in China" is described and illustrated; then comes a sermon, "The Angel in Mid-Heaven," by the Rev. J. R. McDuff. "A Tale of a Dutch Hero" is the first of a series of papers on heroic subjects by "Peveril," the author of "In the Good Old Days." "Many Members, One Body" is the title of a theological paper by P. B. Power. There are serials continued, short stories and poems making sufficient variety to please all tastes.

IN *Temple Bar* for October the pathetic story of William Hodson, "A Soldier of the Mutiny," is graphically related. Convicted of cruelty and inhumanity to his subordinates, and even of dishonesty, his devoted conduct at the Siege of Delhi, his bravery through all the campaign, and his heroic death cover in the writer's opinion a multitude of sins. An anonymous writer contributes a touching article on "Edwin Waugh, the Lancashire Poet." "A Sixteenth Century Duchess" treats of the vicissitudes of Lady Katherine Willoughby, married first to the Duke of Suffolk, although "promised" to his twelve-year-old son, and afterwards to Mr. Richard Bertie. "A Bachelor's Love" is a bright and impossible story. "Alas," and "Heiland of Heidleberg," are continued, as also are "Letters of a Worldly Woman."

THE *Methodist Magazine* for October. This number is unusually good of one of the brightest and most attractive magazines in Canada. The "Canadian Tourist Party in Europe" still keeps the reader's interest. "The Last Voyage" of Lady Brassey loses none of its pathetic charm. "Vagabond Vignettes," by Rev. Geo. Bond, B.A., is capably illustrated. The Rev. J. C. Seymour has an engaging article on that benevolent and gifted character "Father Taylor, the Sailor-Preacher." Dr. McCosh writes wisely on "The Church, Capital and Labour Question." The "New Martyr of the Desert" is an excellent notice of a distinguished Englishman, Edward Henry Palmer, one time Arabic Professor at Cambridge. There are other good articles. The stories by Rev. J. Jackson Wray and Mrs. Amelia E. Barr are well worth reading, as are also the fine poem of Mrs. Barr, "After Harvest," and the other excellent poetical selections.

THE *University Quarterly Review*, second quarter, 1890, opens with an article on "The Behring Sea Question," from the pen of Z. A. Lash, Q.C., in which we cannot help feeling that Mr. Lash gives more weight and consideration to the need of protecting the seal fishery in that locality than to the need of protecting the honour of Canada and property of Canadians from the high handed and unlawful proceedings of the United States' war ships. Dr. Caven then explains the meaning of "The Equal Rights Movement." Major-General D. R. Cameron very fully describes the advantage of the carrier pigeon both in war and peace. Rev. W. T. Herridge then argues for a revision of the Westminster confession. A. F. Chamberlain M.A., follows with a delightful scientific article on "The Prehistoric Naturalist." S. T. Wood gives his view as to "How an Election is Won," and Professor MacMechan ends the number with a scholarly and critical essay on "Some Recent Books of Tennyson."

THE leading article in *The North American* for October is "A Word as to the Speakership," by Jas. Bryce, M.P., in which he compares the office of speaker in England to that in the United States. He has something good, and a little evil to say of the "closure." In "A Key to Munic

pal Reform," E. L. Godkin, editor of the New York *Evening Post*, advises the doing away of politics in municipal assemblies. Andrew D. White, in "The Future of American Universities," laments the assumption of university power by innumerable small sectional colleges. Right Hon. John Morley, M.P., discusses "Mr. Balfour's Answer to Mr. Parnell," while Michael Davitt writes on "Labour Tendencies in Great Britain." "The Pan-American Conference" finds a supporter in M. Romero, Mexican Minister at Washington. John Burroughs defines the distinction between "Faith and Credulity," and Prof. N. S. Shaler, of Harvard, has an article on "The Peculiarities of the South." Geo. P. A. Healy, in "Crowns and Coronets," gives a sketch of some of the leading characters in Europe, whose portraits he has painted.

THE conclusion of Mrs. Deland's "Sidney" occupies the first place in the *Atlantic* for October, and the final chapters have that intensity of feeling which is called forth by the statement of the theory of her story; namely, that love and self-sacrifice are the things which alone make life worth having. "Felicia" comes to a climax in the marriage of the heroine with a man, to whose occupation in life both she and all her friends strenuously object. Dr. Holmes' "Over the Teacups" also relates to marrying and giving in marriage; and, moreover, describes a visit to a certain college for women, not a thousand miles from Boston. The first chapters of a forthcoming serial story by Frank Stockton are announced for next month. The other striking papers of the number are a consideration of Henrik Ibsen's life abroad and his later dramas, Mr. Fiske's "Benedict Arnold's Treason," Mr. J. K. Paulding's "A Wandering Scholar of the Sixteenth Century,"—Johannes Butzbach,—Mr. McCrackan's account of Altdorf and the open air legislative assemblies which take place there, and Professor Royce's paper on "General Féromont." The usual "Contributors' Club," and several critical articles, one of which is a review of Jules Breton's "La Vie d'un Artiste," complete the issue.

THE *Contemporary Review* for October commences with a brief but beautifully written article, "H. P. Liddon, In Memoriam," by Canon Scott Holland. Sir Morell Mackenzie writes on "The Use and Abuse of Hospitals," in which he asserts that quite often there is a misappropriation of money by patients well able to pay receiving gratuitous treatment in general hospitals. Under "Hypnotism in Relation to Crime and the Medical Faculty," A. Taylor Innes questions whether the exercise of mesmerism should not be restrained by the law. Mr. Justice O'Hagan has a capital article on "Thomas Davis," one of the young Ireland Party, whom he pronounces a true Irish patriot. "The Forward Movement in China," by Dr. Wm. Wright, deals with mission work in that vast land. Sir Thomas Farrer, Bart., treats "The Imperial Finance of the Last Four Years." Michael G. Mulhall writes of the "Study of Statistics," which he pronounces most fascinating. "Possibilities of Naval Warfare" is from the pen of H. Arthur Kennedy. An interesting article on "The Economic Condition of Italy" is contributed by Dr. F. H. Geffchen. The only bit of fiction is a clever and original tale, "A Worldly Woman," by Vernon Lee.

THE *Magazine of American History* for October opens with an able paper on the "Sources and Guarantees of National Progress," by the great divine and eloquent historian, Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn. This is prefaced by an admirable portrait of the distinguished author. The second paper, "The American Flag and John Paul Jones," is from the pen of a great living teacher of the law, Professor Theodore W. Dwight, of the Columbia Law school, New York. "Southold and her Homes and Memories," one of Mrs. Lamb's bright entertaining articles, is illustrated with antique dwellings of one of the oldest towns on the continent. "The Historic Temple at New Windsor, 1783," together with a curious picture recently discovered, comes from the well-known jurist, Hon. J. O. Dykman. "About Some Public Characters in 1786," we have a readable group of extracts from the private diary of Sir Frederick Haldimand. The "General Characteristics of the French-Canadian Peasantry," by Dr. Prosper Bender, is very interesting. The cleverly written paper, "The Mountains and Mountaineers of Craddock's Fiction," by Milton T. Adkins; "Anecdotes of General Grenville M. Dodge," by Hon. Charles Aldrich; "The Story of Roger Williams Retold," by H. E. Banning; "Antiquarian Riches of Tennessee;" and the several departments of miscellany are excellent.

THE October *Arena* embraces the names of many leading thinkers, among whom are Dr. George F. Shady, of New York, who writes entertainingly and forcibly against the death penalty; Prof. James T. Bixby, who discusses Cardinal Newman and the Catholic reaction in his interesting and scholarly way. The No-Name paper is on the "Postmaster-General and the Censorship of Morals," and deals with the recent attempt on the part of the postal department to suppress Count Tolstoi's latest work in a manner well calculated to arrest the attention of liberty-loving Americans. W. H. H. Murray pleads in his inimitable manner for an endowed press, and a fine photogravure of Mr. Murray forms the frontispiece of this issue. Prof. W. S. Scarborough, a scholarly coloured man, whose portrait adorns a page in this issue, ably argues the cause of his people. A brilliant short poem, written by the wife of ex-Senator Grover, closes the leading papers of this brilliant issue. The "Notes on Living Problems" are as timely as they are able. Cyrus Field Willard, of the editorial

staff of the Boston *Globe*, calls attention to the evils of trusts; Edward A. Oldham, the well-known Southern author, contributes a timely paper on the "Great Political Upheaval in the South;" C. A. Seiders criticizes Senator Hampton on the "Race Problem." The editorial notes deal with the death penalty and the alarming symptoms too manifest to even casual observers of the growing contempt for law.

THE *Forum* for October. The first article of a political nature that appears in the October *Forum* is, "The Decadence of New England," by ex-Secretary George S. Boutwell, whose aim is to show by statistics that the predicted decline of the New England States is wholly imaginary. "The Working of the New Silver Act," is by Prof. F. W. Taussig, of Harvard, who explains the practical operations of the new law and expresses less fear of unhealthy inflation than many other students of our financial system feel. Political in a more general sense is Edward Bellamy's "First Steps toward Nationalism," in which he lays down the Nationalist programme for immediate action. He would start at once with the governmental control of railroads, the telegraph, the coal mines, and the like, and by degrees extend the system. So also is the article by Thomas Magee, a close student of the Chinese, on "China's Menace to the World," wherein he shows his reasons for the very rapid control by Chinamen of many of the great industries of the civilized world, by reason of their cheap living and their enduring qualities as labourers. The leading article of the number is by Bishop Huntington, of New York, on "Social Problems and the Church," wherein he takes the churches to task for their sloth in bringing to the solution of our most pressing social problems the absolute justice and the complete fraternity of Christ's teachings and example. The article this month in the series of autobiographical essays on "Formative Influences," is by Frederic Harrison, who is rated by many critics as the foremost living master of English prose. Other articles in this number are "The Future of our Daughters," by Mrs. Helen E. Starrett; "The Idea of Life After Death," by Prof. J. Peter Lesley; "Two Forces in Fiction," by Mary D. Cutting; an explanation of the zodiacal light by Prof. Arthur W. Wright, and of the Gulf Stream by Jacques W. Redway.

IN THE RIDING SCHOOL: Chats with Esmeralda. By Theo. S. Browne. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

The method adopted by Mr. Browne for imparting his riding lessons in this book by imagined conversations with his fair pupil is an excellent one, and at once relieves his topic of stiffness and formality. Though the book is not large it is very comprehensive and gives a clear idea of the modes of instruction of French, English and American riding masters, and goes into details of dress, expense, and gives advice as to useful gymnastic training for riding pupils. The style is bright, cheery, and attractive, and the pages are enlivened by an engaging humour. On the whole it is a capital handbook for any young lady who is learning, or who wishes to learn to ride well and gracefully.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA. McCook to Memorial. New York and Chicago: Garretson, Cox and Company.

The twenty-third volume of Alden's *Manifold Cyclopedia* includes the titles from McCook to Memorial. Among the articles we notice the biographies of many eminent men and women of early times, as well as those of the present day, also excellent descriptions of many large cities and towns. The volume treats three states: Maine, Maryland and Massachusetts; and of foreign countries there are Madagascar, Madeira, Malta, and Manitoba. Interesting subjects in other lines are: Machine Gun; Magic; Magna Charta; Magnetism, nineteen pages; Mammalia, ten pages; Man, six pages; Mangel-Wurzel; Manure, four pages; Marble; Marriage, six pages; and Masons (Free), about five pages. These are named only as samples of what the volume contains. The articles are brought down very nearly to date, many of them are illustrated, the style and arrangement are excellent, and the printing and binding are generally satisfactory.

THE ESSAYS OF ELIA. By Charles Lamb. Edited by Augustine Birrell, with an etching by Herbert Railton. London: J. M. Dent and Company; Williamson and Company, Toronto.

Of all the bright stars which made up the galaxy of literary lights that shone upon the early years of the present century in England none glowed with a purer, mellower lustre, than genial, gentle, humorous Charles Lamb. When wearied with the turgid, vapid writers who too often obtrude themselves into the literary world of the present one can always find rest, refreshment and delight within the pages of Elia. We always hail with pleasure a new edition of Lamb, so long as it be worthy of his memory. It would be hard to find a better editor than that clear, terse, and clever writer, the author of "Obiter Dicta," who well says in his introductory note "that it is impossible to know whether we most admire the author or love the man," and again "the pen of Elia so wisely human, so sweetly melancholy, told only but a few of the secrets of a brave heart, and an unselfish life." Dear, undying Elia! thy sweet and gentle memory will ever lovingly linger in the hearts of all who hold dear what is purest, noblest and best in English letters. This edition follows the text of the original editions and has a capital etching of the Temple church as its frontispiece.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

A MEMORIAL tablet has been put up at No. 19 Warwick Crescent, Maida Hill, where Robert Browning lived from 1861 to the summer of 1887.

DR. C. C. ABBOTT has written another suggestive book, entitled "Outings at Odd Times," which will be published immediately by D. Appleton and Company.

SIR DANIEL WILSON will lecture in Association Hall on Friday evening, 24th inst., on "One of Woman's Rights," in aid of the Newsboys' Lodging. A timely and eloquent lecture may be looked for in aid of a deserving object.

It is expected that the Imperial authorities will shortly allow the Copyright Bill passed by the Dominion Parliament of Canada to be enforced. Hitherto English regulations as to copyright have had equal force in Canada, but have been found to handicap the Canadian publishers too severely in their competition with American houses.

GOOD literature for the younger readers of this generation means the best possible literature; and this Messrs. D. Appleton and Company have endeavoured to provide in two series of books intended for readers between ten and seventeen years of age, but certain to prove of interest to all. In these series the best American writers offer interesting, wholesome fiction and tales of heroic deeds.

THE third year of the National Young Folks' Reading Circle provides for special courses of reading as well as a general course. The special courses include readings in English or American history, government, literature, etc., also courses in science and art. In the general course are included such authors as Hawthorne, Charles Kingsley, T. B. Aldrich, Louise Alcott, James Baldwin, Washington Irving, Horace E. Scudder, Mary Mapes Dodge, John Fiske, Walter Scott, etc.

OF the late Earl of Rosslyn a Scottish contemporary observes: "A kindly and serviceable man, he was extremely popular with his friends. He was a capital judge of a horse, and of a *chef*; more than once, we believe, he preached a sound and sensible sermon. He also wrote verse." His *vers de société* are what he will be remembered by. His epigram on Greville's "Memoirs" will not soon be forgotten. It begins:—

For fifty years he listened at the door,
He heard some secrets and invented more.

D. LOTHROP Co. have just published "Finding Blodgett," by George W. Hamilton; "A Real Robinson Crusoe," edited by J. A. Wilkinson; "How New England was made," by Frances A. Humphrey; a cloth, illustrated edition of the famous "Black Beauty"; "Out-of-Doors with Tennyson," edited by Eldridge S. Brooks, and the bound volumes "Babyland" and "Little Men and Women" for 1890. They also have ready new editions of the Red Line "Pilgrim's Progress," "Our Town" and "Five Little Peppers," by Margaret Sydney, and Dr. Stowe's compilation of religious thoughts, "Daily Manna."

NEWS comes from Mexico that a famous English romancer (perhaps finding England too small for himself plus Mr. Kipling) is about to "do" our sister Republic. A despatch of September 26 says: "Rider Haggard will arrive here early this winter and be a guest of T. Gladwynn Jebb, Managing Director of the Santa Fe Copper Mine in the State of Chiapas. Haggard proposes to visit that little-known State and penetrate its trackless forests, and also to visit the ruins of Palenque. He has been studying up the history and antiquities of Mexico in England, and has absolutely refused to read Wallace's 'Fair God' and other Mexican romances lest they should colour his mind. He prefers to gather his impressions at first hand. He will write a historical romance based on the ancient civilization of Mexico." Mr. Haggard must abstain from reading Mr. Janvier's "Aztec Treasure-House," as well as Gen. Wallace's "Fair God." In fact it might be just as well to stay away from Mexico altogether, and forget the little he may ever have known of its history. Then he could invent without restraint.

I HEARD it said in "the trade," some time ago, that there was a reaction against the vile and vicious in literature, but I fear the report had no foundation in fact. There may not be so great a demand for native vice in novels, but the taste for foreign vice is apparently increasing, and we have not the decency to pull even the flimsy veil of an unsuggestive title over it, but with brutal frankness tell the reader on the cover what he may expect to find inside. Yet if a man writes perfectly proper stories, he is sometimes treated with contempt. Thus the *Scots Observer* says of Mr. William Black: "His productions are read, either serially or in volume, in all the middle-class homes of Britain, in all the academies of cultured Philistinism. There is no need of a 'locked cupboard' for him; he may lie without offence or suspicion on the drawing-room table, and be read without a flutter by the most innocent maiden, for he reveals to her nothing she does not know or cannot readily guess." I fancy it is not altogether Mr. Black's morality, however, that irritates the *Observer* for there is this sting in the tail of the article: "But for him, in all probability, Hebridean seas would have remained unsailed by Yankee yachts, Highland moors and forests would have gone unrented by Yankee sportsmen, and Highland estates might perchance have escaped the many dollar and but indelicate attentions of Yankee millionaires." That is, perhaps, the real quarrel with the novelist. The difficulty is not so much his morals as our millions.—*Lounger in the Critic.*

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A BROAD SIDE.

(Extemporized for Major McKinley to the air of "Maryland! My Maryland!")

A glorious future waits for you,
Canada! our Canada!
If to yourself you are but true,
Canada! our Canada!
And let not reciprocity,
Like Esau's Mess of Pottage, buy
Your birthright and your liberty,
Canada! our Canada!

I see a nation great and free,
Canada! our Canada!
Next to Old England on the sea,
Canada! our Canada!
I see great ships on every breeze
Bearing the wealth of Eastern seas
To pile it on Vancouver's quays,
Canada! our Canada!

Though foreign jealousy and greed,
Canada! our Canada!
Have on your labour war decreed,
Canada! our Canada!
Though from Columbia's borders hurled,
You'll find fresh ports in all the world,
Where e'er the Good Red Flag's unfurled,
Canada! our Canada!

The nerve which won the appalling day,
Canada! our Canada!
At Chrysler's Farm and Chateauguay,
Canada! our Canada!
Will steel you for the swordless war,
As in the fighting days of yore
Serene in battle's loudest roar,
Canada! our Canada!

Gnothi Seauton! look within,
Canada! our Canada!
Learn your own greatness, seek your kin,
Canada! our Canada!
Land of the wheat-field and the pine,
You have no need to play the vine,
And round an alien trunk entwined—
Arise, and a true nation shine,
Canada! our Canada!

—Douglas Sladen, in *The Dominion Illustrated.*

WHY HE RENOUNCED VEGETARIANISM.

DR. ALANUS, the former leader of the vegetarians in Germany, has renounced his faith, and resumed the use of animal food, says the *Medical Record* of Sept. 27. In a letter written to a local paper, he gives the reasons for his apostasy. He had lived for a long time, he said, on a purely vegetable diet without experiencing any ill effects, feeling no worse and no better than he had formerly while living as the rest of mankind. One day, however, he found that his arteries were apparently becoming atheromatous. He was unable to account for this, as he was not a drinking man, and was still under forty years of age. Finally he came across a statement by Monin, to the effect that abstinence from animal food was a fertile cause of atheroma. He could hardly have been much of a student of dietetics not to have come across that theory until his own arteries had become diseased. There is nothing like taking comfort out of everything, however; and he now consoles himself with the remark that he has "become richer by one experience, which has shown me that one single brutal fact can knock down the most beautiful theoretical building."—*Science.*

CANADIAN EGGS FOR BRITAIN.

THE McKinley Bill has come down upon the important Canadian egg trade with a heavy hand. Hitherto almost the whole of this class of export has gone to the United States. Last year the export to the States reached over 14,000,000 dozen, of the value of \$2,156,725; indeed, excepting barley, the exports of which to the States were last year of the value of \$6,500,000 the egg trade constituted the most important item of Canadian export to the States. This trade has hitherto been carried on under a free tariff, but from October 1st the duty is no less than five cents (2½d.) per dozen, and on the basis of last year's trade this would mean a toll of no less than \$700,550. In the face of these figures the Canadian egg exporter is naturally alarmed, and he has readily listened to the suggestion of the Canadian Premier that an effort should be made to divert this trade from the United States to the United Kingdom. The egg dealers of Toronto have met to consider the subject, and we shall no doubt hear shortly of experimental shipments. Such experience as the past has given is not, it must be admitted, altogether encouraging. Mr. D. Wilson, of Seaforth, Ontario, told the meeting that he once sent a car of eggs to England, and found so strong a prejudice against the imported article in the British mind that he lost money on the shipment. This is, of course, an isolated case, and there is at least some experience of a more encouraging kind. Dr. D. V. Beacock, of Brockville, Ontario; or instance, states that when in Eng-

land recently he met a London provision merchant who said he had received a shipment of 187 cases of Canadian eggs, which had arrived in good condition and given great satisfaction. Since Dr. Beacock's return to Canada this same merchant has written to him as follows, under date August 26th: "It just struck me that in your travels you might fall across some people having an idea of shipping eggs to London; and if so I should esteem it much if you would give my address to any person with this intention." It is thus evident that the British prejudice against Canadian eggs is not so overwhelming as Mr. Wilson's experience might lead one to imagine. And, in any event, the recent course of the cheese trade should have taught Canadians that if they have a good article to sell at a reasonable price the insular prejudice of the Britisher will soon give way. At present, practically, the whole export egg trade of Canada is done with the United States; the export to other countries was last year barely worth \$3,000. The enormous British importation of eggs from the Continent shows how little able British farmers are to supply the home demand.—*London-Canadian Gazette.*

EUROPEANS IN JAPAN.

JAPAN is not free from the difficulties which beset some of the Western nations in the imitation of whose methods she is proving so apt a scholar. Advices from Yokohama convey the intelligence that native feeling is running very high on the subject of the relations between the law and foreign residents. Hitherto a European living in Japan, if called to account for his actions, has had the privilege of being tried by consular court, native magistrates and judges having no jurisdiction in the matter. The people of Japan, who have during the present generation experienced a renaissance to which perhaps no parallel could be found, are beginning to feel more strongly the indignity to their institutions, which from some points of view may appear to be offered by this system. There are, of course, two sides to the question. On the one hand the European shrinks from the ignominy of submitting, should occasion arise, to the decision of a native of a State which, according to his own ideas, is but in the lower division of civilization's school. On the other the native thinks he has a right to demand that his country's laws shall be enforced in the way that the wise men of his land think fit, and he demands the recognition of this right in all future treaties with foreign States. A delicate and difficult task is therefore imposed upon those entrusted with the negotiations now going on in these wonderful islands of the East. No doubt they will exercise that discretion which is the soul of diplomacy, and do their best to bring about a settlement which all will loyally accept. In a country which is the theatre of so many startling experiments great caution may be necessary at the present juncture. No European, however, who has watched the astonishing adaptive powers of this curious Oriental people will doubt that, should their present rate of progress continue, they will be entitled to take rank with the nations of the West at no far distant day.—*Manchester Examiner, October 1.*

THE GREATEST OF TELESCOPES.

THE news of the arrival from Paris of one of the lenses for the object glass of the 40-inch telescope that is to be made by the Clarks of Cambridgeport, for the University of Southern California, has attracted considerable attention in the past week. It does not appear to be generally understood that the work of constructing the huge object glass that is to eclipse the Lick telescope, has but just begun, and that the most difficult and delicate part of it has not yet been touched. Not one lens only, but a second must be finished before the object glass is ready. That portion of a telescope consists of two lenses, one of flint and the other of crown glass, which by their differing refractive properties correct one another's chromatic errors and produce an image free from confusing fringes of coloured light. For two or three years the makers will slowly shape and polish the lenses, until every ray of light that passes through them is brought, as near as human skill can compass it, to one exactly accordant focus. When the glass is finished only some of the rarest of the world's great gems will rival it in money value. But the most interesting questions connected with the making of this huge telescope are: What will it be able to do; how much will its powers exceed those of the greatest telescopes now in existence; and what discoveries in the heavens may be expected from it? The most powerful telescope now on our planet is that of the Lick Observatory, whose object glass is 36 inches in diameter. The celebrated telescope of Lord Rosse, in Ireland, is much larger, it is true, being no less than 6 feet, or 72 inches, in diameter, but that is an instrument of a totally different kind, being a reflecting and not a refracting telescope. In a reflecting telescope there is no object glass, but the image of the object looked at is formed by a concave mirror, which brings the rays of light to a focus by reflection. Lord Rosse's telescope, owing to the vast size of its mirror, receives far more light from a star than the Lick glass does, but the lack of complete reflection from the mirror, and the imperfections in the mirror's form, more than counterbalance this advantage, so that for most of the purposes of astronomy California's Lick refractor is a far more effective instrument than its giant reflecting rival in Ireland. So it is with the Lick telescope that the new 40-inch glass should be compared. It is easy to compare the light-gathering powers of the two object glasses, since these vary directly as the

squares of the diameters of the glasses. The square of 36 is 1,296, and the square of 40 is 1,600. It appears, then, that while the diameter of the new glass will be only one-ninth greater than that of the Lick glass, its light-grasping power will be about one-fourth greater. This will be a very important gain, if the workmanship upon the new glass is equal to that displayed by the old one, for celestial phenomena, such as faint stars and nebulae, that lie beyond the reach of the great telescope on Mount Hamilton, will be readily seen with the aid of its larger rival in Southern California. Among the discoveries which Dr. Holden has achieved with the Lick telescope is that of the existence of helical nebulae, that is to say, of nebulous masses which, by some wonderful process, have been drawn out into vast spiral coils like the thread of a screw. These are not insignificant, but so extensive that if our own huge solid globe were expanded into a cloud of the thinnest vapour it would be but a speck beside them. The new 40-inch telescope ought to throw a flood of light upon these strange forms. Then in astronomical photography, which has made astonishing strides within a few years past, the new telescope may fairly be expected to perform wonders. Its great object glass will grasp forty thousand times as much light as can enter the pupil of an average human eye, and this light, concentrated upon the extremely sensitive plates which the modern art of photography furnishes, will picture there scenes in the depth of space which no eye has ever beheld or could ever hope to behold in any other way. A marvellous field for research of this description has, within a few months, been discovered in the constellation of Orion, where many square degrees of the sky surrounding the Belt of Orion have been found to be covered with a network of nebulous streaks and patches, amid which shine thousands of stars. How this wonderful region will appear in the new telescope when it has been mounted on its mountain top in the transparent air of Southern California can, as yet, only be imagined. A great deal of light may be thrown upon some of the vexed questions concerning Mars, Venus, and the other planets by the new telescope. There are very puzzling appearances on their surfaces, some of which seem to demand for their solution but a comparatively slight increase of telescopic power beyond our present limit.—*New York Sun.*

THE SURFACE OF THE SUN.

ON an examination of the solar disc for the first time there appears little to be seen, especially after our study of the surface of the moon, which appears so diversified with plains, mountains, craters, and shining streaks. On a general view the surface of the sun through the telescope appears somewhat like curdled milk seen at a little distance, or like rough drawing paper, but on a more careful scrutiny irregular grains of extreme brilliancy will be seen arranged in groups, and streaks will appear floating in a darker medium with a larger telescopic power. The grains appear to be an aggregation of granules or luminous dots about 100 miles in diameter, forming about a fifth part of the sun's disc, and probably giving at least three-fourths of its light. They are compared to rice grains by Secchi, and to Nasmyth they appeared like willow leaves thousands of miles long, and interlaced somewhat like basket work. There are irregular bright streaks occurring near the solar limbs, sometimes extending for 20,000 miles, termed faculae, which appear to be luminous matter elevated above the general surface in crests and ridges protruding through the solar atmosphere like mountains, which, to be seen at all, must be at least 230 miles in height, or about forty-five times the height of the highest mountains on the earth. These faculae are merely elevations, and have not the permanence or stability of mountains. They are continually changing like terrestrial clouds rolling and tossing, and changing their form like a sheet of flame. The photosphere itself is merely a sheet of self-luminous clouds like those of our own atmosphere, our rain being replaced by a rain of molten metal condensed from the vapours of metal that so largely exist in the sun's atmosphere. The solar atmosphere in which these clouds are suspended is really a burning fiery furnace at an inconceivable temperature, in which faculae and granules are formed by a commotion, raging with an intense and awful fury so much beyond our conception, that we are utterly unable at such an immense distance to grasp or realize it in even the faintest degree. Dante's Inferno, or the lake burning with fire and brimstone, cannot be compared to it for one moment.—*Newberry House Magazine.*

INVENTION THE FRIEND OF WOMAN.

THE most conspicuous, as well as the most beneficent, of the sociological changes which this century has witnessed has been a steady and great improvement in the condition of woman as a result of inventive progress. Within the memory of persons who are not very old, the average woman's life was one of cheerless drudgery. Sixty or seventy years ago there were comparatively few American families whose "women folks" did not do all the house work without the aid of servants. It was hard work—brutally hard we should call it in these days—for it was unrelieved by any of the varied appliances that have since been devised to facilitate or obviate it. And this tedious toil, including spinning, weaving, and churning, was performed in houses whose inmates had never heard or dreamed of the thousands of elegancies, luxuries, and comforts that are now within the easy reach of the "common people." Then there were but two kinds of occupation open to our young women—housework and school-teaching—and the

latter was accessible to but a limited number and at small compensation. When invention began to open up manufacturing industries, the area of woman's work grew immensely. Then came the sewing-machine—as great a blessing as if it had been handed down from the Great White Throne. Meantime, the progress of civilization brought about a better appreciation of women's value as teachers, and they began to supersede men in that great calling. Manufacturing industries, in which women had a place, multiplied rapidly between 1840 and 1860. Since that date the telephone, the type-writer, increased demands for stenographic clerks, and a constant advancement of correct notions of woman's place in the world have opened avenues in which vast numbers of women and girls are usefully and happily employed. There are few occupations now to which women are strangers, and the condition of society is immeasurably improved by this multiplication of the employments of woman. Greater than the influence of the schoolmaster or the preacher has been that of the inventor in bringing about the emancipation and elevation of the "better half" of the human family.—*Inventive Age.*

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

THE glory has passed from the goldenrod's plume,
The purple-hued asters still linger in bloom;
The birch is bright yellow, the sumachs are red,
The maples like torches aflame overhead.

But what if the joy of the summer is past,
And winter's wild herald is blowing his blast?
For me dull November is sweeter than May,
For my Love is its sunshine—she meets me to-day!

Will she come? Will the ring-dove return to her nest?
Will the needle swing back from the east or the west?
At the stroke of the hour she will be at her gate;
A friend may prove laggard—love never comes late.

Do I see her afar in the distance? Not yet.
Too early! Too early! She could not forget!
When I cross the old bridge where the brook overflowed,
She will flash full in sight at the turn of the road.

I pass the low wall where the ivy entwines;
I tried the brown pathway that leads through the pines;
I haste by the boulder that lies in the field,
Where her promise at parting was lovingly sealed.

Will she come by the hillside or round through the wood?
Will she wear her brown dress or her mantle and hood?
The minute draws near—but her watch may go wrong,
My heart will be asking: What keeps her so long?

Why doubt for a moment? More shame if I do!
Why question? Why tremble? Are angels more true?
She would come to the lover who calls her his own
Though she trod in the track of a whirling cyclone!

I crossed the old bridge ere the minute had passed.
I looked: lo! my Love stood before me at last.
Her eyes, how they sparkled, her cheeks, how they glowed,
As we met, face to face, at the turn of the road!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes, in October Atlantic.*

A LEVEL HEAD.

THE ADVANTAGE OF PRESENCE OF MIND IN AN EMERGENCY.

DURING the late strike on the New York Central Railroad, the militia were ordered to be in readiness in case of a riot, but they were not called out.

In an interview, Gov. Hill said the troops were not to be called upon except in case of an emergency. The emergency had not arisen, therefore they would not be ordered out. He remarked that this was the first great strike with which he had experience, and he did not propose to lose his head; the only point at which there had then been serious trouble was at Syracuse, and there a deputy sheriff had lost his head and precipitated an encounter.

The strike continued several weeks, and there was riotous action at various points along the road, but the civil authorities were able to cope with it without calling on the militia.

The test of a man's real ability comes when an emergency arises which makes a hasty call on his good judgment and discretion. The man who retains his presence of mind, maintains his equipoise and exercises sound discretion at such critical junctures, is to be relied on and will be put to the front.

Men with level heads have the staying qualities which do not falter in the face of danger. Otis A. Cole, of Kinsman, O., June 10, 1890, writes: "In the fall of 1888 I was feeling very ill. I consulted a doctor and he said I had Bright's disease of the kidneys and that he would not stand in my shoes for the State of Ohio." But he did not lose courage or give up; he says: "I saw the testimonial of Mr. John Coleman, 100 Gregory St., New Haven, Conn., and I wrote to him. In due time I received an answer, stating that the testimonial that he gave was genuine and not overdrawn in any particular. I took a good many bottles of Warner's Safe Cure; have not taken any for one year."

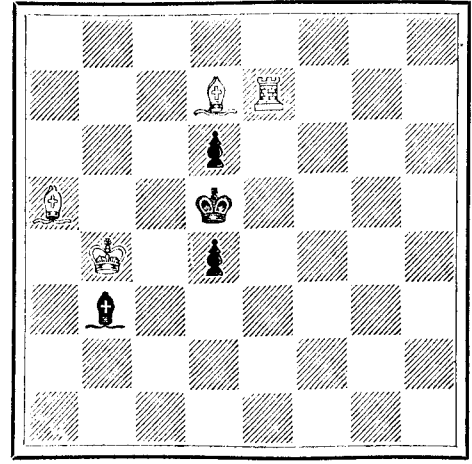
Gov. Hill is accounted a very successful man; he is cool and calculating and belongs to the class that do not lose their heads when emergencies arise.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 507.

By W. A. SHINKMAN and OTTO WURZBERG, Grand Rapids, Mich.

BLACK.



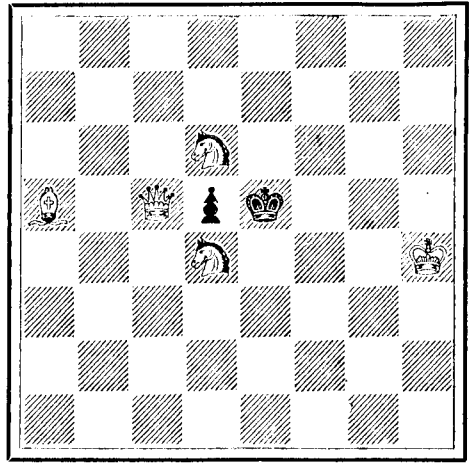
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 508.

By H. M. PRIDEAUX.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 501.		No. 502.	
White.	Black.	1. P-B 5	R-K R 5
1. Q-Q Kt 8	2. K-Q 5		
2. P x P			
3. Q-K 5 mate			

GAME PLAYED IN BRITISH INTERNATIONAL TOURNNEY AT MANCHESTER, ENG.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

GUNSBERG.	BIRD.	GUNSBERG.	BIRD.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-Q B 4	21. K R-R	R x R
2. Kt-Q B 3	Kt-Q B 3	22. R x R	P-Q B 4
3. Kt-B 3	P K-Kt 3	23. R x P	Q-Kt 3
4. P-Q 4	P x P	24. R-R 3	Q-Kt 7
5. Kt x P	B-Kt 2	25. R-Kt 3	Q-R 8 +
6. B-K 3	P-Q 3	26. Kt-Q 1	B-Q B 3
7. B-K 2	B-Q 2	27. B-Q 2	B x P
8. Castles	Kt-B 3	28. R-K 3	P-B 4
9. P-B 4	P-K R 4	29. R-K 1	Q-R 5
10. P-K R 3	P-R 5	30. B x R P	Q-Q 5 +
11. Q-Q 2	Q-R 4	31. Q x Q	P x Q
12. Q R-Q 1	Q R-B 1	32. Kt-B 2	P-Q 4
13. P-R 3	Kt-R 4	33. R-K 2	R x P
14. B x Kt	R x B	34. R-K 1	P-Q 6
15. P-Q Kt 4	Q x R P	35. Kt x P	B x Kt
16. R-R 1	Q x P	36. R x P +	K-B 1
17. R-R 4 (a)	Q-Kt 3	37. R-K 6	B-Q 5 +
18. Kt-Q 5	Q-Q 1	38. K-R 2	B-K 5
19. Kt x Kt	P x Kt	39. R x P	K-B 2
20. Kt-B 3	R-Q R 4	40. Resigns	

NOTES.

(a) Why not K R-Kt 1. It would I think win the Q for a Rook and a minor piece.

SOME manuscript fragments of Dante's "Divina Commedia" have been found at Sarzana in two parchment rolls, discovered among the papers left by Signor De Tomei, a notary. They are of great importance, as they belong to one of the first copies of the poem ever made. The Biblioteca Marciana of Venice has recently acquired a valuable codex of the "Divina Commedia," written in the first half of the fifteenth century, in semi-Gothic characters, and with marginal notes in Latin made by the same hand. The manuscript belonged to the rich library of the Counts Piloni of Belluno.

ACCORDING to "Mufti," of the Ottawa Citizen, it is to Sir Edmund Walker Head, formerly Governor General of Canada, whose widow has lately died in England at the advanced age of eighty-two, that Canada is indebted for the selection made of the particular designs from which the national buildings at Ottawa were constructed, the decision being left entirely to his well-known taste and judgment. Of Lady Head, Mr. Morgan says she will be best remembered for her active benevolence and devoted deeds of kindness to the poor and distressed of Toronto during the great financial crash of 1857-58.

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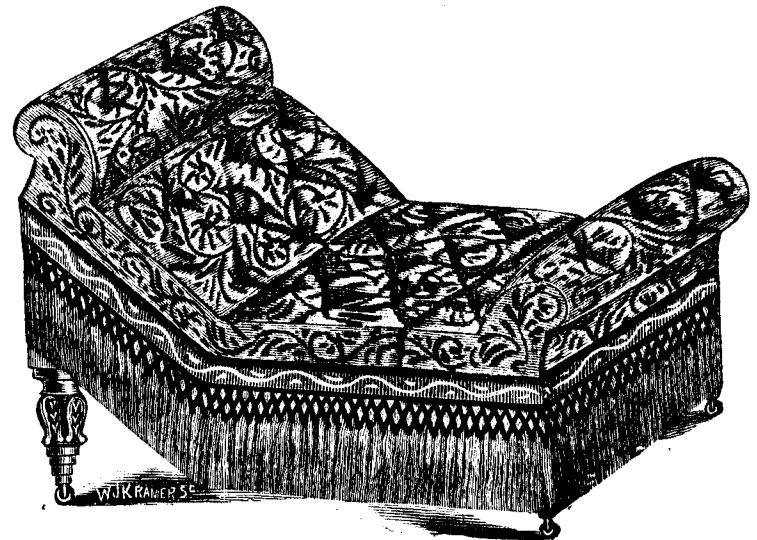
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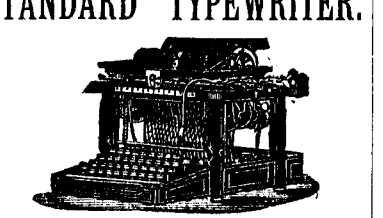
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